

The Blandford Series
of
Yarbrough Genealogical Records



Old Blandford Church, Petersburg, Virginia
{Richard Yarborough's grave marker is bottom center, above.}

Volume 165

**Remember Who You Are
An Account of the Ancestry of
Ruth Shipp Yarbrough**

July 2020

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*To my husband, Madison S. Yarbrough, Jr.,
for his love and patient support during
my many years of involvement with this publication*

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PREFACE

When I first thought of publishing my genealogical research in order to preserve it, I really intended to include only charts and ancestral listings with sources for my own (Shipp) and my husband's (Yarbrough) families. My cousin Nancy Bacot convinced me that other people might also be interested in family stories, and she inspired me to record more than just the genealogical data. This book is the result. It has been simply written and simply designed to appeal to persons who claim ignorance about genealogy. To you I say, "Just read the stories." You may be inclined to read only the part that contains your family name, but, if you browse through the rest, you will find accounts of history, customs, and traditions that may interest you. And, since the book concerns many different families, all related, the stories overlap as families are connected by marriage.

Part I is Shipp and its allied families; Part II is Yarbrough. Each part begins with the maternal side and continues with the paternal side, and earlier family connections precede the current history. Thus, in the Shipp half of the book, the Vick family (the maternal side) begins with that family's Humphreys ancestors and then traces ancestors in ten other allied families (Saunders, Comer, Richmond, Stith, Wynne, Staples, Lea, Malone, Abington, and Lowry) before concluding with Vick. Next it takes up the paternal side, starting with Campbell and concluding with Shipp. The Yarbrough half of the book is organized in the same way. For those with an interest in details, charts and genealogical lists follow each family's story. (Please see the Table of Contents.)

Near the beginning of each family section is a chart showing direct lines of descent to the present day. Of course, it is impossible to print an individual chart for each person mentioned in the book. However, if you, or your parents or grandparents, are related as a sibling to any person listed in a chart, substitute your name, or their names, on that line in the chart to see your own lineage. For example, if you are a

first cousin of the author of this book, then you can see that one of your parents was a sibling of one of her parents. But if you are a more distant cousin, one of your grandparents was a sibling of someone listed.

The first words in Chapter One of *Lewis and Clark* by Dayton Duncan and Ken Burns are, "When Thomas Jefferson became President in 1801, two out of every three Americans lived within fifty miles of the Atlantic Ocean. Only four roads crossed the Allegheny Mountains." If you will check the dates as you read, you will find that many of our ancestors were in that one-third who had journeyed inland looking for a new life.

NO ESCAPE FROM YOUR LINEAGE

*“The family is the essential presence—the thing that never leaves you,
even if you find you have to leave it.”*

—BILL BUFORD, IN *THE NEW YORKER*

We are composites of many persons; it took generations of persons to produce you and me. When I hear anyone proclaim, “My dad’s sister has our history,” I immediately know I have encountered someone who knows little concerning his or her family. A few males of the family think only in terms of the surname that they bear, as if their mothers were not just as important in their family history. This is my request: please remember all the women who are equally responsible for your presence on this earth. There are twenty-six family sections in this book. With the exception of Yarbrough and Shipp, they are all the result of searching a female line. The book would not be complete without the mother and her family.

When I married, I interviewed my husband’s paternal and maternal grandparents and recorded the information that they could recall. Later, I contacted other elder members of families, and then I started the procedure of documenting the findings.

Fifty or more years ago, there were no books or helpful hints on how to trace family history. Experience has been my teacher. My personal theory is that the best genealogists are the ones who, though they could not find a grandparent, continued to press on and pursue every clue in the long search. Persistence is the best way to unravel some of the mystery.

I have tried to document the material by searching court houses, archives, and libraries, by purchasing family books, and by actually helping to write a few chapters in some of them. I have written countless letters seeking clues to identities. I have searched family Bibles, vital records, marriage records, wills, estates, deeds, land grants, cemetery records, headstone engravings, death records, and census records. I even

kept your graduation invitations, wedding invitations, and the countless newspaper clippings of your achievements, trying to get correct information. When I first started, there were no copying machines. Most of my notes were handwritten. I progressed to typing the information that I found. A wonderful fountain of information sprang from the ability to photocopy material, and now we have computers.

Not all the material is verified and documented. When other sources are cited, you will find notations. You will also find errors and omissions. I used the information that was supplied to me, trying to avoid mistakes; yet I know there will be some. The writing has been a labor of love.

Of course, some of the information was passed on orally. Perhaps no documentation exists, but a great portion of the oral history is fairly reliable. Much information deals with statistics, facts that have been gleaned to give you some insight into the lives of the direct lines. The book contains my views and my views alone. With each person we encounter as we pass through life, we share moments and memories. Your memory may be completely different from mine, but I am writing the story as truthfully as I know. It has sometimes been difficult to keep fond memories from overshadowing the true picture. The family stories I relate pertain to the direct lines to the present day. There are many collateral lines that may be traced in the genealogical section of the book. This book is not complete. You should, no, *you must* add to it. This is a challenge to each generation: *write it down!*

I have been tempted to stop and do more research myself, but a time comes when the facts we know must be put on paper or our work is all in vain. With the help of computers, others can use this book as a starting point to document the sources.

This book is my gift to the family and relatives. Our heritage is more valuable than any financial bequest that I might bestow on them. All of our ancestors contributed to our existence, and no one more than any other. We are grateful to all of them for their labor as pioneers.

Native Mississippian William Faulkner, famous for his novels, made an observation that certainly strikes home with me. He is supposed to have said that, in the South, the past is never dead; it is not even past.

I wish I had the storytelling skills of my great-uncle Elijah Vick, who kept me, my brothers, and my cousins enthralled, as we sat by the hearth at Mama Lutie and Papa's house in the twilight on winter evenings (see "Uncle 'Lijah, the Storyteller"

in the Vick section of this book.) Unfortunately, I don't. But I hope you'll find the stories inherently interesting enough to keep you reading and that you'll overlook any awkwardness in this, my first attempt at writing.

Ruth Shipp Yarbrough
Durham, North Carolina
July 2006

fact that some census records include other states. For example, the 1860 census of Colorado is with Kansas.

The first United States census was taken in 1790, but it named only the heads of households. All other household members were grouped in lists by gender and age, but without names. The names and ages of spouses and children were listed for the first time in 1850.

Never accept any person's records as the absolute truth until you check. Many states began to keep birth and death records in the early 1900s. Never accept these records as the "gospel." For example, both of my maternal grandparents' death certificates are wrong. The funeral homes asked their questions of the wrong relatives. Why didn't they interview the family member who knew the answers? As a twelve-year-old child, I knew the birth dates, the father's name, etc., of my grandmother. My grandfather's death certificate listed a first name that he never had. I tried in vain to have these errors corrected. It was distressing to me that one needed to petition a judge in court to rectify the situation, when I lived a great distance from the state in question.

The Internet is a wonderful way to enjoy family tracing, but never, never accept a discovery as a fact until you have proof. Anyone can post anything on the Internet. Some of it is true, some is innocently mistaken, and some is fabricated. My own experience bears this out.

A MISCELLANY OF USEFUL FACTS. Researching one's family history is an education like none other. Here are a few of the oddities you may discover.

During the earliest colonization of America, each time a colonist went abroad and returned, he was listed as an emigrant and was granted head-rights land, the same as newcomers, as an inducement for him to return. This meant that when he returned he was entitled to a grant of land as a new settler. Some colonists traveled back and forth to the mother country several times and could claim new land each time they returned. As a result, a record of a land grant to a particular settler can't always be taken as evidence of the date on which he first came here as a colonist.

Under the law of primogeniture, the oldest son inherited all real property in the absence of a will. The father had to designate specifically if any of his other children were to receive any property. If the oldest son was not named in the will, he still would inherit all the property not mentioned.

Today the law establishes the age at which a person reaches adulthood. In earlier

“I DIDN’T KNOW THAT”: HINTS ON DOING FAMILY RESEARCH

It would be an accomplishment, if I could outline the exact steps needed to trace any family. That is impossible, but I can advise everyone to start with his or her own individual family. On genealogical forms that may be easily purchased, carefully fill in the blanks with correct names, dates, and sources, if needed. I began with our birth certificates and marriage licenses and put them in looseleaf books with the written forms. Do the same for both of your parents. Then start with your grandparents on both sides of the family. By this time, you will have many surnames. Try to get the names of all brothers and sisters of each generation. Keep the surnames of your *direct* lines uppermost in your mind and follow every clue.

Once you embark on the search for ancestors, you learn strange facts. You find that many records have been lost; some have been burned. You encounter “burned counties,” counties in which the records are destroyed. Courthouse basements house many certificates that today are thrown into boxes, supposedly to be filed later, maybe because the employees over many years did not know where to put them. In one such basement, I was asked if I would like to straighten the records out so researchers could use them. Slowly, our public employees are learning that these records are treasures.

Some families are simply impossible to trace. But never give up. If an original source is lost, the record might have been copied into tract books for the state.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SKEPTICISM. Census records may be viewed on microfilm and on the Internet, but never depend on census records to be absolutely correct. When the census-takers roamed the counties, they made errors. If the road to a certain home seemed impassable, a census-taker might interview the closest neighbor. You would be amazed when comparing records of 1850 and 1860. Sometimes the record shows a person to have aged only four years in that span of ten years. My own maternal grandmother was recorded as a male in the 1880 census. Another eye-opener is the

or the clan name. Another is the *locale* where the person lived. This one includes topographic and habitation names, like Forest and Hill, as well as names of previously existing places. A third type of surname is from the person's *occupation*, e.g., Baker and Carpenter; and the fourth is from *nicknames*.

IN CONCLUSION. Be kind to future generations. Preserve your own family history. Resolve to write the name of the person on every photograph, preferably on the back in pencil, because ink can ruin the picture. If you use ink, write on the border of the picture, never on the subject. Never use any glue or Scotch tape on pictures, newspaper clippings, letters, certificates, etc. The acid will eat the paper. Have you ever noticed how a good-quality page in a Bible turns yellow after a newspaper clipping has been left in it for a while? That is because the newsprint is more acidic than the fine book. One hundred percent cotton bond paper is acid free. Use it, or use archival plastic covers. If you are fortunate enough to have an old Bible, or any historical document, take it to a library and have it documented as authentic. We do have a responsibility to the future.

years, however, parents could specify the age at which they wanted their children to reach majority. In the records of that time, anyone not of age was called a minor or an infant.

In this book, we have tried to decipher some wills in order for the average person to be able to understand them. It is a time-consuming job, and, in some cases, we have used the assistance of professionals who are familiar with old-style writing.

Remember when looking for your ancestors in the charts of this book that a female is listed using the maiden surname. It does not matter how many times she married. In many books of genealogy, symbols are used as shorthand. For example, * means born. (*) means born illegitimately. (You will find neither symbol in this book.)

Because words change in meaning over time, terms used in early records are sometimes confusing. Karen Mazock, a leading genealogist, has written that, in colonial times, the word *lumber* meant junk, useless articles that took up space. Likewise, a *gossip* was a person who acquired spiritual affinity with another by acting as a baptismal sponsor. Parents and grandmothers were gossips, as well as friends.

If you find "O.S.O.," or *orbine sine prole*, on your direct ancestor's tombstone, you have a real problem. It is Latin for "died without issue."¹

Relict meant a widow (or occasionally a widower.) In the absence of other evidence, you will know that a woman so listed survived her husband.²

The search for ancestors may be compared to solving a jigsaw puzzle. It is rewarding when everything falls into the proper place. Sometimes we have to solve riddles to proceed. For instance, how can a family live in four counties and never move? The answer is that counties were divided into smaller parts. As these lands were settled, the need arose for smaller counties. If the distance to the county seat to transact business became too great and too dangerous for travel, it was common to have two or three *spinoffs* of the county as the need arose. Sometimes this problem was solved by having two county seats in one county. One trip was sufficient to have a deed registered and also buy provisions for several months. Our younger generation probably cannot comprehend a long day's journey of 25 or 30 miles, but the transportation mode of the early pioneers was either walking, riding a horse, using a horse and buggy, or using a wagon pulled by a team of horses or mules.

¹Ancestors Unlimited, Southeast Nebraska Genealogical Society, Spring 1991.

²*Yarbrough Family Quarterly*, 1, No. 1 (Sept. 1991), 18.

THE ORIGINS OF NAMES. In the past, the same Christian or given names were used generation after generation within a family. Firstborn children were often named for their grandparents. The extensive use of parents' names, as well as the names of brothers, sisters, and even cousins, make lines complex to trace. It is a challenge to untangle them, the most complicated part of genealogy. Some writers have used Roman numerals to distinguish between the generations. I have not, except when referring to others' works.

In the Virginia colonies, where most of our ancestors first lived, the use of surnames as given names was common in the 1700s, and by the 1800s and 1900s, the custom was prevalent for both sons and daughters.

Parents often named children after Bible characters, as well as Teutonic warriors, Frankish knights, and English kings. Also, a strange custom arose in the use of necronyms, which is the practice of deceased siblings' names being reused in the same family. In some of the early colonies, the father usually chose the name, often without consulting the mother.³

Family surnames were spelled in different ways. Do not be deceived or argue that names have to be spelled in only one way. The spelling of names changes, and it is rare not to have variants, especially when the name comes down for generations. One example is the name *Yarbrough*, which has been found to have had sixty-five different spellings over the centuries.

Surnames are a challenge to anyone trying to establish the identity of the original bearer, even though the name may have been in use for hundreds of years. Our ancestors in this book were mostly from western Europe, where many surnames were established in the 13th and 14th centuries, with a few earlier.

A reliable system of nomenclature has been attributed to tax collectors who needed a means of distinguishing one individual from another. Surnames were classified as *monogenetic* or *polygenetic*. Monogenetic surnames are those whose origin was derived from one family at a particular place and time. Polygenetic surnames were coined independently. Examples include widely used names such as White and Smith. The researcher would be hard pressed to identify the original bearer.

Under the classification, there are four primary types of surname origins. In the first type, called *patronymics*, the surname is derived from the given name of the father

³ Myra Vanderpool Gormley, "Child-Naming Follows Customs," *The [Durham, NC] Herald-Sun*, January 26, 1992, p. F5.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The book's title may be attributed to my husband, Madison. When we were saying our goodbyes to our teenage son, Madison III, who was preparing to visit friends in another state, my husband's parting words were, "Remember who you are!" This quotation also may be a call to learn more of the wonderful heritage that we find when we search for our roots.

My mother, Frances Vick Shipp, who instilled a love of family history in me at a very early age, deserves much credit. She was a walking encyclopedia of names and dates, and fortunately I wrote them down.

The summer when I was nine, my aunt Dora Shipp Wright visited our family. I realized that she had been to another state to trace family history. It was then I knew that somewhere someone in this world could help unravel the mystery of who we are. I am grateful to Aunt Dora for that insight.

The genealogical data in this book would not have been possible had it not been for my daughter, Janet, who painstakingly entered all the minute statistical information on the computer and carefully reviewed and revised to make sure every part was correct. Only with her experience and expertise in editing of the charts and the manuscript did I feel comfortable with the finished product.

My husband's first cousin Cecil Moore Yarbrough, Jr. read the manuscript and made many helpful suggestions, and I appreciate his assistance.

My thanks to all who have aided in this project, whether it was by offering a kind word or by unlocking the past. Countless people have provided information for this book. Most of their contributions are acknowledged in the text or in footnotes, but I know I have missed some. If you are one of those whom I have missed, know that the oversight was unintentional and that you have my thanks.

RSY

≈ PART I ≈

GRANDPARENTS OF HUMPHREYS/MALONE/VICK LINE

One of my first memories of the Humphreys family is the Sunday afternoon front porch tale of the millions of dollars that my grandmother should inherit. Cousins and various relatives “reckoned” and rocked and swatted flies as the summer sun set in the west. When I started writing the genealogy of the family, the same old tale rose again to torment me, but this time on the national news. We haven’t seen a penny of the fortune, but it is a good story and I will tell it later.

In this section, the oldest documented generation is listed first, followed by each generation in secession to the present day. A short background on the Humphreys family in Europe is given. Our particular branch, which can be traced to Suffolk, England, migrated to Ireland because of religious persecution.

≈ ELEVEN GENERATIONS OF HUMPHREYS DESCENDANTS ≈

John Humphreys, married Margaret Carlisle of County Armagh, Ireland, parents of
William Humphreys, married Sarah McClung, parents of
John Humphreys, married Letitia Moore, parents of
John Worthington Humphreys, married Hannah Elizabeth Ann Turner, parents of
Frances Virginia Humphreys, married James Daniel Malone, parents of
Lutie Olive Malone, married Lowry Vick, parents of
Frances Lucille Vick, married Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., parents of
Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

THE HUMPHREYS NAME. My grandmother's first cousin, Ann Turner Humphreys, furnished the background on the first Humphreys men to come to America. Cousin Ann was the daughter of John Pittman Humphreys, the oldest son of John Worthington Humphreys.⁴

According to family tradition and records copied from the family Bibles of numerous descendants, three Humphreys brothers, John, Samuel, and Richard Humphreys, originally of Port Nevens, Wales, came to America in 1682 and settled in the Haverford township near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. A year later, the wife of Samuel came to America with their children, and she brought a letter of transfer from the Society of Friends of Marionethshire. While Samuel's family is not the direct line to which we connect, there is a link between all of the Humphreys families, this being the use of many of the same given names.⁵

The surname *Humphreys* is said to be of Anglo-Saxon origin, having been derived from *ham*, meaning "home," and *frea*, meaning "lord" or "protector." The meaning, therefore, is "defender of the home." The addition of the *s* makes the meaning "son of the defender of the home." In recent times, the addition of or the lack of the *s* has no significance.

Humphreys is one of the oldest Welsh names, but our particular branch came from Suffolk County, England. They had ties with the established Church of England and, later, the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. There was a tradition in the Humphreys family that the oldest son was always named John.

Continuing with the papers of Cousin Ann, "it is recorded in the book *The Humphreys Family of Armagh County, Ireland* that Philip Humphreys of Suffolk County, England suffered martyrdom in November of 1558, at Bury St. Edmonds, Suffolk County, because he denied the supremacy of the Pope and rejected Mass. For security reasons, the family moved farther north, some into Ireland."

⁴Ann Turner Humphreys was a single lady who lived with her sister, Mrs. S. D. Morrison, in her later years. Her work on the Humphreys family consists of fifteen typed pages, researched for her personal enjoyment. She shared the papers with us in the late 1960s. Copies are in my personal file. Cousin Ann gives credit to Charles D. Young, former vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for recording much of the early Humphreys history. She said that his great-grandmother from Virginia was a Humphreys of the same line as ours.

⁵Alice Humphreys of San Francisco, CA, prepared a chart of the Samuel line, of which she is a descendant, with twenty generations back to ancestor Edward I, King of England, who married Eleanor of Castile. Alice is a member of the National Society of Colonial Dames and the Order of the Crown. Colonial Dames of the 17th Century has a library in Washington, DC, at its headquarters. The Colonial Dames of America has material at the headquarters in New York.

John Humphreys and Margaret Carlisle

Listed in *The History of the Humphreys Families of America*, compiled by Dr. Frederic Humphreys and associates, is John Humphreys, of Welsh ancestry, who moved to England and married Margaret Carlisle of County Armagh, Ireland.⁶ Both John and Margaret were born about 1721, and their children (not necessarily in the order of their birth) were:

1. David Humphreys
2. Carlisle Humphreys
3. William Humphreys, born about 1745 in Ireland, married Sarah McClung, the direct line
4. Dr. Alexander Humphreys, born 1757 and died May 23, 1802, married Mary Brown, who was born July 14, 1763, and died January 28, 1836
5. Nathaniel Humphreys, married _____ Mosman
6. Mary Humphreys, married Alexander McCall
7. Betsy Humphreys, married _____ Niblock
8. Hannah Humphreys, married _____ Kane
9. John (Jack) Humphreys, who remained in Ireland
10. Robert Humphreys, who remained in Ireland
11. Margaret Humphreys, who remained in Ireland.

William Humphreys and Sarah McClung

According to Cousin Ann, David Humphreys, son of John and Margaret, was the first of his direct line to come to America. While we don't know the year he arrived, he did move to Virginia in 1762 and settle in Augusta County. In 1764, David's brothers William and Alexander emigrated to Virginia. William, who was quite young, also settled in Augusta County, where David was already established. He prospered there, working as a wheelwright, and later married Sarah McClung. He eventually ended up in Washington County in east Tennessee, where he "became a very rich man for his day."⁷

The documentation for William Humphreys includes his will, dated August 15, 1835, and probated in Blount County, Tennessee.⁸ In the will, he names the children and some grandchildren:

⁶ Research by Ann Turner Humphreys in the years before computers. Today the same information may be found on the Internet by searching the name.

⁷ An assumption by Cousin Ann based upon his will.

⁸ Book 1, p. 73. James Humphreys, Alexander Humphreys, and George Bond were appointed executors. Copy available from Blount County, P. O. Box 308, Maryville, TN.

1. John W. Humphreys, the oldest child and the direct line, married (1) Letitia Moore, the direct line, and (2) Elizabeth Hargroves
2. Elizabeth Humphreys, born October 10, 1782, and died February 17, 1853, married William McLin
3. David Humphreys, born 1783 and died August 6, 1865, married Elinor Campbell
4. William Leslie Humphreys, born September 17, 1785, and died October 13, 1865, married Rebecca Hanna Carson. William Leslie's son William is also named in the grandfather's will.
5. Carlisle Humphreys, born about 1786, married Harriet Campbell
6. James Humphreys, born October 21, 1788, married Nancy McClung
7. Cyrus Alexander Humphreys, born November 14, 1791, died October 17, 1876
8. Margaret (Peggy) Humphreys, married _____ Gray
9. Alexander Humphreys, born November 14, 1786, married Nancy Bond and may have later married Isabelle Johnson. His daughters Sarah and Isabella were named in the grandfather's will.
10. Samuel Humphreys, born 1800, and died March 10, 1830
11. Mary (Polly) Humphreys married _____ Laines, and had seven heirs.

Some of the dates of birth and death were in Cousin Ann's work. Others were supplied by various researchers. I have included them but make no claim as to their validity.

Cousin Ann wrote that her father, John Pittman Humphreys, who was a grandson of William, remembered that several of the sons had remained in Virginia when William moved to east Tennessee. William married Sarah McClung, and some his children married McClungs. Cousin Ann recalled that her father said that the Humphreys and the McClungs had intermarried until the relationships could hardly be determined.

Alexander and Carlisle were physicians, and Alexander's daughter was rumored to be the stepmother of Mary Todd Lincoln.⁹ Carlisle married Harriett Campbell, daughter of Judge David Campbell, from a prominent family in Alabama. Carlisle's son, David Campbell Humphreys, who also became a judge, represented Morgan County in the Alabama legislature in 1843 and represented Madison County in 1869. Soon after this, he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. Cousin Ann remembers this because of the correspondence of her father with him.

⁹A file at www.ancestry.com lists the daughter, Elizabeth, with spouse Robert Todd.

A letter dated October 3, 1948, from Alice Humphreys¹⁰ to E. Turner Humphreys describes some documents dating back to 1822 that were discovered in an old box in McMinn County, Tennessee. Included were records from family Bibles, and she noted recognizing the handwriting of William who was married to Sarah McClung.

John W. Humphreys and Letitia Moore

Ann Turner Humphreys copied the following information from the family Bible of her grandfather, John Worthington Humphreys, which was in the care of her father, John Pittman Humphreys.

William's son, John, died June 9, 1834, a year before his father's death. He was born July 28, 1780, in Virginia and married Letitia Moore in 1804. She was born January 23, 1786, also in Virginia, and died August 6, 1827. John married the second time to Elizabeth Hargroves. This couple's only son, born in 1829, was Robert Henderson Humphreys. A captain in the Civil War, he was killed in the battle of Shiloh.

A John Humphreys family was listed in the 1830 federal census for Limestone County, Alabama,¹¹ and the dates coincide with the Bible records. The obituary of his daughter-in-law¹² records 1836 as the date the family moved from Alabama to Mississippi. John probably died in Alabama, since his death date was 1834.

The children of John and Letitia Moore Humphreys as listed in the Bible were:

1. Alexander Humphreys, born 1805, married Mary Ann Lock
2. Sarah McClung Humphreys, born 1807, married John Gattis
3. William Anderson Humphreys, born 1810, married Ophelia Lyndle
4. Mary Ann Humphreys, born 1812, died 1833
5. John Worthington Humphreys, born December 8, 1813, married Hannah Elizabeth Ann Turner, the direct line
6. George Washington Humphreys, born 1817
7. James Montgomery Humphreys, born 1820
8. Samuel Doak Humphreys, born 1822, married Virginia Elizabeth Pinchard
9. Haywood Humphreys, mentioned in his grandfather's will.

Several of these young men left Virginia and/or Alabama between 1833 and 1835 and migrated west. Alexander, James, and William Anderson were in Arkansas for a while,

¹⁰ Copy in my files. Mrs. Horace Humphreys, 4700 Tennessee Ave., Chattanooga, TN.

¹¹ 1830 Census for Alabama, Limestone County, p. 5, line 1.

¹² Hannah Elizabeth Ann Turner Humphreys.

but in 1849, Alexander moved to California and William Anderson traveled to Texas. Three of the Humphreys brothers, John Worthington, George Washington, and Robert Henderson, settled in Mississippi, while Samuel Doak remained in Alabama. It seems that many in the group first went to Alabama and from there to other parts of the country.

In my files is a letter from Rebecca Turner of Whittier, California, written January 25, 1916, to Turner (Harper) Humphreys.¹³ The letter indicates that he had written to her thirty years previously, and she was just getting around to answering the letter. She confirms the westward migration of her father Alexander and her uncle William. She adds that Aunt Sally Gattis, John's oldest daughter, listed above as Sarah McClung Humphreys, went to Texas and reared seven girls, "all fine women."

On November 20, 1845, John W. Humphreys and Elizabeth T. bought 160 acres¹⁴ "more or less" in the southeast quarter of Section 34, Township 3, range 3, west of the basis meridian of the Chickasaw Survey, for \$700 from John Gattis and his wife, Sarah McClung H. Gattis. This deed was received on December 14, 1846, by the Chancery Clerk, who recorded January 20, 1847, that "the said Sarah McClung Gattis being examined privately and apart from her husband, acknowledged that she signed said deed freely and of her own consent, without fear of compulsion from her husband."¹⁵ This probably is the time when Aunt Sally left for Texas with her husband.

On February 16, 1838, a deed recorded a gift made by John W. Humphreys "for the love and respect and special regard for my relative, Margaret McClung and her children."¹⁶ I have not been able to ascertain the relationship to Margaret. Some items were unreadable; others listed were "2 Bedsteads, 1 bed and furniture, 1 Walnut table and dressing table and 1 plain table and Trundle bedstead, One large kettle, six chairs, 2 trunks, One dozen teacups and saucers, One set of plates, 2 dishes, six pieces of stone ware, 2 pair of Fine dogs, One large oven." Witnesses were E. C. Thompson and John Gattis, the brother-in-law of John W.

The second generation John W. died in 1834. These transactions of 1838 and 1845 were made by his son, John Worthington Humphreys.

One of the earliest recorded deeds in Marshall County, Mississippi, establishes on May 24, 1834, a treaty between the Chickasaw Indian Tish-ah-nu-ah¹⁷ and the United

¹³ Son of John Worthington Humphreys.

¹⁴Probably a joint purchase with his mother-in-law Elizabeth Turner, who was found in the census to be living with him.

¹⁵Marshall County, MS Deed Book N, pp. 65-66.

¹⁶Marshall County, MS Deed Book E, pp. 484-85.

¹⁷Marshall County, MS Deed Book N, pp. 390-91.

States government. On January 13, 1838, we find that Uriah Humphreys purchased part of the land designated as the reservation for Tish-ah-nu-ah. I cannot place Uriah Humphreys in the genealogical grouping, but I thought the information was interesting. Uriah was the name of some of Colonel Samuel Humphreys' line.

John Worthington Humphreys and Hannah Elizabeth Ann Turner

The following is also taken from the family Bible of Ann Turner Humphreys, and my mother could confirm every name and each marriage.

John Worthington Humphreys was born December 8, 1813, in Loudoun County, Virginia. The 1850¹⁸ and 1860¹⁹ federal censuses of the state of Mississippi list Alabama as the place of birth for John Worthington and his wife. Their first two children were born in Tennessee. The other children were born in Mississippi.

Mention has been made of the census records of Limestone County, Alabama. Cousin Ann alludes to Tuscumbia, Alabama, as a place where the Humphreys were possibly residents. Tuscumbia is the county seat of Colbert County, which is next to the Mississippi line. Both Limestone and Colbert are in the northwestern tip of Alabama. When the families migrated to Marshall County, Mississippi, they did not have very far to travel.

John Worthington Humphreys and Hannah Elizabeth Ann Turner, daughter of Captain John and Elizabeth Mays Turner of Southampton County, Virginia, married October 18, 1838,²⁰ in Marshall County, Mississippi. In three places on the marriage application the name *Hannah* is spelled out. It is also written as *Hannah* in the 1850 federal census. The 1860 census lists H. E. A. as wife, but the name *Hannah* was dropped by the children. Some preferred Elizabeth Ann while others chose Ann Elizabeth. The name *Ann Elizabeth* was selected for her tombstone. Her obituary also states that the families were old settlers of Marshall County, "having come hither from the State of Alabama in the year 1836." We can deduce that John and Letitia Moore Humphreys, as well as John and Elizabeth Mays Turner, at one time made their home in Alabama, perhaps Limestone County on the border of Tennessee.

¹⁸1850 Census of Marshall County, MS, p. 277A, Dwelling 27, Family 27.

¹⁹1860 Census of Marshall County, MS, Holly Springs, p. 8, no. 49.

²⁰Marshall County, MS, Marriage Record Book 1836-1841, pp. 111-12.

THE TURNER FAMILY. There is certainly evidence that the Turner family was in Virginia in the 1600s. The governing body of Virginia met in June of 1699 to examine claims to land in Pamunkey Neck and on the south side of Blackwater Creek. The minutes state that the Pamunkey Indians had leased for ninety nine years to "severall persons hereafter named which Lands by an Order of Assembly held at James City the 25th April 1679 was granted to be confirmed unto them..." We find in the list the name of James Turner, who was deceased. Several of James's sons are named: James Turner, Jr., William Turner, and George Turner.²¹

In the 1860 Marshall County, Mississippi census, stepmother Elizabeth Humphreys, age 70, and mother-in-law Elizabeth M. Turner, age 69, live with John Worthington Humphreys. Both of the ladies were born in Virginia.

John Worthington Humphreys, who died November 6, 1897, and his wife, Ann Elizabeth, who died November 11, 1909, are buried in the Red Banks Mississippi Cemetery.²² Entering the south side close to the Baptist Church, their tombstone is close to the edge, with John's names engraved on the south side and his wife's on the north side. His daughter, Sarah Hill McClung Gregg, is buried to the south of their tombstone.

The children born to this union were:

1. Lou Humphreys, born 1840, died at age 15. My mother said that since she was sick, she was given the privilege of naming the sixth child, her sister Louis Ann.
2. Sarah Hill McClung Humphreys, born January 31, 1843, died November 21, 1917, married Tom Gregg. She is buried in Red Banks Cemetery²³ in Marshall County, Mississippi.
3. Frances Virginia Humphreys, born August 11, 1844, married James Daniel Malone, the direct line
4. John Pittman Humphreys, born August 23, 1847, married Margaret Emily Canon in 1872. He was mayor of Collierville, Tennessee, for five terms, a Mason, and a Confederate veteran. He died August 20, 1924, and is buried in Magnolia Cemetery in Collierville, Tennessee.²⁴
5. William Thomas Haywood Humphreys, born March 3, 1850, died May 8, 1926, married Rebecca Walters. Both he and his wife are buried in Red Banks Cemetery.²⁵

²¹Louis des Cognets, Jr., *English Duplicates of Lost Virginia Records* (Princeton, NJ, 1958), pp 57-60. Copied pages in my file.

²²*Cemeteries of Marshall County, Mississippi* (Ripley, MS: Old Timer Press, June 1983), p. 87.

²³Ibid.

²⁴Clarene Pinkston Russell, *Collierville Tennessee, Her People and Neighbors* (Town of Collierville, Chamber of Commerce, 1994), p. 444.

²⁵*Cemeteries of Marshall County, Mississippi*, p. 87.

6. Louis Ann Humphreys, born December 29, 1853, married William Kizer. She was his second wife. I faintly remember this aunt, because she made a rag doll for me that I named Louis Ann. My mother thought both husband and wife were buried in Red Banks Cemetery, but there is not a stone marker.
7. Robert Dawson Humphreys, born September 27, 1855, died April 11, 1935, married Rosa Richmond, daughter of John Sidney Richmond and Jane Flowers. Both are buried in Magnolia Cemetery, Collierville, Tennessee.²⁶ My maternal grandparents, Lowry and Lutie Malone Vick, were married in their home.
8. Turner Harper Humphreys, born February 15, 1859, married (1) Mary Stratton, (2) Betty Bea. He died December 26, 1919, and is buried in Magnolia Cemetery, Collierville, Tennessee.²⁷
9. Henry Heber Humphreys, born August 16, 1860, died August 27, 1921, married Eugenia Samuel Richmond, daughter of John Sidney Richmond and Jane Flowers. The couple and children are buried in Emory Methodist Cemetery in Marshall County, Mississippi.²⁸
10. James Montgomery Humphreys, died at age 71, married _____ Percy.

This generation showed a great pioneering spirit, and John Worthington and Ann Elizabeth lived to an age that was beyond the life expectancy of that time. They cared for both widowed mothers and orphaned grandchildren, such as my own grandmother and her siblings.

John Worthington Humphreys must have been a very trustworthy young man, because he was appointed guardian by the court for his brother, Haywood, when his father died. He signed for the other children also. The 1840 census²⁹ shows John Humphreys with members of the family too old to be his sons. They were probably his brothers, and I have pointed to the fact that his mother-in-law and stepmother lived with him.

I have stated that the children of Hannah Elizabeth Ann Turner Humphreys used the name *Ann Elizabeth* on her tombstone. Her obituary is a tribute to "Ann Elizabeth." The minister, J. M. Beard, stated, "Of all great things her great Lord could do for her in

²⁶Russell, *Collierville Tennessee, Her People and Neighbors*, p. 452.

²⁷*Ibid.*, p. 450.

²⁸*Cemeteries of Marshall County, Mississippi*, p. 84.

²⁹1840 Census of Marshall County, MS, Southern Division, p. 2, line 26.

this world, he chose sainthood as her portion.... " She was a lifelong Methodist. I will include her obituary. Please refer to the Malone section for additional information on the daughter, Frances Virginia Humphreys, our line.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION. The following information came from Ann Turner Humphreys, but I have not been able to document it. I will share it, but note that *I do not have any proof*. Cousin Ann cites a book by W. C. Harlee, *DAR Records and Early Colonial Families*. (Good luck to any future researchers in finding this book!) She writes that John McClung of Manor Cunningham, Scotland, married Elizabeth Alexander on December 31, 1734. Elizabeth was the daughter of Dr. Archibald Alexander and Margaret Parks, who were married in Scotland. John and Elizabeth were the parents of at least two daughters and four sons who arrived in America before 1754. Mary married Samuel McDowell. Her sister married Samuel Doak. One of her brothers was John McClung.

Ann Turner Humphreys wrote that John McClung married Susan Marshall, sister of Supreme Court Chief Justice John Marshall, and that they are parents of Sarah McClung. I do not believe this connection to be correct. John Marshall's sister was Susan Tarleton Marshall, born May 12, 1774, and she married Judge William McClung. Both died at Buckpond, Woodford, Kentucky. I am positive that William Humphreys' wife was Sarah McClung, a name handed down for generations. We have not determined who her parents were. It is a fact that one of the brothers of John Worthington was Samuel Doak Humphreys. The names *Alexander, Archibald, Elizabeth, and Margaret* were used for many generations also. There must be connection with this McClung family. One source that I read stated that Sarah McClung was born in Ireland.

My speculation is, if there is a connection to John Marshall's sister, perhaps Sarah McClung Humphreys was William's sister and a sister-in-law of Susan Marshall McClung. No proof.

The Lost Fortune

During my childhood years, there were rumors and tall tales of how my grandmother, whose mother was a Humphreys, was entitled to millions. Cousins would visit, and I would sit on the front porch and listen to details as adults discussed the wonder and fantasized about the possibility of riches. Truthfully, most of my immediate family just listened, for most of them knew little genealogy of the family, certainly not as much as I have covered in these pages.

The name of Pelham Humphreys³⁰ was always on the lips of the would-be millionaires. Every six or seven years we would hear more tales of unclaimed riches. Finally in the latter part of the 1940s, a lawyer was hired and sent to Texas. The Memphis *Commercial Appeal* printed an article concerning Judge T. M. Kennerly of Houston, Texas, granting eleven persons the right to intervene as plaintiffs in a suit filed in 1948 in federal court in Beaumont, Texas, seeking judgment for \$500,000,000 and title to about 3,900 acres of land in the Spindletop oil field near Beaumont. Attorney Boyte Howell filed the intervention action in United States Court. Attorney Howell was the son of Judge R. B. C. Howell of the Tennessee Court of Appeals. I feel sure that he did his best, but nothing happened. "Oh, he was just paid off by the oil companies" would be the explanation. How much did it cost my immediate family? My mother, a would-be heir, paid \$10.00—not much!

The basis for the suit, according to the petition, was an alleged forgery committed in a power-of-attorney document dated October 6, 1835, supposedly after the death of Pelham Humphreys.³¹

In 1984 while I was having my morning coffee and reading the newspaper, I was amazed when I turned to an article. I blurted out to my husband, "I don't believe this!" Then I proceeded to explain to him the Pelham folklore that I had heard as a child. It was the beginning for the news network. *The New York Times*, *The Atlanta Journal*, *The Chicago Tribune*, *The Pittsburgh Press*, *The Commercial Appeal* of Memphis, and the *Durham Morning Herald* were among the newspapers carrying the story that I viewed. In 1989, the *Southern Magazine* had a long story in the May/June issue. *The Globe*, sold at grocery-store checkout counters, also had an article.

Hundreds and eventually thousands banded together and formed organizations. One was the Humphries Heirs Trust Association of Gray and/or Johnson City, Tennessee. It aligned with Burke's Peerage Genealogists of England.³² And there was the Pelham Humphries Heirs Association of Johnson City, Tennessee. It hired Hugh Peskett, an English genealogist.³³ Another group was the Humphries/Gragg Historical Association of Watauga County; and I feel sure there were more. In fact,

³⁰Each branch of the family that claimed kinship with Pelham spelled his last name as it spelled its own.

Most official documents that I quote here spelled the name *Humphries*, but a few spelled it *Humphreys*.

In this story I follow the spelling of the sources I have used.

³¹Newspaper clipping from *The Commercial Appeal*. No date, but other items on the page are dated April 28, 1950.

³²Scott Klug, "The Heirs of Pelham Humphries," *Southern*, 3, No. 8 (May/June 1989), 60.

³³*Ibid.*

the feud between the warring heirs would make the Hatfields and the McCoys pale in comparison. Only the weapons were different.

The story must have excited the curiosity of the media, because the president of the Humphries Heirs Trust Association stated in a letter to the members that the story began with Andrea Mitchell's report on NBC that there was \$2 billion for the Humphries heirs.³⁴

VERSION ONE. There are many versions of the story. Remember most of the contents is repeated hearsay, but here is one of them. Pelham Humphries was born out of wedlock in Watauga County.³⁵ His mother did marry a Gragg later. Another account tells that she was "Indian or coloured." One of the family groupings has John Humphreys as Pelham's father, married to Susannah, with Betsy as the other woman. Pelham married Sudie Bell. He got in a drunken brawl and stabbed a man. Thinking he had killed the man, Pelham, his wife, and his friend J. William English left the area, eventually ending up in Texas. He joined the Mexican Army in 1829. He and Sudie Bell applied for a land grant on the Nechos River. The deed for 4,000 acres was granted on February 14, 1835. Sudie Bell died shortly thereafter, and there were no children. In the same year that Sudie died, on September 2, 1835, Pelham was shot to death in a boarding house fight with J. William English in Jefferson County. The family knew nothing of his whereabouts.

At this point, Janice Cole Gibson, reporter of this source, states, "some of the information becomes sketchy and contradictory. Apparently, in 1859, the property was transferred to English. However, instead of Pelham's name as the transferring party, the name of William, his brother, was inserted. Yet, according to family records, William never went to Texas. This has caused some to suspect that English was not only responsible for Pelham's death, but also forged the transfer of the land."

Some of the taxes were paid as late as 1860 in the name of Pelham. There were many questions surrounding this. In 1901 oil was found on the land at Spindletop. And that is where some of the large oil companies would get their start, namely, Texaco, Gulf, Sun Oil, and Mobil.

English sold part of the land in the 1860s. Records show "that P. G. Humphries and other heirs sold two-ninths of their interest to W.P.H. McFadden of Beaumont, Texas."

³⁴Letter of October 30, 1991 from Brown L. Peregoy, Johnson City, TN. No date for the broadcast was given.

³⁵Janice Cole Gibson, "Tapping Oil at the Roots of a Family Tree," *The State* (April 1987), 15.

McFadden accumulated a fortune. My question is what happened to the other seven-ninths of the land in the estate. Other questions arose—would the war with Mexico in 1846–48 void land grants or strengthen the claims of the heirs?

A hundred years later, before Christmas of 1986, there was a news item concerning Jane McFadden, who lived on the land in Texas. A dispute with a Mr. Perkins over an old trunk led to the shooting of Mr. Perkins. Jane took an overdose on February 2, 1987, but recovered and stood trial for murder. I never heard what verdict was reached. These people were dead serious, I would say.

VERSION TWO. Another version of the Pelham saga was the one told by Brown Peregoy, which had Elijah and Betsy Jane Harden Humphries as Pelham's parents. Peregoy claimed Pelham to be his great-great-great-uncle.

This story³⁶ has more hard documentation to back it up. First, Pelham did get in a fight with a Ben Johnson. Hooch, white lightning, was involved, but no matter that the fighters had too much to drink, Ben Johnson was left dead on the floor of a corn-shucking party upon Cripple Creek, near Dividing Ridge. Murder was a hanging offense, and Pelham fled. To make matters worse, he stole a horse in Hawkins County, Tennessee. He headed down the Watauga River in a flat-bottomed boat with wife Sudie Brown (Bell in the other version) and a friend, William English (note the spelling.) They settled in the present-day Beaumont area, and Pelham signed with the Mexican government to track down rustlers. For this service, in 1835 the Mexican government rewarded him with a land grant of 4,428 acres.

Pelham's wife died, and, since farming was not in his blood, he moved to a boarding house near Nacogdoches, Texas. On September 5, 1835, another fight left Pelham dead at thirty-seven years old. No one knows where he is buried, and no one probably cared until January 10, 1901, when the first Spindletop oil gusher could be heard a mile away. The land maps of the Mexican government, which controlled Texas in 1835, show that part of the Spindletop strike once belonged to Pelham Humphries.

Oil companies paid lawyers to track down the heirs and paid them \$50 to recover the power of attorney, and, for each acre signed over, the lawyers got another \$50. On July 26, 1903, a Texas court intervened and sent out a summons searching for heirs to the disputed land.³⁷ According to Pelham lore, they found one Jesse Humphries of

³⁶Klug, "The Heirs of Pelham Humphries," *Southern*, pp. 32-33.

³⁷*Ibid.*, p. 34.

Green County, Tennessee, and he was supposed to receive \$3,500 a month for the rest of his life. Since no one else was contacted, the heirs started turning to the courts.³⁸

In March 1933, Reverend L. B. Glover of Lick Creek Christian Church raised enough money to go to Beaumont, Texas, with traveling companions, one of whom was R. W. Nave, to search through the courthouse records. It cost \$14 for a two-day train trip. Nave spoke of the trip in 1980s: how a taxicab driver knew the story of Pelham and carried them to the cemetery, to the grave that bore Pelham's name, the fact he was born in Watauga, Tennessee, and his death date.³⁹ (No one else has ever found this.)

But they claimed that the reception at the courthouse was uncooperative. The sheriff threatened to throw them out of town. Nave was convinced that oil companies and their fancy lawyers were too slick for the family of farmers and laborers of east Tennessee.⁴⁰

I do have a copy, but not a certified copy, of a document from Beaumont, Jefferson County, Texas, dated February 1, 1932, signed by W. T. Blackmon, County Clerk, and Earl Singleton, Chief Clerk.

"To Whom It May Concern:

Pelham or William Humphreys came to Texas in the early thirties and was granted a league of land in Jefferson County as a colonist, on February 10, 1835. Following this Spanish Grant, which is on record in Vol. M, page 396, Deed Records, he disposed of same as shown by the following instruments:

1. William Humphreys to William English, Vol. M, page 399, Deeds Records, Conveys entire league, dated February 14, 1836. Filed December 26, 1860.
2. William Humphreys to John G. Love, Vol. M page 344, Deeds Records, conveys 500 acres, dated September 17, 1840. Filed Nov. 17, 1860.
3. Pelham and William Humphreys, as heirs and joint heirs of Pelham Humphreys, deceased to Stephen B. Dozier, Vol. M. page 276, conveys entire league, dated September 26, 1859. Filed September 22, 1860."

Notice the filing dates. William English conveyed the land to W. P. H. McFadden in 1883.

At the end of this same document is written, "a complete abstract on the survey will cost about twenty-five hundred dollars (\$2,500.00)." Twenty-five hundred dollars in

³⁸Ibid.

³⁹Ibid., pp. 34-35.

⁴⁰Ibid.

1932, during the depth of the Depression, seems outrageous and an insult to the family at the time. That amount could have bought a house and car with money to spare.

After the cool reception, Reverend Glover was more determined than ever, but with the Depression and onset of World War II, it was not until 1947 that the family supporters again filed suit. On November 10, 1948, a federal judge ruled against the Humphries heirs, telling them they had to prove they were Pelham's family. Again in 1951, another lawsuit was dismissed, because the family could not produce the names and addresses of all Humphries heirs.⁴¹

I have a newspaper clipping dated November 13, 1951, from the *Dallas Morning News* stating that attorney W. A. Weir of Philadelphia, Mississippi, filed a suit on behalf of 300 plaintiffs. The defendants were Perry McFadden, Caldwell McFadden, W. P. H. McFadden, Jr., J. L. C. McFadden, and Mamie McFadden, all residents of Jefferson County, Texas, and also eight oil companies.

While we may dismiss some of this as folklore, it is a fact that Pelham once owned the land, the site of the Spindletop strike on January 10, 1901. The Mexican land grant is still on file in Jefferson County, Texas. The petition shows that Pelham, "a native of the north of Tennessee," and his wife applied for the land on September 27, 1834. "I have come with my family consisting of two persons to settle in the said enterprise of his Excellency Lorenzo de Zavala if... you should deem it proper to admit me as a colonist." The application was approved, and Pelham received the land grant on February 14, 1835.⁴²

Brown Peregoy, along with 5,000 members of the Humphries Heirs Association, filed a \$250 billion lawsuit in U. S. District Court against five major oil companies: Amoco Oil, a division of Standard Oil Co. of Indiana; Mobil Oil Corp.; Phillips Petroleum Co.; Texaco Inc.; and Chevron, Inc. The date was February 14, 1989, the 154th anniversary of Pelham's receiving the land grant. The lawyer was Max E. Wilson of Mountain City, Tennessee. This was approximately the seventh case filed over the years.⁴³ There were many legal steps taken and appeals made on behalf of the heirs.

LITIGATION OVER AND VERDICT IN. On June 18, 1990, Civil Action # B-89-00423-CA decision was handed down by Judge Howell Cobb, ruling that the Pelham Humphries litigation was over and the Humphries heirs had no title in the league of land. Further,

⁴¹Ibid.

⁴²Ibid., p. 62.

⁴³Sam Watson, "Humphries Heirs Sue Five Oil Firms for \$250 Billion," *Johnson City Press*, Feb. 15, 1989, pp. 1, 7.

the clerk of court was enjoined from accepting for filing any lawsuits by any party claiming as an heir of Pelham Humphries. This simply meant that the case could not ever go to a jury. An appeal was made, and in October 1991, the United States Supreme Court denied the writ of certiorari.⁴⁴ I have a copy of the verdict. Case closed!

Not really! Go to some genealogy sources on the Internet. Click on the Humphreys/Humphries family inquiries, and you won't believe the number who still insist they will get their fortune.

In the footnotes to this section, I have used magazines that are more readily available to readers than the numerous newspaper clipping in my files. Scott King from WKOW TV, the ABC affiliate in Madison, Wisconsin, is the author of most of the work.

A FORTUNE LOST, BUT NOT OURS While my opinion makes no difference in the scheme of things, I would like to have my say. I truly believe that the heirs of Pelham had some rights, were treated illegally from the beginning, and never had their day in court. I also believe that we were not those heirs.

No, we are not heirs of Pelham. I cite the will of William Humphreys of 1835. He names Haywood, one of the sons of his *named* deceased son, John (my great-great-great-grandfather), to receive his saddle horse, saddle, and bridle. Others have tried to prove that the son William was William Pelham and went by his middle name. That particular son is named in the will as William L. in two places, and William L.'s son is listed and would have been only a small boy at the time Pelham was in Texas. Pelham was childless according to the stories. Cyrus Alexander Humphreys, son of John W. and Letitia Moore, had a son, William Pelham, born 1802, but his death date is 1865, not 1835, when the Texas Pelham died. If Pelham was the sib of any of the children, then that line would be the heirs, not our line of John Worthington Humphreys and his father, John W. You cannot inherit if you are not a direct descendent, unless you are named in the will of the brother or sister.

There were literally hundreds of branches of the family by 1835, because the Humphreys clan had been in this country 200 or more years.

⁴⁴Copies of the Court's Memorandum Opinion dated June 18, 1990, and another Memorandum Order of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Texas, Beaumont Division, dated October 24, 1990, are in my files.

The only reference that I found concerning the name *Pelham* was of John Humfrey, Gentleman, who came to New England in 1634 as Governor of Massachusetts. It is said his first wife was Elizabeth Pelham and their son was John. When he came to this country, he brought with him wife, Susan, daughter of Thomas Clinton, Earl of Lincoln. They had seven children, but none named Pelham. Anyway, that was 200 years before the Pelham saga.

Proof also lies in the names of the children. Have you ever seen so many names repeated in the generations? William Humphreys' wife was a McClung, and the second and third generations used the entire name.

All of the various family members who made up the trust that filed the lawsuit spelled their name *Humphries*, not the way of our line, *Humphreys*. We know that spelling changes to suit the various families, but in our situation it has remained *Humphreys* for many years.

I am glad that I followed this folklore tale. It was an intriguing story, for I knew no details before it started. I learned that the thought of riches moves people to jump to wild conclusions without logical reasoning.

"The Fifth U.S. Court of Appeals in the 1968 *Humphries v. Texas Gulf Sulphur Company* put the conflicting stories in perspective, and the legal issues sharply in focus," Circuit Judge Homer Thornberry wrote. "Our brief encounter with this litigation has uncovered a controversy so complicated, conflicting, and confusing that no one will know the exact history of the land." He summed it up best when he wrote, "Unlike old soldiers, expectant heirs never fade away."⁴⁵

BURKE'S PEERAGE AND THE GRAND SCHEME I saw this situation as an opportunity to document family history, for I knew that one day I would write this genealogy. I kept letters with the famous Burke's Peerage blue letterhead stating, "We urge those of you who wish to further your claims to gather together the information on your families and send it to us here in London, with the payment of \$750.... Burke's Peerage will provide you with a 'family tree' which can be used in a Court of Law." Of course they meant trying to tie into Pelham Humphries. I suppose I was too obsessed with genealogy, but I thought that if Burke's Peerage confirmed my findings, then I must be right.

⁴⁵Ibid., p. 64.

A group in the family pooled resources as asked, and I was the person chosen to send the information to Burke's Peerage. I did that on January 30, 1987. This is the same Burke's Peerage that the Daughters of the American Revolution puts so much reliance on and holds in great esteem. How could we go wrong? The amount of money it cost me, probably around \$85, was insignificant compared to the amount I had spent over the years on research.

I received about ten pieces of correspondence containing phrases like:

I am sorry but the research on your case is taking slightly longer than anticipated,⁴⁶
...the complexity of the Humphreys case, research is now expected to take about six months instead of four,⁴⁷ and

...the main reason for the delay is because the State Archives at Richmond in Virginia was suddenly closed.⁴⁸

Finally, on June 30, 1988, I received a progress summary dated May 28, 1988. My letter in reply stated, "Your progress report contained only evidence that I had uncovered and submitted to you with the 24 original pages. I could even prove that part.... We are perturbed that in one year and one half your firm has not produced one additional clue to my original information."

Once again, the correspondence from Burke's Peerage continued:

It is unfortunate that our research is taking so long, ...
... will soon be able to send you a progress letter,⁴⁹

We have not heard from our agent in America who is researching...and do not expect his report for a few weeks,⁵⁰ and

...waiting for information from one of our agents before writing with details of progress.⁵¹

Then I received a long questionnaire concerning Ann Turner Humphreys' report, which I had sent to them.⁵² I answered to the best of my ability.

Once again the message was "I commissioned some further research in December hoping to find a missing link, but unfortunately...."⁵³ A postcard that possibly was a form message to all clients from H. B. Brooks-Baker really tells the story—"your

⁴⁶Letter of June 29, 1987.

⁴⁷Letter of Sept. 2, 1987.

⁴⁸Letter of Dec. 7, 1987.

⁴⁹Letter of Oct. 12, 1988.

⁵⁰Letter of Oct. 20, 1988.

⁵¹Letter of Feb. 3, 1989.

⁵²Letter of May 30, 1989.

⁵³Letter of March 22, 1990.

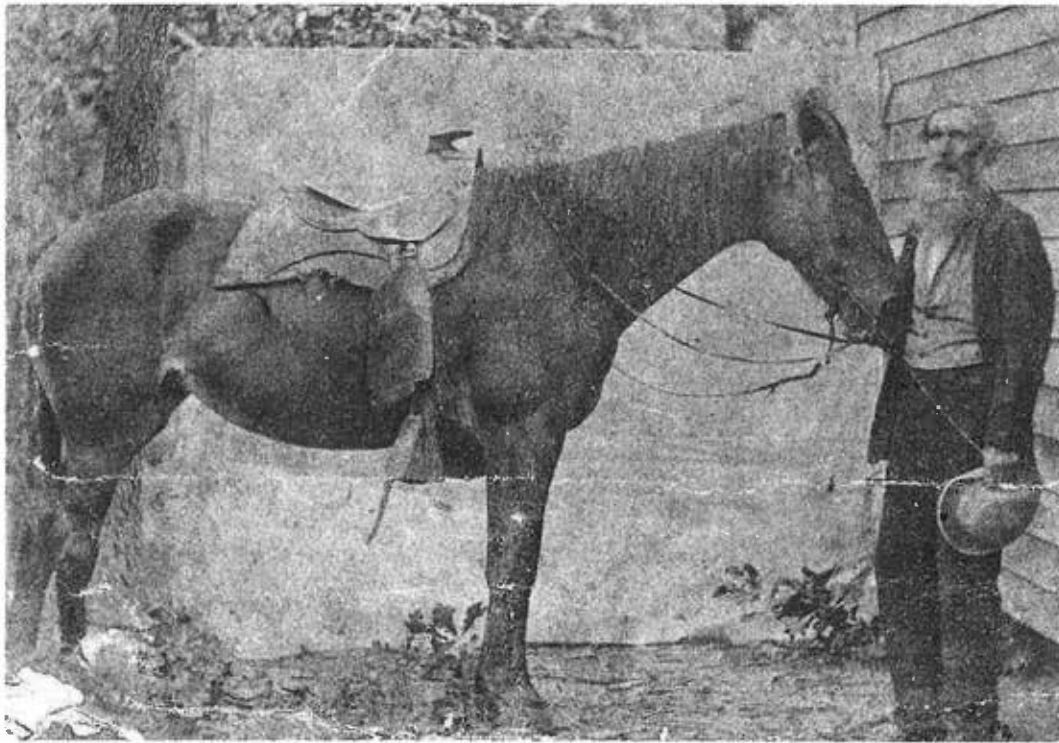
research is continuing...we appreciate your patience... you should receive a letter in the near future... we regret that we cannot discuss progress over the telephone."⁵⁴ We got the correct message clearly; nothing was coming!

On July 16, 1992, the office in London wrote that all correspondence would have to be with Mr. Roger Powell of Eastleigh, Hampshire, England. That was the last communication with Burke's Peerage. So far nothing! Thirteen years later, still no response. All correspondence is kept in my personal file.

The person to whom we corresponded was H. B. Brooks-Baker, listed as Publishing Director with Burke's Peerage.⁵⁵ What a scheme!

⁵⁴The postcard was dated Sept. 24, 1990.

⁵⁵Klug, "The Heirs of Pelham Humphries," p. 60.



*John Worthington Humphreys (1813–1897)
And his mode of transportation*

In the name of God, Amen

I, William Humphreys of the County of Blount and the State of Tennessee, being of advanced age, and weak of body, but of sound mind, for which I thank God, and being desirous to dispose of my worldly property (that it has pleased God to bless me with) in the manner following:

First my will is that all of my just debts and funeral charges be paid.

I will unto the heirs of my eldest son John Humphreys, deceased twenty dollars, to be equally divided amongst them, Also to his son, Haywood, my saddle horse, saddle & bridle.

I will unto my daughter Elizabeth McLin one dollar.

I will unto my son David Humphreys one dollar.

I will unto my son William L. Humphreys one dollar.

I will unto my son Carlisle Humphreys one dollar.

I will unto my son James Humphreys twelve dollars.

I will unto my son Cyrus Humphreys one dollar.

I will unto my daughter Peggy Gray one dollar.

I will unto my son Alexander Humphreys all my property that is on the plantation, having heretofore executed to him a title for the land: there being a division made by my sons Alexander and Samuel in Samuel lifetime which is recorded in Court in which my son Alexander is to pay my son Samuel's heirs according to the said obligation; my will therefore is that my son Samuel's heirs receive their legacy in that way and no other; I also will unto my son Alexander two notes I hold on him, one for twenty dollars and the other for seventy-five bushels of corn.

I will unto my grandson William Humphreys, son of William L. Humphreys, ten dollars.

I will unto my granddaughter Sarah Humphreys, daughter of Alexander Humphreys, my bed and furniture to be safely kept by my executors until she arrives at the age of fourteen years. I also will unto the said Sarah and her sister Isabella when they arrive to the age of fifteen years, one hundred and twenty-two dollars to be equally divided between them.

The residue of my estate, if there should be any after the above legacies be paid, my will is that it be given to whomsoever that shall take care of me and my black woman Jude, our lifetime and pay our funeral charges.

Lastly, I do hereby constitute and appoint my sons; James Humphreys, Alexander, and George Bond Executors.....

I have hereto set my hand and seal this fifteen day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-five.

[Signed by William Humphreys. Probated: 28th of September, 1835.]

A Tribute.

Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Humphreys daughter of John and Elizabeth Turner was born September 27, 1823, and died November 11, 1909. She and her honored husband were among the old settlers of Marshall County, having come hither from the State of Alabama in the year 1836, though they were not joined in matrimony until a little later period. Her husband preceded her to the grave dying in 1897 aged 82 years, while she attained to even greater longevity being 87 at her death. Ten children were born to this patriarchal couple all of whom lived to maturity, and nearly all of whom survive as parents of large families - three generations of her descendants being represented at her funeral.

Beautiful in person until long past the meridian of life, lovely in character at every stage of her long pilgrimage and distinguished above all for patience and meek behavior as became her profession, she was a wonder unto many, an example to all. Though subjected to many and great sorrows during her life she was sweetly oblivious to them, or appeared so to her intimates, and though temptation which loves a shining mark must have done its utmost, there was no suggestion of stain on her garments as she went to join the "shining ones."

Of all the great things her great Lord could do for her in the world, she chose sainthood as her portion, and is so far above human praise, that the writer of these lines who remembers her from infancy, and who is now approaching old age, must content himself with the statement that he never knew a better woman or friend. Under the shadow of the autumn oaks on the cemetery hillside at Red Banks hundreds of relatives and friends gathered to her obsequies, weeping and piling her grave with floral offerings, fair and sweet, but how cold seemed our farewells to the warmth of benediction waited back upon us from those grave depths. Like the disciples at Olivet we had come quite unconsciously to the borders of the heavenly world, and were under its transfiguring spell. Young men and maidens, fathers and mothers in Israel, and little children, joined with us at the close of the all inadequate service in singing a sweet song of farewell, and felt that "it was good to be there."

J. M. BEARD.

At a Ripe Old Age.

Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Humphreys died last Friday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Will Kizer in the 87th year of her age. The remains were laid to rest in the cemetery at Red Banks with her six sons themselves matured men, acting as pall bearers. Mrs. Humphreys leaves two daughters, Mrs. Kizer and Mrs. Gregg. Five generations were in attendance upon the funeral. The services were held by Rev. Mr. Baird an intimate friend of Mrs. Humphreys from her childhood.

She had been a consistent member of the Methodist church from early childhood.



GRANDPARENTS OF SAUNDERS/RICHMOND/MALONE/VICK LINE

As a child, I knew we had Richmond kin, but it was a pleasant surprise to add the Saunders family to our list of ancestors.⁵⁶ Living in North Carolina, the Saunders family was well known and this particular group served our country well in its struggle for independence.

The grandchildren of Judge William Saunders left North Carolina and journeyed by wagon train to Mississippi.

≈ ELEVEN GENERATIONS OF SAUNDERS DESCENDANTS ≈

Judge William Saunders, married _____ Adams, parents of
Agnes Saunders, married Captain William Richmond, parents of
Daniel Richmond, married Nancy Elizabeth Comer, parents of
Margaret Comer Richmond, married Lewis Green Malone, parents of
James Daniel Malone, married Frances Virginia Humphreys, parents of
Lutie Olive Malone, married Lowry Vick, parents of
Frances Lucille Vick, married Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., parents of
Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

Judge William Saunders, born about 1700, married a Miss Adams in 1725. The family originally lived in Mecklenburg County, Virginia, and later moved to Caswell County, North Carolina. Their children were:

⁵⁶Papers concerning the Saunders family were given to me by Frances Malone Moore.

1. William Saunders, who served throughout the Revolutionary War, enlisting as an ensign in the North Carolina 6th Regiment; he later served in the 4th, and when the war ended, he returned a lieutenant. Lieutenant William Saunders was the father of Romulus Saunders, who was North Carolina's attorney general and later United States Minister to Spain. Today the home of Romulus Saunders is located outside of Milton, North Carolina, on NC 62.⁵⁷
2. Thomas Saunders, who married _____ Mitchell of New Bern, North Carolina, and moved to Summer County, Tennessee
3. Adams Saunders, who represented Caswell County in the assembly in 1765
4. Keziah Saunders, who married Thomas Dannaho, Major in the 6th North Carolina Continental troop
5. Agnes Saunders, who married Captain William Richmond, the direct line
6. Richard Saunders
7. Betsy Saunders
8. James Saunders.

This information came from various articles and notes by Clyde Whitted Martin,⁵⁸ the son of Susan Agnes Richmond Martin. Susan was the daughter of Adam Richmond, one of Captain William Richmond's sons. Especially read about the overland trip from North Carolina to Mississippi.

⁵⁷ Jim Wise, "Caswell: A World Set Apart," *The [Durham, NC] Herald-Sun*, March 5, 2000, pp. H1, H3.

⁵⁸ 1801 Sunnyside, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

GRANDPARENTS OF COMER/RICHMOND/MALONE/VICK LINE

In this section, we discover the Comer family,⁵⁹ who, like the Saunders, at one time lived in Mecklenburg County, Virginia. The Comers and the Saunders moved to North Carolina about the same time. The marriage of Nancy Elizabeth Comer to Daniel Richmond and their trip to Mississippi will be told in the Richmond and Malone section.

≈ TEN GENERATIONS OF COMER DESCENDANTS ≈

Nathaniel Comer, married _____ Dobbins, parents of
Nancy Elizabeth Comer, married Daniel Richmond, parents of
Margaret Comer Richmond, married Lewis Green Malone, parents of
James Daniel Malone, married Frances Virginia Humphreys, parents of
Lutie Olive Malone, married Lowry Vick, parents of
Frances Lucille Vick, married Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., parents of
Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

Nathaniel Comer married _____ Dobbins. Their children were:

1. Thomas Comer
2. John Nathaniel Comer, MD
3. Robert Comer

⁵⁹Family papers in my file. My mother knew of the relationship with the Comer family. Nancy Comer Richmond journeyed to Mississippi and settled in my original county of birth. Some of the details were in papers given to me by a cousin, Frances Malone Moore.

4. Nancy Elizabeth Comer, the direct line, born March 18, 1787, died October 14, 1850, married Daniel Richmond December 5, 1805. There is a stone grave marker in Richmond Cemetery in Marshall County, Mississippi.
5. Elizabeth Comer, married _____ Long
6. Fanny Comer, married _____ Roone
7. Margaret Comer, married _____ Van Hook.

GRANDPARENTS OF RICHMOND/MALONE/VICK LINE

My memories of the Richmond family come from stories that my grandmother related about her early life and about her grandmother, Margaret Comer Richmond, who married Lewis Green Malone.

The first Richmond in our line came to our country from Aberdeen, Scotland, and settled in Mecklenburg County, Virginia. One can only guess that the Saunders, the Comers, and the Richmonds were friends, who traveled together to Caswell County, North Carolina. The Richmonds assisted the cause for independence of our country by military service. The story of Captain William Richmond, our direct ancestor, is told in this section.

≈ ELEVEN GENERATIONS OF RICHMOND DESCENDANTS ≈

John Richmond, father of
Captain William Richmond, married Agnes Saunders, parents of
Daniel Richmond, married Nancy Elizabeth Comer, parents of
Margaret Comer Richmond, married Lewis Green Malone, parents of
James Daniel Malone, married Frances Virginia Humphreys, parents of
Lutie Olive Malone, married Lowry Vick, parents of
Frances Lucille Vick, married Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., parents of
Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

Dr. Leonidas Richmond of Germantown, Tennessee, wrote a few pages on the history of the family in 1899. The following is taken from an abstract of his work that has been handed down in the family. Some of the dates and spellings may be in error, but I have no doubt that he knew who his grandparents and great-grandparents were.

John Richmond Arrives in Virginia from Scotland

The earliest Richmond listed by Dr. Leonidas Richmond was a shipbuilder named John who emigrated from Aberdeen, Scotland, and first settled in Mecklenburg County, Virginia. His children by his first wife were:

1. William Richmond, married Agnes Saunders, the direct line
2. John Richmond, married (1) _____ McCracken, (2) Mary Currie
3. Elizabeth Richmond
4. Judith Richmond, married _____ Bradley
5. Mary Richmond
6. Sarah Richmond, married _____ Auiley
7. Margaret Richmond, married _____ Pulliam
8. Martha June Richmond

His children by his second wife, who may have been named Elinor Rachel, were:

1. Joshua Richmond
2. Joseph L. Richmond
3. Eleanor Richmond, who died young
4. Martha Richmond, who died young

Captain William Richmond and Agnes Saunders

John's son William, born about 1730, married Agnes Saunders in 1753. She was born in 1735 to Judge William Saunders and his wife of the Adams family of Mecklenburg County, Virginia.

William belonged to the 12th Virginia Regiment and held the rank of Captain in the Gloucester District. A photostat of his service is available in Virginia. Dr. Leonidas Richmond also writes, as do others in the family, that "my grandfather was a Capt. in the Revolutionary War under Green and was a body guard to De Hall, made so by Green." W. D. Woods of Memphis, Tennessee, gives us this information: "He was a

body guard to the gallant soldier officer Baron De Kalb the very night he was killed. They were overpowered by the British Cavalry with more than 3 to 1, and as he was a cripple and had to ride in a gig, they could not get him out of the way."

Johann De Kalb, born in Bavaria, lived from 1720 to 1780. He first served in the French Army, rising to the rank of brigadier general. In 1768, the French sent him on a secret mission to the American colonies. He returned again with Lafayette in 1777. He was commissioned major general, serving in New Jersey and Maryland until 1780. At that time he was made second in command of the Southern army. He was mortally wounded at the Battle of Camden.⁶⁰ We do not know for sure if Captain William Richmond was the bodyguard on duty that fatal night, but the story is interesting, since it has come down from several sources.

In North Carolina, Captain William Richmond belonged to the 4th, then the 6th North Carolina Continental Troop. His commission, dated February 14, 1793, was signed by Richard Dabs Slight, governor of North Carolina. He and his wife, Agnes Saunders, had the following children:

1. John Richmond
2. Thomas Richmond
3. William Richmond
4. Daniel Richmond, the direct line
5. Adams Richmond
6. Robert Richmond, a mute accidently killed by a slave
7. Mary Richmond, married _____ Carney
8. Sallie Richmond, married _____ Rice
9. Annie Richmond, also a mute who died young

Captain William Richmond was a Mason, and his apron was in the possession of Clyde Martin of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Mrs. J. W. Martin, the former Susan Richmond, wrote in 1925 that her grandfather, Captain William Richmond, also served in the War of 1812 and received a land grant near Independence, Missouri, after that war; he failed to claim it because of having no means of traveling the great distance except by wagon. Susan Richmond Martin, who lived in Moberly, Missouri, in 1925, was eighty years of age and thought she might be the only living granddaughter of a Revolutionary

⁶⁰"De Kalb, Johann, Baron," *American People's Encyclopedia*, 1955, Vol. 6, p. 891.

War hero who also fought in the War of 1812. She also wrote that her great-grandfather was John Richmond, who migrated to the United States from Scotland, and she added that they were a strict Presbyterian family of Scotch-Irish descent.

Captain William Richmond owned a thousand acres of land in Caswell County, North Carolina, near Hightower on Hico Creek. He died in 1832, and Captain Richmond and his wife, Agnes, as well as other members of the Richmond and Saunders families, are buried in the family burial plot near Hightower, North Carolina.

Daniel Richmond and Nancy Elizabeth Comer

Son Daniel was born in 1776 in North Carolina. He married Nancy Elizabeth Comer, who was born March 18, 1787, also in North Carolina. They married December 16, 1805, in Caswell County, and they were the patriarch and matriarch of eight sons and one daughter, Margaret Comer Richmond (our ancestor,) who married Lewis Green Malone.

On October 24, 1839, Daniel Richmond and his family left their home in Yancyville, Caswell County, North Carolina, and embarked on a forty-four-day journey to Marshall County, Mississippi, arriving December 7, 1839. One list gives the count as thirty-seven members of the party making the trip. Besides the Richmond family, two other interrelated families joined them. The Malone family and Lea family made the trip, and these families settled south of Red Banks. On the Hernando Road that goes toward Red Banks, there is still a road that intersects with the Hernando Road known as "Lea's crossing." One of the arrivals from North Carolina, Dr. Willis Monroe Lea, had built a plantation home known as "Wildwood" at this location. A log of some of the cities and other pertinent facts are in the Malone section, because Daniel's only daughter married Lewis Green Malone, our direct line.

The children of Daniel and Nancy Elizabeth Comer Richmond were:

1. Archibald Daniel Richmond, born November 27, 1806, died February 24, 1879, married Elizabeth Currie, who was born August 21, 1808, and died May 8, 1858.⁶¹ Both are buried in Richmond Cemetery, and the marker is intact. A. D. Richmond may be found in the 1860 census of Marshall County next to the family of Lewis Green and Margaret Comer Richmond Malone. The Milton Mobley home south of Red Banks was originally this couple's plantation home.
2. Thomas Romulus Richmond, born November 10, 1808, died June 9, 1846,⁶² is buried in Richmond Cemetery with a marker intact

⁶¹*Cemeteries of Marshall County, Mississippi* (Ripley, MS: Old Timer Press, June 1983), p. 104.

⁶²*Ibid.*

3. Nathaniel Comer Richmond, married Fannie Thomas
4. Berryman Green Richmond, married Sarah Anderson. This family may be found in the 1860 census of Marshall County. Sarah's mother, Elizabeth Anderson, age sixty, born in North Carolina, lived with them.
5. Stephen Saunders Richmond, died single at age twenty, is buried in Richmond Cemetery with a marker intact⁶³
6. John Sidney Richmond, married Jane Flowers
7. Dr. Leonidas Richmond, married Amess Lea from Germantown, Tennessee. This is the person who wrote the paper on the first two generations of Richmonds.
8. Argolus Logan Richmond, married (1) Jane Echols, (2) Fannie Parrish. He was single in the 1860 census in the Talluloosa District of Marshall County, Mississippi. His father, Daniel Richmond, was in the same household and had a considerable amount of land.
9. Margaret Comer Richmond, the only daughter and the direct line, was born May 14, 1814, and died on her seventy-sixth birthday in 1890; she married Lewis Green Malone. There is a possibility that she and Stephen Saunders Richmond were twins. Her father, Daniel Richmond, left instructions that his only daughter was to be placed in a grave next to his grave in the family cemetery. Her mother, Nancy Comer Richmond, died October 14, 1850, and is also buried in Richmond Cemetery.⁶⁴

To follow the line of this family, please turn to the section on the Malone family and especially read about the overland trip from North Carolina to Mississippi.

⁶³Ibid.

⁶⁴Ibid.

GRANDPARENTS OF STITH/WYNNE/MALONE/VICK LINE

While tracing the Malone family, I found that we had ties to the Stith family through one of our grandmothers. In this section, we learn that the origin of the Stith family seems to be in England.⁶⁵ It was Major John Stith who came to our land, and his daughter is one of our grandmothers. The chart of descendants gives a brief account of the first three generations.

~ FOURTEEN GENERATIONS OF STITH DESCENDANTS ~

"The Stith family appears to have roots in the parish of Kirkham, in Lancashire, England."⁶⁶ Major John Stith arrived in Virginia before 1656 and represented Charles City County in the House of Burgesses in 1685/86. He married Jane (maiden name unknown), widow of Joseph Parsons. Jane had previously been married to Thomas Gregory. This was her third marriage. Major John Stith and Jane were the parents of Agnes Stith, who married Captain Thomas Wynne (see the Wynne section of the book). The will of John Stith, Sr., reads, "I give and bequeath to my Daughter Agnes, the now wife of Mr. Thomas Wynne, the sum of 15 pounds sterling."⁶⁷ Agnes's brother, Captain John Stith, Jr., married Mary Randolph, daughter of William Randolph (1650–1711) and Mary Isham (1659–1735). William Randolph and Mary Isham were great-grandparents of Thomas Jefferson. The Stith family may be found in Prince George Rent Roll in 1704.⁶⁸ Agnes Stith and Captain Thomas Wynne were the parents of

Mary Wynne, married Nathaniel Malone, parents of
Drury Malone, probably married an Isham, parents of

⁶⁵*William & Mary Quarterly*, Vol. XXI (Series 1), pp. 181-83, as reported by Randolph A. Malone, *Malone and Allied Families* (Ann Arbor, MI: McNaughton & Gunn, 1986), pp. 222-25.

⁶⁶*Ibid.*

⁶⁷Charles City, Va. Wills and Deeds, 1689-1694, pp. 185-87.

⁶⁸ As reported in *Yarbrough Family Quarterly*, 9, No. 2 (2000), 24.

Daniel Malone, Sr., married Elizabeth Staples, parents of
Dr. Daniel Malone, Jr., married Elizabeth (Betsy) Lea, parents of
Lewis Green Malone, married Margaret Comer Richmond, parents of
James Daniel Malone, married Frances Virginia Humphreys, parents of
Lutie Olive Malone, married Lowry Vick, parents of
Frances Lucille Vick, married Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., parents of
Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

GRANDPARENTS OF WYNNE/MALONE/VICK LINE

In this section, we meet the Wynne grandparents. I found this family, like that of the Stiths, while searching for the Malone family.⁶⁹ The John Wynne mentioned first lived in England and was a member of Parliament. We start our line of descent with Robert Wynne and his wife, Frances, of Canterbury in the sixteenth century. A brief synopsis of the earlier generations is given.

The grandson of Robert, also named Robert, was the first to arrive in America in 1651, and their son, Captain Thomas Wynne and his wife, Agnes Stith, bore a daughter named Mary. She married Nathaniel Malone. We can enjoy the variety of lines that make our lives interesting.

≈ SIXTEEN GENERATIONS OF WYNNE DESCENDANTS ≈

The Wynne family, rich in Virginia heritage, probably descends from “John Wynne, who was a member of Parliament from Canterbury [England] in 1356, 29th in Lineage from King Edward III.”⁷⁰

Robert Wynne, born in Canterbury, England in 1563, married Frances Wattmer, the daughter of William and Johanna Hatch Wattmer. “In 1590 Robert Wynne, woolen draper, was released from his indenture to John Rose, Alderman, to whom he had been apprenticed, and became a freeman in Canterbury, England.” Records show that he was mayor of Canterbury in 1599. Parish records state that Robert Wynne was buried September 6, 1609. His wife was buried on the 8th of the same month in St. George’s Parish.⁷¹ Robert and Frances were the parents of

Peter Wynne of Canterbury, born about 1593, married Martha Coppin of St. Margaret’s, Canterbury on August 12, 1620, at St. Martin’s. Martha was the daughter of William

⁶⁹Randolph A. Malone, *Malone and Allied Families* (Ann Arbor, MI: McNaughton & Gunn, 1986), pp. 216-21. The subject matter of the Wynne family and all direct quotes are from this book.

⁷⁰John Bennett Boddie, *Virginia History*, 1954, and *Hasted History of Canterbury*, Vol. 1, p. 49, as reported *ibid*.

⁷¹Parish Register, St. George’s Parish, p. 180.

Coppin, whose grandfather was probably John Coppin, member of Parliament from Canterbury in 1553/54. John Coppin's wife, Mary, was buried at St. Alphages in 1685. Peter and Martha were the parents of

Colonel Robert Wynne, born in Canterbury, christened December 28, 1622. The family left him relatively wealthy. Colonel Wynne emigrated to America about 1651 and owned a plantation called "Georges." "Robert Wynne, Esq. was the speaker⁷² of the Assembly (House of Burgesses) from 3-13-1661 to 1675 (Virginia's so-called Long Parliament), giving him the distinction of having been Speaker longer than any man in Virginia history." He married Mary Poythress, widow of Captain Francis Poythress. Colonel Robert Wynne, whose will was dated July 1, 1675, died in Virginia, but the will was later probated in England because he left property in England to his children. Colonel Robert and Mary were the parents of Captain Thomas Wynne, referred to as eldest son in Colonel Robert Wynne's will. He was an official interpreter for the Indians and justice of the peace in Surry County, Virginia, in the early 1700s. He married Agnes Stith, daughter of Major John Stith, Sr., who was married to Jane Parson (her third marriage). John Stith, Sr.'s, will confirms this Thomas Wynne is his daughter's husband.⁷³ Captain Thomas and Agnes Wynne were the parents of

Mary Wynne, who married Nathaniel Malone about 1692. This couple is considered to be the ancestors of most southern Malones. Father Thomas Wynne deeded to daughter Mary "98 acres on ye south side of Jones Hole Swamp on ye line of Lewis Green." Nathaniel and Mary Wynne Malone were the parents of

Drury Malone, who perhaps married an Isham.⁷⁴ He was willed the plantation home of his father, with acreage bordering on the south side of Stoney Creek and along the Sapponey River at its mouth, as well as lands at Reedy Branch in Surry County. In 1738, he bought property in Brunswick County, which became Lunenburg County in 1746, and that is where he died. Drury and wife were parents of

Daniel Malone, Sr., married Elizabeth Staples, parents of

Dr. Daniel Malone, Jr., married Elizabeth (Betsy) Lea, parents of

Lewis Green Malone (notice the name *Lewis Green* in the deed to his great-great-great-grandmother, Mary Wynne Malone), married Margaret Comer Richmond, parents of

⁷²Randolph A. Malone cites the *Executive Journals*, Council of Colonial Virginia.

⁷³Charles City, Va. Wills and Deeds, 1689-1694, pp. 185-87.

⁷⁴Reported by Malone, *Malone and Allied Families*, pp. 216-21.

James Daniel Malone, married Frances Virginia Humphreys, parents of
Lutie Olive Malone, married Lowry Vick, parents of
Frances Lucille Vick, married Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., parents of
Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

GRANDPARENTS OF STAPLES/MALONE/VICK LINE

I have not traced the Staples family in depth.⁷⁵ We know that they lived in Virginia. The pattern of using the names *Thompson*, *Judith*, and *Staples* for children cannot be ignored. Perhaps a researcher can start at this point and proceed with Thompson's and Judith's parents.

≈ ELEVEN GENERATIONS OF STAPLES DESCENDANTS ≈

Thompson Staples, married Judith _____. They were residents of Lunenburg County, Virginia, and were parents of Elizabeth Staples, married Daniel Malone (his second wife), parents of Dr. Daniel Malone, Jr., married Elizabeth (Betsy) Lea, parents of Lewis Green Malone, married Margaret Comer Richmond, parents of James Daniel Malone, married Frances Virginia Humphreys, parents of Lutie Olive Malone, married Lowry Vick, parents of Frances Lucille Vick, married Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., parents of Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of Janet Ruth Yarbrough and Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

⁷⁵This information is from Randolph A. Malone, *Malone and Allied Families* (Ann Arbor, MI: McNaughton & Gunn, 1986), pp. 23-24, 28-29.

GRANDPARENTS OF LEA/MALONE/VICK LINE

In Marshall County, Mississippi, I knew that there were Lea kin. As a child, I never stopped to put the relationships together. Since my grandmother was a Malone, I started with her history and found the connection. All beginners in genealogy should remember to start with your closest family name and work backward.

Some of the Lea family migrated to Mississippi with the Malones and the Richmonds. In Marshall County, you will find a place referred to as Lea's Crossing, close to the site where they settled.

I was most pleased to locate a house in Louisburg, North Carolina, that was the residence of Dr. Willis Lea. Dr. Lea made the journey by wagon train, as did the others. He lived in Mississippi a few years and then returned to North Carolina.

≈ ELEVEN GENERATIONS OF LEA DESCENDANTS ≈

James Lea, married Anne, parents of ⁷⁶

John Gabriel Lea, born March 23, 1738, died July 23, 1834, at age 96, married Elizabeth Ashburn, born March 16, 1757, died June 18, 1847. They were residents of Leasburg, North Carolina, and parents of

Elizabeth (Betsy) Lea, married Dr. Daniel Malone, Jr. parents of

Lewis Green Malone, married Margaret Comer Richmond, parents of

James Daniel Malone, married Frances Virginia Humphreys, parents of

Lutie Olive Malone, married Lowry Vick, parents of

Frances Lucille Vick, married Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., parents of

Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of

Janet Ruth Yarbrough and

⁷⁶This information comes from Randolph A. Malone, *Malone and Allied Families* (Ann Arbor, MI: McNaughton & Gunn, Inc., 1986), pp. 184-85.

Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

GRANDPARENTS OF MALONE/ VICK LINE

Searching for the Malone history, that is, beyond what could be obtained in Mississippi, I sought the help of Dr. Lennox Baker of Durham, North Carolina. He had numerous leads, especially the work of Mrs. Lucille G. Pleasants, professional researcher. He put me in touch with John Riley Malone of Homerville, Louisiana, who sent me hundreds of pages of material. The best help came one Saturday night with a phone call from John Riley Malone. That one call opened the door. He had found one of my grandparents, and with the new evidence I could continue.

Other contacts were with Susan Scott of Ripley, Tennessee, and Hazel Weaver of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. With additional leads, I supplied the information on the descendants of Lewis Green Malone, who died in Marshall County, Mississippi, to Dr. Randolph Malone, who was publishing a book, *Malone and Allied Families*, a comprehensive listing of Malones. The first three generations are taken from this material.

≈ THIRTEEN GENERATIONS OF MALONE DESCENDANTS ≈

Daniel Malone, father of
Nathaniel Malone, Sr., married Mary Wynne, parents of
Drury Malone, married _____ Isham, parents of
Daniel Malone, Sr., married Elizabeth Staples, parents of
Daniel Malone, Jr., married Elizabeth (Betsy) Lea, parents of
Lewis Green Malone, married Margaret Comer Richmond, parents of
James Daniel Malone, married Frances Virginia Humphreys, parents of
Lutie Olive Malone, married Lowry Vick, parents of
Frances Lucille Vick, married Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., parents of
Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and

Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

Starting with Daniel Malone, Sr., in my files are records that may be found in Person or Caswell Counties, North Carolina, depending on the date.

Let's Go to Ireland

A trip to the Malone beginnings would take us to Ireland. John Rooney, in *A Genealogical History of Irish Families with Their Crests and Armorial Bearings*, writes that the O'Malones were originally of Connacht and were a branch of the O'Connors, kings of Connaught. "The family was connected with the Abby of Clonmacnois(e) for several hundred years. The earliest grave with a name of Maoleon found at the Abby has the date 1111....⁷⁷

"The arms of the O'Malone family depict a rampant lion between three silver mullets on a green background. The crest depicts a standing man in complete armor holding a spear resting on the ground. Below is the Motto: "Fidelis ad Urnam" (Faithful to Death).⁷⁸

"The family of King John of Connaught is written of as being one of the most distinguished of early Irish families. 'King John' was one of the first converted to Christianity and shaved his head to show piety, 'tonsured in honor of St. John,' his patron saint. [H]e was called 'Bald John' by his subjects.... Descendants of his family began naming themselves 'O Maoleone' (meaning Bald John).... The name was then anglicized to 'Malone.'⁷⁹

Some researchers add that many Malones came from County Kerry, Northern Ireland. An ancient castle, Rahanan, located in Ventry, County Kerry, was a long-time residence of the Malone family.

Cousin Travis Vick (now Terry Davis) researched the Malones while in Salt Lake City, Utah, and discovered that they were a very old family according to oral tradition. In fact, he charted the family back in time to Judah of the twelve tribes of Israel and eventually to Adam and Eve.

⁷⁷Ibid., pp. 1-2.

⁷⁸Ibid.

⁷⁹Ibid., p. 1.

The First Three Generations in America

“Daniel Malone was the first Malone known to be a landowner in Virginia.... He is first recorded in Charles City County at a court in Westover on 2-1-1665 giving a deposition to the court justice Robert Wynne, who is also a Malone ancestor. In this deposition Daniel is noted to be ‘aged 22 years or thereabouts,’ making his birth date about 1642–43.”⁸⁰

There are records of land purchases, but the greatest amount of information comes from a grant of ninety-nine acres in Prince George County in 1715/16. “This was confirmed by a survey on 5-17-1715 which gave additional information that the land was located on both sides of Jones Hole Swamp, the identical area where the Wynne Family lived and the parents were buried. Jones Hole Swamp was located on the Prince George and Surry County border in Southward Parish from which later the will of Nathaniel Malone [Daniel’s son] was written. It was the land on Jones Hole Swamp on the Surry Co. side which was deeded as a gift from Thomas Wynne to his daughter Mary Malone in 1707, the wife of Nathaniel Malone.”⁸¹ Nathaniel, George, and Daniel are listed as sons.⁸²

“Nathaniel Malone is considered to be the ancestor of most of the southern Malones. His will is the oldest Virginia will in which children are named, and is dated Jan 1732, probated 3-21-1732.... He married Mary Wynne born about 1677 and the daughter of Capt. Thomas and Agnes Stith Wynne, who was official interpreter for the Indians and justice of peace in Surry County in the early 1700’s. Her grandfather was Col. Robert Wynne who served as Speaker of the House of Burgesses during the entire existence of Virginia’s Long Parliament from 1661 to 1674.”⁸³

Nathaniel’s land holdings amounted to a known 870 acres. “In April, 1712 Nathaniel Malone was cited by the Prince George Co. Court for trading with the Tuscarura Indians which was forbidden at the time, and was bonded 25 pounds for his future “good behavior.”⁸⁴

“Again in 1718 he was before the court, this time in regards to a suit brought against him by the ‘Saponie’ Indians. It seems that another tribe had captured a Sappony

⁸⁰Ibid., p. 5.

⁸¹Ibid.

⁸²Ibid., p. 8.

⁸³Ibid., p. 9.

⁸⁴Ibid.

Indian maiden and made a slave of her. Nathaniel bought the Indian slave girl from the tribe. The Sappony Indians then bargained to buy her back from Nathaniel for 120 buckskins. They had given 90 skins as a down payment, but before the Indian girl was returned, she died. The Indians were suing to retrieve their skins. After his testimony, it was agreed Nathaniel should return 74 skins to the Indians."⁸⁵

Nathaniel's will is badly water stained, but most of it is legible.⁸⁶ The writer notes with interest that son William is left no land, but William already owned extensive land. Son Daniel was given Nathaniel's house and 200 acres on the north side of Nottoway River. Son Nathaniel was given the houses and land on the south side of Sappony Creek. Son Drury was given land bordering on Sappony and Stoney Creek, and son Thomas was left the adjacent acreage bordering on Drury's land and Reedy Branch.⁸⁷

Daughters Amy and Courtney are also mentioned. Prior to 1920, some researchers said that the names of two more girls, Phoebe and Mary, could be read. I have no verification of this.⁸⁸ I noticed that some researchers have inserted the name *Frances*.

Drury Malone, the son of Nathaniel, is called the father of four Lunenburg County Malones. The division of counties is very confusing. Father Nathaniel owned border areas originally in Surry and Prince George counties. Division caused this to become Sussex and Prince George County, with his land on the Brunswick County line when that county became functional in 1732. Brunswick County was further divided, and the adjacent land became Lunenburg County in 1746. Adding to the perplexing puzzle, "as the Malones moved into Granville County, North Carolina, they were living only 8 miles from Malones who had settled in what became Mecklenburg County, Va."⁸⁹

Researchers hypothesize that Drury was one of Nathaniel's older children, since Drury's sons were adults by the late 1730s. There are many land transactions between Drury and others. Drury died in 1747, after his Brunswick County land became a part of the newly formed Lunenburg County.⁹⁰

The Lunenburg County Malone brothers were Isham, Daniel, Drury, and Thomas. Their close relationship is noted in the land dealings, and there are census records that number them together as neighbors. In the late 1740s, Isham and Daniel are shown

⁸⁵Ibid.

⁸⁶Ibid.

⁸⁷Ibid., p. 10.

⁸⁸Ibid., pp. 9-11.

⁸⁹Ibid., p. 14.

⁹⁰Ibid.

owning land in upper Lunenburg County, and, in about 1758, both of them moved to Granville County, North Carolina.⁹¹

The Name Daniel

Most of the early Malones who moved from Virginia have records in Caswell County, North Carolina, but while I was looking for wills of other families in Person County, I found a Daniel Malone will. The name *Daniel* was familiar, and I copied the will.

According to Dr. Randolph Malone, Daniel Malone was the son of Drury Malone, Sr. He was born about 1725, perhaps in Surry County, Virginia, and was an early landowner in Lunenburg County. On October 2, 1745, he bought 138 acres of land on Ledbetter Creek for five shillings from John and Mary Wyrningham (at times spelled *Willingham*). A sale in the amount of five shillings was in reality a gift, the five shillings making it legal for the owner to take immediate possession.⁹²

Dr. Malone writes that the first wife of Daniel Malone was probably the daughter of John and Mary Willingham. From the wording of the deed, we learn that Daniel already owned adjacent property.⁹³

There were other transactions in the following years, and on November 1, 1757, Daniel along with brother Isham Malone and Thomas Willingham, son of the above John and Mary, sold their land in a joint transaction to John and Robert Beasley. The wives of Thomas and Isham relinquished their right of dower, but no mention was made of a wife of Daniel. We assume Daniel did not have a living wife at that time.⁹⁴

The book cites legal papers on February 9, 1762, when Isham Malone of Granville County, North Carolina, deeded to Daniel Malone of Granville County property on Mountain Creek along the line that runs from Isham Malone's plantation and Thomas Willingham's plantation. Daniel Malone came to North Carolina sometime between 1758 and 1762. It was during this period that he married Elizabeth Staples, the daughter of Thompson and Judith Staples, who lived adjacent to the Malones on Ledbetter Creek. Thompson Staples names his daughter, Elizabeth "Malone," in his will. Daniel and Elizabeth had a son named Staples. From the birth dates, one could assume that Elizabeth Staples was the mother of all of Daniel's children.⁹⁵

⁹¹Ibid., pp. 14-15.

⁹²Ibid., pp. 27-28.

⁹³Ibid., p. 28.

⁹⁴Ibid.

⁹⁵Ibid.

Daniel obtained more land, and in 1783, he moved west approximately twelve miles to the South Hico (Hycó) River in Caswell County.⁹⁶ Again the counties in North Carolina split; first there was Granville County, then Orange, Caswell, and Person. The Malones lived on the boundary of Caswell and Person counties.⁹⁷

He had properties along South Hico, the bushy fork of the Flat River and Kilgores Branch.⁹⁸ Daniel and his wife were members of the Lower Hico Church; in August, 1799, he and Elizabeth became members of Wheeley's or Upper South Hico Primitive Baptist Church.⁹⁹

He died in late July of 1815, when he was about 90 years old. His will is in my files—the will that I casually copied at the Person County Courthouse. He listed his children and his wife, Elizabeth, who survived him, as heirs. The children were:

1. Sarah Malone, married Isaac Nelson Rainey
2. Elizabeth Malone, married _____ Wilkinson
3. Staples Malone, married (1) Phebe Evans, (2) Nancy Hester
4. John Malone, married Ann Blackwell
5. Mark Malone, married Hannah Hamblett
6. William Malone, married Frances Sanders
7. Lewis Malone, married (1) Nancy Blackwell, (2) Betsy Blackwell
8. Frances Malone, married Samuel Love
9. Rebecca Malone, married Bartholomew Dameron/Dameral?
10. Braudie Malone, married Sally Hester
11. Daniel Malone, married Elizabeth Lea, the direct line
12. Phoebe Malone, married _____ Nelson
13. Parthena Malone, married Miles Wells.

Son Daniel, the eleventh child, is our line.

Dr. Daniel Malone, Jr., and Elizabeth Lea

There are numerous Malones named Daniel, but this Daniel was deeded land on Kilgore's Branch in 1803 by his father and was also deeded land by William Lea in 1804. He was a medical doctor, and on December 11, 1801, he married Elizabeth Lea,

⁹⁶Ibid., pp. 28-29.

⁹⁷Ibid., p. 29.

⁹⁸Ibid.

⁹⁹*Wheeley's or Upper South Hico Primitive Baptist Church, Person County, NC*, Vol. 1, 1790-1846. The Person County Historical Society has the only known copy of this typed booklet, created in 1944.

daughter of John Gabriel Lea and Elizabeth Ashburn of Leasburg, North Carolina, and granddaughter of James and Ann Lea.¹⁰⁰

His will was dated June 13, 1826, and was probated in January 1827, in Caswell County, North Carolina. Wife Elizabeth survived him, and her will, which was probated in April 1835, may also be obtained in Caswell County, North Carolina.

The children continued to use the same given names for their children through succeeding generations. Children of brothers had identical names. My uncle in the twentieth century had the middle name *Daniel*.

The children of Dr. Daniel Malone, Jr., and Elizabeth Lea were:

1. Dr. Ellis Malone, who migrated from North Carolina to Mississippi and lived there from 1846 to 1854, spending part of the time in Holly Springs, which is in Marshall County, and part in DeSoto County. He returned to North Carolina and settled in Louisburg. He married Mary A. Hill in Caswell County, North Carolina, and his second marriage was to Martha Hill. In the 1950s, I met a Judge Malone of Louisburg, a grandson, who filled in some of the family's oral history. Of course, I was interested because he had lived close to my home in Mississippi. Judge Malone could recall three children of Dr. Ellis Malone.

The Children of Dr. Ellis Malone. The first child was the Reverend Charles Daniel Malone. As a young man he was in the 1st North Carolina Cavalry under General J. E. B. Stuart. General Stuart so admired Charles' horse that he traded horses with him, including an additional \$500.00 payment.¹⁰¹ Known as C. D. Malone, he grew up in a Methodist household of the John Wesley movement and married Clara Elizabeth (Bessie) Joyner, an ardent Episcopalian. After Bessie's death, C. D. began attending the Episcopal church, and in 1907, at age 62, became ordained in the church of his wife's preference. For twenty years, until his death in 1927, he served the Episcopal Diocese of North Carolina.¹⁰² He was first cousin to my great-grandfather, and there is a striking resemblance in their pictures.

The second son of Dr. Ellis Malone was Dr. James Ellis Malone, who married Anna Richmond Fuller. He wrote an article describing his childhood experiences when Yankee soldiers occupied Franklin County.¹⁰³

¹⁰⁰Malone, *Malone and Allied Families*, p. 30.

¹⁰¹T. H. Pearce, "A Boy Rebel's Summer—1865," *The State*, 40, No. 17 (March 1973), pp. 18-20.

¹⁰²E. T. Malone, "A Family's Life in the Church," *The Communicant*, 80, No.5 (September 1989), pp. 7-8.

¹⁰³Pearce, "A Boy Rebel's Summer—1865," pp. 19-20.

The third child of Dr. Ellis Malone, daughter Mary E. Malone, married Edwin Willie Fuller.

Continuing with the children of Dr. Daniel Malone:

2. Lewis Green Malone, the second son of Dr. Daniel Malone and Elizabeth Lea Malone, married Margaret Comer Richmond and went to Mississippi in 1839, where he stayed and raised his family. He is our direct line.
3. James Malone
4. Elizabeth (Eliza) Malone
5. William Malone
6. Mary Malone
7. Sarah (Sally) Malone, married Benjamin Stephens.

Log of Overland Trip of Lea, Malone, and Richmond Families

My mother's family members remember Uncle Lute Malone (1851–1931), the brother of my great-grandfather James Daniel Malone. Uncle Lute's full name was Lewis Green Malone, and his wife was Laura McCarven (1852–1930). Both are buried in the Red Banks, Mississippi cemetery. Because his name is exactly the same as his father's, many researchers have erroneously concluded that the grave site in Red Banks is that of the Lewis Green Malone, married to Margaret Comer Richmond, who was buried in Richmond Cemetery in Marshall County, Mississippi. To complicate matters, this latter Lewis Green Malone had an uncle with exactly the same name. The uncle was married in Caswell County, North Carolina, to (1) Nancy Blackwell and (2) Betsy Blackwell. That uncle and his family remained in North Carolina.

The first time I found the name *Lewis Green* was in a deed from Captain Thomas Wynne to his daughter Mary, who married Nathaniel Malone. He gave her "98 acres on ye south side of Jones Hole Swamp on ye line of Lewis Green."¹⁰⁴

An original daybook preserved by Uncle Lute of Red Banks, Mississippi, was copied by Kate Richmond Flowers. It recounted the migration of the elder Malone families and the Richmond families, along with the Leas, from North Carolina to Mississippi. There were thirty-seven persons in the party, and expenses for the trip were about \$15.00 for each. Land was bought for \$4.00 per acre.

Named in the log were my great-great-grandparents Daniel and Nancy Elizabeth Comer Richmond, some of their sons and daughters, one of whom was Margaret

¹⁰⁴Malone, *Malone and Allied Families*, pp. 216-21.

Comer Richmond, married to Lewis Green Malone, and their daughter, Elizabeth. This couple was married March 14, 1836, in Caswell County, North Carolina. They were my great-great-grandparents.

The party left North Carolina on October 24, 1839, and arrived in Marshall County, Mississippi, on December 7, 1839. I have added the data in brackets, but the log reads:

“Left Yancyville [Caswell County, North Carolina] to Kerneyville [Kernersville] to Wartown to Salem to Huntsville to Hamptonville to Wilkaborough [Wilksboro] to Jefferson to Taylorsville to Elizabethton [crossed into Tennessee through the Appalachian Mountains, rough mountainous terrain] to Jonesborough to Leesburg to Rheatown to Greenville to Knoxville, Tenn. to Sparta [about 100 miles with our present-day highways]. Then on to McMinnville to Shelbyville to Farmington to Columbia to Mt. Pleasant to Savannah Landing on Tenn. River. Savannah Landing to Purcky to LaGrange [almost on the border of Mississippi] to Hudsonville [Mississippi] to Holly Springs, Marshall County, Mississippi.”¹⁰⁵

Today, it is a good thirteen hours of driving on an interstate highway to reach Mississippi from Durham, which is not very far from Caswell County. They made the trip in forty-four days by covered wagon. I marvel at the endurance they must have had for the trip. The traveling in North Carolina and Tennessee must have been difficult because of the mountains. Then the Tennessee River had to be crossed at Savannah Landing. The rolling hills after that must have been a relief.

Lewis Green Malone and Margaret Comer Richmond

The children of Lewis Green Malone and his wife, Margaret Comer Richmond, were:

1. Elizabeth Agnes Malone, who made the wagon trip from North Carolina
2. Eugenia M. Malone, a schoolteacher
3. James Daniel Malone, the direct line
4. & 5. Twins who died as babies, Mary S. Malone and Sarah Lea Malone
6. & 7. Another set of twins, Caroline Leonidas Malone and Virginia Logan Malone, called Minnie. Both were named for uncles, Dr. Leonidas Richmond and Argolos Logan Richmond.
8. Lewis Green Malone (Uncle Lute), who married Laura McCarven.

¹⁰⁵Copies from a paper in the possession of the Frances Malone Moore Family of Red Banks, MS.

Looking at the Richmond family, we find that Margaret Comer Richmond, wife of the older Lewis Green Malone, was a probably a twin. Twins were prevalent in the succeeding generations. Son James Daniel had twins, my grandmother Lutie Olive and Helen May, and James Daniel's daughter, my Aunt Callie, had fraternal twins, George and Hamlet Yarbrough, Jr. Both of them had identical twins: George had boys and Hamlet's were girls. James Daniel Malone's twin daughter Lutie had a grandson, Lowry Crook, who had twin boys, Don and Jon.

In the 1850 census of Marshall County of the 7th of December, #1187, the family of Lewis Green Malone, may be found. He and his wife Margaret both were thirty-six years of age and born in North Carolina. Our James Daniel was eight years old.

Both were buried in the Richmond Family Cemetery in Marshall County, about six miles south of Red Banks, not far from the road from Holly Springs to Watson. The cemetery is in poor condition, and many of the markers are gone. Because the cemetery was located on the land owned in the 1960s and 1970s by Gladys Slayden, there are misstatements placing it close to the town of Slayden.

Our ancestor, Margaret Comer Richmond Malone, was the only daughter of Daniel Richmond and Nancy Elizabeth Comer. Her obituary confirms that she was born May 14, 1814, and died on her seventy-sixth birthday in the year 1890. Her father had left instructions that she was to be buried at the old Richmond homestead, next to him.

I have included the obituary of this remarkable ancestor whose husband, Lewis Green Malone, preceded her in death by nine years.

Please continue with their son, James Daniel Malone, our direct line.

James Daniel Malone and Frances Virginia Humphreys

James Daniel Malone served four years with the Confederate Company G, 17th Regiment, Mississippi Infantry. Aged eighteen and single, he enlisted May 27, 1861, at Corinth, Mississippi. I have twenty-some muster rolls signed by various officers. He participated in the following "engagements:" Leesburg, Savage Station, Malvern Hill, Maryland Heights, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Berryville, and Bell Grove. That is fifteen battles, not to be sugar-coated with the term "engagements." At one time he had a fever and was in the General Hospital Camp Winder of Richmond, Virginia. He was absent due to sickness in 1st Manassas and Knoxville.¹⁰⁶

¹⁰⁶Military Service Records (NNCC), Washington, D.C. 20408

In a television interview, Dr. Shelby Foote, novelist and Civil War historian, was asked a question concerning the atrocities of the Civil War. He used the Battle of Spotsylvania as an example, and said, concerning the traumatic experiences of a surviving soldier, "I don't see how he ever slept another wink in his life."¹⁰⁷ Our James Daniel Malone was present in fifteen battles, including Spotsylvania. To have spent four years in the hell of combat goes beyond belief. Surely the hand of God must have hovered over this young man.

There is a picture of James Daniel Malone in the book *A Life for The Confederacy*, the pocket diaries of Pvt. Robert A. Moore.¹⁰⁸ Moore was killed in the battle of Chickamauga on September 20, 1863.

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG. Our great-grandfather also participated in the battle of Chickamauga, but let us take a look at another of his battles, the Fredericksburg Battle of December 13, 1862. Units of General Robert E. Lee's First Army, commanded by Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, were divided into divisions: Anderson's, McLaw's, and Ransom's on Marye's Hill, with Pickett's and Hood's Division on Telegraph Hill. Lee's Second Army was under the direction of Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson and stationed on the outskirts of the city.

For the Confederacy, five divisions, representing Alabama, Virginia, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, Texas, and North Carolina, as well as Mississippi, were divided into brigades in the divisions, and these were the soldiers who were present for this battle.¹⁰⁹ Our James Daniel was with the 17th Regiment, Mississippi Infantry, with McLaws Division of Barksdale Brigade. For this battle, we find James Daniel Malone stationed on Marye's Hill.

In the words of Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, C.S.A., "A state of uncertainty had existed for several weeks succeeding the battle of Sharpsburg, but the movements that resulted in the battle of Fredericksburg began to take shape when on the 5th of November the order was issued removing General McCellan from command of the Federal forces...encamped around Warrenton, Virginia.... At that time the Confederate army extended from Culpeper Court House...across the Blue Ridge down the Valley of Virginia to Winchester.... About the 18th or 19th of November, we received information through our scouts that Sumner, with his grand division of more

¹⁰⁷September 2, 2001.

¹⁰⁸Jackson, TN: McCowat-Mercer Press, Inc., 1959.

¹⁰⁹"Unit's of Lee's First Army at Battle of Fredericksburg," as reported in *Yarbrough Family Quarterly*, 10, No. 3 (2001), 20-26.

than thirty thousand men, was moving toward Fredericksburg ...intending to surprise us....We made a forced march and arrived on the hills around Fredericksburg about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st....

"The Confederates were stationed as follows: On Taylor's Hill next to the river and forming my left, R. H. Anderson's division; on Marye's Hill, Ransom's and McLaw's divisions; on Telegraph Hill [renamed Lee's Hill], Pickett's division; to the right and about Deep Run Creek, Hood's division, the latter stretching across Deep Run Bottom....

"Thus we stood at the eve of the great battle [December 13, 1862]. Along the Stafford Heights 147 guns were turned upon us, and on the level plain below, in the town and hidden on the opposite bank ready to cross, were assembled nearly 100,000 men eager to begin the combat. Secure on our hills, we grimly awaited the onslaught. The valley, the mountain-tops, everything was enveloped in the thickest fog, and the preparations for the fight were made as if under cover of night....

"Suddenly, at 10 o'clock, as if the elements were taking a hand in the drama... the warmth of the sun brushed the mist away and revealed the mighty panorama in the valley below The flags of the Federals fluttered gayly, the polished arms shone brightly in the sunlight, and the beautiful uniforms of the buoyant troops gave to the scene the air of a holiday occasion rather than the spectacle of a great army about to be thrown into the tumult of battle.... But off in the distance was Jackson's ragged infantry, and beyond was Stuart's battered cavalry, with their soiled hats and yellow butternut suits, a striking contrast to the handsomely equipped troops.... As the mist rose, [we] saw the movement against their right, near Hamilton's Crossing."¹¹⁰

Brigadier-General Robert Ransom, C.S.A., writes of the Fredericksburg Battle and about the first and second assaults, and recalls, "During the third attack General Cobb was mortally hit, and almost at the same instant, and within two paces of him, General Cooke was severely wounded and borne from the field." He continues with praise of the honorable troops who "held the lines at Marye's Hill against almost ten times their number of as brave and determined foes as ever did battle."¹¹¹

Another detailed account, from First Lieutenant William Miller Owen, C.S.A., describes the long wait for the battle. "Last night we had spread our blankets upon

¹¹⁰The detailed account of the Battle of Fredericksburg by Lieutenant-General James Longstreet is taken from *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, Being for the Most Part Contributions by Union and Confederate Officers, Based upon "The Century War Series,"* ed. Robert Underwood Johnson and Clarence Cough Buel, 4 vols. (Secaucus, NJ: Castle, no date), as reported in *Yarbrough Family Quarterly*, 10, No. 3 (2001), 20.

¹¹¹General Robert A. Ransom's account, *ibid.*, p. 21.

the bare floor in the parlor of Marye's house [mansion], and now our breakfast was being prepared in its fire-place, and we were impatient to have it over. After hurriedly dispatching this light meal of bacon and corn-bread, the colonel, chief bugler, and I mounted our horses and rode out to inspect our lines.... At 12 o'clock the fog had cleared and while we were sitting in Marye's yard smoking pipes, after a lunch of hard crackers, a courier came to Colonel Walton, bearing a dispatch from General Longstreet for General Cobb, but, for our information as well." The writer carried the dispatch to General Cobb, and it was from that position "the head of a Federal column was seen emerging from one of the streets of the town. They came on at the double quick, with loud cries of "Hi! Hi! Hi!" which we could distinctly hear.... It was 12:30 P.M. and it was evident that we were going to have it hot and heavy.

"The enemy, having deployed, now showed himself above the crest of the ridge and advanced in columns of brigades, and at once our guns began their daily work of shell and solid shot. How beautifully they came on! Their bright bayonets glistening in the sunlight made the line look like a huge serpent of blue and steel. The very force of their onset leveled the broad fences bounding the small fields and gardens that interspersed the plain. We could see our shells bursting in their ranks, making great gaps, but on they came, as though they would go straight through and over us. Now we gave them canister, and that staggered them. A few more paces onward and the Georgians in the road below us rose up, and glancing an instant along their rifle barrels, let loose a storm of lead into the faces of the advance brigade. This was too much; the column hesitated, and then, turning, took refuge behind the bank. But another line appeared from behind the crest and advanced gallantly, and again we opened our guns upon them, and through the smoke we could discern the red breechs of the 'Zouaves' [Union French-Algerian dressed precision troops], and hammered away at them especially, and this advance, like the preceding one, although passing the point reached by the first column, and doing and daring all that brave men could do, recoiled under our canister and the bullets of the infantry in the road, and fell back in great confusion."

Lieutenant Owen details more advances, the dead and the wounded, how different brigades reinforced those in the front lines, and how "it appears to us that there was no end of them [the enemy]." He relates the death of General Cobb and the wounding of General Cooke. "Among other missiles, a 3-inch rifle-ball came crashing through the works and fell at our feet. Kursheedt picked it up and said, 'Boys, let's send this

back to them again.’ and into the gun it went, and was sped back into the dense ranks of the enemy.

“The Sharp-shooters having got range of our [hill top] embrasures, we began to suffer.... We were now so short handed that everyone was in the work, officers, and men putting their shoulders to the wheels and running up the guns after each recoil. The frozen ground was given way and was all slush and mud....

“The little white-washed brick house to the right of the redoubt we were in was so battered with bullets during the four hours and a half engagement that at the close it was transformed to a bright brick-dust red (in which, by the way, our wounded took refuge). An old cast iron stove lay against the house, and as the bullets would strike it, it would give forth the sound of “bing, bing” with different tones and variations.

“After withdrawing from the hill the command was placed in bivouac, and the men threw themselves upon the ground to take a much-needed rest. We had been under the hottest fire men ever experience for four hours and a half.... At 5:30 another attack was made by the enemy, but it was easily repulsed, and the battle of Fredericksburg was over, and Burnside was baffled and defeated.”¹¹²

One day, December 13, 1862, in the life of James Daniel Malone! He was there in the midst of the bloody battle, and the winner was just as exhausted as the loser in combat. The Fredericksburg battle certainly did not end on December 13, 1862. Fighting continued, but James Daniel left for home on a furlough on Tuesday, January 20, 1863,¹¹³ and returned Friday, March 6, 1863.¹¹⁴

General William Barksdale’s Brigade remained on a picket line at Fredericksburg, until the Federal Army appeared to be leaving in late April 1863 and were beginning a march to Chancellorsville. The Mississippi company was ordered back, when it became apparent that Fredericksburg was a Federal objective.

“The 17th was posted in front of Lee’s Hill. A grand assault (20,000 men) by the Federals captured Marye’s Hill. The 17th, outnumbered twenty to one, fell back to the crest of Lee’s Hill where it checked the Union advance and saved the brigade from being cut off.... Barksdale reported: ‘A more heroic struggle was never made by a mere handful of men against overwhelming odds. According to the enemy’s own account, many of this noble little band resisted to the death with clubbed guns even after his vast hordes had swept over and around the walls.’”¹¹⁵

¹¹²First Lieutenant Owen, *ibid.*, pp. 22-23.

¹¹³Pocket Diaries of Pvt. Robert A. Moore, *A Life For the Confederacy* (Jackson, TN, McCowat-Mercer Press, Inc. 1959), p. 130.

¹¹⁴*Ibid.*, p. 137.

¹¹⁵*Ibid.*, p. 143.

At Fredericksburg, the total number of Confederates killed was 608; 4,117 were wounded, and 653 were captured. That is 5,377 of the 78,513 in battle.¹¹⁶ A horrible price to pay.

Is it any wonder that James Daniel Malone, my great-grandfather, refused to leave the imprint of the violent times with his children? They did not speak of his record of service, or the fact that he was even a part of it. It was not a topic of conversation within the family. He left Mississippi as a young boy of eighteen, but returned a man more mature than the his years at twenty-two.

During his time of service, we know he had at least one leave, mentioned above. He was still in Fredericksburg when the word arrived at the camp that Lieutenant General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson had died on May 10, 1863, after being severely wounded in his left arm by his own men while making a reconnaissance.¹¹⁷

The family kept a letter of James Daniel addressed to his twin sisters, Callie (Caroline Leonidas) and Jinnie (Virginia Logan), written February 14, 1864, at a camp near New Market, Tennessee. He contends that he has no news, probably not the kind that would interest teenagers, but he surely had a bit of history for us.

He wrote, "We have left our winter quarters and moved thirty-five miles in the direction of Knoxville. We are now camped in twenty miles from Knoxville. The Yanks still hold the city. I expect we will try to take it again this spring. There is no prospect of a fight here now, that I can see, everything seems to be quiet, no movement of the enemy that we can see. Our pickets are in four miles of Knoxville."

Continuing with bits about the weather, "The weather has been remarkably good here this winter, no rain or snow hardly at all and had very little cold weather since I got here—that was the 27th of July 1863."

Then he tells of being absent from the regiment nearly three months. He was in the hospital and unable to write during his "sickness" and had asked the doctor to write for him.

When a soldier was given leave, many would write letters for him to carry to loved ones at home. James Daniel mentioned a Mr. Wells who was to leave the outfit for home. In his company were two men named Wells, both from Holly Springs. F. A. Wells had been elected 3rd Lieutenant on February 2, 1864, and S. A. Wells was appointed Corporal February 1, 1863. There were 150 men in Company G of the 17th

¹¹⁶Confederate statistics from *Collier's Encyclopedia*, as reported in *Yarbrough Family Quarterly*, 10, No. 3 (2001), 26.

¹¹⁷Pocket Diaries, p. 146.

Mississippi Volunteers of Infantrymen in 1861. By the date of this letter, forty-eight had been killed or died of disease, and many were in the hands of the enemy.¹¹⁸ A third of his company was dead, yet James Daniel Malone was able to write this letter to his sisters, surely intending to allay their fears for him.

The letter mentions that he had written to Genie (Eugenia), his oldest sister. He sends his respects to Grandpa (Daniel Richmond), Uncle Logan (Richmond), Uncle Billy, and Aunt Frances. He tells his sisters to tell his younger brother Lutie (Lewis) to write and report how many “coons” and opossums he has caught this winter, and “how my dogs are getting along.” He ends with, “Tell the Negroes howdy. My best love for you all.”

The terrible war ended in 1865, and one can just feel that this young man wanted to come home and lead a normal life. Mama Lutie would tell me stories of her father’s patience and the warmth and love that he shared with her and the rest of the children.

The marriage of James D. Malone and Fanny V. Humphreys was performed on April 7, 1868, by Henry A. Rives, minister.¹¹⁹ I first learned of the name *Fanny* from the marriage record and then from a death notice. Census records had Frances or F. V. We know that people named Frances are often called Fanny. I can only assume that her parents and her husband used the name, but the children and relatives never did, and she signed her name as Frances Virginia. There were nine children born to this union, and as a child, I could rattle off the names of that family as well as my own.

1. Anna Comer Malone, the eldest daughter, was a schoolteacher who died at age forty-one with breast cancer. In 1888 Anna Malone gave her sister Lutie a ring. Lutie gave it to her daughter Frances Vick, my mother, who gave it to me. My daughter Janet has it now.
2. & 3. Lutie Olive and Helen May Malone, twin daughters. Lutie Olive married Lowry Vick, my grandfather. I called this grandmother “Mama Lutie.” I describe her life in the Vick section of the book. Her twin, Helen May Malone, died as an infant. A handwritten yellowed paper which appears to be a copied obituary gives this information, “Near Red Banks, Marshall County, Miss., on Saturday November 30th 1872, Helen May, infant daughter of J. D. Malone: age 13 months.” (Since Helen May was born July 7, 1871, her death date would make her almost seventeen, not thirteen, months.)

¹¹⁸*Ibid.*, pp. 169-74.

¹¹⁹Marshall County, MS Marriage Book 1860-1870, p. 295.

4. & 5. Sallie Malone and Jeannie Malone, died of typhoid fever in their teens.
6. Betty Thomas Malone, died as an infant. Mama Lutie commented on how pretty she was.
7. James Daniel Malone, named for his father and called Jim, was eleven years old when he apparently had appendicitis. Mama Lutie was convinced of it. She said he complained of violent stomach pains, but before he died, he became easy, the appendix having ruptured. Why did they not operate? This was June of 1891, and in 1885, the first appendectomy operation was performed in Davenport, Iowa. There were probably few doctors in the area who even knew about it, or knew how to operate. His newspaper obituary says that he was living in the home of his grandfather, J. W. Humphreys. It also contains this emotional passage: "Fully conscious, he roused himself at the last moment, and extending his hand, said: 'How are you, Genie? I am going up there.' Genie [Jeannie] was a sister who died last summer. Was the spirit of the angel-sister with him, ready to bear the soul, so soon to leave its tenement of clay, to the mansions of the blest?"
8. The remaining son, John Humphreys Malone, named for his maternal grandfather, was married to Mae Elder in 1913. My mother was an attendant in the wedding. Their last years were spent in their home in Cockrum, Mississippi. Uncle John and Aunt Mae visited in my grandparents' home very often, as did the last child of the family.
9. This baby was named Caroline Turner Malone for James Daniel's sister and the maternal grandmother, Hannah Elizabeth Ann Turner Humphreys; but Caroline Turner Malone always went by the name Callie. She married Garland Hamlet Yarbrough. I spent a lot of time with her, since she lived in walking distance of our store and the school. For several years her sons, George and Hamlet Jr., were kind of my chaperons, since Mama trusted them to look after me as I entered my teens.

JAMES'S DEATH. Mama Lutie regularly spoke of her father's last days. She was fifteen when he died, and her explanation of his accidental death differs from the newspaper obituary. She says he was hunting in the snow, and he placed the gun next to a post on the fence. When he climbed over the fence, the gun slid down in the wet snow and discharged into his leg. In 1886 there were no medications for lockjaw. And even in the 1930s, people were not convinced that a shot for tetanus would protect you against its dreaded consequences.

The obituary, written by Jno. Barcroft, reads:

"James D. Malone, son of Lewis and Margaret C. Malone, was born in Marshall County, Miss., September 20, 1842; was married to Miss Frances V. Humphreys April 7, 1868; professed faith in Christ in 1874, and died at his home in Desoto County, Miss., December 8, 1886. He was blameless in his life, and as a Christian, a Mason, a neighbor, he was esteemed by all and was without reproach. He was punctual in attendance on the services of the sanctuary, as well as an attentive and earnest hearer of the word. In the maintenance of discipline and in the support of the institutions of the Church he did what he could. Often the silent tears that ran down his face under the gospel message have been an inspiration to his pastor. But it was in the quiet of his home, surrounded by the wife and children who loved him so much, that he was seen to the best advantage. Here his will was law, his every behest was promptly, gladly obeyed. Such was the force of his life as to bring to God all his children who have "come to years." The death of Brother Malone was tragic and heartrending. On the 6th of December, while hunting in the first snow of winter, he dropped his gun, and in wiping off the snow on his clothes caused its accidental discharge, the load taking effect in his thigh. He knew the wound was fatal. At once he gave parting advice to his family, told them all he was ready to go, and without fear passed into the land of rest."

Another obituary relates that "while out rabbit hunting in company with Mr. Humphreys, near Ingram's Mill ... it seems the deceased laid his gun down in the snow to get a rabbit which had been shot by his friend. Returning he took the gun up in his right hand and holding it up with muzzle down proceeded to wipe off the snow when the gun fired, the contents entering his left thigh, which caused his death."

I sent James Daniel Malone's picture to be copied for a collection of Civil War soldiers. They welcomed his image in a wartime pose in Confederate uniform. They indicated that many of the photos were made long after the war was over, because Confederate soldiers did not have access to a photograph as readily as the Union counterparts. The picture did not turn out well the first time, and upon request, I returned the picture to be copied the second time. When it was returned, the cover letter included a postscript. Of course, the writer did not know that this veteran died of gunshot wounds, but the note struck me as ironic. Here is the postscript:

"We got him this time for sure! Again, thank you very much for all the bother you had to go through to send him back for a reshoot. Yes, there were Confederate soldiers who were shot twice, so James Daniel Malone need not feel alone, but he was only

shot by a camera this time." Michael J. Winey, Curator. U. S. Army Military History Institute, Carlisle, PA.

In my files is a copy of a letter to James Daniel's wife. While I can't be sure, it is probably from an undertaker or someone that has been given the duty to secure a coffin and burial garments for James Daniel. It reads, "Mrs. Malone, Dear Madam, Your order received. I send you a suit @ 15.00 for coat, pant & vest. Also send shirt, collar, cravat & one pair of shoes. The shoes is the best I can do. I also send a burial shroud @ 5.00 so if you see fit to use the shroud you can return the suit of clothes or any of the goods that does not suit. I have done my best to select suitable goods but find a poor stock in town. Please accept my heartfelt sympathy in your hour of distress. I will come down if I can get off. Have attended to the coffin & same will be on hand. Your friend, Jno N Nichols."

VERSES OF THE HEART. James Daniel Malone's wife, the former Frances Virginia Humphreys, was the daughter of John Worthington Humphreys and Hannah Elizabeth Ann Turner. Please refer to the Humphreys section. She wrote poetry, and some of her poems are included for you to read. Mama Lutie said she would often write them on brown paper bags when she was preparing the meals. Many were lost. This is a sample:

To my daughter Lutie—by Frances Virginia Humphreys Malone.
 As placidly as the waters of some rippling stream
 Drift unceasing on in a sweet monotone,
 May thy frail barque, guided by that Hand unseen
 Glide across Life's sea and anchor on Heaven's bright shore
 Where loved ones meet, to part no more.
 Is the wish of your mother. *April 11, 1888*

She lived three years and five months after her husband died. Both were in their forties, the prime of life. Neither lived to witness the marriage of a child nor to hold a grandchild, and yet with the passing of time, I feel an their impact on my life, and I am pleased to add Grandpa and Grandmother to their name.

On a heavy black card lettered in gold, and centered with "In loving remembrance of Fanny Malone, Died April 7, 1890," there is the following verse.

A precious one from us has gone.
A voice we loved is stilled.
A place is vacant in our home,
Which never can be filled.
God in his wisdom has recalled
The boon His love had given.
And though the body moulders here,
The soul is safe in Heaven.

These notices were used to alert neighbors of deaths in the towns. The date of April 7 would have been the twenty-second wedding anniversary of James Daniel and Frances Virginia, had both lived. The children lived with grandparents, John Worthington Humphreys and Hannah Elizabeth Ann Turner, and at times with the couple's brothers and sisters.

The couple is buried in Richmond Cemetery, according to Aunt Callie, their youngest daughter. Please continue with the Vick section.

Descendants of Daniel Malone

27 Mar 2006

1. Daniel Malone

sp: UNKNOWN

└ 2. Nathaniel Malone Senior

sp: Mary Wynne (m.Ab. 1692)

└ 3. Drury Malone

sp: --- Isham

└ 4. Daniel Malone Senior (b.Ab. 1725-, Surry, Virginia; d. Jul. 1815-, Person, North Carolina)

sp: Elizabeth Staples (m. Abt. 1758)

├ 5. Sarah Malone (b. 6 Feb. 1768-, Granville, North Carolina; d. Apr. 1843-, Bedford, Tennessee)

sp: Isaac N. Rainey (m. 6 Mar. 1786)

├ 5. Elizabeth Malone (d. Bef. 1815)

sp: Wilkerson

├ 5. Staples Malone (d. Bef. 1815)

sp: Phebe Evans (m. 16 Feb. 1789)

sp: Nancy Hester (m. 29 Jun. 1805; d. 1874)

├ 5. John Malone

├ 5. Mark Malone

sp: Hannah Hamblett (m. 4 Sep. 1796)

├ 5. William Malone

sp: Greenwood

├ 5. Lewis Malone (d. 1813-, Caswell, North Carolina)

sp: Nancy Blackwell (m. 18 Oct. 1792)

sp: Elizabeth Blackwell (m. 2 Dec. 1811)

├ 5. Frances Malone

sp: Samuel Love (m. 3 May 1791)

├ 5. Rebecca Malone

sp: Bartholomew Dameron (m. 27 Aug. 1798)

GRANDPARENTS OF MALONE / VICK LINE

65

- 5. Braudie Malone
 - sp: Sally Hester
- 5. Daniel Malone Junior, MD (d.1826)
 - sp: Elizabeth or Betsey Lea (m.11 Dec 1801;d.1835)
 - 6. Ellis Malone MD (b.5 Nov 1805-,Caswell,North Carolina)
 - sp: Mary A Hill (m.3 Mar 1828)
 - 7. Reverend Charles Daniel Malone (b.29 Jul 1845-,Warren,North Carolina)
 - sp: Clara Elizabeth (Bessie) Joyner (d.18 Aug 1895)
 - 7. James Ellis Malone MD (b.1852;d.1927)
 - sp: Anna Richmond Fuller
 - 7. Mary E. Malone
 - sp: Edwin Willie Fuller
 - sp: Martha Hill (m.1849)
- 6. James Malone
- 6. William Malone
- 6. Lewis Green Malone (b.7 Mar 1814-,North Carolina;d.1881-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi)
 - sp: Margaret Comer Richmond (b.14 May 1814;m.11 Mar 1836;d.14 May 1890)
 - 7. Elizabeth Agnes or Bettie Malone (b.19 Dec 1837-,North Carolina)
 - 7. Eugenia M or Jeannie Malone (b.2 Feb 1841-,Mississippi)
 - 7. James Daniel Malone (b.11 Sep 1842-,Marshall,Mississippi;d.8 Dec 1886-,DeSoto,Mississippi)
 - sp: Frances Virginia (Fanny) Humphreys (b.11 Aug 1844-,Marshall,Mississippi;m.7 Apr 1868;d.7 Apr 1890-)
 - 8. Anna Comer Malone (b.5 May 1869;d.24 Feb 1911)
 - 8. Lutie Olive Malone (b.7 Jul 1871-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;d.7 May 1939-RB,M,Mississippi)
 - sp: Lowry Vick (b.2 Jul 1872-RB,M,Mississippi;m.18 Dec 1894;d.9 Apr 1962-Memphis,S,Tennessee)
 - 9. Frances Lucille Vick (b.29 Sep 1895-Red Banks,M,Mississippi;d.2 Jul 1978-Memphis,S,Tennessee)
 - sp: Ira Ervin Shipp Senior (b.7 Aug 1891-Big Creek,C,Mississippi;m.7 Aug 1917;d.26 Nov 1978-)
 - 10. Ira Ervin Shipp Junior (b.15 May 1918-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi)
 - sp: Mary Elizabeth Cochran (b.25 Sep 1919-H.,Mississippi;m.12 Dec 1943;d.27 Nov 2002-)

- 11. Charles Ervin Shipp (b.9 Aug 1945-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Cornelia or Nino Cargill Allen (b.20 Jan 1945-San Angelo,TG,Texas;m.1973)
 - 12. Hester Stewart Shipp (b.23 Jul 1974-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Andrew Alexander Mathes (m.3 Oct 1998)
 - 13. Cornelia Jane Mathes (b.20 Feb 2003)
 - 13. Alexander Stewart Mathes (b.20 Jun 2005)
 - 12. Charles Cochran Shipp (b.23 Jun 1980-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
- 11. Frances Elizabeth Shipp (b.10 Jul 1947-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Roger Eliphalet Nott (b.28 Jan 1945-Pensacola,Escambia,Florida;m.25 Jun 1977)
 - 12. John Roger Nott (b.10 Apr 1984-Gainesville,Hall,Georgia)
- 11. Kathryn Lynn Shipp (b.21 Apr 1949-Greenwood,Leflore,Mississippi)
 - sp: Gary Neal Smith (m.Aug 1969(Div))
 - sp: Perry Keith Hughes (b.22 Nov 1947-Selmer,McNairy,Tennessee;m.23 Dec 1973)
 - 12. Kimberly Ann Hughes (b.7 Sep 1976-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: William Jason Essary (m.25 Nov 2000)
 - 13. Kimberly Elizabeth Essary
 - 13. William Jason Essary II (b.26 Nov 2003)
 - 12. Peyton Kyle Hughes (b.28 Aug 1979-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Allison Michelle Terry (b.27 Jan 1981-Victoria,Texas;m.4 Sep 2004)
 - 11. Helen Joy Shipp (b.19 Aug 1950-Greenwood,Leflore,Mississippi)
- 10. Lowry Ray Shipp (b.10 Jun 1921-BC,C,Mississippi;d.3 Dec 1998-Memphis,S,Tennessee)
 - sp: Susie Ruth Williams (b.3 Sep 1928-Potts Camp,Marshall,Mississippi;m.31 Aug 1946)
 - 11. Betty Sue Shipp (b.15 Jul 1947-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: John Frederick or Jack Werne II (b.9 Apr 1943-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 12. Jay Wesley Werne (b.7 Dec 1981-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 12. Catherine Elizabeth Werne (b.3 Jan 1984-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 11. Dorothy Lucille Shipp (b.21 Oct 1949)
 - sp: James Moore (m.Feb 1967(Div))
 - 12. Sherry Ann Moore (b.15 Jul 1968)
 - sp: UNKNOWN

- 13. Aaron Bennefield
 - sp: Roy Billions
 - 13. Roy Billions
 - 12. Shawn Moore (b.1970;d.Deceased)
 - sp: Christy
 - 13. Kera Elane Moore (b.24 Sep 1988)
 - 13. Shawn Moore (b.16 Jul 1991)
 - sp: Phillip Millican Senior
 - 12. Phillip Millican Junior
 - 11. William Lowry or Bill Shipp (b.1 Oct 1955-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Katherine
 - 12. Lisa
 - sp: UNKNOWN
 - 13. Emily
 - 12. Michael Brian Shipp
 - sp: Tara Danelle Kilgore (m.23 Nov 2002)
 - 12. Heidi Michelle Shipp
 - sp: Brian Schaefer Strickland (m.18 Mar 2000)
 - 11. Kimberly Annette Shipp (b.3 Dec 1966)
 - sp: UNKNOWN
- 10. Ruth Evelyn Shipp (b.13 Sep 1926-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi)
- sp: Madison Simeon Yarbrough Junior (b.30 Jul 1926-O,G,North Carolina;m.24 Nov 1946)
- 11. Madison Simeon or Matt Yarbrough III (b.7 Dec 1947-Durham,Durham,North Carolina)
 - sp: Calista Jean or Cissy Everhart (b.18 Jun 1948-W,F,North Carolina;m.21 Nov 1971)
 - 12. Calista Victoria or Lista Yarbrough (b.1 Jul 1973-Durham,D,North Carolina)
 - sp: Kevin Paul Kryscio (b.13 Mar 1973-,De Kalb,Illinois;m.21 Dec 1996)
 - 12. Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough (b.16 Mar 1978-Durham,Durham,North Carolina)

sp: Christopher Todd Steele (b.1 Dec 1971;m.19 Jan 2003)
└ 13. Christopher Todd Steele Junior (b.16 Jun 2005-Durham,D,North Carolina)
└ 11. Janet Ruth Yarbrough (b.10 Feb 1956-Durham,Durham,North Carolina)
— 9. Lena Rivers Vick (b.5 Aug 1897-Red Banks,M,Mississippi;d.17 Feb 1966-WM,Crittenden,Arkansas)
sp: Emmett Hunter Crook (b.3 Feb 1889-Red Banks,M,Mississippi;m.11 Jan 1914;d.4 Mar 1959)
└ 10. John Hunter Crook (b.13 May 1915-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;d.Dec 1986)
sp: Helen Marie Martin (m.25 Dec 1943(Div))
└ 11. Betty Ann Crook (b.31 Oct 1944-Blytheville,Mississippi,Arkansas)
sp: Robert Warren Scaife (b.24 Feb 1942;m.2 Jun 1967)
└ 12. Robert Hunter Scaife MD (b.30 Dec 1971)
sp: Metra
└ 13. Marlee Scaife
└ 11. Mary Sue Crook (b.16 Oct 1950-Dyess,Mississippi,Arkansas)
sp: Randy Winney (b.14 Jan 1952)
└ 12. Christopher Martin Winney (b.17 Jan 1977)
sp: Nina Hayes Speck (b.5 Jul 1923;m.1 Jan 1962)
— 10. Lura Malone Crook (b.20 Apr 1918-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi)
sp: Clarence Rayford Eubanks (b.2 Nov 1913-B,,Mississippi;m.4 Nov 1935;d.10 Mar 1980-)
└ 11. Nancy Ann Eubanks (b.20 Jan 1938-Blytheville,Mississippi,Arkansas)
sp: Vernon Wayne Bacot (b.28 Feb 1937-Rotan,R,Texas;m.29 Jan 1959;d.28 Jul 1969-)
└ 12. Vernon Michael or Mike Bacot (b.2 Dec 1960-West Memphis,C,Arkansas)
sp: Denita Michelle Gammill (b.3 Sep 1965;m.25 May 1984)
└ 13. MacKenzie Jordan Bacot (b.27 Mar 1990-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
└ 13. Maxwell Graden Bacot (b.31 Aug 1995-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
└ 12. Deandra Ann Bacot (b.16 Jul 1964-West Memphis,Crittenden,Arkansas)
sp: Ronald Scott Waddell (b.8 Jul 1963-Jonesboro,C,Arkansas;m.16 Nov 1985)
└ 13. Alexandra Grace Waddell (b.13 Apr 1991-Fayetteville,W,Arkansas)
└ 13. Hallie Ann Waddell (b.14 Aug 1993-Jonesboro,Craighead,Arkansas)
└ 13. Lauren Malone Waddell (b.10 Nov 2002)

- 11. Linda Rae Eubanks (b.22 Apr 1942-Blytheville, Mississippi, Arkansas)
 - sp: Joseph Bentley Rhodes (b.2 Jun 1941-NLR, Pulaski, Arkansas; m.13 Aug 1960)
 - 12. Lina Beth Rhodes (b.24 May 1962-Abilene, Taylor, Texas)
 - sp: Mark William Hathaway (b.6 May 1961-., New York; m.7 Dec 1985)
 - 11. Helen Ruth Eubanks (b.2 Sep 1945-Blytheville, Mississippi, Arkansas)
 - sp: Thomas Eddie Idol (m.(Div))
 - 12. Ashlyn Elizabeth Idol (b.25 Sep 1967)
 - sp: John Peden
 - 13. Autumn Peden
 - 13. Adrian Peden
 - 13. John Alexander Peden
 - sp: Ronnie Dickerson (m.(Div))
 - 12. Trenton Hunter or Trent Dickerson (b.26 Feb 1970)
 - sp: UNKNOWN
 - 13. Jordan Lane Counce (b.30 Jun 1991-Memphis, Shelby, Tennessee)
 - 10. Lowry Williams (William Lowry) Crook (b.21 Jan 1921-RB, Marshall, Mississippi; d.Deceased)
 - sp: Mabel Eleanor or Mae Kramme (b.12 Jun 1922-Owensville, G, Missouri; m.9 Jan 1943)
 - 11. James Lowry Crook (b.21 Nov 1943-Washington, Franklin, Missouri)
 - sp: Sandra Sheffield (b.7 Sep 1943-Jackson, Hinds, Mississippi; m.23 Jul 1965(Div))
 - 12. Christine Elizabeth Crook (b.13 Nov 1966-Laredo, Webb, Texas)
 - sp: Mike Clancy
 - 13. Brianna Clancy
 - 13. Sean Clancy
 - 13. Kyle Clancy
 - 13. Patrick Clancy
 - 12. Karen Kelly Crook (b.23 Apr 1968-Blytheville, Mississippi, Arkansas)
 - sp: Randy Cahill

- 13. Jonathan Cahill
- 13. Karolyn Cahill
- 13. Jordan Cahill
- 13. Thomas Cahill
- 13. Hannah Cahill
- 13. Samuel Cahill
- 12. James Lowry Crook Junior, MD (b.21 May 1970-Rapid City,P, South Dakota)
- 12. Rebecca Louise Crook (b.21 May 1975-Atwater, Merced, California)
 - sp: Jason Cahill
- 12. Cynthia Caroline Crook (b.26 Nov 1976-Okinawa, Japan)
 - sp: Zach Hogya
- sp: Jan
- 11. Jon Crook (b.11 Oct 1946-Dyess, Mississippi, Arkansas)
 - sp: Patricia Jean or Pat Latta (b.13 Nov 1945-Chicago, Cook, Illinois; m.27 Aug 1967)
 - 12. Lowry Alexander Crook (b.15 Dec 1970-Fort Sill, Comanche, Oklahoma)
 - 12. Brian Hunter Crook (b.24 Jan 1973-Dallas, Dallas, Texas)
 - sp: UNKNOWN
 - 13. Jon Hunter Crook
 - 13. Wyatt Crook
 - 12. Katherine Ida Crook (b.11 Jul 1978-Dallas, Dallas, Texas)
- 11. Don Crook (b.11 Oct 1946-Dyess, Mississippi, Arkansas)
 - sp: Marilee Sanborn (b.29 Jul 1947-Mexico City, Mexico; m.5 Oct 1964(Div))
 - 12. Sandra Lee Crook (b.6 Jul 1965-Dallas, Dallas, Texas)
 - sp: Chuck Frost
 - 13. Taylor Frost
 - 13. Kennedy Frost
 - 12. Don Sanborn Crook (b.2 Jul 1968-Dallas, Dallas, Texas)
 - sp: Dena
- sp: Brenda Kay Inman (b.24 Feb 1950-Dallas, Dallas, Texas; m.12 Apr 1975)

- 12. Timothy Shay Sanders (b.27 May 1973-){+Dallas,Dallas,Texas}
 - sp: Jaimye
- 12. Jon Keith Crook (b.28 Feb 1976-Dallas,Dallas,Texas)
 - sp: Rebecca
- 12. James Kirtly or Kirt Crook (b.7 Jul 1977-Dallas,Dallas,Texas)
- 11. Carolyn Louise Crook (b.13 Dec 1948-Dyess,Mississippi,Arkansas)
 - sp: Paul Douglas Hefley (b.21 Oct 1952;m.4 Dec 1976)
- 10. William Vick or Bill Crook (b.2 May 1923-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi)
 - sp: Helen Lucille Keen (b.7 Nov 1923-Keytesville,Chariton,Missouri;m.30 Jan 1944)
 - 11. William Vick Crook Junior (b.21 Dec 1944;d.21 Dec 1944)
 - 11. Laura Beth Crook (b.13 Jan 1948-Bellville,Austin,Texas)
 - sp: Joe Eddy Milligan (b.27 Sep 1948-Quanah,Hardeman,Texas;m.17 Jan 1970)
 - 12. Matthew William or Matt Milligan (b.7 Dec 1973-Shreveport,Caddo,Louisiana)
 - 12. Tyler Keen Milligan (b.21 Jan 1977-Oklahoma City,Oklahoma,Oklahoma)
 - sp: Jenni
 - 11. Thomas William or Tom Crook (b.1 Feb 1953-Amarillo,Potter,Texas)
 - sp: Cynthia Kay or Cindy Roberson (b.17 May 1953-Dallas,D,Texas;m.27 Sep 1975)
 - 12. Kelly Elaine Crook (b.26 Sep 1978-Fort Worth,Tarrant,Texas)
 - 12. Parker William Crook (b.3 Mar 1981-Fort Worth,Tarrant,Texas)
 - 11. David Keen Crook (b.10 Apr 1956-Dallas,Dallas,Texas)
 - sp: Mona Bussey (b.23 Jan 1956-Gulfport,H,Mississippi;m.1 Apr 1977;d.2 Jun 2003-)
 - 12. Stephanie Crook (b.1 Mar 1987-Dallas,Dallas,Texas)
 - 10. Mamie Lou Crook (b.9 Feb 1930;d.1 Feb 1932-,,Arkansas)
 - 10. Amy Claire Crook (b.4 Apr 1935-Clear Lake,Mississippi,Arkansas)
 - sp: Charles Clinton Daniel (b.4 Jan 1934-M,S,Tennessee;m.22 Feb 1953;d.1 Aug 2004-)
 - 11. Suzan Rivers Daniel (b.29 Dec 1954-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Steve Warrick (m.(Div))
 - sp: Keith J Hallam

- └─ 12. Christopher Hallam
- └─ 11. Amy Lynn Daniel (b.29 Mar 1956-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Jeff Conlie McCowan (b.21 May 1956-Jackson,Hinds,Mississippi;m.29 Aug 1976)
 - └─ 12. Jennifer Lynn McCowan (b.5 Dec 1979-Dallas,Dallas,Texas)
 - └─ 12. Matthew Lee McCowan (b.31 Dec 1980-Atlanta,De Kalb,Georgia)
 - └─ 12. Daniel Clay McCowan (b.19 Nov 1984-Atlanta,De Kalb,Georgia)
- └─ 11. Charles Clinton Daniel II (b.9 Jul 1958-West Memphis,Crittenden,Arkansas)
 - sp: Martina Völler (b.16 Jun 1959-Kassel,Germany;m.17 Jul 1984(Div))
 - └─ 12. Niklas Alexander Daniel (b.8 Oct 1984-Atlanta,De Kalb,Georgia)
 - sp: Lorie Ann Martin (m.(Div))
 - sp: Sharon
- └─ 11. Jason Matthew Daniel (b.11 Jul 1972-Atlanta,De Kalb,Georgia)
- └─ 10. Mabel Lynn Crook (b.2 Feb 1938-Blytheville,Mississippi,Arkansas)
 - sp: Joseph Edward or Joe McKinstry (b.2 Sep 1934-Natchez,A,Mississippi;m.26 Jun 1960)
 - └─ 11. Jeffrey Hunter McKinstry (b.25 Jun 1964-Royal Oak,Oakland,Michigan)
 - sp: Maria Joyce Cysensky (b.26 Dec 1961-Sitka,,Arkansas;m.30 Jun 1984(Div))
 - └─ 12. Leah McKinstry
 - sp: Kim
 - └─ 11. Joseph Edward or Joe-Joe McKinstry II (b.30 Dec 1969-Royal Oak,Oakland,Michigan)
 - sp: Emily
- └─ 9. William Daniel Vick (b.20 Nov 1901-RB,M,Mississippi;d.28 Nov 1939-St. Louis,SLC,Missouri)
 - sp: Jean Rebecca MacKenzie (m.22 Feb 1925(Div);d.1997)
 - └─ 10. William Travis (William Terry Davis) Vick (b.7 Mar 1931-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Ann Allison Washburn (b.Feb 1936-Nashville,Davidson,Tennessee;m.21 Jun 1955(Div))
 - └─ 11. Jonathan Mark Davis Senior (b.22 May 1956-Nashville,Davidson,Tennessee)
 - sp: Pamela Brown
 - └─ 12. Jessica Leigh Davis (b.1982)
 - └─ 12. Jennifer Anne Davis (b.1985)
 - └─ 12. Jonathan Mark Davis Junior (b.1988)
 - └─ 12. Joshua Brown Davis (b.1990)

- 12. Hannah Catherine Davis (b.1992)
- 12. Heather Allison Davis (b.1995)
- 12. Brooke MacKenzie Davis (b.1997)
- 11. Deborah Kay or Debbie Davis (b.3 Mar 1958-Nashville,Davidson,Tennessee)
 - sp: Michael Whitaker Smith (b.7 Oct 1957)
 - 12. Ryan Whitaker Smith (b.1983)
 - 12. Whitney Katherine Smith (b.1986)
 - 12. Tyler Michael Smith (b.1988)
 - 12. Anna Elizabeth Smith (b.1990)
 - 12. Emily Allison Smith (b.1993)
 - sp: Mary Elizabeth White (m.24 May 1969;d.1999)
- 9. John Malone Vick (b.5 Oct 1903-Red Banks,M,Mississippi;d.28 Aug 1968-Memphis,S,Tennessee)
- 9. Louanna Vick (b.14 Nov 1906-Red Banks,M,Mississippi;d.13 Apr 1991-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Kenneth LaCledde Buzbee (b.9 Aug 1906-Memphis,S,Tennessee;m.22 Jul 1931;d.31 Dec 1967-)
 - 10. Mamie Nell Buzbee (b.21 Jul 1936-Oxford,L,Mississippi;d.21 Jul 1936-Oxford,L,Mississippi)
 - 10. Charlotte Anne Buzbee (b.24 Aug 1937-Oxford,Lafayette,Mississippi)
 - sp: Benny Eugene or Bud Fichte (m.8 Aug 1958(Div))
 - 11. Gene Fichte (b.21 Jul 1959-Texas)
 - 11. Jana Fichte (b.7 Jun 1961-Texas)
 - sp: David Powless
 - 12. Justin Powless
 - 12. Hannah Powless (b.24 Nov 1998-,Michigan)
 - sp: Tom Owens (m.(Div))
 - sp: Jerry Moore (m.19 Jul 1997;d.2002)
 - 10. Anita Carole Buzbee (b.30 Jun 1940-Oxford,Lafayette,Mississippi)
 - 9. Mamie Humphreys Vick (b.26 Mar 1909-RB,M,Mississippi;d.27 Jun 2004-Memphis,S,Tennessee)
 - 9. Edna Earl Vick (b.26 Jan 1914-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi)

sp: James Edward or Jimmy Stanton (b.18 Sep 1914;m.5 May 1939;d.21 Apr 1980-M,,Tennessee)

— 10. Shirley Anne Stanton (b.9 Aug 1940-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)

sp: John Walter Coleman (b.23 May 1938;m.10 Dec 1960)

— 11. John Stanton Coleman (b.7 Oct 1962-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)

sp: Pamela Jean Banus (b.7 Jul 1967;m.23 Sep 1989)

— 12. Holly Anne Coleman (b.1 Aug 1991-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)

— 12. John Andrew Coleman (b.9 Feb 1993-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)

— 11. Kristen Lee Coleman (b.9 Aug 1965-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)

sp: Matthew James Henry (b.18 Jul 1965;m.16 Jul 1988)

— 12. Rachel Elizabeth Henry (b.6 Mar 1993)

— 12. Kathryn Lee Henry (b.2 Jun 1995)

— 11. Kendall Anne Coleman (b.4 Apr 1973-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)

sp: Mark Allen Evans (b.30 Jan 1971;m.8 Aug 1992(Div))

— 12. Meghan Anne Evans (b.3 Mar 1993)

sp: Manuel Andrew Casillar (m.21 Apr 2000)

— 12. Ansley Elizabeth Casillar

— 10. Norma Ruth Stanton (b.10 Feb 1942)

sp: Barry Leonard Gardner (b.24 Oct 1939;m.8 May 1966)

— 11. David Howard Gardner (b.13 Feb 1970)

— 11. Michael Rubin Gardner (b.27 Dec 1972)

— 11. Allison Edith Gardner (b.26 Sep 1976)

sp: Brett Alan Aufdenkamp (b.26 Sep 1974;m.15 Jul 2000)

— 10. Barbara Jean Stanton (b.31 Oct 1943-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)

sp: John Harmon Osenbaugh (b.29 Oct 1943;m.18 Jan 1964(Div))

— 11. Jeffrey Windsor Osenbaugh/Stanton (b.27 May 1966)

sp: Penny Lynn Hardy (b.6 Jul 1961;m.26 Aug 1994)

— 12. Shane Edward Osenbaugh/Stanton (b.23 Apr 1996)

— 11. Judith Carol Osenbaugh (b.24 Jul 1968)

sp: Kenneth Donald Benderman (b.25 Jun 1929;m.1 May 1991)

- 10. Betty Lou Stanton (b.18 Dec 1944-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Raymond Francis Glasgow (b.9 Mar 1943;m.9 Sep 1966)
 - 11. Phillip Troy Glasgow (b.12 Feb 1970)
 - sp: Michele Lee Marshall (b.17 Jul 1970;m.11 Apr 1998)
 - 12. Ethan Sidney Glasgow (b.25 Jul 2000)
 - 11. Jason O'Brien Glasgow (b.28 Dec 1972-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Peggy Celine Rutherford (b.26 May 1972;m.15 Jun 1996)
 - 12. Robert Dalton Glasgow (b.13 Jul 1999)
 - 12. Lauren Glasgow (b.2002)
 - 11. Laura Elaine Glasgow (b.2 May 1978)
 - sp: Richard Christopher Hightower (b.19 May 1978;m.15 Jun 2001)
- 10. Anita Louise Stanton (b.6 Jun 1946)
 - sp: Robert Lawrence or Bob Christian (b.3 Apr 1943;m.19 Jun 1964)
 - 11. Vickie Anita Christian (b.19 May 1966)
 - 11. Deborah Lynne or Debbie Christian (b.20 Mar 1968)
 - sp: Brian Scott Drewry (b.23 Sep 1965;m.1 Jun 1991)
 - 12. Caroline Elizabeth Drewry (b.30 Mar 1997)
 - 12. William Scott Christian Drewry (b.23 Oct 2000)
- 8. Helen May Malone (b.7 Jul 1871;d.30 Nov 1872)
- 8. Sallie Malone
- 8. Jeannie Malone
- 8. Betty Thomas Malone (d.Infant)
- 8. James Daniel or Jim Malone (b.Aug 1880;d.23 Jun 1891-,Marshall,Mississippi)
- 8. John Humphreys Malone (b.1883-Cockrum,,Mississippi)
 - sp: May Elizabeth Elder (m.24 Dec 1913)
 - 9. Frances Malone
 - sp: George Moore
 - 9. John Humphreys Malone Junior

- └─ 8. Caroline Turner or Callie Malone (b.13 May 1885-,Marshall,Mississippi;d.24 Jan 1964-J,H,Mississippi)
 - sp: Garland Hamlet Yarbrough Senior (b.15 Jan 1880-.,Mississippi;d.6 Jun 1973)
 - └─ 9. Anna Garland Yarbrough (d.Apr 2000)
 - sp: Milburn Guyton
 - └─ 9. Ellen Yarbrough (d.Deceased)
 - sp: Ken Duffield
 - └─ 9. Virginia Lanell Yarbrough (b.6 Sep 1913;d.13 Feb 1914)
 - └─ 9. Garland Hamlet Yarbrough Junior (b.15 Aug 1916-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;d.29 Sep 1989)
 - sp: Katherine Lee Turner (b.10 Feb 1923;m.Nov 1948)
 - └─ 10. Garland Jo Yarbrough (b.13 Jan 1951-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: UNKNOWN
 - sp: Clarence Minton (m.Jan 1979)
 - └─ 11. Katherine Elizabeth
 - └─ 11. Kimberly Carol
 - └─ 11. David Christopher
 - └─ 11. Margaret Ann
 - └─ 10. Paula Kay Yarbrough (b.11 Nov 1952-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Stephen Gary Noble (m.10 Apr)
 - └─ 11. Lane
 - └─ 11. Charles Hamlet
 - sp: UNKNOWN
 - └─ 10. Carolyn Dean Yarbrough (b.28 Jan 1957-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Johnny Neergaard (m.8 Aug 1980)
 - └─ 11. Laura Lee Neegaard
 - └─ 10. Lean Turner Yarbrough (b.28 Jan 1957-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: George Follett Junior (m.31 Jan 1983)
 - └─ 9. George Malone Yarbrough (b.15 Aug 1916-RB,M,Mississippi;d.27 Nov 1988-HS,M,Mississippi)
 - sp: M Carolyn or Peg White (b.27 Sep 1925-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee;m.14 Mar 1948;d.2000)

- 10. George Malone Yarbrough Junior (b.22 Jan 1953-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Martha Jean Whyte (m.11 Jun 1977)
 - 11. Callie Kirkpatrick Yarbrough
 - 11. McIlisa Whyte Yarbrough
- 10. Benjamin Owen White Yarbrough MD (b.22 Jan 1953-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Carol Elizabeth Kossman MD (m.26 Nov 1977)
 - 11. Benjamin Owen White Yarbrough Junior
 - 11. Chester Kossman Yarbrough
 - 11. Kilby Sutton Yarbrough
- 7. Mary S Malone (b.14 Dec 1845;d.Infant)
- 7. Sarah Lea Malone (b.14 Dec 1845;d.Infant)
- 7. Caroline Leonidas Malone (b.20 Sep 1849)
 - sp: Henry Woods
- 7. Virginia Logan or Minnie Malone (b.20 Sep 1849)
- 7. Lewis Green or Lute Malone (b.4 Oct 1851;d.1931)
 - sp: Laura McCarven (b.1852;d.1930)
 - 8. Euclid Green Malone (b.20 Jul 1892;d.23 May 1900)
- 6. Mary Malone
- 6. Elizabeth or Eliza Malone
- 6. Huldy Malone
- 6. Sarah or Sallie Malone
 - sp: Benjamin Stephens
- 5. Phoebe Malone
 - sp: Nelson
- 5. Parthena Malone
 - sp: Miles Wells Junior
- sp: Willingham (m.Bef 1758)

August Term 1815
 Will of Daniel Malone

In the name of God, Amen. Daniel Malone of Person County and province of North Carolina Sick and weak tho' of perfect mind and memory Knowing that it is allotted for men to die, I have here made my last will and testament as follows: Viz, in the first place I give and bequeath my soul to God that gave it to me. Secondly, I give to my daughter Sarah Rainey two dollars, thirdly, I give to the heirs of Elizabeth Wilkerson deceased two dollars, fourthly I give to Elizabeth Malone, daughter of Staples Malone, one feather bed being the bed that is called her bed and furniture, fifthly having an estate at my death to be Sold and my debts paid and out of the remaining part of my estate my loving wife, Elizabeth Malone to be maintained her lifetime and then to be equally divided between these Eleven lastly mentioned: John Malone, Mark Malone, William Malone, the heirs of Lewis Malone Sr., one Share the heirs of Staples Malone One Share the heirs of Francis Love, one Share Rebeckah Damerall, Brawley Malone, Daniel Malone, Phebe Wilson and Parthena Wells and Order my son Daniel Malone and Nathaniel Malone Executor of my last Will and Testament? hereunto I set my hand and Seal this fifteenth Day of July 1815. Signed Sealed and ...? in the presence of

| | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| Elizabeth Bartlett | Daniel Malone |
| Daniel Malone | his mark |
| Stephen Young | |

Died at her residence in Marshall County, Miss., on the night of her seventy-sixth birthday, May 14, 1890, Mrs. MARGARET O. MALONE, daughter of Daniel and Nancy Comer Richmond. The deceased was born in Caswell County, N. C., May 14, 1814; was happily converted to God in her sixteenth year at a camp-meeting near Leasburg, joined the Methodist Episcopal Church a short time after, and was zealous in leading others to the Master. She was married to Lewis Malone March 15, 1837. In the fall of 1839 they, with her father's family, moved to Mississippi, where the remainder of her life was spent. She was the mother of eight children, two of whom died in infancy, two others, both useful Christians, going before to the better land only a few years. Four remain, likewise walking in the footsteps of this mother in Israel, to mourn the loss of this best earthly friend. It is inspiring to contemplate a life like this—to see such "footprints on the sands of time;" such patience and persistence, in well-doing, such humility and submission under severe afflictions, such unvarying cheerfulness and beautiful unselfishness in those last years which we instinctively feel "have no pleasure in them." There were no idle repinings here, but a cheerful performance of such kindnesses for others as the aged hands could do. Surely she merited the blessed commendation, "She hath done what she could." The well-trained dutiful daughter, "sister," to whom her eight brothers looked for all that is excellent in womanhood; the wife in whom the "heart of her husband safely trusted;" the mother "whose children rose up and called her blessed;" the kindly neighbor, ministering to the sick of all classes, were happily blended in this exemplary character. The last days were full of suffering—so trying that we felt it a blessing when the pure spirit was permitted to join her Saviour and children, and the lamented husband, who passed through the dark valley nine years before. There was no special dying testimony, save a quiet remark to a daughter, that she had prayed God to render her meet for his presence, and she felt that it had been answered. Her frequent reading of the word of God, which lay within easy reach in the last months of her life—it was her custom to read it through yearly—and a habit of retiring for private prayer—these with the beautiful consistency of her life, make it easy for us to believe she "hath entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God." She was buried in the family burying ground on the old Richmond homestead, next to father, who had directed that space be left there for her, his only daughter. Loving hands covered her grave with beautiful flowers, a passion for which seemed a part of her nature and the germs of which she scattered with a lavish hand. In many a household her memory will be associated with the blush of the rose, the fragrance of the hyacinth, and the purity of the lily. It must be sweet to be "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." *



*Lewis Green Malone (1814–1881)
Husband of Margaret C. Richmond Malone*



*James Daniel Malone in Confederate Uniform
Picture in book, A Life for the Confederacy
Tintype owned by family*

FATAL ACCIDENT.

Last Monday, while out rabbit hunting in company with Mr. Humphreys, near Ingsant's Mill, Mr. J. D. Malone accidentally shot himself, inflicting a badly wound in his thigh from the effects of which he died on Wednesday night following.

It seems that the deceased laid his gun down in the snow to get a rabbit which had been shot by his friend. Returning he took the gun up in his right hand, and holding it up with the muzzle down proceeded to wipe off the snow when the gun fired, the contents entering his left thigh, which caused his death. He was taken to his home and the best medical aid procured and everything that an affectionate family and friends could do was done, but all failed to be of any avail.

The death of this Christian gentleman was a shock to our community, and we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

ANOTHER ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING

JAMES D. MALONE, son of Lewis and Margaret C. Malone, was born in Marshall County, Miss., September 20, 1842; was married to Miss Frances V. Humphreys April 7, 1868; professed faith in Christ in 1874, and died at his home in De Soto County, Miss., December 8, 1886. He was blameless in his life, and as a Christian, a Mason, a neighbor, he was esteemed by all and was without reproach. He was punctual in attendance on the services of the sanctuary, as well as an attentive and earnest hearer of the word. In the maintenance of discipline and in the support of the institutions of the Church he did what he could. Often the silent tears that ran down his face under the gospel message have been an inspiration to his pastor. But it was in the quiet of his home, surrounded by the wife and children who loved him so much, that he was seen to the best advantage. Here his will was law, his every behest was promptly, gladly obeyed. Such was the force of his life as to bring to God all his children who have "come to years." The death of Brother Malone was tragic and heartrending. On the 6th of December, while hunting in the first snow of winter, he dropped his gun, and in wiping off the snow on his clothes caused its accidental discharge, the lead taking effect in his thigh. He knew the wound was fatal. At once he gave parting advice to his family, told them all he was ready to go, and without fear passed into the land of rest.

JNO. BARCROFT.



*Surviving children of James Daniel and Frances Malone
From top: Anna died at age 41, Lutie at age 14, John and Callie, adults*

Poems by
FRANCES VIRGINIA HUMPHREYS MALONE
(1844–1890)

Who Will Love My Children Then?
Who will love, oh who will care
My children when I am gone?
Who will make their burdens light,
Who will greet them with smiles each morn;
Who will sooth their many sorrows,
Who allay their fears,
Who will strive that each tomorrow
May be undimmed by tears?
Who will their wayward feet guide
Into paths aright?
Who at eventide,
Whisper to them, "Good night?"
Who will around the fireside there,
Fill my vacant place?
Who will with heart uplifted in prayer
Implore for them God's love and grace?
When sickness steals the roseate hue
From those I love so dear,
Who will be then kind and true
Who will let fall for them a tear?
None will give to my queries reply,
Nor promise these cares to bestow.
Yet well, I know, in the sweet bye and bye
God's love will encircle with hallowed glow.
Then why should I grieve, Why shed a tear?
With such sweet comfort given
For smiles and love denied them here,
No love is true but that of Heaven.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS

*Tis midnight hour and all alone
I sit dreaming of the past
Of happy hours too quickly flown
Pleasures too bright to last.*

*Sweet is the voice of memory tonight
And yet how intensely sad.
It whispers of scenes once bright
When this aching heart was joyous and glad.*

*My dear old home now rises to view
Each object of endearment I see,
Sweet flowers and trees when in beauty they grew
And vine clad hills replete with melody.*

*My darling children in innocent glee
As sweetly each other pleasures share,
Unknown to trouble, from care, wholly free,
Are with me tonight in my grief and despair.*

*And the idol of my heart, my husband dear
Is bestowing his tender smile on me.
His remembered voice I seem to hear
Yet 'tis only the voice of plaintive memory.*

*How plainly I see him as it were
Caressing our darlings as he use to do,
And with smiles of comfort and words of cheer
Teaching them the right course to pursue.*

*Our life was a beautiful dream
with happiness and love replete.
Peace and content with sunlit beams
In harmony, blended their music sweet.*

*Yet alas, those happy golden hours
Had a brief existence here
Leaving my heart as a withered flower,
Over which memory weeps a tear.*

*What oh what is life to me now
Since death has called him away?
The deep furrow on my brow
Tells of grief, which language fails to portray.*

*Friends may sympathize, but no comforts bestow
On a heart crushed like mine.
Yet 'tis consolation sweet to know
That we'll meet in Heaven's pure clime.
Yes, on that golden, peaceful shore
We will meet to part no more*

GRANDPARENTS OF ABINGTON/LOWRY/VICK LINE

In all of the sections of this book, the generations are listed chronologically from the earliest known ancestor to the present generation. I did not know the Abingtons, although the older members of the family did, and I knew that they lived in Collierville, Tennessee. After I studied their lives and the impact on the family, I feel that I know them personally.

~ ELEVEN GENERATIONS OF ABINGTON DESCENDANTS ~

James Abington, married Sary (Sarah) Avcrest, parents of
Littleberry Abington, married Sarah Moore, parents of
William Abington, married Sarah Whitehead, parents of
Eleanora Abington, married William A. Lowry, parents of
Clarinda Abington Lowry, married William Henry Vick, parents of
Lowry Vick, married Lutie Olive Malone, parents of
Frances Lucille Vick, married Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., parents of
Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

Abington was a name quite familiar to me. My mother said that, when she arrived in this world, her father, whom everyone called Papa, wanted his first-born to be named for one of his favorite aunts, Fanny Abington. Mama Lutie, Papa's wife, agreed because her own mother was called Fanny. Both were satisfied with the name, but not Fanny. My mother was nearly a teenager when she changed her name to Frances

Lucille. How could she do that? There were no official birth records in most states until about 1915. My mother just put her new name on her school records and anything else that required her name. Some in the family called her Fanny, but my father never called her anything but Frances.

As I recall, my family never had an opportunity to know the Abington family. The only information I learned from my mother was that her great-grandparents were Eleanora Abington and her husband, William A. Lowry, who lived in Collierville.

Fortunately, my niece Betty moved to Collierville and gave me a book, *Collierville, Tennessee, Her People and Neighbors*, by Clarene Pinkston Russell. I give full credit to this thoroughly researched book for the Abington story.¹²⁰

James Abington and Sary Avcrest

James Abington was a Baptist minister who died in February of 1772, according to the *North Carolina Baptist*.¹²¹ He was married to Sary Avcrest, the daughter of Henry Avcrest of Bertie County, North Carolina. The Baptist publication recorded that he had a son, James, and another son, Hardyman, who died in 1815 in Northampton County, North Carolina. His will names eleven children:

1. Clarissa Abington
2. James Abington
3. Henry Abington
4. Martha Abington
5. Elizabeth Abington, married Henry Avcrest
6. William Abington
7. Thomas Abington
8. Another Henry Abington
9. Littleberry Abington, married Sarah Moore, the direct line
10. Sarah Abington
11. Lydia Abington.

Could it be that the Henry listed in the will was the Hardyman mentioned in the publication? With all of these early families, we find duplications of names as children

¹²⁰Clarene Pinkston Russell, *Collierville Tennessee, Her People and Neighbors* (Town of Collierville, Chamber of Commerce, 1994).

¹²¹*Ibid.*, p. 321.

were named for grandparents, aunts, uncles, and other relatives in the family and were often called by a nickname.

Littleberry Abington and Sarah Moore

The ninth child of James and Sary Avcrest Abington was Littleberry,¹²² our direct line. He married Sarah (Sally) More (Moore) on May 4, 1790, in Bertie County, North Carolina, purchased land in both Bertie County and Halifax County, and was counted in the census of Halifax County, North Carolina, in 1790 and 1800. He died in Halifax County on June 5, 1811. After Littleberry died, his widow, Sarah, married Thomas Shields on December 20, 1820. She died in Halifax County in November, 1831.

The five children of Littleberry and Sarah were:

1. James Abington
2. William Abington, married Sarah Whitehead, the direct line
3. Clarinda Abington
4. Littleberry Abington, married Mrs. Rosa B. Williams on April 3, 1829, in Halifax County, North Carolina. According to the Fayette County, Tennessee, Minute Book, Littleberry died before October 1, 1838. His wife, Rosa, married Starke Duprey on February 15, 1838. Littleberry left three minor children, Frances E., James L., and Hardeman A.
5. Hardeman Abington, married (1) Elizabeth Biggs, (2) Margaretter Blain.

Brother Hardeman Raises William and Sarah Whitehead Abington's Children

William, son of the elder Littleberry Abington and Sarah Moore, married Sarah Whitehead, and they migrated from North Carolina to Smithland, Kentucky.¹²³ Their daughter Eleanora, our line, was born in North Carolina, according to the census of 1860. They had another daughter, Clarissa. The family recalled that both William Abington and his wife, Sarah Whitehead, died young and that his brother Hardeman, the fifth child of the elder Littleberry and Sarah Moore, raised William and Sarah's children. It is not certain when this happened, but, by 1834, the families of Abingtons, Lowrys, and Biggses had migrated from the Carolinas to western Tennessee. The children lived with Uncle Hardeman in Collierville.

¹²²Ibid.

¹²³Information in this section comes from Russell, *ibid.*, pp. 321-22.

Hardeman Abington was born January 10, 1810, in Halifax County, North Carolina, and he and Elizabeth (Betsy) Biggs married February 15, 1830, in Edgecombe County, North Carolina. They are listed as living in Halifax in 1830. As counties divided, sometimes records were not too accurate as to the exact location.

Hardeman's wife, Betsy, died after 1836 and is buried in the Lowry cemetery in Collierville, Tennessee. She and Hardeman had three children, Mary, James, and Joseph. On October 26, 1839, Hardeman married Margaretter (Margaret) Blain, daughter of Nathan and Mary Perkins Blain, who had migrated from Albemarle County, Virginia. They had three children, William Thomas, Frances (Fanny) Cornelius, and Mary Eliza Abington. Frances (Fanny) was born March 6, 1850, in Shelby County, Tennessee. Perhaps my mother was the namesake of this Fanny Abington.

Because the families of Abington and Lowry were so closely connected, we will look at the records of how these pioneers influenced life in the town of Collierville. Tennessee was admitted to the union in 1796, but the area was still a wilderness. The boundary of Tennessee and Mississippi was not settled until many years later. The purpose of the Chickasaw Treaty of 1818 may not have been to settle the state boundary dispute, but rather to remove misunderstandings or dissatisfactions between the U. S. government and the Chickasaw nation. It did not do that either.¹²⁴ After the treaty, the Chickasaw nation resided south of the southern boundary of Tennessee, which was Mississippi. As boundary disputes continued, many of our relatives may have thought they resided in one state only to find later they actually lived in the other.

Hardeman Abington and W. A. Lowry were among the petitioners to help establish the town of Collierville (called Collier at the time.) They were also among those in the area who asked for a new county called Fayette, and it was to be formed or divided from Shelby, because of difficulty in traveling to the county seat of Shelby County, which was Memphis. In 1843 at a public meeting, Hardeman was appointed to a committee to lay out a new county. W. A. Lowry signed the resolution. The General Assembly, however, did not pass the act that would have been necessary to form the new county.¹²⁵

Again the names of Hardeman Abington, W. A. Lowry, and James Biggs appear on a resolution protesting a tax of \$250,000 on the citizens of Shelby County. While one

¹²⁴Ibid., p. 21.

¹²⁵Ibid., pp. 55-57.

railroad line was successfully constructed, the citizens were concerned over the tax for a new railroad line from Memphis to Louisville.¹²⁶

The Abington family acquired numerous acres of land in the area of Collierville. There was a spot, Lowry's Grove, that was one and one half miles from Collierville on Sycamore Road south of Highway 72. This was the place the stage coaches changed their horses, and it was known as Abington land.

The stage coach, one of the earliest and primary modes of transportation, had a stage line originating in Collierville. It ran to Old Wyatt, to Hudsonville, and to Holly Springs. The return trip to Collierville went through Chulahoma and Byhalia. The Mississippi and Tennessee connection was evident in this rout, because it left Collierville, Tennessee, and covered only Mississippi towns.

Today, the Stagecoach Stop log cabin can be seen in Confederate Park in Collierville and serves the town as a museum. The original structure was built by William A. Talley on what was known as Holly Springs Road. The log cabin was the point of embarkation, and, as stated above, the horse exchange was southeast on Sycamore Road at the Abington farm land. There were many owners through the years, but a provision in the deed at one time stated that "the old log cabin could not be torn down."

"The Miss-Ark-Tenn Packing Company eventually purchased the land and offered the structure to Collierville.... The cabin with its chimney inscribed '1851' was carefully dismantled and rebuilt as closely as possible. More than ninety-five percent of the original logs were used in its reconstruction."¹²⁷

A survey of the area was made in April 1853, listing every parent or guardian with the number of children between the ages of six and sixteen eligible for attending school. H. Abington listed two. There were 365 children of school age in the district. In 1854, District 10 of Collierville received \$130. "The allowance per student was 39 cents."¹²⁸

In 1858, the district received \$22 for the school system, and the teacher, Mrs. E. Stratton, received \$5.50 for the year for teaching in the common school. In 1859, only \$68.15 was allocated. There were private schools, but many were short-lived during the 1850s.¹²⁹

¹²⁶Ibid., p. 70.

¹²⁷*A Place Called Home* (Printed by Starr Toof Printing, Published by The Contemporary Club, Collierville, TN, 1999), p. 15.

¹²⁸ Russell, *Collierville, Tennessee, Her People and Neighbors*, pp. 185-86.

¹²⁹Ibid., p. 186.

Hardeman Abington in 1846 owned the parcel of land where the Collierville Christian Church had its roots. Then it was called the Nonconnah Church and was located on Chulahoma Road and Highway 72. It was part of the Chickasaw Cession land sold at Pontotoc. The membership of this church included some of the Lowry and Biggs families.¹³⁰

James B. Abington, the son of Hardeman and Betsy Biggs, was the first mayor of Collierville. The year was 1870, according to the charter.¹³¹

Membership lists for the Collierville Masonic Lodge 152 included Hardeman Abington along with William A. Lowry and J. T. Biggs.¹³²

Hardeman Abington was a large landowner in Collierville. He began to build his plantation home prior to 1860 and had almost completed it, with the exception of the upper and lower porches and columns, at the time of his death November 16, 1860. He is buried in Lowry Cemetery under the upright vault beside his first wife and his daughter. The vault was ordered at the time of his death, but due to the Civil War, it was not delivered until 1865. At that time, it was placed over the grave.¹³³

Those interested should read the Clarene Pinkston Russell's book, to which I refer above. Her information on the Civil War and its effects on Collierville brings to light the destruction that the North rained on the civilians. The town was almost destroyed. Just like other Southern towns, Collierville rose above the hardships.

Even though Uncle Hardeman was not a direct ancestor, he took his brother William's children to raise and so must have contributed to molding the character of his niece, Eleanora, our direct line. Eleanora married William A. Lowry, son of William A. Lowry and Clarissa Abington. Please continue with the Lowry section.

¹³⁰Ibid., p 237-39.

¹³¹Ibid. p. 284.

¹³²Ibid., p. 303-4.

¹³³Ibid., p. 322.

GRANDPARENTS OF LOWRY/VICK LINE

In this section, we find where my grandfather Lowry Vick received his first name—his mother's maiden name was Lowry. She was from Collierville, Tennessee, the place where she married William Henry Vick. This is another family which migrated from North Carolina.

≈ NINE GENERATIONS OF LOWRY DESCENDANTS ≈

William A. Lowry, married Clarissa Abington, parents of
William A. Lowry, married Eleanora Abington, parents of
Clarinda Abington Lowry, married William Henry Vick, parents of
Lowry Vick, married Lutie Olive Malone, parents of
Frances Lucille Vick, married Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., parents of
Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

William A. Lowry, the son of William A. Lowry and Clarissa Abington, arrived in Collierville, Tennessee, in 1838. He had migrated from Halifax County, North Carolina, where he was born August 8, 1815. He married Eleanora Abington, the daughter of William Abington and Sarah Whitehead, on April 4, 1839.¹³⁴

The earliest dates of the Lowrys settling in Shelby County, Tennessee, were found in the marriage records:

¹³⁴Clarene Pinkston Russell, *Collierville, Tennessee, Her People and Neighbors* (Town of Collierville, Chamber of Commerce, 1994), p. 363.

#376 February 1, 1824: John Lowry to Mary Wilcox

#543 May 26, 1846: J. T. Lowry to O. E. Allen

#1357 December 16, 1841: Isaac Lowry to Susan W. Lowry (John was surety for Isaac).

Tennessee was admitted to the Union in 1796, but it was not until the Chickasaw Treaty of 1818 went into effect that the western part of Tennessee was first opened to the many settlers awaiting their grants or claims of land.¹³⁵ Actually, it was not until the 1830s that this wilderness area took shape, when trails were used for passable roads, and the rivers and creeks were utilized for major transportation.

I was interested in the fact that a land office was opened on October 20, 1783, in Hillsborough, North Carolina, a few miles from my home in Durham, where claims could be made for tracts of land in western Tennessee. The General Assembly of North Carolina ceded its western territory to the United States of America in December of 1789.¹³⁶

The land grants of Tennessee were of three types:

- Those issued for service in the Revolutionary War or the War of 1812
- Those issued by the State of Tennessee, with the buyer paying \$.05 to \$.12 per acre
- Those that allowed a person to make a claim on land not then open, giving the claimant first opportunity to purchase it when it became available.¹³⁷

The first railroads were crude. The tracks were wood, and the cars were horse-drawn carts. The idea of an "Iron Horse" in parts of Tennessee was welcome, since it was such an improvement over traversing great distances over muddy, miry roads. During this time, W. A. Lowry arrived in Collierville.¹³⁸

Even though the steam engine was an improvement over horses, there were consequences in taxation. Shelby County residents were greatly concerned over the proposed project of a railroad line from Memphis to Louisville, which had a price tag in taxes of \$250,000 to the citizens of Shelby County. Again, W. A. Lowry signed a resolution asking the citizens to vote against the tax. Not one person objected to the resolution.¹³⁹

After W. A. Lowry's arrival in Tennessee, the family lived for ten years two miles east of Collierville at Nonconnah. I remember my grandfather, Lowry Vick, speak of

¹³⁵Ibid., p. 13.

¹³⁶Ibid., p. 12.

¹³⁷Ibid., p. 33.

¹³⁸Ibid., p. 67.

¹³⁹Ibid., p. 70.

the Nonconnah Bottom, and today the name *Nonconnah* is used extensively in the Memphis area. The boundary line between Mississippi and Tennessee was controversial for numerous years, and, at one time, Nonconnah was in Mississippi. One writer speculated that the place was named for an Indian chief, "Non Konnah."¹⁴⁰

We saw in the Abington section that W. A. Lowry, husband of Eleanora Abington, signed a petition to establish the town of Collierville and another petition, this one unsuccessful, to form a new county from Shelby and Fayette.

William A. and Eleanora Abington Lowry had thirteen children, four boys and nine girls. The oldest was Clarinda, my great-grandmother. My mother called her "Grand," and she remembered the family and supplied the names of the thirteen children. I have inserted the dates from census or cemetery records.¹⁴¹ All of the children were born in Tennessee.

1. Clarinda Abington Lowry, born about 1841, married William Henry Vick, the direct line
2. Sarah Elizabeth (Lizzie) Lowry, born 1842/3, married _____ Jay
3. William H. (Billy) Lowry, born about 1844, died at an early age
4. Margaret Josephine Lowry, born 1845, married James (Jim) Matison Anthony
5. Martha (Mattie) D. Lowry, born 1847, known to us as Aunt Ban
6. Thomas (Tommy) L. Lowry, born 1849, died at about age thirty
7. Mary Ophelia Lowry, born 1850, married John Henry Schrader, died in 1895, leaving many small children
8. Eldorado (Ellie) Lowry, born 1851, married Douglas Hart
9. Augusta (Gus) Lowry, born 1854, married Lizzie Gregg
10. Eleanora (Nora) Lowry, born 1856
11. Cora May Lowry, born 1858, who visited us with her sister Martha (Aunt Ban)
12. Forence (Rilli) Lowry, born 1859, died young
13. Jeffie D. Lowry, died at about age four

My mother said that two of the children, William H. and Thomas L., never walked. She speculated that they must have had a form of cerebral palsy.

In 1849, William A. Lowry relocated to the northwest in the Collierville area. In

¹⁴⁰Ibid., pp. 238, 363.

¹⁴¹Ibid., pp. 441, 499.

1853, when a survey was made to determine the number of school-aged children between the ages of six and sixteen, he was listed with five eligible children.¹⁴²

Some of the children's names can be found in records of Collierville Christian Church, which was an outgrowth of Nonconnah Church located at Chulahoma Road and Highway 72.¹⁴³

At the outbreak of the American Civil War, W. A. Lowry was appointed one of fifteen men at Collierville to the Home Guard of Minute Men for Civil District 10.¹⁴⁴

The people of Collierville felt the destruction and upheaval of the war. Memphis was put under control of the Union forces in June of 1862, and so lay the fate of Collierville because of its close proximity to Memphis. General Ulysses S. Grant wanted to make headquarters in Memphis, but he had stayed there only a short while before he was relieved by General William Tecumseh Sherman, who posted his own troops on the river banks in and around Fort Pickering.¹⁴⁵ Much destruction came to the citizens of Collierville.

A MASON AND THE CONFEDERACY. W. A. Lowry was a charter member in 1848 of Collierville Masonic Lodge 152. He was one of sixteen members and is listed as S. D. grade. Minutes record his grade as J. W. in 1861.¹⁴⁶ Belonging to a Masonic Order had its advantages. One of W. A. Lowry's daughters, Martha (Mattie D.), whom we called Aunt Ban, used to visit my grandfather's in Red Banks, Mississippi, and she told the following story. Mrs. Clarene Russell tells it better with more details, so I will use her version:

Aunt Ban was a young girl in 1862, and she stood at "the window of their plantation home when Yankee soldiers began to swarm over the farm.... Watching the Federal troops as they marched up the lane to their house, the Lowrys were soon informed by the Yankees that 'they were going to burn their home.' This frightened the young girl so badly she started shaking. A soldier noticed how scared she had become, placed his hand on her hand and said, 'Don't be scared little girl, we're not going to hurt you.' Her father, W. A. Lowry, gave the Masonic sign to the general, who was a brother Mason and he [the general] called his soldiers out of the house. During the war, the Masonic sign saved many lives, homes, churches, etc."¹⁴⁷

¹⁴²Ibid., p. 185.

¹⁴³Ibid., p. 239.

¹⁴⁴Ibid., p. 83.

¹⁴⁵Ibid., p. 91.

¹⁴⁶Ibid., pp. 303-5.

¹⁴⁷Ibid., pp. 105-6.

The Lowry Cemetery on Highway 57 in Collierville is the resting place for William A. Lowry, who lived to be seventy-five. He died May 21, 1890. Services were conducted by Millard Leake. His wife, Eleanora, joined him December 21, 1891. A number of the children are buried in the Lowry Cemetery.¹⁴⁸

The story of Clarinda Abington Lowry, who married William Henry Vick, is in the Vick section.

¹⁴⁸Ibid., pp. 363, 441.

GRANDPARENTS OF VICK LINE

Of all the families that I researched, Vick required the most time, energy, and communication with others. I worked nonstop on it for at least ten years and then continued for years while I worked on the other families. In this section, you will find the oldest generation to come to America and some stories that may interest you.

There is a span of about two generations that are not linked together. Courthouse records have been destroyed in fires, some during the Civil War and others due to everyday circumstances. Perhaps the records never existed. I do make some connections in the story, but the supposition must be proven before placing it in the records.

This is the family that I personally know in more detail than any other besides my own Shipp family. I lived a short distance from my grandparents. There was never a day, unless I was sick, that I missed going to their house, even if I just ran in the back door and out the front. It was my home, too. This is my story for the generation that remembers Papa and Grandma.

≈ EIGHT GENERATIONS OF VICK DESCENDANTS ≈

William Henry Vick, married Penny _____, parents of
William Henry Vick, married Clarinda Abington Lowry, parents of
Lowry Vick, married Lutie Olive Malone, parents of
Frances Lucille Vick, married Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., parents of
Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio and
Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

The Old Home Place

“Every dreamer knows that it is entirely possible to be homesick for a place you’ve never been to, perhaps more homesick than for familiar ground.”

—JUDITH THURMAN, “THE HAND OF DISTANCE”

On Christmas Day 1945, at the home of Lowry Vick in Red Banks, Mississippi, we had a new face at the dinner table. A young sailor from North Carolina joined in the bountiful feast. This visitor, Madison S. Yarbrough, Jr., of Durham, later became my husband. We had met at the beginning of my senior year at Ole Miss. Madison was with the Naval Officers Training Program at the university.

My grandfather, Lowry Vick, was a quiet man. I called him Papa. He always assumed the place at the head of the table. A meal at Papa’s house was special anytime, but I was somewhat apprehensive this day, since I usually did not include “boyfriends” in the group of aunts, uncles, and dozens of cousins. I had learned that this family loved to tease me, but I thought perhaps I had matured enough at nineteen to take their teasing, and it was Christmas.

To my surprise, this quiet grandfather became a conversationalist. Amid the country ham, turkey, dressing, sweet potatoes, ambrosia, fruit cake, and other dishes that only a country home can spread, he began asking questions of Madison. Where did he live? How far is Durham from Raleigh? Do you know where so and so is? At first, I surmised that Papa wanted me to feel at ease. Then he reminisced, “My father came from near Raleigh, North Carolina. That’s where the old “homeplace” is. The summer that I was fourteen, my father and I were going back to North Carolina to visit, but in June of that year, he died ¹⁴⁹ and I never did go to North Carolina.” After a pause, he continued, “In 1922, a cousin sold it for us.”

This North Carolinian had brought a flood of memories to our grandfather, who was reluctant to show his emotions. The fact that Madison was from North Carolina endeared him to Papa.

When I married and moved to North Carolina, on my every visit he’d ask, “Have you found the old ‘homeplace’?” I was interested, but with a small son and limited transportation, I looked only one or two times. I just didn’t know where to start.

In 1968, a neighbor, Laura Miller, invited me to come to her house and talk with

¹⁴⁹Papa was fourteen when they were planning the trip. He was fifteen shortly after his father’s death.

her husband W. R. (Spud), who traced family history. Inspired by someone acquainted with genealogy, and after gaining a little insight, I felt confident to start.

I had briefly looked in the Raleigh Courthouse for clues, so I decided to take the counties around Raleigh. Beginner's luck was with me. I chose Chatham County, with the county seat at Pittsboro. There was the deed signed by all the members of the family, Papa and Mama Lutie, Uncle Elijah, Uncle Gus, Aunt Sally, and all the living heirs of Uncle Ransom Vick of Arkansas.

But where was the land located? The registrar of deeds must have had the same job for eons, and he said, "I know who owns the Vick place." He gave me the name and address of the lady who had inherited it from her father, who was the purchaser in 1922. I discovered that Papa was correct about its being close to Raleigh. The land was within a few miles of Wake County, of which Raleigh is the county seat.

To make a long story short, I contacted this lady, Mrs. James Matthew Herndon, who then lived at 115 South Salem Street in Apex, North Carolina. She explained that the Jordan River Dam was to be built, water would cover the site, and she was selling the timber. The home was no longer standing. Armed with her directions, my husband and I made a Sunday afternoon trip to the location.

No, Papa did not stand on the land of his father and grandfather, but it must have been uppermost in his mind at times. Sometimes, I feel that I was destined to return to the "old homeplace" and at least feel the soil that my ancestors once touched.

The Search for Vicks

For almost fifteen years I searched for Vicks, examining deeds, courthouse records, and letters, along with oral information. I traced the lineage of several people. I had already begun the search when I received a letter from Samuel Bruce Vick, Sr., of Pope, Mississippi. He was an avid genealogist and equally enthusiastic letter writer, following every lead in pursuit of a clue to the Vicks. For years, he and I would trade information and leads with letters every day and some days, two or more. His story is interesting and worth including here.

SAM VICK, PINCH HITTER FOR BABE RUTH. Sam Vick, as he was known to Mississippians, was inducted in the Mississippi Sports Hall of Fame in 1968. He played professional baseball for thirteen years. He was a standout athlete at Millsaps College from 1914 to 1916 and was the "big gun" when Millsaps won the state college championship in

baseball. He batted .500 and he also had a perfect fielding record. Professionally, Vick's combined batting average was .319 for 1,285 games in both the minor and major leagues.¹⁵⁰

As an outfielder for four years with the New York Yankees, he liked to tell the story of being the only player to ever pinch hit for the immortal Babe Ruth. It was the 1920 season, Ruth's first in New York, and the Babe, whom all the fans had come to see, was due up as the next batter. The Yankees were trailing by three in the seventh inning, but three men were on base. Ruth was not able to take his place at bat due to an arm injury. When the announcer said, "Vick batting for Ruth," the crowd went silent. They must have groaned when this skinny kid came up to the plate. Sam remembers sliding into third with a triple. He had driven in three runs and the score was tied. Sam Vick was always quick to say, "I was hitting for Ruth in a pinch. It really was a substitution."¹⁵¹

Just as baseball was his life as a young man, the history of the family was his passion as he grew older. He had mountains of oral and some documented information that he shared with me. He had articles and letters from several family genealogists: Colonel Robert Arthur, Mrs. R. R. (Meta) Russell, Mrs. C. T. Asbury, and Angus Govan Vick of Belton, Texas, a first cousin of Sam Vick's father.

OTHER SOURCES OF INFORMATION. Valuable information on the Vick family can be obtained for a fee from the Old Court House Museum, Court Square, Vicksburg, Mississippi 39180. And Colonel Robert Arthur of New Orleans wrote an eighty-seven-page work, *Vick of Vicksburg* (1953), that provides much information. Colonel Arthur updated the book in 1959, calling the revised version *Vick* and adding names from Northampton and Nash counties of North Carolina.¹⁵² Much of this information centers on the Vicksburg, Mississippi line of Vicks.

As stated in this work: "Vick is an English name, and the Vicks of Stonehouse were represented at Minchin Hampton and Berkeley in Gloucestershire at an early date. According to tradition, they may have originated in Bavaria." Researchers have also written that the German name *Wick* was anglicized to *Vick*.¹⁵³ I have not checked any of this information.

¹⁵⁰Carl Walters, "Five Go into Mississippi Hall of Fame April 8," *The Clarion Ledger-Jackson Daily News*, Jan. 28, 1968. p. B1.

¹⁵¹Personal letters and interview.

¹⁵²Colonel Robert Arthur, *Vick* (1959). Copies of this seventy-page work may be obtained for a fee from Howard Tilton Memorial Library, Tulane University, New Orleans, LA 70118.

¹⁵³Research by Robert Arthur.

I do recall, though, that my great-uncle Elijah Vick always threatened us children with “Ole Krampus,” who would get us if we did not behave. What in his background prompted his memory to use the German tradition of Krampus? German children celebrated each year on December 5 and expected rewards from Ole Krampus—but only if they had been good.

In my files, I have a photo of the Vick coat of arms and also a copy of a letter from a researcher who had written to obtain an English coat of arms. The company replied, “We regret that we were unable to locate details of arms attributed to the Vick family from England. The only one on our records, which we located in *J. P. Rietstap’s Armorial General*, is from Bavaria, Germany.”

Joseph Vick, the Patriarch

Colonel Arthur’s work includes the story of Joseph Vick, who came to Virginia before 1674, to Lower Parish, Isle of Wight County. His theory is based on the first clear date, December 20, 1675, when Hodges Council deeded to Joseph Vick a parcel of fifty acres of land in trust for his daughter, Lucy Vick. In a letter, Colonel Arthur explains that Joseph probably married in 1674/75, had a daughter, named her Lucy after the wife of Hodges Council, which could imply that Lucy Council was a grandmother or godmother of Lucy Vick. He believes “godmother” would have been more likely. The will of August 9, 1699, of Hodges Council makes no mention of a daughter or any Vick grandchild.

Joseph Vick’s family settled near the land that eventually became Southampton County near the North Carolina line. Researchers agree that about 75 percent of the Vicks in the United States are his descendants.¹⁵⁴ Joseph Vick had the following children:

1. Daughter Lucy Vick, whom Colonel Arthur speculates was probably by his first wife, owing to a longer than usual time lapse between her birth, possibly eight years, and that of her eldest brother. Lucy apparently was the first wife of Thomas Parker, with no issue. All of Joseph’s sons were probably by his second wife.
2. Richard Vick, married (1) Sarah _____ and (2) Martha Woodward. He died in 1758, and his will is in Lower Parish, Isle of Wight County, Virginia (later divided into Southampton County).
3. Matthew Vick, who does not appear in early records, although the name appears in succeeding generations

¹⁵⁴ We were aware of two more Vicks who are definitely not our lines: James and Elizabeth, who landed in New York about 1830, and Carl Vick of Germany, who came to New York about 1850.

4. Robert Vick, married Sarah _____. He died in 1736. His will is in Nottoway Parish, Isle of Wight County, Virginia.
5. William Vick, married Elizabeth _____ (believed to have been a Newitt). William's will was probated in 1778 in Southampton County, Virginia.
6. Joseph Vick, died after 1732.
7. John Vick, who received a land grant of 100 acres of land in Isle of Wight County, Virginia, by patent dated March 23, 1715. On February 22, 1724, he received 100 more acres on the south side of Nottoway River adjoining his brother Robert Vick. On November 18, 1729, John and his named wife Catherine sold thirty acres of the Isle of Wight land to William Edwards, a grandson of William Newitt. By that time John and Catherine had moved to Bertie Precinct, North Carolina, where the document was signed. Catherine Vick was represented by power of attorney given to her "trusty and beloved friend Arthur Washington." In May 1742, John sold 300 acres of land in Bertie County, North Carolina. He does not appear again in records of Chowan, Bertie, or Northampton counties. It is conceivable that he returned to Virginia. Remember this name, John Vick, as a possibility that we may have ancestral ties.

The patriarch Joseph Vick received a grant of 320 acres on the Chowan River in Lower Parish, Isle of Wight County on September 22, 1682, for transportation of seven persons into the colony.¹⁵⁵ In 1682, he bought a parcel of land from Rowland and Ellen Berkley for 300 pounds of tobacco. The sons held extensive land and received a number of land grants both in Virginia and North Carolina, and their children are named in the wills.¹⁵⁶ As in many families, the names are repeated: Richard, Robert, Matthew, William, John, and Joseph are found in the brothers' families and those of their grandchildren.

Newitt Vick, the Circuit Rider

Our next story is of the Reverend Newitt (various spellings) Vick, great-grandson of Joseph, grandson of William, and son of William. He was a Methodist circuit rider and planter in Southampton County, Virginia, until 1796, when he left for North Carolina. After four years in the Old North State, with his family he journeyed to Mississippi near

¹⁵⁵The question arises: Joseph was in Virginia in 1674/75. Did he return to the mother country and again enter and receive a grant, as was customary, or was the payment late in being awarded?

¹⁵⁶Research by Robert Arthur.

the site of Fayette, probably after 1802. The first Methodist Conference in the territory of Mississippi was held in his house in Fayette. According to Colonel Arthur, Newitt Vick is listed in the second and fourth minutes of the Methodist Church in America.

The family moved again about 1812 to an Indian clearing called "Open Woods." Previously, the Reverend Newitt Vick had received patents to Sections 19, 20, and 28, T 16 R 3 E, when it was surveyed to establish Warren County, Mississippi, on December 22, 1809. Later, he had selected for his own residence the site of the present courthouse of Vicksburg but died before its completion. He made his will August 2, 1819. He and his wife, Elizabeth Clark, died within minutes of each other with yellow fever on August 5, 1819, and were buried at Open Woods, the site of an airfield constructed in 1942.

It would take pages to detail the legal disputes in the family of thirteen sons and daughters of Newitt and Elizabeth, with the City of Vicksburg in the middle. The case actually went to the Supreme Court of the United States, and the decision rendered on July 17, 1845, finally settled the estate. All of this information was systemically documented.

Colonel Arthur writes that the Reverend Newitt Vick was a respected gentleman. He was offered the first governorship of the Territory of Mississippi, but declined, preferring to continue as a Methodist preacher.

Vicks Vaporub

The next story jumps forward to the end of the nineteenth century. It answers questions I am always asked by family members about our connection to the famous Vicks Vaporub. In my files, I have a letter signed by Lunsford Richardson, Jr. IV,¹⁵⁷ on December 5, 1967, sent to Mrs. P. G. Vick, Jr., 6 W. Southampton Ave., Hampton, Virginia 23369. On the letterhead of Richardson-Merrell, Inc., which was formerly the Vick Chemical Company, he states that the company became a public corporation in 1925, when its stock was admitted to trading on the New York Stock Exchange. The Vick Chemical Company was started by his grandfather, Lunsford Richardson II of Johnston County, North Carolina, who became a druggist in Selma, North Carolina, in 1880. He moved to Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1891, where he developed and then marketed over his prescription counter a line of Vick Family medicines.

Lunsford Richardson had sunk his life savings of \$8,000 into the small Greensboro pharmacy but sold it to get money to found Vicks Vaporub. He said the name *Vick* on these products was used as a compliment to his brother-in-law, Dr. Joshua W.

¹⁵⁷Actual signature. Typed name under signature is "Jr" with handwritten "IV" in parenthesis.

Vick (1843–1900) of Selma, who was married to Rozetta Richardson, Lunsford's sister. According to an article in the *Durham [NC] Morning Herald*, Dr. Vick was his advisor and very close friend.

Richardson-Merrell, Inc. was sold to Dow Chemical in 1981. The family got \$80 million in stock and created Richardson-Vicks. They later accepted a merger offer from Procter & Gamble, and the family owns half of Piedmont Management Corporation.

William Henry Vick

Proof of our direct line with documentation begins with William Henry Vick, born in 1795 in Wake County, North Carolina. This information was in a Bible belonging to the family of his son, Ransom Anderson Vick of Arkansas. The supplier of the information in the Bible was Robert H. Vick,¹⁵⁸ the great-grandson of Ransom. Samuel Bruce Vick of Pope, Mississippi, shared the Bible information with me. The census record of 1850, Chatham County, North Carolina, verified that William Henry Vick was born in Wake County, North Carolina.

We find William Henry Vick in Chatham County, North Carolina, when he purchased land in 1818 from James Moore.¹⁵⁹ In 1841 he bought land from J. Lasater,¹⁶⁰ described as 260 acres on White Oak Creek. Sales of land were made to James Tedder in 1824¹⁶¹ and Long Burges¹⁶² in 1828. In this latter deed, mention is made of Richard Vick's owning adjoining land. Another land sale of acreage by the waters of White Oak Creek was made to Abel Nolan in 1837 and witnessed by Thomas Bell.¹⁶³ In 1842, 196 acres were sold to the highest bidder for debt to Bennet Lasater.¹⁶⁴

In 1850, William Henry Vick and wife Penny were listed in the federal census of North Carolina, Chatham County.¹⁶⁵ In fact, they are the only Vicks listed. The children of William and Penny were:

1. Ransom Anderson Vick, the oldest child. His name does not appear in the census record, but my grandfather knew him. He had his picture and spoke of Uncle Ransom often.
2. Emiline Vick

¹⁵⁸1457 North 41st Street, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

¹⁵⁹Chatham County, NC, Deed Book W, p. 349.

¹⁶⁰*Ibid.*, Book A-F, p. 12.

¹⁶¹*Ibid.*, Book Z, p. 248

¹⁶²*Ibid.*, Book A-A 1, p. 330.

¹⁶³*Ibid.*, Book A-E, p. 15.

¹⁶⁴*Ibid.*, Book A-F, p. 166.

¹⁶⁵1850 Census, Chatham County, NC, Sept. 4, 1850, p. 947.

3. Martha Vick
4. Malinda Vick
5. William Henry Vick, the direct line
6. Luciann Vick
7. Mary Vick

Sometime between 1850 and 1860, the two Vick sons left North Carolina and ended their journey close to the state line of Tennessee and Mississippi. The elder William Henry Vick had died. Other land was sold by his daughters and wife. The deed mentions the waters of White Oak Creek.¹⁶⁶

Sons William Henry and Ransom Vick

My grandfather said the brothers left North Carolina, because the land was too poor to grow cotton. An article in the *Durham Morning Herald* confirms this statement. A map shows White Oak Creek, Beaver Creek, and Little Beaver Creek as the area of the Vick home place and land. All the area on the map is the Triassic Basin, which is actually a soil region in North Carolina. "It began 190 million years ago, during the Triassic Age, when the land cracked open along the eastern seaboard. Ancient rivers filled the giant hole with soil—the rockiest soil at the edges and the densest soil in the center.... The Triassic Basin is better known for its effects than for its name. Its dense soil is the reason farming is poor in much of the Triangle area."¹⁶⁷

Ransom Anderson Vick and his brother William Henry purchased land from Thomas Bell on March 25, 1859.¹⁶⁸ (Thomas Bell married Rebecca Chapman January 27, 1815.¹⁶⁹) I cannot hazard a guess as to why this land was called the old Vick home place, but it was. Is this where the family lived all the time? It is where the parents, William Henry Vick and Penny, were buried.¹⁷⁰

The Vick home place could be reached, according to a letter by Mrs. James Matthew (Mabel) Herndon of Apex, North Carolina, with these directions:

In North Carolina from Highway 64, take Road 1008 at Wilsonville; travel past a railroad crossing (Seaboard), and at the second railroad crossing, turn left; follow the

¹⁶⁶Ibid., Book A-W, p. 508.

¹⁶⁷Bill Gilkeson, "The Year 2000," *Durham [NC] Morning Herald*, Feb. 21, 1982, pp. A1-A2.

¹⁶⁸Chatham County, NC, Deed Book A-L, p. 108.

¹⁶⁹Marriage and Deaths 1799-1825, *The Raleigh Register*.

¹⁷⁰Letter of March 26, 1970 from Earl Goodwin, son of William Henry Goodwin, grandson of William Henry Vick and Penny.

road and pass a creek and a curve to the right; to the left is a sawmill path, and this goes to the Vick land, crossing the Kelly property before getting there.

In 1970, there was a graveyard but no buildings left. A deed describes the land as in the fork of Big Beaver and Little Beaver Creek. My grandfather had said the home place was close to Raleigh in Wake County. As we traveled on Road 1008, we passed a tip of land that did lie in Wake County. Wilsonville is between Raleigh and Pittsboro, North Carolina, approximately twenty-five miles from Raleigh.

A project called the New Hope Dam was started in the 1970s and led to the present Jordan Lake. Mrs. Herndon was the daughter of A. L. Wilson, buyer in 1922. As owner of the property left to her, Mrs. Herndon said in a letter that the project would take all of the Vick land, so she sold it to Roberts and Lasater Lumber Company. All graves were to be moved, if they could be identified as graves.

The southwestern part of B. Everett Jordan Lake spreads into the area of the Big Beaver and Little Beaver Creek. There are wildlife areas left, and there is a possibility that the water does not completely cover the original Vick land. The Wake-Chatham County line runs through this area. The little towns of Bonsai and New Hill on Old US 1 are nearby to the south; to the east is the town of Apex.

When I returned after Jordan Lake was built, even Road 1008 was redesigned. The very old Ebenezer Methodist Church, along with a cemetery, had been moved and was facing in the opposite direction. My interest in the church stemmed from a letter from Mrs. Roy Farrar, who wrote that William Henry Vick had given money to the building fund of that church. Both Papa's father and grandfather were named William Henry, so it is not clear which one contributed to the fund. I believe it was the elder of the two.

Ransom Anderson Vick married widow Sarah Ann (Sallie) Abington Whitaker of Collierville, Tennessee, on February 28, 1856. This was three years before the purchase of the Bell property.

The actual date of the departure from North Carolina may not be known, but when Ransom Anderson and William Henry Vick made the trip, a very young boy made the covered-wagon journey with them. His name was Osborne Bell, and, in the 1940s, he delighted in relating the activities of the three weeks that it took to get to Mississippi. He was quite old by then, but he carried himself well. He had raised a family of his own in Marshall County, and he had returned to visit relatives in North Carolina. What impressed me was his full head of hair, much like the Afros popular in the 1960s and 1970s, but a gleaming snow white which framed his black skin.

In the 1980s, a man who was possibly his grandson, also named Osborne Bell, was elected sheriff of Marshall County. In the newspaper *USA Today* of May 9, 1986 was a notice from Holly Springs, the county seat of Marshall County. "Services are Saturday for pioneer black Sheriff Osborne Bell, fatally shot Monday while making an arrest. 2 suspects are in custody."

Notice the extensive use of the name *Bell*. A land purchase by the sons was from Thomas Bell. Thomas Bell, Jr., and Elijah Bell witnessed deeds. A deed dated 1745 may be found between George Bell of Edgecomb County, North Carolina, and Richard Vick of Isle of Wight, Virginia. It was signed by Sara Bell, witnessed by Arthur Washington, "the trusted and beloved friend" of Catherine Vick, wife of John Vick, one of immigrant Joseph Vick's sons.

Both of the first William Henry and Penny Vick's sons used *Bell* in their own sons' names. We might reason that Ransom Anderson and William Henry's mother or grandmother was a Bell, but that is purely a guess.

Ransom's wife, Sarah Ann Abington, who was born in Kentucky, had previously been married to William D. Whitaker on May 21, 1846. Their daughter, Sallie Withers Whitaker, died February 15, 1867.

Marshall County, Mississippi records show that Ransom bought land November 23, 1866, from Thomas Winburn. Deeds record that he sold it to R. D. Humphreys on November 24, 1887, ten years before his death.

Uncle Ransom made his home with his daughter, Ella Biggs, and her husband, G. F. Biggs, in Searcy, Arkansas, during his last years.

A funeral notice reads, "The friends and acquaintances of the family of Mr. Fred G. Biggs are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of Mr. Ransom A. Vick at 10 o'clock this morning. Owing to illness in the family the funeral rites will be conducted at Searcy Cemetery. Searcy, Ark. June 29, 1897."

Another funeral notice reads, "The friends and acquaintances of Mr. G. F. Biggs are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services of his wife, Mrs. Ella Biggs, at the Cemetery this evening at 4 o'clock. Services conducted by Rev. F. A. Jeffett. Searcy, Ark. August 2, 1897."¹⁷¹ G. F. Biggs and Fred G. Biggs are probably the same person. Ella Biggs was Uncle Ransom's daughter.

Besides the census records and family Bible names, in the Chatham County North Carolina Courthouse, all of the living heirs of Ransom Anderson and William Henry

¹⁷¹Copies in my files.

Vick were listed, when the land in the fork of Big and Little Beaver Creeks was sold November 1, 1922.¹⁷² There is a lapse of ten years from 1912 to 1922, when the heirs deeded to W. H. Vick, "a widower of Oklahoma County, State of Oklahoma," the land in order for him to sell it. This W. H. Vick was the son of Ransom Anderson Vick. Papa sold him his grandfather's bed for \$10.00. Notarized signed papers of the land deal are on record, and copies are in my files.¹⁷³

William Henry Vick, the younger son, is our ancestral line.

Exhausting Challenges

What did I learn during the fifteen years of research with Mr. Sam Vick? I was looking for the parents of the William Henry Vick, my great-great-grandfather, who was born in 1795, who was married to Penny and had many records in Chatham County, North Carolina. There were hundreds of Williams and dozens of William Henrys of the same generation and age, but none of them fit the line. I would trace a line, and, in so doing, I documented several groups of Vicks and shared that information with those groups.

I have been asked if I found skeletons in the family closets. Not really. George Vick of Durham said his great-grandfather was shot and killed by a neighbor because he voted for Lincoln. Another researcher found that an intoxicated Vick rode his horse up the front steps of the Nash County Courthouse and was arrested. Even though I enjoyed the search, I never found the proof that is required to officially establish a line.

Land grants offer clues as to the location of families and their offsprings. Fifty acres of land were allowed for every person brought to Virginia in the early colonial days. The average grant of land in Virginia during the Cavalier period was nearly 1,000 acres. After 1705, land grants had to be purchased.

Southampton County, Virginia, was formed in 1749 from the southeastern portion of Isle of Wight County, which had formerly extended from the James River to the North Carolina border. All precincts were declared counties in 1739. Part of Southampton County later became Brunswick County. Sometime later, Greenville County, Virginia, was formed, and the location is not far from Southampton. Very confusing to researchers.

My best speculation is as follows, but I have no proof. I have a hunch that our William Henry Vick, born 1795, is the brother of one Ransom Vick of Marshall County,

¹⁷²Chatham County, Pittsboro, NC, Registrar of Deeds, Book A-L, pp. 108-9.

¹⁷³The heirs deeded the parcel of land to William H. Vick, called "Willie," April 30, 1912, in order for him to sell. My grandfather identified him as a cousin.

Mississippi, who was born in 1793. Why? The dates are acceptable, but what is more important, usually the migration to another part of the country was precipitated by another family member's having been the pioneer. Ransom Anderson Vick and William Henry Vick went to Marshall County, Mississippi, where another Ransom Vick, possibly their uncle, had previously settled. Mr. Sam Vick was convinced that there was a connection. He would draw charts, pointing out similar names and dates of the descending generations. I would contend we needed proof, documentation.

When Papa and I were talking when I was a child, I asked him if he knew Bessie Vick who married a Bell. He said, "Yes." Papa never was one to elaborate on any subject, especially kinfolks. It was just a statement of fact that he knew the family that certainly did not live far from his father's old log cabin in Mississippi.

Bessie Vick Bell was a descendant of Ransom Vick of 1793, but I, as a child, did not have that information when talking to Papa. Later she gave Mr. Sam Vick the list of grandparents and said one of her grandfathers was John Vick of Brunswick County, Virginia. I have included her line but have not made formal connections.

The 1850 federal census of Marshall County, Mississippi, lists two Vick families.¹⁷⁴ One was Herrington and Lucy Vick, young adults born in Virginia. The other Vick family was:

Ransom Vick, age 57, white male, farmer, born in Virginia

Elizabeth Vick, age 39, female, born in North Carolina

Mary Jane Vick (Brown),¹⁷⁵ age 19, female, born in Tennessee

Augustus R. Vick, age 17, male, born in Tennessee

Julia A. Vick (Shoffner), age 16, female, born in Tennessee

Allen F. Vick, age 15, male, born in Mississippi

Eli W. Vick, age 12, male, born in Mississippi

Nancy Caroline Vick (Albright), age 10, female, born in Mississippi

Howell Ransom, age 7, male, born in Mississippi.

This Ransom Vick who was born in 1793 in Virginia married Elizabeth C. Vick in North Carolina, moved to Montgomery County, Tennessee, and later to Marshall County, Mississippi. He died in 1867.

The Howell Ransom Vick who was born in 1843 married Winnie Thompson,

¹⁷⁴1850 Census, Marshall County, MS, Oct. 31, 1850, Family 666.

¹⁷⁵Spouses in parenthesis.

and their children were: John Franklin born in 1869, Henry Augustus, Jesse Howell, William T., Ella (Williams), Emma (Broadway), and Minnie (Harper).

John Franklin Vick married Olive May Williams on December 1, 1890, and they had one child, Bessie May Vick. The mother died September 28, 1891, and two years later John Franklin married Eva Hooks, and they had ten children. Bessie May married Grady Bell, and her daughter, Olive May, attended the same school I did.

My point is this. The other Vicks lived very close to where William Henry and Ransom Anderson, our line, lived in Marshall County. In a name study, you will see a pattern in coming generations. Ransom, Augustus, Henry, Eli, William, and Ella were names repeated in both sets of families. When Mr. Sam Vick and I were working with hundreds of Vick families, only the John Vick family had children named Ransom. With our grandfather, William Henry, and Uncle Ransom Vick, the name was used for descending generations.

A marriage record of January 4, 1811, in Wake County, North Carolina, names Elijah Vick and Rehab Whitehead. These people are connected, but I have been unable to find the exact link. I feel sure that William Henry of 1795 could have been the brother of Ransom of 1793, but I cannot substantiate this conclusion.

When Bessie May Vick shared this information with Sam Vick and stated in a letter that the father of Ransom Vick of 1793 was John Vick of Brunswick County, Virginia, she questioned whether this John, who was born in 1688, and may have closed out some holdings in North Carolina in 1742 at approximately age fifty-five, could have been the ancestor of John, her great-grandfather. There definitely was a John Vick who made his will in 1787 and died in 1789.

I found more information to reinforce my belief that the two families are connected. A book about Collierville, Tennessee, brought to my attention how connected the town of Collierville was to the neighboring Mississippi County of Marshall. Collierville had a stagecoach stop on what was then known as the Holly Springs Road. Holly Springs, Cayce, Red Banks, and Byhalia, all in Marshall County, are a short distance from Collierville. Today, traveling down Highway 72, Byhalia Road and Red Banks Road intersect.

How does this influence the picture? Both Uncle Ransom and Grandpa William Henry Vick married in Collierville, one in 1856 and the other in 1866. In the book *Collierville, Tennessee, Her People and Neighbors* by Clarene Pinkston Russell, New Salem Cemetery on the Cayce Road, just a few miles into Mississippi, is listed as the resting place for many of the Vicks. Howell Ransom Vick, born July 13, 1844, died November

4, 1893, and his wife, Winnie Jane Thompson, born October 12, 1848, died March 19, 1879, are listed. His brother, Allen F. Vick, born February 14, 1836, died April 9, 1920, and his wife, Alice Hart, born June 19, 1858, died July 29, 1929, are included. The young Olive May Williams, the wife of John Franklin Vick, was buried in this cemetery. She was born May 1, 1873, and died September 27, 1891. This eighteen-year-old Olive May had a namesake who was a schoolmate of mine.

When our William Henry Vick enlisted to fight for the Confederacy, his address was Byhalia. These families surely were related, maybe not closely, but with the same roots.

On a website owned by Steve Vick honoring his family's Civil War veterans, he names his great-great-grandfather, Howell Ransom Vick, who was in the 18th Mississippi Cavalry. This is the seven-year-old boy listed above in the 1850 census. He also names the brothers of Howell Ransom and calls them his great-great-uncles. Here also is my great-grandfather, William H. Vick, Private in the 17th Mississippi Infantry, Company G, and he is labeled *cousin*; and to reinforce the connection, brother Ransom A. Vick, 1st Sergeant of the 10th Mississippi Infantry, Company I, is designated *cousin* also.

Let us return to the original immigrant, Joseph Vick. Remember the son John Vick. He went to North Carolina and may have returned to Virginia in his old age. He probably turned over his assets to his son John, who first appears in Virginia in 1749. This third generation John received a 394-acre land grant in 1749 and an additional 684 acres in 1766. In 1767, he bought a plantation and a tract of land of 382 acres on the north side of Beaver Pond Creek in Brunswick County, Virginia. In 1780 he sold the same tract of land to his son Howell Vick, with son John Vick as witness.

The third generation John appears on a list of persons who gave aid in the Revolutionary War according to a court order dated April 25, 1782. In his will he names both sons, Howell and John, as executors.¹⁷⁶ Howell was to receive, "125 acres of land lying on Beaver Pond Creek adjoining Captain Littleberry Robinson's and George Collier's line to come up to what is called the Rocks for a dividing line between the land on which I reside and that I cut off for him." His son John was to receive "the remainder of my whole lands." He wills John "ground to tend, also my still, and one large iron pot to him and heirs forever." He names six daughters and states that John shall find a home for them as long as they live unmarried. The will is dated February 19, 1787.

If this supposition is true, our line would be the immigrant Joseph, John (the

¹⁷⁶Copied in Emporia, VA, John Vick's will, February 19, 1787, p. 149.

second generation), John (the third generation), then either Howell or another John (the fourth generation), then our William Henry of 1795. Howell Vick had eight children, one of whom was referred to as John "of Nash County, North Carolina" in a deed where he and his brother Jonas received 192 acres from their father.

This is the point where I cannot prove the line. Perhaps someone in the future will take the challenge and verify or disprove it. This beginning will give another researcher some information that may be used.

William Henry Vick and Clarinda Abington Lowry

SON OF WILLIAM HENRY VICK OF NORTH CAROLINA. On May 27, 1861, William Henry Vick enlisted into the Confederate Army for twelve months at Corinth, Mississippi. He served with the 17th Regiment Mississippi Infantry Volunteers. Listed as a wheelwright, he participated in the First Manassas (First Bull Run) and Leesburg engagements. In two other battles, he was listed as sick; he was substituted on August 1, 1862. He was twenty-eight and single.¹⁷⁷ "The 17th Regiment Mississippi Infantry was organized in June 1861, of companies which had previously been in the State service and was mustered into the Confederate service for twelve months."¹⁷⁸

The regiment fought under D. R. Jones at First Manassas; in April of 1862 it contained 692 men. At that time the 17th Infantry Regiment was reorganized. During the remainder of the war, the generals in command were H. Cobb, Griffith, Barksdale, and Humphreys. After Leesburg, the 17th was active in the difficult campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia.

William Henry and Clarinda Abington Lowry were married November 20, 1866, by Elder G. Harris in Collierville, Tennessee. Clarinda was the niece of Sarah Ann Abington Whitaker, who had married Ransom Anderson Vick, William Henry's older brother. Sarah had died on July 7, 1864, and, according to the family stories, Aunt Sally, as they called her, had requested her niece, Clarinda, to take charge of her baby son, John Bell, later called Joe Bell.

The marriage bond reads: "State of Tennessee, Shelby County. KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: that we, William H. Vick and Benj. J. F. Owen of the County of Shelby and the State of Tennessee, are held and firmly bound to the State of Tennessee in the sum of Twelve Hundred and Fifty Dollars, to which payment well and truly to

¹⁷⁷General Service Administration, National Archives and Records Service, Washington, DC.

¹⁷⁸Ibid.

be made, we bind our heirs, executors and administrators, and each and every one of us, jointly and severally by these presents.

“Witness our hands and seals, this 14th day of November 1866.

(Signed) Wm. H. Vick by his Surety, Benj. J. F. Owen (seal)

Benj. J. F. Owen (seal)

“The condition of the above obligation is such, that, whereas, the above bounden William H. Vick has this day prayed and obtained a license to marry Miss Clarinda A. Lowry now if there is no lawful cause to obstruct said marriage, and for which license is desired, then this obligation to be void, otherwise to remain in full force and virtue in law. Attest: John Longers, Clerk. By John H. Fisher, D.C.”¹⁷⁹

My mother had told me that Clarinda was the daughter of William Lowry and Eleanora Abington. Mrs. Russell’s book about Collierville confirmed this.¹⁸⁰ W. A. Lowry, son of W. A. Lowry of Halifax County, North Carolina, was born August 8, 1815. He married Eleanora Abington, daughter of William and Sarah Abington, on April 4, 1839. William A. Lowry moved to Collierville, Tennessee, in 1838 and lived two miles east at Nonconnah for ten years. William A. Lowry died May 21, 1890, at age seventy-five and was buried in the Lowry Cemetery with services conducted by Millard Leake. Eleanora was born in Smithland, Kentucky, on February 28, 1822, and died December 21, 1891.

The Log Cabin That Grandpa Vick Built

William Henry Vick bought 200 acres of land in Marshall County, Mississippi, bordering the land of William Malone, from Thomas Winborn on March 14, 1868, at a price of \$900. His brother, Ransom, had purchased land two years before from the same Thomas Winborn.

Present-day historians would call their log cabin a “dog trot” house. The cabin originally had one room on either side with a sheltered open space in the middle. The open space was reserved for animal shelter. My own grandfather’s sister, Aunt Sallie Thompson, lived in the house as I remember it. Additions had been made, but I was fascinated by the structure.

Facing the house, at the left end, there was a tremendous chimney. The porch extended the length of the front with no railings. There was a swing on the left side.

¹⁷⁹Shelby County, TN, Marriage Records, p. 140.

¹⁸⁰Clarene Pinkston Russell, *Collierville, Tennessee, Her People and Neighbors* (Town of Collierville, Chamber of Commerce, 1994), p. 363.

The entrance, modified from the original, was a screen door with screen wire enclosing the entire middle section. To the left was a large room and to the right another room. Also on the left of this screened middle section, a stairway led to the upstairs, which was the size of the entire original house including the middle section. That room was floored, very clean, and, even though it lacked a ceiling, the roof was tight and the beams were pleasantly attractive. The smell of cedar permeated the entire room; many houses in the area were made of cedar. I saw old trunks, and Mama said Aunt Sallie had kept letters in them from her North Carolina aunt, Lucy Ann Vick Goodwin, who was the youngest sister of this William Henry. One letter brought the news that Lucy Ann's sister, Mary, had been killed when a ham fell on her.

Downstairs from the middle section was another screen door leading to the back of the house. The well with a real gourd dipper was under the roofed section in the back. A back porch was built with additional rooms to the right; to the left were the dining room and kitchen.

This kitchen could also be entered from the room to the left of the open center section. The additions were made of lumber, not logs. In fact, I think some of the original logs had been sealed with lumber.

The family recalled the flourishing fruit orchards and how the family lived independently. The self-sufficient attitude was ingrained in that entire group.

Aunt Sallie's room, the room to the left, was huge. Two Victorian beds stood in the corners, with a small enclosure used for a closet, along with other bedroom furniture and several chairs facing an old-fashioned fireplace, which was massive. There was a stairway that led to the upper portion. That room was the girls' room. It was separate from the other part of the attic (the boys' room), and the only exit was through Aunt Sally's bedroom. In later years, the situation was discussed with an explanation that the "girls couldn't slip out at night." A granddaughter exclaimed, "And where would they go?"

Because of the lack of a decent road, I seldom was there—perhaps six times in my life—but in the early 1940s, I spent a weekend with a cousin, Freddy Lois Shaw, Aunt Sallie's granddaughter. Aunt Sallie's son Aubrey from Florida was visiting, and on Sunday there was a feast for the entire group of relatives.

William Henry and Clarinda Vick had lived in this cabin for less than twenty years before the summer of 1887, when he and son Lowry planned to visit North Carolina. Grandpa Vick died June 10, 1887, of "undue exposure."

William Henry and Clarinda had six children:¹⁸¹

1. Elijah William Vick, never married (Uncle Elijah always used Bell as his middle name)
2. Sallie Eleanora Vick, married Lorenza Lee Thompson
3. Lowry Vick, married Lutie Olive Malone, the direct line
4. Mattie Vick, died at about age 12
5. Augustus, called Gus, Vick, never married
6. William Henry, called Willie Vick, died at age 22.

Many of the deaths were caused by typhoid fever, which the family referred to as "the fever." The dates did not coincide with the epidemic of yellow fever that took 5,000 lives in Memphis and 4,000 in New Orleans in 1878.

In the summer of 1966, my husband and I went to the log cabin home. The road was still almost impassable. We had a new automobile, and with the ruts and the low-growing limbs which protruded on both sides, I feared we would never make it. Two cars could have never passed each other.

The house was occupied by renters, but on that day no one was at home. We walked around the grounds, hoping someone would return; we knew the occupants. We left, hoping to return another year. The next year, I learned that the house had burned.

According to a deed of April 27, 1953, Lowry and Elijah Vick sold to G. H. Yarbrough for \$5,666.67, two thirds undivided interest in "land owned by our father... which we inherited from W. H. Vick and Mrs. C. A. Vick, our brothers Gus Vick and Willie Vick who died unmarried." In describing the location, we ascertained the property to be "278 acres of land owned by our father, W. H. Vick...on the South one half of the Northeast one quarter of Section 25, Township 3, Range 4 West... except 2 acres sold to Marshall County for right of way... 200 acres in the Southeast and Northeast quarter of Section 26, township 3, Range 4 West." The deed mentions one boundary as the old William Malone land, adding "the same land sold by Thomas Winborn to W. H. Vick." The Red Banks Creek runs nearby; water was essential before homes could be built.

Calculating the odd figure for the selling price, I believe the heirs of Aunt Sallie sold their part at the same time, making the entire price \$8,500.

To reach the old homestead, take Highway 78 from Memphis going southeast.

¹⁸¹Copied by Mamie Vick from original sheet from the family Bible owned by Gus Thompson of Red Banks, MS. Gus was a grandson of W. H. Vick.

Exit at Red Banks; turn right, which is south, on the Red Banks Road. Continue until you reach the Hernando Road. Turn left and travel a short distance to a narrow drive, which may not even be there at this writing. The house was located in plot 26 off the Hernando Road.

Son Lowry is our line.

Lowry Vick and Lutie Olive Malone

Lowry Vick and Lutie Olive Malone were married December 18, 1894, in the home of Uncle Dawson and Aunt Rosa Humphreys in Marshall County by J. B. Harris. Papa's brother-in-law, Lorenza Lee Thompson, witnessed the license.¹⁸² Mama Lutie's wedding outfit was a navy blue wool suit with taffeta trimming, which I am sure was the style in the 1890s, but Edna Earl, her daughter, wore it to a tacky party in the 1930s. Edna Earl invited me to go along to the tacky party, and my mother said I didn't have a costume. I said I'd wear what I had on, because it was tacky enough. That did not please my mother.

All of the other grandchildren said "Grandma," but I alone chose to call her Mama Lutie. She had lived with her grandparents and also her mother's brother and his wife after her mother, Frances Virginia Humphreys Malone, died in 1890. Her father, James Daniel Malone, had died in a hunting accident in 1886.

I am positive that Papa (Lowry Vick) and Mama Lutie had known each other for some time, because Uncle Dawson Humphreys had bought land from Ransom Anderson Vick on November 24, 1887, in the same vicinity. Mama Lutie said she intended to call Papa "Mr. Vick" after they married, as was the custom at that time, but his brothers laughed and teased him, so he refused to have her call him that. Their first home was the Vick log cabin home that his father had built.

Papa's mother, Clarinda Abington Lowry Vick, was a widow and lived in the home. Her sons, Elijah, Augustus (Gus), and young brother William Henry lived there along with Papa, who had carried the responsibility of providing for the family since he was in his teens. Even though his brother was older, he was the leader.

MOVING DAY. Papa and his new wife began life in the house that his father built, but in 1894, three brothers and his mother made it their home. Five of the couple's seven children were born there. In 1907, when the fifth child Louanna was three months

¹⁸²Marshall County, MS, Marriage Record Book, 1892-1895, p. 496.

old, Papa moved the family to Red Banks to a house located between what was the old Crook home and the Tracy Harris home. Uncle Elijah moved with the family, but Uncle Gus stayed with his mother and sister, who had returned home. Brother William Henry, called Willie, had died in 1901.

I asked Mama (Frances Vick Shipp) why they moved. She said that Aunt Sallie, Papa's only sister, had moved back home after the death of her husband, Lorenza Lee Thompson. Uncle Lee was only forty-three when he died Oct. 10, 1906.¹⁸³ The house was filled with children approximately the same ages in both families, and there just wasn't enough room to house two families, plus the extra adults.

In 1916 Papa sold the first house he had bought in Red Banks to Mr. Tracy Harris and bought the home that most of us remember. Mr. Samuel Thomas Power, born in 1849, had built this home. One of the former occupants of the home was the White family. Peg White Yarbrough's father lived there as a child with his sister, Minnie White (Keith). John P. McAlexander and his wife, Laura Ann Grier, were the residents in the years before Papa purchased it.

I have a yellowed newspaper clipping that gives some insight on the town of Red Banks at that period. To summarize, there were three churches, three dry goods stores, a post office, a cotton gin, a mill, a blacksmith, and wood shop, as well as a "good school taught by Mrs. Norfleet of Byhalia." The writer goes on to laud the efforts of the Union Missionary Society with Mrs. T. L. Harris, president. Its members had contributed to home and foreign missions, and to three orphanages they had sent \$40 to \$50 worth of ready-made clothing, cloth, towels, shoes, and fifty cans of fruit and preserves.

The article states that a school rally was held on Tuesday, May 23, 1916, for the purpose of consolidating five neighboring schools into one high school to be located in Red Banks.

The newspaper clipping continues, "Mrs. McAlexander has sold out her residence here and moved to Texas. Mr. Lowrey [sic] Vick having purchased her place has moved to it, Mr. John Malone has sold out to Mr. Hamlet Yarbrough, and is going to Cockrum, Miss., and Mr. Yarbrough is coming to it." To clarify these sentences, Papa (Lowry Vick) bought the house from Mrs. McAlexander; Uncle John Malone (Mama Lutie's brother) sold his home to Hamlet Yarbrough; Uncle John moved to Cockrum. Hamlet Yarbrough was the husband of Mama Lutie's sister, Aunt Callie.

¹⁸³*Cemeteries of Marshall County Mississippi*, compiled by Bobby Mitchell (Ripley, MS: Old Timer Press, June 1983), p. 88.

To visit the site of the Vick home,¹⁸⁴ take the Red Banks exit from Highway 78, go north on the George M. Yarbrough Memorial Road, continue straight at the crossing, pass the cemetery on the left and the Presbyterian Church on the right, cross the railroad, and the third house on the left was the Vick home. On a Marshall County map, where the land is divided into square blocks, it is in Section 12. The road divides Section 12 and Section 7. Papa owned much more land, but Section 12 was the home place.

The Seven Siblings

Mama Lutie claimed the number seven as her own. "Seven is my number. I was born on the seventh day of the seventh month in the year seventy-one. I married a man born in the seventh month in the year seventy-two. And I had seven children." She also died on the seventh.

The family consists of:

1. Frances Lucille Vick, married Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., the direct line
2. Lena Rivers Vick, married Emmett Hunter Crook
3. William Daniel Vick, married Jean Rebecca MacKenzie
4. John Malone Vick
5. Louanna Vick, married Kenneth LaClede Buzbee
6. Mamie Humphreys Vick
7. Edna Earl Vick, married James Edward Stanton

Frances was eighteen when Edna Earl was born. See Frances and Ervin in the Shipp section.

FRANCES LUCILLE VICK. For a quick snapshot of each child, I will start with Frances, my mother, born September 29, 1895. She was quiet and reserved. Being the oldest probably gave her more responsibility for the younger children. She had no problem with giving the orders, but how well they were carried out is another subject.

When she was sixteen, she caught the dreaded typhoid fever, which could have wiped out the entire family if proper hygiene had not been carefully observed. Papa hired a registered nurse from Memphis to come and take care of her. For six weeks, Mama had no contact with any members of the family. The beginning of the sickness

¹⁸⁴As of the year 2005.

was near the end of summer after she had gone to a camp meeting. She thought this was where she contracted the disease. Luckily, she recovered with no lasting problems.

She told me that when Papa bought the home in 1915/16, she spent about two weeks cleaning before the family moved in. And I'll bet no corner was left untouched. If anyone loved cleanliness, it was Mama.

She had friends and relatives in neighboring towns whom she enjoyed visiting. I have an article from the Marshall County newspaper stating that she was an attendant to the queen in a parade of a trade fair in Holly Springs. People have told me she was a very pretty young lady.

She was the maid of honor for Aunt Mae Elder when she married Uncle John Malone. A reception was held at Papa and Mama Lutie's house.

Continue with Frances in the Shipp section.

LENA RIVERS VICK. Aunt Lena's full name was Lena Rivers, and some of her friends called her Rivers. I believe they said the name came from a book. She never lived in Red Banks during my years there. She had married at age sixteen to Emmett Hunter Crook. I kept a small sample of her wine-colored velvet wedding outfit until I gave it to one of her daughters.

Mama said Mama Lutie would sit on the porch and cry because of the elopement of Aunt Lena, but I do know that Mama Lutie loved Uncle Hunter. I knew him to be a good Christian man. He was enthusiastic about the family birthdays. The first words after greeting you were, "Now you were born in 1926, and that makes you" Someone would interrupt, "Hunter, we know how old we are." He was very friendly. I feel it was a good marriage, because both of them liked people.

Their children were:

1. John Hunter Crook
2. Lura Malone Crook
3. Lowry Williams Crook
4. William Vick Crook
5. Mamie Lou Crook, died at the age of two
6. Amy Claire Crook
7. Mabel Lynn Crook

I loved Aunt Lena's visits to Red Banks with her family. She was quite a talker and always jolly, except after the death of Mamie Lou, her baby daughter. Then the babies, Amy Clair and Mabel Lynn, came into the world, and she poured her love on them. So did her older children, John Hunter, Lura, Lowry, and Bill. Lura's oldest daughter, Nancy, was a wee bit older than Mabel Lynn. That was the first niece I knew who was older than her aunt.

In 1938, the families came over in the late winter or early spring because of flooding of farms in Arkansas and Missouri. Uncle Hunter, John Hunter, and Rayford Eubanks, Lura's husband, stayed at their homes to care for everything, but the families were safe. The rising waters did not do much damage, and after several weeks they returned home. This was a special visit to me. It wasn't at Christmas or the summer, and there were three babies to play with.

Aunt Lena loved babies. She'd write about a new baby and she would add, "It's the prettiest baby I ever saw." She never saw an ugly one. Today, her daughter-in-law, Mae, wrote, "Wouldn't Lena be happy with all the new babies in the family?"

Uncle Hunter died a few years before Aunt Lena. She always commented on the fact that his heart attack was from stress caused by the new Interstate 40 construction that split his farm in Arkansas. She sold the farm and moved to West Memphis, Arkansas, near her daughter, Amy Clair. Her death came in 1966.

When my mother died twelve years later, I knew that Aunt Lena would be surprised when they met in heaven, because Mama had learned to talk as much as she.

WILLIAM DANIEL VICK. Uncle Willie was named for his two grandfathers, William Henry Vick and James Daniel Malone. He was called Will or Bill.

He and Gus Thompson, a first cousin, joined the Army during World War I. He stayed in the service until he was discovered to be too young, just sixteen.

He was such a likeable, delightful, incredibly witty person. He definitely had charisma. Tall, six feet or more, erect in statue, neatly dressed, he always wore polished shoes. If he came in at midnight, he sat and polished his long slender shoes while whistling a tune. He had an exceptionally fine handwriting; I observed him practicing to get just the right curves. I also watched as he used a straight razor for shaving. I gave the razor to his son in the 1990s.

Sometimes he brought friends from Memphis for bird hunting. In those days, after an afternoon of hunting, usually on a Saturday night, enough quail would be brought

home to serve the entire family, but Uncle Willie's favorite meat was fried chicken breast. Mama Lutie would fry the quail and make gravy and biscuits. She could feed a regiment with her biscuits.

Uncle Willie enjoyed playing baseball. Many summer Saturday afternoons, he would appear in his uniform and bring a group of friends from Memphis. He was a pitcher.

He married Rebecca MacKenzie, who was teaching Latin, among other subjects, at Red Banks. At first, I am told, they lived with Aunt Lena and Uncle Hunter, but my first recollection is of the home on Evelyn Avenue in Memphis, where Uncle Willie worked for Plough, Inc. The couple would visit us regularly, with their young son, Travis.

I was four and a half years older than Travis. At first, I was taught to call him Will Jr. for William Daniel Vick, Jr. Then I had to call him Travis when his name was changed. Uncle Willie called him Sonny. I enjoyed playing with him. I do recall that one day, while sitting in a little chair, he used a hammer on my head. But usually we got along well, and Uncle Willie and Aunt Rebecca were especially good to me.

Sometime around 1937 or 1938, Uncle Willie came alone. I think he had been laid off from Plough, and I think he and Aunt Rebecca had parted. Children were never told the details.

Uncle Willie was in a terrible automobile accident on Highway 78 just out of Memphis in June 1939. He seemed to recuperate, and he went to work for the Frisco Railroad in late summer. When health problems persisted, he entered the Railroad Hospital in St. Louis, Missouri, in October. By the end of November, he died of lung cancer at thirty-eight years old.

I remember going to see him and hearing the doctors explain his condition to his sisters. Papa and the rest of the family visited, and Uncle Hunter stayed with him the final week or so. He was buried in the Red Banks Cemetery.¹⁸⁵ William Travis Vick, the only child of this marriage, was adopted by Aunt Rebecca's second husband. His name is now William Terry Davis. He has two children, Mark, an airline pilot, and Deborah, married to the Christian pop singer Michael W. Smith.

Travis, or Terry as he is known today, is the last male to bear the Vick name. After his adoption, he became William Terry Davis. There will be no more Vicks to carry the name. Terry's second wife was the widow of Jim Reeves, who is best remembered for his clear rendition of country songs. Included in the list of 100 greatest country songs of the twentieth century was "He'll Have to Go" by Jim Reeves.

¹⁸⁵*Cemeteries of Marshall County, Mississippi*, p. 88.

JOHN MALONE VICK. Uncle John, John Malone Vick, was named for Mama Lutie's younger and only living brother, John Malone (Malone was her family's name).

John was a mischievous child who loved to pester his sisters. The girls would lock the doors when they played paper dolls, but he would find a way to blow under a door and scatter the dolls in all directions.

Of all the children, he was given the best opportunities. He was sent to finish high school at Slayden, because that is where he wanted to go, even though there was a high school in Red Banks. He went to the University of Mississippi and graduated from the Ole Miss law school in 1926. He entered politics and became a representative to the Mississippi legislature with 100 percent backing from the little town of Red Banks. I have the paper that was signed by the citizens. He served several terms and then became the senator for that district in Mississippi.

He rapidly rose to these positions, and just as rapid was his downfall. He ran again several times but never made the climb to the top.

Papa underwrote all his campaigns, and he relied for much of his success on the Vick name and family. Oh, he was a true politician, all right, with a gift of gab, very likeable, with social skills, and knew everyone, especially those in power circles. He never practiced law.

My mother had no use for the career of politicians or actresses, the latter posing no problem in this family. She thought all politicians were like Uncle John, who, when given a little power, became full of himself.

Maybe the power of the office was too much, but I think he never accepted responsibility as a mature man until after Papa's death and maybe not then. He was childish in his attitude when the world didn't suit him, and he resorted to temper tantrums reserved for the family, who generally just ignored him. My conclusion is that he was the same sixteen-year-old brat who added years, but not maturity, to his life.

Mama Lutie would say, "No one can raise a boy like my father." Son John surely needed parental discipline, because there was wonderful harmony among the children, except for him. Uncle John was thirty-eight when Uncle Sam called him in World War II. After basic training in Arkansas, he was sent to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, where he worked in a hospital. He was amused that, in this colder climate, the girls wore long-johns to the dances. His discharge came in less than a year, but I think he relished the experience.

Shortly thereafter, he became a security guard at Cordova, an ammunition plant

near Memphis. The war ended and he settled down at Papa's house, farming a little, caring for the horses, and attending odds and ends.

He was always good to me, and he loved children. My son, Matt, remembers the wonderful times he had with the horses, especially Bobby Sox. Matt would sit on the front porch for hours just to listen to his quaint expressions.

"Uncle John," Matt would start, "why don't you buy a Cadillac?"

"Why don't monkeys fry eggs?" was the reply.

"Well, is it too expensive?"

The answer, "Is a bean green?"

This conversation would continue along other lines, and you would hear Uncle John describe some woman with, "You know, the one with kill-dee legs." Then the two would eat homegrown peanuts that Uncle John had shelled, removed from their husks, and parched just right, or perhaps eat popcorn that he grew just for the children.

Uncle John would say the shortest two weeks of the year were the two weeks that we spent our vacation in Red Banks.

After Papa's death he continued to live in the home place. His death was caused by lung cancer. He was never married. He too is buried in Red Banks Cemetery.¹⁸⁶

Yes, both he and Uncle Willie smoked.

LOUANNA VICK. Louanna, whom I alone called Annie, attended school in Red Banks, and she and her younger sister, Mamie, went to Mississippi Synodical College in Holly Springs.

She had started dating Kenneth LaCledé Buzbee, son of the superintendent of the high school. That romance continued throughout the college days and until he graduated from Ole Miss with a degree in engineering. At his high school graduation exercises, the subject of Uncle Clede's speech was "The Working Hypothesis of Memory in the Economy of Life." Rather deep for a teenager.

Louanna taught grammar school in Arkansas, but she often said she would have loved teaching more, if all the students had been as smart as Bill Crook, her nephew. After a year or two of teaching, she began working in the office of Sears, Roebuck and Co. in Memphis and remained there until her marriage.

She had a home wedding. Her long dress was an ice blue lace. The attendants were in summer organdy with large floppy hats. Mamie, maid of honor, wore pink, Edna

¹⁸⁶Ibid.

Earl, pale green, Dorothy Power, lavender, and Winnie Hatcher, yellow. Uncle Willie lit the candles. They kept teasing Annie about Uncle Clede's being overweight, but that did not faze her then and it never did.

You see, it was my first wedding and I was greatly impressed. Later, I would hide and cry, because at five years old I couldn't understand how Annie could marry and leave.

The children of this couple were:

1. Mamie Nell Buzbee, died at birth
2. Charlotte Anne Buzbee
3. Anita Carole Buzbee

Uncle Clede taught school, first in Auwood, then in Taylor, where he was the girls' basketball coach. Sometime after the birth of Charlotte, he became the principal of Abbeville School. He continued to coach. (Anita) Carole was born while they lived in Abbeville.

The family moved to Memphis during World War II, and Uncle Clede later resumed teaching math and science, thirteen years at South Side High School and six years at Kingsbury High School.

Annie went to work in a department store office after the children were older. There she remained until the death of Uncle Clede. Upon retirement, Mamie came to make her home with her sister.

Annie must have inherited some of the talents for sewing and all handiwork. She had the ability to make any type of clothing for herself and her two daughters. I remember that she made the dress for Dorothy Power when she was vying for the title of "Miss Ole Miss."

Her crochet pieces were perfection. When people age, they tend to quit hobbies that were less appealing, but Annie would sit for hours and work that thread into beautiful Christmas stars. Many Christmas trees are adorned with "Annie's stars."

She was a very special aunt. I saved letters, birthday cards, and valentines that she sent to me early in life, and that closeness continued throughout her life. I kept her abreast of my family's activities. Kindness and a deep faith in God were embodied in her character.

In 1954, when I learned that Annie had cancer, I sat by the telephone crying. My son, age six, asked what was the matter. I told him, and, in his innocence, he said, "Don't you know God is going to take care of Annie?" Yes, God did, and he did a good job. She did not die of cancer but lived a long life.

MAMIE HUMPHREYS VICK. Mamie Humphreys Vick was the sixth child. Mama Lutie's mother was a Humphreys before she married a Malone. Mamie said that her sister Frances, who was my mother, named her for Mamie Power (Woods), because "Sister admired Miss Mamie."

She was the valedictorian of her high school graduating class of May 21, 1926. Mamie, too, went to Mississippi Synodical College in Holly Springs and taught school in Arkansas, just as Louanna did. The difference in the two sisters is that Mamie continued with teaching. It became her life's work and joy.

Her first degree was from Memphis State Teachers College (later changed to Memphis State College, Memphis State University, and, in the 1990s, Memphis University.) Her master's degree came from the University of Mississippi.

Teaching second grade was her choice for many years, first in Holly Springs, later in Clarksdale. While in Clarksdale, she was promoted to principal of the new Heidelberg Elementary School, and there she remained until retirement.

I am glad that Mamie was in Holly Springs while I was growing up. Even though I was a growing child, I never became tired of being around her. She taught me to read, but the lessons in life that she taught were far more important. She would sit and play the piano while I requested songs, all except "Nearer my God to Thee," which reminded her of the *Titanic* and its tragedy. Sometimes the members of the family would gather and sing. Mamie, Annie, and Edna Earl had very good voices, and Daddy loved to sing bass.

Mamie and I decorated Christmas trees and made cakes, the only thing I could cook when I married. I "helped" when she wrapped Christmas gifts. There was no transparent adhesive tape, and ribbon was essential to hold the package together. I would put my finger in the middle as she tied it and made the bow.

As a small child, I was ready for a present when she arrived, and her choice was always something that I knew she put thought into. She made sure that I didn't fudge on the time when taking daily sunbaths. Believe it or not, the doctors ordered sunbaths as an asthma remedy. Two hours every morning, from ten until noon. It is a good thing that I am a brunette, or I would be a candidate for skin cancer. We made Greyhound bus trips to Memphis twice a week in the hot summertime in order for me to get shots for asthma. Other members of the family would accompany me, but Mamie went most often. She took me with her on other trips that I would have not otherwise have been able to take. She was so much a part of my life, but, as the other nieces came along later, they also felt the love of this remarkable aunt.

When I had the part of the queen in a fifth grade school play, I told Mamie that I was going to go on stage with my "ancestors," meaning attendants. She had a good laugh over that slip. Or was it really a slip? A great portion of my life has been spent in search of ancestors.

I will always give her credit for my making good grades in college. Before I left that fall, she said, "Now, young lady, you have made A's in high school, but don't expect to do so in college. It is much harder." That was all the challenge that I needed. For the first six weeks of my freshman year, I studied as never before. After that, it was a breeze.

She had a quick wit and could always see humor in serious situations. People enjoyed being around her. She possessed an avid interest in understanding children. She was straight and impartial.

While principal, one of her teachers reported that a kindergarten student had called the teacher "an old cuckoo bird." Mamie surmised that the student was smarter than the teacher. "She *was* an old cuckoo bird."

A teacher sent a little boy to the office for some infraction. Mamie asked why he was there. To this, he innocently said, "I've come to sing for you."

"Well, strike up a note," was her reply. After the child sang a nice song, they both walked to the room. The teacher was shocked when Mamie said he sang. Mamie later laughed at the cleverness and his ability to handle the situation.

She missed the classroom while principal, but she knew every student by name and made sure she kept in contact with each one. From all reports, the parents liked her very much. Her reputation was one of fairness, and she understood that all children must be taught the basic subjects well, in order to further their education.

None could top her when it came to letter writing, which today has become a lost art. When Mamie wrote a letter, you felt that you had just had a visit home. She was not the bearer of bad news, but, even if she had to describe some sadness, she did it with compassion. One could not help but be lifted up after reading one of her letters.

After Papa died, she and Uncle John remodeled the home place, and she spent the summer vacation there. The entire front of the house was preserved as originally built. The front two rooms were used as bedrooms with baths, the hallway was kept, but the rest of the area was changed, using part for a large den and kitchen and eating facilities. Part of the house was moved or torn down in order to have a home that could be heated and cooled. After Uncle John's death, Mamie kept the place liveable, even though she could not be there all of the time.

After she moved to Memphis with Annie, both of them would go out to Red Banks in the summer. Visiting with Ann Kizer and Betsy McAlexander, Ruby Goodman, and Octie Power was a joy. There were meals shared and card games, and someone would always have a new game that had to be learned. October came too soon, and the house had to be winterized.

Annie and Mamie decided to move to an apartment in a retirement village. Annie sold her home on Sandra Street in Memphis, and Mamie sold the home place at Red Banks to a younger couple around 1991.

Mamie was unmarried, but she was showered with love from her family and especially her nieces. For years she kept in touch with all of the family as it grew. Most of the younger ones called her "Nanie." Carole, Louanna's daughter, attended to her needs. Nanie told me, "Carole would breathe for me if she could."

EDNA EARL VICK. Edna Earl received her name, so I am told, through my mother, Frances. There was a novel titled *Saint Elmo*, and Edna Earl was a character in the book.

Being the baby of the family, she received a lot of attention. From an early age, she was always ready to go, just go. She kept the household in the ready mode.

Her best friend was Dorothy Power, and Dorothy was just as much at home at Papa's and Mama Lutie's house as at her own. They were forever arranging parties: tacky parties, bridge luncheons, scavenger hunts, Sunday school outings, wiener roasts, or just simple gabfests among friends. They took part in plays at the school and in town, and after high school, they were active in the Marshall County Centennial Celebration. They both graduated from high school on April 15, 1932. Dorothy played a piano solo, and Edna Earl performed "The Bells of St. Mary's" with Bennie Wright.

One winter when Uncle John was in the state legislature, they went to the Mississippi Governor's Inauguration Ball held in Jackson. I suppose that was a preliminary run for Dorothy, because her father-in-law as well as her husband became governor, the two Paul Johnsons. Edna Earl was the maid of honor for Dorothy in her first marriage, to Jimmie Simpson.

Edna Earl was a bundle of energy when she wanted to accomplish any task, and she would attempt the unthinkable and succeed. Once she refinished scores of pieces of household furniture and successfully engaged most everyone else in the chore.

She attended Memphis State and then started working in the office for Sears,

Roebuck and Co. in Memphis. She absolutely spoiled me, bringing me presents every time she came to visit, and that was almost every weekend.

I don't know when she met Jimmie—James Edward Stanton—but she married him on May 5, 1939. Two days later, on the seventh, Mama Lutie passed away. They honeymooned later in Chicago, and I remember they had a brand new car, possibly a Chevrolet, that cost about \$700.

She entered marriage with the same optimistic attitude that had carried her to this point. Her five daughters were little stair steps, the youngest a year or two older than my son. I asked her, "How can you find the time for five, when I have trouble with just one?" She replied, "You spend all of your time with one child, and you spend the same on five." It was simple with her.

After her children were older, she went back and finished her last year at Memphis State, received her degree and teaching license. She taught until retirement.

Looking back, one can see that she and Jimmie were soul-mates. They both liked to travel and see new places. Her daughter wrote me that her mother had broken her arm and had driven herself home before she called for help. "Nothing Mother does surprises me," she said. Edna Earl was in her late seventies then.

The children of Edna Earl and Jimmie were:

1. Shirley Anne Stanton
2. Norma Ruth Stanton
3. Barbara Jean Stanton
4. Betty Lou Stanton
5. Anita Louise Stanton

Edna Earl could be described as good as gold, an available help if you needed her, pleasant, with a quiet, controlled demeanor, but ready for a good laugh when the occasion arose.

SADNESS COMES TO THE FAMILY. I was twelve when Mama Lutie died with a heart attack before she reached her sixty-eighth birthday. She had been ill for about two years and had stayed in the hospital several times. Very little was known about heart problems in 1939, and the only instructions were complete rest. For almost two years, she did very little. What a change from that policy in 2005!

The family of Mama Lutie and Papa was healthy. Today we hear of many odd

diseases, but not in this family. There were no diabetics in the bloodline that I am aware of, very few appendectomies, no gall bladder operations, no unusual maladies. In fact, I cannot recall a broken bone. As the years progressed, cancer took its toll; four out of seven children had cancer.

Papa lived until April 9, 1962. He would have been ninety years old on the following July 2. Papa and Mama Lutie are buried in Red Banks Cemetery.¹⁸⁷ Papa's will may be found in Holly Springs, Mississippi, at the Marshall County Courthouse.

CORRECTION TIME The death certificates of both Papa and Mama Lutie are incorrect. The name on Papa's death certificate¹⁸⁸ is wrong. It is written as Thomas Lowry Vick. Papa never had the name *Thomas*, nor did he have a middle name. It was Lowry Vick. Nothing else! The informant's name on the form was his daughter, Edna Earl Stanton. I am told that she discovered the mistake later and tried to have it corrected, but was told that it would have to be by court order. Cousins who were there at the time of death reported that they overheard Edna Earl's husband helping with the information. Mamie Vick wrote in a letter that Papa never had but one name and that was Lowry. I know that to be true, and my brother, Ervin, will verify this fact. Mamie attributes the error to the funeral home. His birthdate is in error also. Papa was born on July 2, 1872, not on the third.

My grandmother's death certificate¹⁸⁹ contains a series of incorrect items. My uncle John Vick is listed as the informant, and I suspect he did give the answers. Could he have been upset or perhaps indulged in one too many with Deaton McAuley, son of the doctor?

Below is the correction, and I affirm that the information is true.

DEATH CERTIFICATE NUMBER 08969-39 FOR LUTIE MALONE VICK

| <i>Item Number</i> | <i>Incorrect information</i> | <i>Correct information</i> |
|--------------------|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 6. Name of husband | Lowery T. Vick | Lowry Vick |
| 7. Birth Date | (Blank) | July 7, 1871 |
| 8. Age (at death) | 65 | 67 years |
| 12. Father's name | John H. Malone | James Daniel Malone |
| 14. Mother's name | Don't know | Frances Virginia Humphreys |

¹⁸⁷Ibid.

¹⁸⁸State of TN, Department of Public Health, Nashville.

¹⁸⁹State of MS, Mississippi State Department of Health, Vital Records, State File Number 8968, Registrar No. 97.

In 1989, I was preparing an affidavit in an effort to correct the document. After several letters, the Mississippi State Department of Health, Public Health Statistics Division sent a letter stating that according to Section 41-57-13 of the Mississippi Code of 1972, without the signature of the informant and the funeral director, an order from the Mississippi Chancery Court would be required. Since Uncle John was dead, we would have to go to court in Mississippi. Living in North Carolina, that posed a problem.

Mama Lutie did not fare too well as a child in the 1880 census.¹⁹⁰ The information is correct concerning her mother, father and sisters Anna, Sallie, and Jeannie, but she is listed as "Lewis" and a male. I believe the census taker heard the name *Lutie* and assumed she was a nine-year-old boy, named Lewis for an uncle.

Mama Lutie and Papa's House

The following account of life covers a number of years, but mostly the early 1930s. Mama Lutie died in 1939 due to a heart condition, and, what with several hospitalizations, she was not able to do any of the housekeeping described here for her last two years.

A FARMER AND LAND OWNER. Papa was a cotton farmer, but that was only a part of his life. I know that earlier, he had put in the long days of labor that were required to fill the needs of his family. He had already started the routine while living with his mother and brothers in the log cabin. My mother remembered that on many Fridays in the cooler months, he slaughtered beef in the late afternoon and left for Holly Springs in a wagon about two o'clock on Saturday morning. He sold the beef. I don't know if he sold to stores, but you can be sure he had the customers ready to accept before he ever started.

In the thirties, he sold cattle on the hoof. He occasionally butchered one, using some of it for food and selling the balance. He sold the surplus of anything he raised, whether it was vegetables, watermelons, milk, butter, eggs, chickens, you name it. The family consumed a lot, and he never denied them anything just so he could have something to sell. When his children came to visit, especially the ones without gardens, he loaded their cars before they left. I would see him coming around the back of the house with tote sacks and open the trunks and put in the bags. Then on a second trip, he'd add a watermelon or potatoes.

He could not have accomplished so much without the help of his brother Elijah, who never knew what it was to rest. We all marveled at his work habits. Uncle

¹⁹⁰Desoto County, Mississippi, Beat 1, Call No.V5/ED48 sheet 26, line 23.

Elijah milked, chopped wood, fed and watered the animals, repaired or built fences, plowed, hoed, and did whatever had to be done. Papa was fortunate to have him and he was lucky to be on Papa's team. He was not a businessman. Uncle Elijah was not stupid; he was happier right at home. Sometimes I would ask him why he didn't go somewhere. I didn't get much of an answer, but he did not like large groups and was a very private person.

Papa bought land, but he also sold some at times. I noticed that his farms in the county were labeled so-and-so's place. He rented out this acreage to various blacks and whites, and I feel sure that the rent was paid yearly in cotton. As far as I know, he did not "carry" them, meaning give credit or cash for living supplies until the next harvest. (The stores did that.)

On several plots of ground, he cultivated the land, some for cotton, and others for the produce "patches." Day labor was used. Usually a farmer would hire the same black people year after year. This was arranged in advance, and it appeared to me that many went from farm to farm. In the 1930s, the field hands ate at the house, but, by the 1940s, many brought their own lunch. It probably was after the thirties, when the acreage for cotton was measured by the government and assigned to the farmer. I know it was standard practice in the 1940s. Then, a farmer could group his acreage on one big plot of land if he wanted. He could also rent out his acreage. That is what Papa did in his latter years.

At his death, he still owned the Sutton Place of 154 acres, the Malone Place of 160 acres, the Walker Place of 160 acres, the Kizer Place of 110 acres, the Guy Place of 101 acres, and the home place of 80 acres, and had money in the bank. No one called him "land poor," but, to be sure, he watched every penny of his money. That was the way he was raised, and that was the way he died.

Mississippi Memories and My First Sixteen Years

The large wood-burning cookstove stood supreme. You could almost hear it boast of its part in the holiday festivities. Holiday or Monday, it was the center of the kitchen happenings. There was a large wood box out of sight behind the stove, with room for two or three cold souls to warm themselves or to play games. As a child, I spent hours back of the stove.

In one corner of the kitchen, a wooden bread tray was waiting for Mama Lutie, our grandmother, to rhythmically sift the flour. I marveled how the sifter responded to

her fingers. Just as quickly, she added the ingredients, and the dough became a ball to be caressed and patted. The wooden rolling pin would slide up and down the dough to exactly the right thinness, and the cutter effortlessly made little round indentures in the dough. Mama Lutie lifted each piece into a pan and placed it in the oven of the hot awaiting stove. If I asked, she would hand me a piece of dough to knead and make my own. Likely as not, the dough would turn brown with dirt as I patted and cut it to death.

The stove had a fire box that kept the oven and the surface hot. For either a hot temperature or a cooler one, Mama Lutie knew exactly how many sticks of wood were needed and how often. On the left side of the fire box was a rectangular boiler that contained many gallons of water. It also had to be refilled. I would hear Mama Lutie's voice, "Elijah, don't pour that cold water in that boiler now." She meant that the fire box would crack, if cold water was put in it when the stove was too hot. The surface of the stove contained a variety of temperatures. The hottest point was directly above the fire box, and the temperature decreased as you moved to the right. You could stand on the right side and place your hand on the warm stove.

Above were two closed compartments, known as the warming closets, excellent for letting dough rise. After a long day at school, my brothers and I found many goodies left for the starved after-school bunch. Ervin, my eldest brother, has often remarked, "Grandma was the best woman in the world." She would let us eat anything in her kitchen or play with her utensils, and certainly we must have been in the way, but she never said, "Don't," or "Run along." My siblings and I would never dream of going to school without stopping by, or of bypassing the house on the way home from school or anywhere else. What a blessing to have the opportunity to live close to our extended family.

MONDAY MONDAY. On a table next to the door leading to the long back porch were three water buckets filled to the brim with water from the cistern. After a rain had washed the debris from the roof of the house, the drain into the cistern was opened, and the good clean rains were caught through a mesh strainer from the gutters. In the driest of summers—and there were many dry summers—we never ran out of water, and I never heard anyone fret about it. Of course, water wasn't used for many unnecessary chores, but after supper, the flowers in the front of the house were given a drink.

A large safe with tin doors, not the smaller pie safes, stood in the kitchen alongside various work stations. The safe really acted as a storage cabinet with a drawer in the

middle and held all types of cooking utensils. You could always find leftover biscuits in a covered pan. The dog enjoyed them. I never remember a leftover biscuit being served, but I know they were used in bread pudding.

The largest barrel that I had ever seen was kept behind the door to hold the soiled laundry waiting until Monday, which was wash day. There were a number of black women who helped with laundry in the community; some accomplished the task in their own homes and delivered the finished ironed product. I can only remember three that helped Mama Lutie at various times. They were paid and hired for the job. Sarah usually brought her niece, who was in her very early teens, and she would hang out clothes to dry as quickly as any were ready. When the lines for drying were full, the garden fence was used. Sheets dried quickly, and that space could be utilized again. The help was free to go when everything was on the line.

The females in the house stripped all beds on Monday in order for the bedding to be laundered. If rain made it impossible to wash on Monday, the chore waited until another day. Of course, that threw the schedules off for routine tasks such as ironing. But washing needed to be completed in the morning so there would be time for the sun to dry the clothes in the afternoon. Starch was boiled on the kitchen stove and left to cool. It was used last for the starched pieces, and they were hung to dry. The tin tubs were brought out and placed on tables and benches in the yard. An available male would draw water from the cistern to fill the tubs and the pot. A fire was lit under the old wash pot. The scrubbing began on the rippled washboards with P & G soap. I never learned the entire routine, but this was before detergent and bleach. The white clothes were boiled, and they stayed white with the magic of the sun. Bluing was put into the rinse water, and I was allowed to swirl it with my hand as the crystal clear water formed blue curling waves, fading into a solid blue sea. If the work was complete by noon, you were lucky; but complete or not, the noonday meal was on the table, piping hot. The Berkley¹⁹¹ bell sounded the time at 11:30 A.M., and all the farmhands came from the fields, unhitched the animals, and fed and watered them. Then all the folks came to eat. After stomachs were full, it was siesta time. Of course, no one called it a siesta, but that is exactly what happened in the heat of the summer days.

The meal consisted of all types of garden vegetables, corn bread, buttermilk and, most of the time, something sweet. (I now wonder why we didn't have watermelon, but it wasn't served at meals, only in between meals.) The large family filled the

¹⁹¹Neighbor W. S. Berkley.

dining room table. The field hands ate at the tables in the kitchen, and they ate the same thing that the family ate. Whoever helped at the house ate. On some days, when Sarah or another family that often helped really had no scheduled chores, they would come by to see if there was anything they could do, and they always ended up eating. If they were on the way to stores, on the way to church, or going to catch the Greyhound bus, they stopped by. The house was a gathering place.

Ironing was usually done on Tuesday. The starched clothes were sprinkled with water and rolled tight, to wait for them to “give,” meaning the dampness had penetrated to make ironing them easier and give them a professional finish. All clothes that were not starched were called “rough dried.” If the fabric was cotton, it got ironed—including underwear, sheets, and towels. Only the socks escaped the iron. Silk and rayon garments were pressed with a cool iron. Until 1935, when electricity came to Red Banks, flat irons were used.

The old flat irons were heated, most of the time on the kitchen stove, and had to be cleaned of soot before they were used on the clothes. As one iron cooled down, another was waiting on the stove. I never saw anyone heat them in an open fireplace, but that was a method used. In my father’s store, we sold charcoal for burners used for that purpose. Heating a stove just for ironing in the summer was not done; therefore the job was accomplished while cooking the midday meal. Electricity made ironing much easier. We did not have steam irons until many years after I married.

CRIME AND NOURISHMENT. In one corner of the kitchen was a large walk-in pantry with shelves and barrels large enough to hold hundred-pound sacks. There were three barrels, and I know that one was for sugar and one for flour. Salt was bought in large quantities too. I recall that dried corn from the fields (it had to be dry before storage or it would mildew and rot) was stored in the barns for animal feed, but it was also used for cornmeal. The shucks had to be removed, and the kernels were hand shucked and cleaned of any debris. The kernels were put in a flour sack and taken to a gristmill in Red Banks run by Mr. Will Jones, where he ground it into corn meal. Then the finished product was brought home and put in the pantry for use. I am aware that there were hand-cranked machines at that time that would remove the kernels from the cobs, but meal was one commodity that did not have a long shelf life. As long as the kernels stayed on the ear of corn in the husk, the bugs did not get in it. The family was always

cautious of insects and used fresh meal; therefore, meal was ground fairly often. Today, when I buy meal, it must be fresh, and I keep it in the freezer or refrigerator.

There was a never-used coffee grinder on a shelf that became my favorite toy. But perked coffee was a staple at every meal. They would pour me a little, enough to color milk, probably in an effort to make me drink more milk.

My two older brothers tolerated my presence on some occasions. One day when plundering through that large pantry, they whispered, "There's Grandma's wine. You want a taste?" "Yes," I said, remembering the sips she had sometimes given me. They handed me the fruit jar, a delicious looking color, and I took a drink. It was vinegar. I ran to the back door to get my breath. I wanted to get even with those two, but quickly realized that I too had participated in the deed. Possibly the best lesson I learned was caution around boys older and larger than I.

COUNTRY HAM AND HOMEGROWN VEGETABLES. The smokehouse was in the backyard, and it was commonplace to see eight or ten fifty-pound hams hanging, also shoulders and salt pork in salt vats. Outside of the backyard was the henhouse, with many chickens that scratched and pecked all day, a coop to keep the ones that you planned to eat, a crib or tool house, a potato house, and, back of that, the privy. A deep gully lay beyond. In the middle of the gully was the most magnificent elevated grassy knoll shaded by several pines and a few hardwood trees. It was about the size of a baseball diamond. We would climb eight or nine feet to the top. That was make-believe paradise, with no audience but the blue sky, the wind, and a few passing birds.

To the right of the house was a very large garden, but, to enter, you had to go out the gate in the back yard and then enter the gate to the garden. Gardens were always fenced, and on one side were raspberries bushes that, in season, produced enough to have juicy cobbles every day, Papa's favorite. I would go out regularly and stand and eat, until one day I stirred up a wasp's nest. The neighbors down the road heard my screaming.

Two fig "trees" stood in two corners of the garden. Yes, I know figs are suppose to grow on bushes, but my husband confirmed that these were between fifteen and twenty feet tall with limbs large enough to stand on. They had been there for ages, and each year a bountiful supply was harvested to eat and make preserves. After I married, my husband, Madison, asked Papa why he and Uncle Elijah were climbing, and if he could help. (They were not really young men at that point in time.) They said, "We are picking figs for Dolly. She likes them." Dolly was their name for me.

The garden was planted with peppers, okra, cabbage, butter beans, eggplant, radishes, carrots, English peas, green beans, squash, onions, lettuce, spinach, turnips, turnip salad, mustard greens, a green that we called tender greens or salad greens, and pickling cucumbers. Papa commented that the plain cucumber wasn't fit for hogs to eat. Crops like tomatoes, white potatoes, sweet potatoes, field peas, and white corn had their special patches, as did watermelons and cantaloupes. There was one vegetable, collards, that was never cooked in Mama Lutie's kitchen, my mother's, or mine. In fact, it was not grown. I only ate it one time and that was enough for me. A neighbor brought some to me one day, and as my young son passed by while the washed collards lay on the kitchen sink, he asked if the a sewer line had broken. Enough said! Mama Lutie always peeled raw tomatoes before serving them, and that practice was carried down to my generation.

Canning was a must in the country. The lazy summer afternoons were anything but lazy. After the noon meal, the group was mobilized to prepare whatever fruit or vegetable was ripe for canning or preserving. To keep a supply through the entire winter, every spare vegetable and fruit was used. All jars were saved from the season before, and they were filled. More jars were bought if needed, and all of them were carefully washed and sterilized. All of this was done on a wood stove in the heat of the summer afternoons. If a breeze was blowing, the windows were closed, because the slightest change in temperature could break glass jars as they were filled with boiling ingredients. The jars were sealed with metal jar caps and round rubber sealing rings and then placed upside down on the jar caps. Each jar had previously been examined for any nicks or broken places, since a defective jar would not seal properly. No one wanted to go through that process and have the goods spoil.

Other methods of preserving food were used. Peas, butter beans, and okra were dried. Sauerkraut was made in stone jars in brine. Cucumbers were placed in brine until an opportune time to make the pickles. Salt was added to water until an egg would float, the method to determine if the brine was strong enough. I loved the pear pickles, made in the fall when the pears ripened. I can also see Mama Lutie preparing bell peppers and pimentos for canning, and her stuffed peppers on a cold winter's day were mouth watering. Uncle John thought her tomato catsup was the tops.

LIVESTOCK, PESKY BOYS, AND MICE. Down a path past the garden was a small house where the milking was done. Uncle Elijah milked in the morning and late afternoon.

He would bring the cows in, one at a time, get his bucket ready, seat himself on the stool, and start pulling the udders. One afternoon, a cow was unusually nervous and kept kicking, sometimes knocking over the bucket. It seems that a piece of wire had been inserted through a hole in the wall, and the cow was being poked by two mischievous brothers of mine. Uncle Elijah said, "You boys better stop." He wasn't fooled by their shenanigans.

There were a number of fenced pastures around and also a big lot with a large barn, stables, and a corn crib. I would never go into the corn crib—not after Papa told me a mouse ran up his pant leg and he had to squeeze it to death. Can't you just see him coming out of those pants?

The hog pen was on that lot also, and there were sows and little pigs making noise when they were slopped. Then they would return to wallowing in the mud. They were not my favorites. Neither were the mules. There was one mule that loved damson plums and would stand and eat every damson that it could reach. Uncle John used to tell this story concerning the mules. Jimmie Stanton had grown up in the city. He suggested to Papa that he should mate the mules, and he would really make some money. Papa never replied but probably thought Jimmie needed a biology lesson.

THE TABLE OF PLENTY. The dining room was large. The table was surrounded by eight oak chairs—nothing but oak. Papa declared, "Oak chairs are the best." They certainly had the test of all times. They were used by all the children to build forts or pens. And some of the heavy partakers of food sat on them daily. Uncle John and Uncle Clede would have broken most, but those chairs didn't have to be repaired. Those two weren't the only heavyweights who sat on them. There was a constant stream of relatives and friends who found a place at that table. Papa always wanted people to enjoy the food at his table. He had certain foods that he liked so well that he encouraged others to try them. Sweet potatoes were a choice, and he'd offer you seconds and thirds. Papa never used a salt shaker, but a salt cellar was placed close by. I still can see him taking a knife, lifting a small amount, and distributing the salt on his food.

Another custom concerning the serving of food: if there were more than eight present, men usually occupied the first table with Papa and Mama Lutie, while the women served and attended to the children. (Special guests went first, too.) Then the women took turns eating and watching the children, or eating with them. A buffet line wasn't used. Everyone took a seat and the food was passed to them.

Mama Lutie was known far and wide for her culinary arts. I found some of her recipes. I used her caramel filling recipe on a cake, but when my children found we couldn't cut through it, I gave up on that. No fault of Mama Lutie—I could not determine the right temperature for browning the sugar. It made great caramel candy, though.

Mamie told me she saw Mama Lutie's fruitcake recipe. She had written down the ingredients as follows: 10 cents worth of..., 5 cents worth of..., and so on. For years, there was little inflation, and in her lifetime, the recipe worked.

Her fruitcakes were made in November for Christmas. Everything was in readiness as soon as the oven was unoccupied after the noonday meal. A slow oven was needed, and, after about four hours, the cakes were ready. Later they were wrapped in cheesecloth and stored in large tin cans with half an apple. Every so often, Mama Lutie would unwrap them and add her homemade wine. At Christmas, the cakes were cut.

Coconut cakes, as well as other favors of cakes, were also baked for the holidays. A few days before Christmas when I was out of school, Mama and I would arrive early in the morning. Mama scrubbed my hands and fingernails, and I became the batter-mixer. They put the large bowl in my lap; Mama and Mama Lutie added each ingredient, and I whipped and stirred. As quickly as four or six layers came out of the oven, we began another batch. I stirred the fillings as well as the batter. Uncle Elijah cracked the coconuts, saved the milk, and took the shells off. As I grew older, I helped with peeling the rind off and grating the meat, a job that I really didn't care for. But I could lick the bowls all day. By night, I never wanted to see another bowl of coconut, caramel, or chocolate.

On Christmas Eve, besides the preparation of turkey, ham, and the like, another batch of coconut had to be grated for the traditional ambrosia, which was made in a large dishpan. After supper that night, the women peeled and cut the pulp of the oranges. I never saw any leftovers.

Many of the grandchildren remember the coconut cakes, and some have continued the baking tradition in their families.

Don't think desserts were reserved for holidays. There was something sweet at dinner or lunch every day. Papa liked raspberry cobblers, but almost any kind of fruit would do. I remember Mama Lutie's jelly rolls; I'd like to be able to make a sponge cake as flexible as hers. Her chess pies were outstanding. At a country supper, her biscuits with butter and homemade jams disappeared as if by magic; and she was always ready to try a new recipe. I do not remember if she lived long enough to enjoy an electric stove. I went with her to a session on the use of one, a project of the Agriculture

Department educating the public on the use of electrical appliances after TVA came to the rural towns. The home demonstration agent presented the hands-on exhibit.

In the dining room by the windows was a day bed. There was a place in almost every room except the kitchen for someone to sleep. For the life of me, I will never be able to figure out the sleeping arrangements when all the children came. Some of Aunt Lena's children stayed with their cousins on Uncle Hunter's side of the family. Relatives were in every little cranny.

A large sideboard, the kind with a mirror with small shelves on either side, two drawers, and two doors that opened at the bottom, held the best dishes, tablecloths, and napkins. A special treat could be found in there. The cheese box usually had the leftover non-perishables. It was a circular box with screened wire to keep out any flying critters. I do not recall how it was opened.

WATERMELON TIME. In the summer, the dining room was where watermelons were stored, close to the daybed. I am not exaggerating when I tell you the length of those melons was a minimum of twenty-four inches, and some were easily thirty to thirty-six inches. Neither Papa nor Daddy bothered with small melons. We would choose one and use it to ride as we played, engraving our initials in the dark rind. Every day around three o'clock, Papa would cut a melon. Perhaps half of it went to the chickens or hogs. No one ever saved watermelon to be eaten later. How I have longed after these years just to taste one more that was as flavorful.

Watermelon patches were planted on large plots of land, very seldom close to the house. There was not much stealing in those days, but one summer Papa missed some watermelons. His patch was close to a main road. On a bright moonlight night, Papa and Daddy hid in the patch. Soon a convertible stopped, and out jumped two young boys dressed in light-colored linen suits, known as the Sunday best. As one lifted a melon and started for the car where their dates (young ladies) were waiting, Papa raised his shotgun and fired in the air. For years, that young man would repeatedly tell Papa of his reaction. He said, "Mr. Vick, I was so scared. I tried to drop the watermelon, but my legs were running so fast the melon just bounced on my knees in front of me." The young man was sure that his life of crime was over.

No, our lives were not filled with crime stories. Everyone slept with the doors unlocked. In fact, I remember looking all over for a key to lock a door. I never did find one.

BACK PORCH HAPPENINGS. The so-called back porch was really a very long screened side porch with a southern exposure. I kept coloring books and jigsaw puzzles in a table. The jigsaw puzzles were a fad for both old and young. Aunt Rebecca's aunts lived with her and Uncle Willie in Memphis, and every day for quite a while, they would say, "Will, bring us a puzzle when you come from work." And every day they worked the puzzle, and each day repeated the request. One day, Uncle Willie purchased a puzzle that was impossible to work. That kept the aunts busy for days until they discovered his trick.

The long back porch was a haven for children, especially on warm days. I remember playing with the huge box that contained the first refrigerator. My friend Blanche and I hid inside making believe we were spies. We even had Robinson Crusoe and Friday using the box for a boat in the ocean. Making-believe for a Mississippi child was a good visit to the seashore with the Bobbsey twins.

Uncle Elijah would sit on the porch and talk and shell peas or whatever in order to save seed for the next year. He would cull out the unwanted and use only the top seed to plant. If a butter bean had four beans in it, that was saved for seed. He did that year after year. Papa had a small white pea that was named the "Vick pea." It really wasn't anything to brag about, but no one ever said as much.

Preparing one year for the next was essential to country living. Watermelon and cantaloupe seed were dried on newspaper and tied in cloth bags for next season. Besides the saving of corn for the farm animals, corn was also shucked and shelled for seed corn, and, of course, ground for meal.

I did not learn the technique of planting and harvesting. My husband often chides me with the statement, "You didn't learn a thing." But if the task was accomplished on the inside of the house, I watched.

Potatoes were cut in pieces with eyes on each piece for planting, but I noticed that sweet potatoes were planted in frames, and the slips dug up and set out. Usually tomato plants were purchased from someone who had a cold frame. Mr. Reeves Power seemed to be the source of many tomato plants. His cold frame was constructed of clear glass, and he took pains to cover it with a white material, adjusting the covering to suit the weather conditions.

KING COTTON. Cotton was the main crop and a source of income. I was not allowed to walk on the public road by the cotton gin in late summer or fall when the ginning

was taking place. The dust and lint made a poor environment for an asthmatic. Autumn afternoons walking from school, I would take the long route home to avoid the dust.

Wagons loaded with cotton would dot the landscape around the gin, waiting their turn. Some days the gin could be heard hours after dark; likely as not, there had been a breakdown in the machinery, and someone had to repair it. Different men ran the gin; I just remember Tracy Harris, Jr., and Jack McClatchey during my sixteen years in Red Banks.

Ginning was the process that removed the seed and cleaned the cotton. The result was a 500-pound bale wrapped in burlap. The seeds could be sold or fed to the farm animals. Little holes were often cut in the burlap, where samples were taken by prospective buyers who based their price on the quality. As a child, I would delight in taking a little of the white stuffing for a doll pillow.

Northern Mississippi grew short staple cotton. Not more than one hundred pounds could be picked in a day, whereas across the Mississippi River in Arkansas, the poundage could be doubled due to the difference in the type of cotton. I would hear farmhands talk of going to Arkansas to make more money. There were no machine harvesters.

LAZY DAYS AND PEACEFUL MOMENTS. Let's take a look at the front of the house. A brick walk led to a porch that ran the entire length of the front of the house. Supporting beams extended to the ceiling roof between the turned banisters and railings. A toddler could have full range in safety on the porch, provided that an adult sat guard at the open space that led to the steps. Over the central entrance, a transom and two slender sidelights of glass by the door provided light to the inner hall. On each side were electric light fixtures, but they were not placed there until 1935, when the Tennessee Valley Authority came through Mississippi. Shutters adorned the four windows. The two on the left facing the house belonged to the living room, and the right two to Papa's room. The shutters could be closed completely, but they never were. Sometimes, I would experiment with one and wonder what it was like to have no screens on windows, only the shutters to keep out animals and especially flies. On both ends of the porch were swings that swayed to and fro constantly with adults and children.

I would lie in one swing and listen to the monotone of its squeaky motion and the bumblebees boring holes, catching a glimpse of the old cedars in both corners of the yard swaying ever so gently in a softly tugging summer breeze. As I look back, I

believe those were the days that I captured the essence of summer, carefree times with no urgency, no obligation, a time of complete contentment.

Crape myrtles flanked the ends of the porch. It was a wonderful setting with the majestic leafy green maples spreading a canopy of welcomed shade. Through the cedar trees, we could catch a glimpse of the road with a friend strolling by or an occasional car. Red Banks was on a gently rolling terrain with fields and dense groves of hardwoods.

Under the house on one side of the porch, there was room to make a playhouse, and I spent many days there caring for my little treasures.

We children played games in the front yard and around the house. There was Annie Over and a version of Devil in the Ditch, using the walk as the ditch. Hide and Seek, Tag, and Statue were played when we had enough people to participate. Other games included Rover, Rover, Come On Over, Drop the Handkerchief, and Froggie in the Millpond, until we graduated to Spin the Bottle and Post Office.

Sometimes we would just sit in the grass and make daisy chains or look for four-leaf clovers. We would lie on our backs and pick out images in the clouds. Oh, look! There is George Washington—and he quickly faded into a bear or a boat. If we found a hole in the ground, we would take a piece of straw and try to coax a doodle bug out of it, though, as far as I know, no bug was ever brought to the surface.

The front porch of a country home was a serene setting for many activities. Every summer night, after the supper dishes were put away, the family sat on the porch on the side in front of Papa's room. As a child I would listen to the "front porch stories." A slight breeze and the sounds of the night creatures inspired a calm silence. At times, conversation was sparse. We'd watch the twinkling of the fireflies and the movement of the clouds, and hope to get a peep at the moon. On a cloudless night, thousands of bright stars in all their majesty covered the earth only to be interrupted with the brilliance of a shooting star. There was just enough light to weave a path through the chairs. I would sit in the swing away from the adults until the darkness pierced my courage, forcing me to escape to the adult side. The mosquitos had taken a toll, and I would retreat to Papa's room in the light, insisting that it was much cooler in there. I never liked to be alone at night.

My son, Matt, recalls the peaceful moments he spent in that swing engaging Uncle John in conversation about such things as planting popcorn and peanuts. But the main topics were Bobbysox, the beloved colt who grew into a mare, and Baby Dan, the unruly stallion.

PAPA'S POT OF GOLD. The house sat far enough back from the road that the dust from passing automobiles did not present a problem. The driveway was circular as you approached the house from the road. Several elm trees with protruding roots made parking interesting. As one entered the gate, there was a magnificent maple tree on the right. One summer day, Mamie and I were in the living room of the house; Mamie was playing the piano and I was listening. We realized a sudden thunderstorm was approaching and thought maybe we had better go to the kitchen where the other family members were. As we started through the hall with the open door to the porch, lightning struck that maple tree, and the blue fireball came down to the ground with a crack. Both of us made a quick exit. Papa planted another maple tree in the same location. Guess what? Lightning struck it too. Papa said, "Since metal attracts lightning, I suppose that is where my pot of gold is buried."

CHRISTMAS FIREWORKS. On Christmas Eve night, Papa would very carefully position a shovel full of hot coals from the fireplace on the brick walk. Then we children could light fireworks with the live coals. Papa was afraid for the children to play with matches, and he did caution us to stay away from the exploding firecrackers. I loved the sparklers and the magical designs made while twirling them. Papa wanted children to play and enjoy themselves, and he never corrected one unless he thought there was danger for the child.

The entire family always spent several days at Christmas with Papa and Mama Lutie, our grandparents. Late one Christmas Day about dusk when all of the grandchildren were there, my two older brothers and two of the male cousins who were visiting from Arkansas were speaking in hushed tones. At a distance, I watched them wrap fireworks in some newspaper. Periodically, Papa's older brother, Uncle Elijah, would sweep the hearth of the fireplace as he sat warming. Uncle Elijah was in his place, and the boys were planning a drop. I think Lowry Crook was the designated dropper. There it was, a small newspaper bundle on the fireplace, and just as quickly, there wasn't a boy in sight. It was five o'clock and all the women left the room to prepare supper. Uncle Elijah was right on schedule, attending to the fire, adding a log and brushing the hearth.

Suddenly, a loud cracking sound accompanied the shower of sparks over the room. "Lord God, Lija, what have you done?" was hardly out of Papa's mouth, when an explosive outburst boom echoed in the chimney, and another, and another.

"Those boys, those boys did this," erupted from all corners, and each adult threatened

what was going to happen to the boys. Since no lasting damage was done, I think they got off with tongue lashings.

THE TICKING OF TIME. There was a hall at the front of the house, and, if you opened the rear door, the long back porch was visible from it. The door was kept closed most of the time. That hall had a thermometer to the right on the wall as you entered. I remember someone exclaiming, "It is thirty-eight degrees out here." Yes, in the winter the unheated areas were cold. From the hall, the living room was to the left and Papa's and Mama Lutie's room to the right. I loved the quietness of the living room, and I would stay for hours singing the hymns from page one of the hymnal to the end. I did not play the piano but would take the sheet music and play the melody; that's where I became acquainted with Al Jolsen, Liszt, and Beethoven. The room was an excellent place to read or write, just quiet activities. My brothers could never understand why the room was off limits to them. That is the difference between boys and girls and their activities.

The living room was reserved for company, but to tell the truth, most of the entertaining was in the coziness of Papa and Mama Lutie's room. The room was bright; Papa always had the plastered walls painted white. I can see the sheer curtains blowing in the summer breeze. In the winter, a warm fire glowed in the fireplace all the time. Chairs, mostly rocking chairs, surrounded the fire. The large Victorian walnut bed stood in one corner, and at its foot was another bed made of iron or some such metal. All grandchildren slept there, and, even if you were nearing your teens, Papa would still pull a chair up to the open side "so you won't fall out." Many nights I would listen to the crackling of the embers and watch the flickering flames die down, while counting the striking of the clock at various hours. The clock only struck one time at 12:30 A.M., once at 1:00 A.M., and once at 1:30 A.M. That intrigued me. I know I should have been asleep, but to this day, sleep has never been easy to come by.

I remember Papa had certain times for listening to the radio. He liked "Lum and Abner." The stock market prices for agricultural products and the news were a ritual. At night, he went to bed after the ten o'clock news.

After Mama Lutie died in 1939 and after Uncle John entered the military, Papa was alone, except for Uncle Elijah, who always went to bed with the chickens, summer and winter. As a teenager I stayed many nights at Papa's. One winter, he was sick with a sinus headache. Sunday came and Mamie did not feel comfortable leaving him to go to her teaching job. I assured her I would stay, and get up and go to school from his

house. I puttered around before bedtime trying to attend to his needs, and I promised myself that I would try to help with his breakfast. Early the next morning, I heard Papa say, "Dolly, your breakfast is ready." A fine nurse I turned out to be, but he did say he felt much better.

Until Mama Lutie passed away, Papa didn't enter a kitchen except to pass through. That summer while Mamie was at home, he learned to cook, even make biscuits. I still can see those large skillet loaded with sausage and fried eggs. Ham and side meat were always ready to be sliced and eaten or put in vegetables. This was certainly not a diet that added years to one's life, yet Papa lived to be within three months of reaching ninety, stayed thin as a rail, and stayed on his feet until he had an operation on the prostate two days before his death.

OUR FIRESIDE CHATS. The fireplace was central to the heart of the family, the center stage. With rocking chairs in a semicircle, one could while away the time and even listen to the grownups discuss the latest. Sometimes the best place was in Papa's lap. You didn't ask and he didn't offer; you just sat in his lap. All the children knew they were welcome. Papa ventured to ask Mamie why she didn't sit in a chair, and she readily told him it was hard. Each generation climbed into that comfortable position of safety.

One of the tools used with the fireplace was a contrary pair of tongs. Every so often they would pinch Papa's hands when he was lifting logs. You would know when it happened. Papa would express in no uncertain terms how he felt and end with, "I'll throw these things in the ditch." Off he would go with the tongs. Somehow, someway, the next day the tongs would reappear. No one asked a question. We didn't say doodly-squat, but we did snicker to each other, wondering how many times the tongs had been thrown in the ditch to the tune of Papa's favorite words, "Hellfire and tarnation!"

While fireplaces were comforting, they also posed real danger. Have you ever experienced a chimney on fire with flames leaping unbounded into the air with the fallout of sparks landing on the roof? That was when the men got into high gear, but there was really nothing they could do but climb into the attic to see if any fire had escaped between the bricks. There were no fire departments, and there was little water to fight fire. Tin roofs were necessary, since fire sparks did not ignite them. In my family, we had shingles until the roof caught on fire early one morning. My father put it out, but soon a tin roof appeared on our house.

COURT SQUARE AND THE KNOCKOUT. The extra bed in Papa and Mama Lutie's room was labeled "Court Square." Don't think the children had special access to that bed. It was a place for newspaper readers, a quick nap by anyone visiting, you name it. Jimmie Stanton started calling it Court Square, because, he said, "More bums had slept on it than on Court Square in Memphis."

That bed was the site of my first and only knockout punch. I was age five when Annie (Louanna) married Uncle Clede (LaCledé Buzbee), and the marriage certainly wasn't to my liking. While visiting one weekend, Uncle Clede was heading out the door to his car on an errand but remembered to kiss Annie goodbye. She and I were lying on the bed reading. As he knelt down to give his goodbye kiss, I dealt him a blow on his temple that decked all 250-plus-pounds, and he went down. When Mama was told of my act of violence, she made me apologize to Uncle Clede. Strange results ensued; he and I became close friends. I really didn't understand what had happened until I heard my two brothers discussing it. I must have been a paradox for the two who idealized prizefighters.

My sweetest recollection of all was on a Christmas morning. The house was quiet, with only a few members of the family present. I spent the night on "Court Square." The remaining families were coming for the midday meal that always lasted until three in the afternoon. I was awakened that Christmas morning to the most beautiful Christmas carols. Papa had turned on the radio for me. I lay there listening, and Papa explained, "I knew Dolly would like that."

WE SPOKE OF FLU BUT NOT OF THE DEPRESSION. The influenza epidemic in 1918 is one subject that Papa never forgot. "It was bad," he recalled, "but none of our immediate family died." I wonder if he realized the count was more than 400,000 dead in the United States alone.¹⁹²

Papa kept records on a ledger in the wardrobe, along with his oversized trousers and shirts. He was a very small man, and I believe that he used his purchases as a way to fool us into thinking he wore bigger sizes. Of course, his pants were held up with suspenders. He carried a long soft leather man's black purse in his pocket that snapped at the top. I was commenting to a friend fifty years later that every morning when I was on my way to school, Papa would open the purse, take out a nickel, and say, "Now, Dolly, go buy yourself an apple." My friend said, "No one had money to spend like that. Didn't you know there was a Depression?" My reply was, "No one ever told us."

¹⁹²Paul C. Murphy, *What's Happening* (Research Triangle, 1975), p. 38.

When I was five, I started with allergy shots and traveled to Memphis twice a week to receive them. I didn't see any bread lines, even though in 1939, when Edna Earl married Jimmie, he filled us in on the bread line details. I suppose we were just the last to know. Seriously, the people in the country did not have the problems that the city people had. There was food, there was shelter, we had clothing and a job to be done.

I did hear that Papa put his cotton in storage for years until the price of cotton rose. In order to store cotton, compression was necessary. Compressing the cotton bales was exactly that— pressure used to compress the large bale into a smaller size which did not take up as much room for storage or transportation.

I don't want to give the impression that Papa was a generous man who threw his money around. Quite the contrary. He would sometimes ignore a necessity. Perhaps my frail form gave him an incentive to give me a nickel for apples.

I had a five-dollar gold piece, and in 1933 Mama obeyed the federal order to turn in all gold. I blamed Franklin D. Roosevelt and the government for taking my gold. At that age, my little bank held coins. What did I want with a piece of paper?

BROWSING IN THE MIDDLE ROOM. The "boys' room," or the middle bedroom, was large. By the dresser was a razor strap, and I would watch the men make lather with a brush in a special cup, shave with a straight razor, and at intervals sharpen the blade on the strap.

A shotgun sat in the corner, probably loaded. No child had to be told not to touch things that were harmful. I never heard of an accident with a child and a gun. Guns were used for hunting or to shoot hawks that snatched the chickens. The men did not have to sit and wait for the hawks. The chickens sounded the alarm with their squawking and running. There was no mistaking the source of the danger.

In winter, a closet adjacent to the warm chimney in the middle bedroom was filled with jars of home-canned vegetables and fruits and stacks of jellies, jams, and pickles. Preparation in times of plenty was at the heart of country living.

UNCLE "LIJAH," THE STORYTELLER. Every child in each generation recalls Uncle "Lijah," Papa's older brother, sitting by the hearth telling us stories in the twilight in that middle bedroom. His stories put Uncle Remus to shame. He made Brer Rabbit, Brer Possum, Brer Bear, and Brer Coon come alive, and he spun his own rendition of the tales. He managed to tell of ambrosia, fruitcakes, nuts, and wonderful goodies that made your mouth water. I wish I could remember the details to pass down. If tape

recorders had been available in those years, we would have a real treasure. I do recall one portion of a story. It was winter, and the snow was on the ground so high that none of the critters could go outside to eat. They were starving, so hungry, and we felt so sorry for them. There was nothing left but the bones from the Thanksgiving turkey. But somehow a big pot of soup was made from bones using found ingredients. And, of course, the snow finally melted and we had a happy ending. Uncle Lijah exaggerated the craftiness of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox. We would sit and beg him to continue. All too soon, supper was served and that story would have to wait until another time.

Knowing that I would be writing about the family, one relative after another reminded me of Uncle Elijah's storytelling, how carefully he chose the right words and built the plot, and how all of us loved that time in our lives. It was magical, and I feel quite incapable of describing the feeling of pleasure that all of us derived from his stories. I only wish the younger generations could have heard him. He truly was a gifted child's storyteller.

The stories we loved bring to my memory another childhood delight, literally from the hands of the older generation. We would take a piece of string, listen carefully to instructions, and create forms of "Jacob's ladder" and "crow's feet." Sometimes adults would have to manipulate our small fingers with the string until we achieved the desired results. And presto, we were so proud!

THE NORTH POLE. To the north of this middle bedroom was the "girls' room," better known as the "North Pole." It was not heated, and in the winter you would undress and jump into bed hoping to get warm. That was the main reason that we chose "Court Square" as our bed on many occasions. The visiting babies and toddlers took their naps in this cold room, because it was about the only one free of traffic. We used to peep through the keyhole to ascertain what cousin Charlotte (Charlotte Buzbee) was doing. Mamie called her "Captain," because she found so many things to do, from putting toilet tissue in her nose, which the surgeon had to remove, to leaving tiny fingerprints on all the pounds of butter.

Cousin Travis (Terry Davis) locked himself inside the room one day. Aunt Rebecca coaxed him to unlock it, but to no avail. Someone went outside and removed the screen in order to go through the window. At that moment, Travis unlocked the door. We didn't have stupid children.

Uncle Elijah's room was directly back of the "North Pole." It opened into the

dining room. There were two large beds besides the other furniture. He sometimes kept candy in his wardrobe, and he would share a piece or two with me. He had a door to the outside in his room.

As I have indicated before, there were sleeping arrangements in almost every room, including the front hall, which had a davenport. There were people in those beds a great deal of the time. For a number of years, Papa's aunts, Aunt Ban and Aunt Cora, came from Collierville to visit in June and stayed until October. These are the same aunts who were described in the Lowry section as belonging to the Collierville Christian Church. Somewhere along the way, they had parted company with that church. They never turned their hands to make a bed, wash a dish, or shell a bean, but would eat, and then sit on the front porch, read the Bible, and try to indoctrinate anyone around with their Seventh Day Adventist religion. Papa did not take kindly to this and sought the refuge of the barn or back portions of the house. You would find other family members shifting from room to room, and poor Mama Lutie was left alone with these two. At the risk of repeating myself, "Grandma was the best woman in the world."

Why Aunt Ban and Aunt Cora didn't stay forever when they had a deal as good as this causes one to wonder. My theory is that they must have slept in the "North Pole," and the chilly October nights were a foretaste of worse to come.

COLD ENOUGH TO KILL HOGS. On the coldest day of winter, I would look forward to a warm fire while walking home from school, and I knew there would be a sweet just for me at Mama Lutie's. The very instant I stepped in the front door of the house, I could tell by the smell it was hog killing time. It happened every year, and yet it would come as a complete shock to me. Here it was, the coldest day of winter, and there was no fire in the fireplace. Not even a smoldering coal. The closer I approached the kitchen, the worse it became. Everyone was in the back yard of the house or in the kitchen. What little heat came from the kitchen stove was escaping by open doors with greasy doorknobs. I can't explain what went on, for as soon as I could escape to my own home, I did. But Mama was always helping Mama Lutie and we had to tarry awhile. There were fires under pots in the yard and tubs full of the most disgusting things. Even the dining room table was covered with oil cloth, and heaps and mounds of sausage were "being worked," meaning seasonings such as sage and pepper were being added. The fat was also being boiled in the pots to make lard, and crackling was lifted out as the process was completed. I'd wonder if life would ever become normal again.

Butchering a steer was never a big deal. That was done away from the house, and only the edible meat was brought in. At those times, Mama Lutie would have “beefsteak,” usually on Friday nights, then a tremendous pot of soup at Saturday noon, hash with country fries on Saturday night, and roast on Sunday. I would watch her baste and brown the roast.

AN ARTIST AT WORK. At the end of the long side porch that ran to the front hall was a small room which was used mainly for storage. We called it “the playhouse.” On one side were bookshelves. I would read from a Spanish Bible to impress friends—I didn’t know Spanish, but the English was on the facing page. Here I became acquainted with Priscilla and John Alden. There was some marble-top furniture that had been demoted to this room. Those of the male gender seldom entered, since the chamber pots, after they had been sterilized and placed in the sun each day, were stored there. Years later, after most of the family had departed to their own homes, the room was used for storage of saddles.

Two large wooden boxes loaded with clean handmade quilts were in that room. Mama Lutie would piece quilts whenever she sat down, especially at night. She loved to make the intricate details and the tiny stitches to form patterns. One pattern she made for me was the “Dresden Plate” with the outline embroidered. This quilt is held for display in the North Carolina Museum of History in Raleigh as a testimony to her fabulous work. She also made a “Double Wedding Ring” quilt and started another called “Fool’s Puzzle.” After I married, I completed the quilt. It took me thirteen years and I haven’t attempted one since. I didn’t inherit her talent.

Mama Lutie also made a quilt of every state’s bird appliquéd on the fabric. She also embroidered a quilt of every state’s flower. That was forty-eight pieces in the thirties.

Two of the quilts that she pieced and quilted for my mother are in the University of Mississippi Museum. Mama kept those two quilts in perfect condition, seldom using them. She asked me to save them, and I did for more than thirty years. But storing many quilts is a chore, so I decided the best thing would be to let the public enjoy them. I think Mama would have been pleased.

Sewing seemed so natural for Mama Lutie, who spoke of shoddy workmanship in terms of the person “sewing with a red-hot needle and a blazing thread.” There was only one way, and that was the right way. I still have some doll clothes that she made with French fell seams, the hems blind-stitched, and lace hand-whipped on the garment.

THE DAILY NEWS WITH MAMA LUTIE. Mama Lutie wasn't a schoolteacher as her sister Anna was, but she was a light to my world. She and I would read the *Commercial Appeal* and the *Memphis Press Scimitar*, and we talked about Wally Warfield Simpson, that "old grass widow" who was stirring up trouble in England. "Grass widow" was her term for divorcees, and Mama Lutie didn't take kindly to divorce. Wally Simpson and the ex-king married in 1937.

We also followed the Charles Lindbergh kidnapping from the time the pretty little boy was missing to the hanging of Bruno Richard Hauptmann in New Jersey in 1936. I'd pretend to go with the police as they took the timbers from the house, and then look at the pictures in the paper and allow that he surely was guilty, as we followed the trial.

And she would recall the 1912 *Hindenberg* disaster. We spoke of the shooting of the gangster John Dillinger in 1934, but strangely I do not remember any conversations about Bonnie and Clyde, Pretty Boy Floyd, or even Baby Face Nelson, who came from Memphis.

We were so hopeful that Will Rogers and Wiley Post were not really killed in a plane crash in Point Barrow, Alaska.

On the lighter side, she would tease me with, "If you kiss your elbow, you'll turn into a boy." I would try so hard just to prove it wouldn't happen. If I whistled, she would always repeat the phrase, "A whistling woman and a crowing hen never come to any good end."

I was allowed to play with the darning egg. Socks had to be darned, and this wooden egg was dropped into the sock in order that the holes could be more readily mended.

Mama Lutie was rather tall and stately, about five feet, seven or eight inches, with brown eyes. She had long brown hair to her waist which she combed and brushed, brought to the back of the neck, and braided. She then lifted the braid and circled her head with it. I would sit and watch the operation. She put on stockings in a strange manner, because she said, "My father taught me to do it this way." She'd turn them wrong side out, start with a little roll at the toe and roll them up on her leg.

THE EVILS OF WAR. Mama Lutie was born six years after the Civil War. She may have remembered part of the Reconstruction, but all of it left her feeling bitter. The "Yankee stories" told of burned homes and crops, ransacked food supplies, and plundered livestock, actual stealing of everything insight. While much of it was told to her by the

elders who had lived through it, history confirms that it was true. She never told me any Civil War stories about her father, even though he served for four years. She said she had a cousin, Emma, who, when she heard that the Yankees were coming, put on every garment of clothes that she owned. Emma had a small frame, but not that day.

The homes in Holly Springs were spared because U. S. Grant made the town his headquarters. Other towns did not fare as well. Memphis fell to the enemy, and the Yankees were the enemy. Anywhere or anything that Union General William Tecumseh "Incinerator" Sherman touched was destined for ruination, and he was in Memphis in 1862. His orders were to put to death or capture all armed men and to burn their homes and all property.

Atlanta, Georgia, is remembered for the devastating fires of Sherman, but other communities and towns felt the destruction too. He sent out men under other officers to surrounding small towns. Only the sparsely settled areas with distances between the homes escaped the catastrophe of losing everything. The people of Tennessee and Mississippi would not soon forget.

REMINISCING. As I talked to Mama Lutie, I would question her as to why she had holes in her ears, and she would explain that in order to wear certain earrings, she had them put there. My next question was how. And she would recall that her cousin placed a needle on the stove until it was red hot and then put it through her ears. With punching the first ear, she fainted. To this day, I do not have pierced ears.

I was intrigued with the names of the colored help. One was Mae Reuben, and a child of one of her relatives had a most unusual name. The child was named Frances Anna Isabella Tennessee Columbia Narcissus Donagan Julia Anna Fronagan Olie-Evie Pokey-hunters Aye-Evie Graduary Sussus Ann Aravany. What did they call her? Fanny. I have tried to spell these names as Mama Lutie said them, in a kind of jingle. Edna Earl could pronounce them. I could, and Janet, my daughter, learned them.

ONLY THE VOODOO DOCTOR KNOWS. No family story would be complete without telling about our colored friends. That is correct—colored! I would not dishonor their memory by calling them black. "Colored" was a term used with respect, and, if I had said "black," Sarah would have given me a tongue-lashing and told Mama. I did not call them "darkies" either, but I am guilty of using "white trash" for my own race.

Sarah and her husband, Jim Lock, along with Penny, his sister, and Sarah's niece Willie Ree, had been around the family long before I entered the world. Sarah was an expert quilter. I can see her now putting up the quilting frames. Frames were four smooth quilt lengths of wood about three inches wide and one inch thick, with holes drilled through them at various points, especially at the ends. When laid out in a rectangle the size of a bed or larger, ten-penny nails were placed in holes of the two pieces that came together at all four corners. Then the quilt top and lining were basted to the frames, after which cotton batting was layered neatly between the lining and the top. The cotton had to be carded before use. After the quilt was in place, tight and bouncy, Sarah chalked a shell outline, and then she would thread the needle and weave in and out, until one row of shells was stitched. The frame was rolled again and she would repeat the process. After the quilting was complete, and sometimes it took days, the raw edges on the four sides were bound to make a neat finished look. Fancy quilts were quilted by the design.

Very seldom during Mama Lutie's life did Sarah or anyone else help with the cooking. We were amazed that she let Leroy Mack/Mitchell, another colored friend, come into the kitchen and help. Sometimes Leroy would use Mack for his name, and, at others, it was Mitchell. But there was no way that Leroy would eat Sarah's cooking. He said she was a voodoo doctor.

One day, Edna Earl told Sarah that she heard she was a voodoo doctor. Sarah said, "It's just lies, just lies." We certainly had no evidence to make us suspect it was true. I do remember that Sarah was called to the bedside in two separate heat stroke victims before the medical doctor. Both died, but even the medical doctor could not have saved them at that point.

THE HEX. Papa noticed that Leroy took an out-of-the-way route when was coming to the house, and he asked Leroy why. He said, "Miss Sarah is trying to put a hex on me, and I'm not going through that gate. See that bag on the post." After examining the tobacco sack with a few acorns and leaves, Papa knew that Blanche and I had left our treasures and had forgotten about them. I had to tell Leroy that the sack belonged to me. He was always skeptical of "Miss Sarah."

Leroy and Ola Mae lived close by, and the back porch was a chatting place on many occasions. We would talk and I would share all the news with them. One day I said,

"Leroy, I have some new lace panties," and proceeded to show them. "Put your dress down," scolded Ola Mae. She took me aside and explained that girls didn't show their pants to men.

Hubby Dee was officially the child of Leroy and Ola Mae as the result of an unusual situation. Hubby Dee was born at home to Ola Mae's sister, who was living with them at the time. His notarized birth certificate named Ola Mae as the mother and Leroy as the father. I don't doubt Leroy was the father, but Ola Mae certainly wasn't his birth mother.

Leroy had a daughter, Lou Easter. I do not remember who the mother was, but I saw her often when working at our store. All one summer, Lou Easter, a teenager, was sick, according to the gossip. "She's at Miss Pet's, and she ain't gonna be worried with babies no more." Miss Pet was her grandmother.

We assumed that Ola Mae and Leroy were married, but, to our amazement, after a good twenty years Ola Mae moved to Memphis, and within days Leroy married the widow Bessie Johnson—this time with a marriage license.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND. In the 1950s, Leroy kept a good watch over Uncle Elijah, who was aging. One summer day, he told us to call a doctor. It seems Leroy was the only one in whom Uncle Elijah would confide his problem. After Uncle Elijah's hospital visit for a prostate operation and treatment for emphysema, Leroy took care of him daily and, toward the end of Elijah's life, also nightly.

Every so often, one of the women would cut another with a straight razor. Poor Betty, who lived on the Kizer land, was cut by Mary Lou over the latter's husband, Honey Cat. She was cut from her neck to her stomach and had to recuperate all one summer. I remember going to see her.

Race relations were easy with your friends. You knew them personally and shared their lives.

LIGHTING THE WAY. People today cannot imagine that life without electricity could be normal. It is primitive by the today's standards, but all of the neighbors, stores, schools, and churches, as well as the railroad station and the post office, had the same situation, and no one called it a problem. I think only two families in Red Banks had generators.

There were kerosene lamps and Aladdin lamps. The Aladdin lamp also used kerosene, but it came equipped with a mantle and, when working properly, was as bright as any light bulb. The older kerosene lamps sometimes had reflectors at the

back of the glass chimney to brighten their light. Fueled by kerosene oil in the base of a globe, with a wick inserted in a wick holder, these lamps had to have the wicks trimmed weekly; also, the chimneys were cleaned in order to gain the best light. If the lighted wick was turned too high, a blackened sooty chimney was the result. If the wick was turned too low, the oil in the base of the lamp would catch fire. An adult would race to the closest outside door, and the hazard would land in the yard to burn itself out. The salvageable parts were rescued later. The danger of fire was always at the back of the adult mind. No candles were allowed, period.

The outhouse could be a one or two-seater. If you felt your privacy was about to be invaded, you just cleared your throat rather loudly. When I visited and used a neighbor's privy, I always checked to see if a supply of Sears catalogs or corn cobs was available to be used instead of toilet paper.

THE ICEMAN WON'T COME NOW. Electricity came to Red Banks about 1935. Papa's house was wired, and I believe his first appliance was a refrigerator. Can you imagine trying to keep the icebox supplied with ice in the summer to cool the food? The iceman did not always come out to Red Banks, just eight miles from Holly Springs. Someone would have to go to the ice factory, purchase ice, and bring it home. No wonder there were no leftovers; there was no way to keep the food fresh.

There was a shortage of rental property in Durham in 1946, and when Madison and I married, our first apartment had an icebox. One of our first purchases was a dish pan to catch the water as the ice melted. Failure to empty the dish pan on a timely basis resulted in a floor covered with water.

Red signs were placed in a house window indicating to the iceman how many pounds of ice you needed each day. Coins were kept on the top of the icebox to pay, and the iceman would enter and leave without disturbing the owners.

THE SILVERTONE VS. THE PIANO. To me, the best appliance was the Silvertone radio. At first it was kept in the living room. I loved to listen to the big band music, but at night I would pick up the short waves, my first encounter with foreign languages.

Soon the radio was moved to Papa and Mama Lutie's room. Mama Lutie liked country and western music. She would pat her foot, speak of fiddle music, and hum tunes such as "Oh bury me not on the lone prairie." Her favorite hymn was "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord." That sums up Mama Lutie: a *saint* of the Lord.

Both Mama Lutie and Papa were Methodists, but Mama Lutie was the churchgoer. In 1886 she was a charter member of the Red Banks Methodist Church. Her pew was on the left side going in, second row from the front. Most of the men sat on the right side, but I noticed that Daddy sat with Mama or in the choir.

Music was important to all of us. Louanna, Mamie, and Edna Earl took piano lessons, and there were always sounds coming from the living room from one of the three or their friends. We could tell when someone other than family was playing; those three did play the piano better than average. Of course, each claimed that the other avoided doing dishes in order to practice. Edna Earl was the most daring, in spite of a very strict teacher. She had a long classical recital piece, but Edna Earl decided it should be cut in length—on recital night. Cut it, she did. Mamie watched to see the teacher's response, which wasn't favorable, but school was out for the summer and Edna Earl got away with it.

LAUGHTER. The family enjoyed a good laugh, and each member was not above playing a practical joke. Uncle Willie would take an item that cost maybe forty-nine cents, mark it up to \$20.49, and show it to Uncle Elijah, just to hear his comments.

One afternoon at dusk, a saleslady appeared at the door. Female salespersons were unusual. In the country, no one, especially a female, was turned away. So she was invited to spend the night. Edna Earl had embarked on a job of refinishing furniture, and the house was in somewhat of a turmoil. Immediately, Uncle Elijah asked where she was sleeping. Uncle Willie said, "In your room. There is an extra bed in there." As was Uncle Elijah's custom, he set out for the barn when things were not going right. He ventured in later to check things out. Of course, the lady was fed and put to bed, but not in Uncle Elijah's room.

Don't think that Uncle Elijah was the butt of all the kidding. No one was safe, but the teasing was harmless, and Uncle Willie could be oh so serious.

Before Louanna was married, one April Fools' Day fell on a Monday. Mamie and Edna Earl plotted. Edna Earl was to get up bright and early that morning, pretend that Mr. Buzbee, the father of Louanna's boyfriend LaClede, was at the door and had come to ask Louanna to drive LaClede to Ole Miss, where he was a student. Early Monday morning the plot began. Louanna, of course, was delighted, hurriedly dressed, and primped to look her best.

"Mr. Buzbee, Louanna will be out in a few minutes. It won't take her long. Won't you please come in out of the cold and sit by the fire," Edna Earl said. Then there was a deep muffled reply, and the one-sided conversation continued. Mamie was in the bed in the room with Louanna, her head covered, trying to control her laughter as Edna Earl carried out the scheme. I'll leave Louanna's reaction to that April Fool joke to your imagination.

There was a lot of wisdom to be learned in the family, from enjoying a good time together to attending funerals for neighbors or relatives. The young and the elderly understood death as part of the world that we live in. But there were days that I didn't like it, and I told Mamie that I hated to go to funerals. She said, "No one likes to go, but go to support the family. It is the only thing we can do to help, and maybe they will feel better." What wonderful advice for a child, and Mamie wasn't even called a counselor. We dealt with death when it came and did not try to analyze the situation. And when it did come to the family, others gave their support.

THE USETA-BEES. Many years passed. My nephew Charles was giving his very young daughter Hester a tour of Red Banks. He would say, "This used to be Papa's and Mama Lutie's house." As he guided her by the different houses and sites where he spent time, he would relate stories about one location and then another. He would tell her, "This used to be where Granddaddy and Grandma Shipp lived. This used to be where Matt and I went to see Aunt Octie." She listened to the stories and, as the little trip was ending, Hester declared, "There sure are alotta useta-bees here." Yes, Hester, you are correct, more than you know.

Descendants of William Henry Vick

27 Mar 2006

1. William Henry Vick (b.Ab. 1795-,,North Carolina;d.Bef 1860)

sp: Penny (b.Ab. 1799-,,North Carolina;d.Aft 1 May 1878)

— 2. Ransom Anderson Vick (b.13 Aug 1822-,Chatham,North Carolina;d.28 Jun 1897-Searcy,White,Arkansas)

sp: Sarah Ann Abington (b.27 May 1827;m.28 Feb 1856;d.7 Jul 1864)

— 3. William Henry Vick (d.Aft 1922-,Oklahoma,Oklahoma)

sp: Camilla Clarkson (m.Feb 1898;d.Bef 1922)

— 3. Ransom Emmett Vick

sp: Betty T. Mitchell (m.7 Nov 1883)

— 4. Imogene Vick (b.12 Sep 1884-Collierville,Shelby,Tennessee;d.Bef 1968)

— 4. John Mitchell Vick (b.17 Dec 1886-Ft. Smith,Arkansas;d.Bef 1968)

— 4. Ransom Emmett Vick Junior (b.18 May 1889-Ft. Smith,Arkansas;d.Bef 1968)

— 4. Lucie Vick (b.30 Apr 1893-Ft. Smith,Arkansas;d.Aft 1969)

— 4. Eva Vick (b.5 Aug 1895-Ft. Smith,Arkansas;d.Bef 1968)

— 4. William Harrell Vick (b.12 Jul 1898-Ft. Smith,Arkansas;d.Brfore 1968)

sp: UNKNOWN

— 5. Robert Harrell Vick

sp: UNKNOWN

— 6. Robert Dewitt Vick (b.Ab. 1951)

— 6. Joseph Captilles Vick (b.Ab. 1952)

— 6. Sarah Annis Vick (b.Ab. 1955)

— 6. Charles Ransom Vick (b.Ab. 1958)

— 4. Frances Elizabeth Vick (b.19 May 1901-Ft. Smith,Arkansas;d.Aft 1969)

— 3. Ella Vick (d.Aug 1897-Searcy,White,Arkansas)

sp: G. Fred Biggs

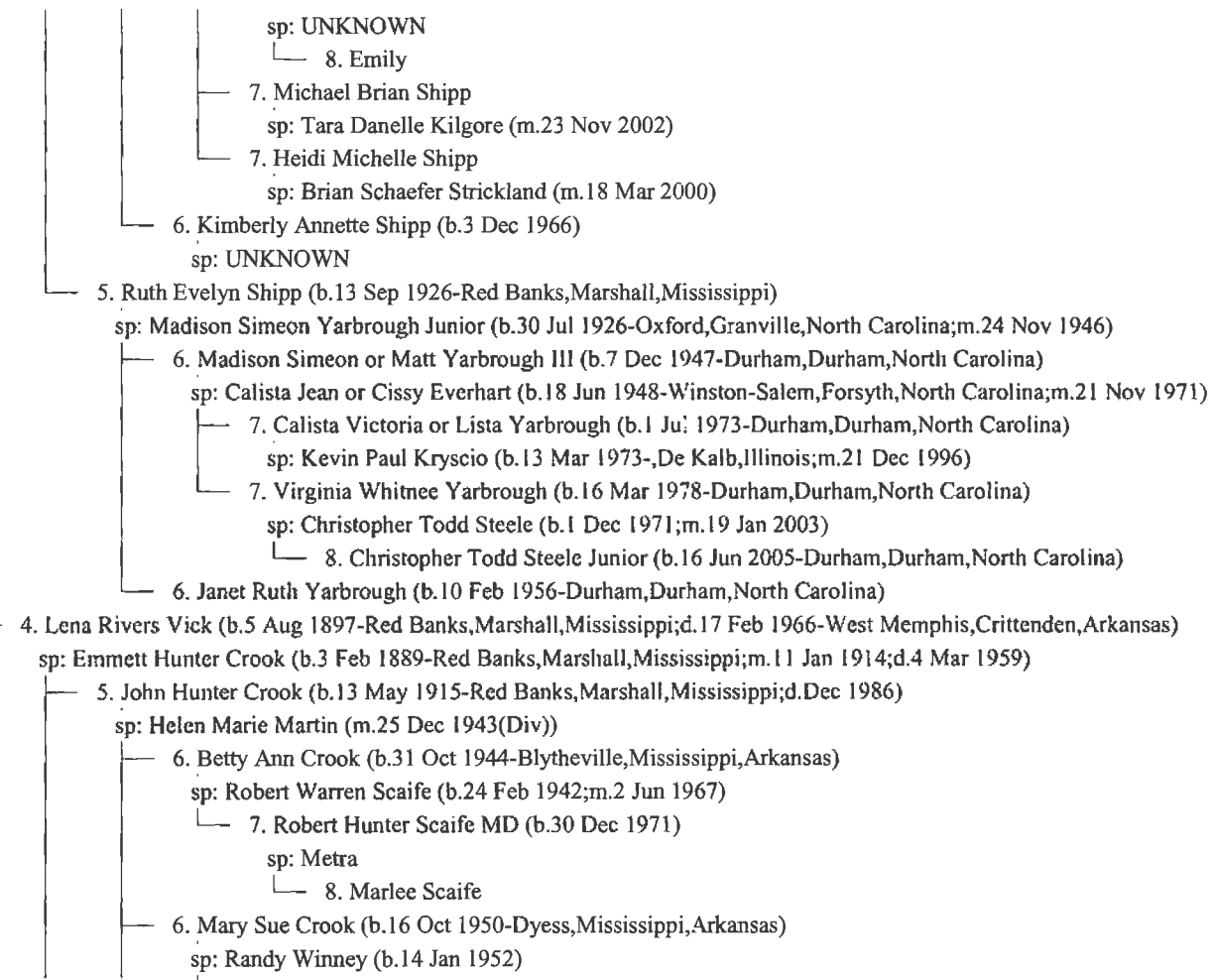
— 4. Sallie B. Biggs (d.Aft 1912-St Louis,Missouri ?)

sp: J. L. Rowland (d.Aft 1912-St Louis,Missouri ?)

- 4. Everett Anderson Biggs (d.Aft 1912-,Izard,Arkansas?)
sp: Nancy (d.Aft 1912)
- 4. George Hugh Biggs (d.Aft 1912-,Garland,Arkansas?)
sp: Ella (d.Aft 1912)
- 4. Joseph Ransom Biggs (d.Aft 1912-,Izard,Arkansas?)
sp: Ethel (d.Aft 1912)
- 4. William Van Biggs (d.Aft 1912-St Louis,Missouri ?)
- 4. Freddie Ella Biggs (d.Aft 1912-St Louis,Missouri ?)
- 3. John Bell (JoBell) Vick (b.Bef 1864;d.Abt 1884-Mississippi)
- 2. Emiline Vick (b.Abt 1823-,Chatham,North Carolina;d.Bet 1850/78)
- 2. Martha Vick (b.Abt 1828-,Chatham,North Carolina;d.Aft 1878)
- 2. Malinda or Lindy Vick (b.Abt 1830-,Chatham,North Carolina;d.Aft 1878)
- 2. William Henry Vick (b.24 Oct 1832-,Chatham,North Carolina;d.10 Jun 1887-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi)
sp: Clarinda Abington Lowry (b.1841-Collierville,Shelby,Tennessee;m.20 Nov 1866;d.22 Mar 1922-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi)
 - 3. Elijah Bell Vick (b.29 Apr 1868-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;d.16 Jul 1954-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi)
 - 3. Sallie Elenora Vick (b.31 Jul 1870-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;d.17 Apr 1944-Laws Hill,,Mississippi)
sp: Lorenza Lee Thompson (b.4 Apr 1863;m.21 Mar 1892;d.10 Oct 1906-,Marshall,Mississippi)
 - 4. Mary Clarinda Thompson (b.18 Dec 1892-,Marshall,Mississippi)
sp: Harvey Nicholson (d.1968)
 - 5. Lawrence Nicholson
 - 5. Raymond Nicholson
 - 4. William Lee or Willie Thompson (b.7 Nov 1894)
 - 4. Dudley Ransom Thompson (b.17 Dec 1896;d.18 Apr 1920)
 - 4. James Augusta Thompson (b.18 Mar 1899;d.22 Jan 1978)
sp: Mildred Barber (b.29 Sep 1903;d.1 Dec 1979)
 - 5. James Thompson
 - 5. Dudley Thompson
 - 4. Mabel Eunice Thompson (b.13 Aug 1901)
sp: Jim Shaw

- 5. Freddye Lois Shaw
 - sp: Shoffner Charles
 - 4. Aubrey Eugene Thompson (b.21 Feb 1904)
 - sp: Wanda
 - 5. Mary Thompson
 - 5. Sally Thompson
 - 5. Aubrey Thompson
 - sp: Verna
 - 4. Lowry Loranzo Thompson (b.6 Mar 1907)
3. Lowry Vick (b.2 Jul 1872-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;d.9 Apr 1962-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Lutie Olive Malone (b.7 Jul 1871-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;m.18 Dec 1894;d.7 May 1939-Red Banks,M,Mississippi)
 - 4. Frances Lucille Vick (b.29 Sep 1895-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;d.2 Jul 1978-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Ira Ervin Shipp Senior (b.7 Aug 1891-Big Creek,C,Mississippi;m.7 Aug 1917;d.26 Nov 1978-Memphis,S,Tennessee)
 - 5. Ira Ervin Shipp Junior (b.15 May 1918-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi)
 - sp: Mary Elizabeth Cochran (b.25 Sep 1919-Holly Springs,Marshall,Mississippi;m.12 Dec 1943;d.27 Nov 2002-)
 - 6. Charles Ervin Shipp (b.9 Aug 1945-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Cornelia or Nino Cargill Allen (b.20 Jan 1945-San Angelo,Tom Green,Texas;m.1973)
 - 7. Hester Stewart Shipp (b.23 Jul 1974-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Andrew Alexander Mathes (m.3 Oct 1998)
 - 8. Cornelia Jane Mathes (b.20 Feb 2003)
 - 8. Alexander Stewart Mathes (b.20 Jun 2005)
 - 7. Charles Cochran Shipp (b.23 Jun 1980-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 6. Frances Elizabeth Shipp (b.10 Jul 1947-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Roger Eliphalet Nott (b.28 Jan 1945-Pensacola,Escambia,Florida;m.25 Jun 1977)
 - 7. John Roger Nott (b.10 Apr 1984-Gainesville,Hall,Georgia)
 - 6. Kathryn Lynn Shipp (b.21 Apr 1949-Greenwood,Leflore,Mississippi)
 - sp: Gary Neal Smith (m.Aug 1969(Div))
 - sp: Perry Keith Hughes (b.22 Nov 1947-Selmer,McNairy,Tennessee;m.23 Dec 1973)

- 7. Kimberly Ann Hughes (b.7 Sep 1976-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 sp: William Jason Essary (m.25 Nov 2000)
 - 8. Kimberly Elizabeth Essary
 - 8. William Jason Essary II (b.26 Nov 2003)
- 7. Peyton Kyle Hughes (b.28 Aug 1979-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 sp: Allison Michelle Terry (b.27 Jan 1981-Victoria,Texas;m.4 Sep 2004)
- 6. Helen Joy Shipp (b.19 Aug 1950-Greenwood,Leflore,Mississippi)
- 5. Lowry Ray Shipp (b.10 Jun 1921-Big Creek,Calhoun,Mississippi;d.3 Dec 1998-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 sp: Susie Ruth Williams (b.3 Sep 1928-Potts Camp,Marshall,Mississippi;m.31 Aug 1946)
 - 6. Betty Sue Shipp (b.15 Jul 1947-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 sp: John Frederick or Jack Werne II (b.9 Apr 1943-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 7. Jay Wesley Werne (b.7 Dec 1981-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 7. Catherine Elizabeth Werne (b.3 Jan 1984-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 6. Dorothy Lucille Shipp (b.21 Oct 1949)
 sp: James Moore (m.Feb 1967(Div))
 - 7. Sherry Ann Moore (b.15 Jul 1968)
 sp: UNKNOWN
 - 8. Aaron Bennefield
 - 7. Shawn Moore (b.1970;d.Deceased)
 sp: Christy
 - 8. Kera Elane Moore (b.24 Sep 1988)
 - 8. Shawn Moore (b.16 Jul 1991)
 - 7. Phillip Millican Senior
 — 7. Phillip Millican Junior
 - 6. William Lowry or Bill Shipp (b.1 Oct 1955-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 sp: Katherine
 - 7. Lisa



- 7. Christopher Martin Winney (b.17 Jan 1977)
 - sp: Nina Hayes Speck (b.5 Jul 1923;m.1 Jan 1962)
 - 5. Lura Malone Crook (b.20 Apr 1918-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi)
 - sp: Clarence Rayford Eubanks (b.2 Nov 1913-Bruce,Calhoun,Mississippi;m.4 Nov 1935;d.10 Mar 1980-)
 - 6. Nancy Ann Eubanks (b.20 Jan 1938-Blytheville,Mississippi,Arkansas)
 - sp: Vernon Wayne Bacot (b.28 Feb 1937-Rotan,Roby,Texas;m.29 Jan 1959;d.28 Jul 1969-G,S,Mexico)
 - 7. Vernon Michael or Mike Bacot (b.2 Dec 1960-West Memphis,Crittenden,Arkansas)
 - sp: Denita Michelle Gammill (b.3 Sep 1965;m.25 May 1984)
 - 8. MacKenzie Jordan Bacot (b.27 Mar 1990-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 8. Maxwell Graden Bacot (b.31 Aug 1995-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 7. Deandra Ann Bacot (b.16 Jul 1964-West Memphis,Crittenden,Arkansas)
 - sp: Ronald Scott Waddell (b.8 Jul 1963-Jonesboro,Craighead,Arkansas;m.16 Nov 1985)
 - 8. Alexandra Grace Waddell (b.13 Apr 1991-Fayetteville,Washington,Arkansas)
 - 8. Hallie Ann Waddell (b.14 Aug 1993-Jonesboro,Craighead,Arkansas)
 - 8. Lauren Malone Waddell (b.10 Nov 2002)
 - 6. Linda Rae Eubanks (b.22 Apr 1942-Blytheville,Mississippi,Arkansas)
 - sp: Joseph Bentley Rhodes (b.2 Jun 1941-North Little Rock,Pulaski,Arkansas;m.13 Aug 1960)
 - 7. Lina Beth Rhodes (b.24 May 1962-Abilene,Taylor,Texas)
 - sp: Mark William Hathaway (b.6 May 1961-.,New York;m.7 Dec 1985)
 - 6. Helen Ruth Eubanks (b.2 Sep 1945-Blytheville,Mississippi,Arkansas)
 - sp: Thomas Eddie Idol (m.(Div))
 - 7. Ashlyn Elizabeth Idol (b.25 Sep 1967)
 - sp: John Peden
 - 8. Autumn Peden
 - 8. Adrian Peden
 - 8. John Alexander Peden
 - sp: Ronnie Dickerson (m.(Div))
 - 7. Trenton Hunter or Trent Dickerson (b.26 Feb 1970)

sp: UNKNOWN

8. Jordan Lane Counce (b.30 Jun 1991-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)

sp: Robert Merle or Bob Garvin (b.20 Feb 1945-,,Hawaii)

5. Lowry Williams (William Lowry) Crook (b.21 Jan 1921-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;d.Deceased)

sp: Mabel Eleanor or Mae Kramme (b.12 Jun 1922-Owensville,Gasconade,Missouri;m.9 Jan 1943)

6. James Lowry Crook (b.21 Nov 1943-Washington,Franklin,Missouri)

sp: Sandra Sheffield (b.7 Sep 1943-Jackson,Hinds,Mississippi;m.23 Jul 1965(Div))

7. Christine Elizabeth Crook (b.13 Nov 1966-Laredo,Webb,Texas)

sp: Mike Clancy

8. Brianna Clancy

8. Sean Clancy

8. Kyle Clancy

8. Patrick Clancy

7. Karen Kelly Crook (b.23 Apr 1968-Blytheville,Mississippi,Arkansas)

sp: Randy Cahill

8. Jonathan Cahill

8. Karolyn Cahill

8. Jordan Cahill

8. Thomas Cahill

8. Hannah Cahill

8. Samuel Cahill

7. James Lowry Crook Junior,MD (b.21 May 1970-Rapid City,Pennington,South Dakota)

7. Rebecca Louise Crook (b.21 May 1975-Atwater,Merced,California)

sp: Jason Cahill

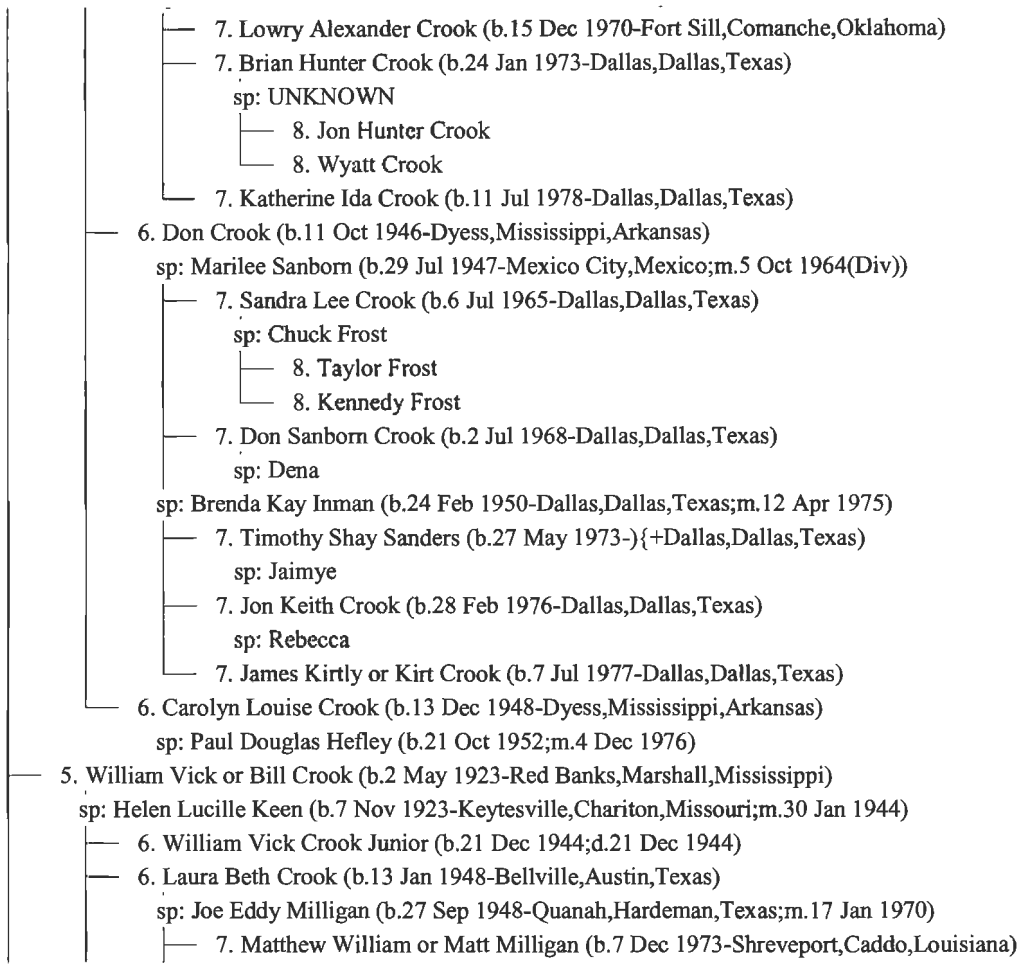
7. Cynthia Caroline Crook (b.26 Nov 1976-Okinawa,Japan)

sp: Zach Hogya

sp: Jan

6. Jon Crook (b.11 Oct 1946-Dyess,Mississippi,Arkansas)

sp: Patricia Jean or Pat Latta (b.13 Nov 1945-Chicago,Cook,Illinois;m.27 Aug 1967)



- └─ 7. Tyler Keen Milligan (b.21 Jan 1977-Oklahoma City,Oklahoma,Oklahoma)
sp: Jenni
- 6. Thomas William or Tom Crook (b.1 Feb 1953-Amarillo,Potter,Texas)
sp: Cynthia Kay or Cindy Roberson (b.17 May 1953-Dallas,Dallas,Texas;m.27 Sep 1975)
 - └─ 7. Kelly Elaine Crook (b.26 Sep 1978-Fort Worth,Tarrant,Texas)
 - └─ 7. Parker William Crook (b.3 Mar 1981-Fort Worth,Tarrant,Texas)
- 6. David Keen Crook (b.10 Apr 1956-Dallas,Dallas,Texas)
sp: Mona Bussey (b.23 Jan 1956-Gulfport,H,Mississippi;m.1 Apr 1977;d.2 Jun 2003-,Texas)
 - └─ 7. Stephanie Crook (b.1 Mar 1987-Dallas,Dallas,Texas)
- 5. Mamie Lou Crook (b.9 Feb 1930;d.1 Feb 1932-,Arkansas)
- 5. Amy Claire Crook (b.4 Apr 1935-Clear Lake,Mississippi,Arkansas)
sp: Charles Clinton Daniel (b.4 Jan 1934-Memphis,S,Tennessee;m.22 Feb 1953;d.1 Aug 2004-Bells,,Tennessee)
 - └─ 6. Suzan Rivers Daniel (b.29 Dec 1954-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
sp: Steve Warrick (m.(Div))
sp: Keith J Hallam
 - └─ 7. Christopher Hallam
 - └─ 6. Amy Lynn Daniel (b.29 Mar 1956-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
sp: Jeff Conlie McCowan (b.21 May 1956-Jackson,Hinds,Mississippi;m.29 Aug 1976)
 - └─ 7. Jennifer Lynn McCowan (b.5 Dec 1979-Dallas,Dallas,Texas)
 - └─ 7. Matthew Lee McCowan (b.31 Dec 1980-Atlanta,De Kalb,Georgia)
 - └─ 7. Daniel Clay McCowan (b.19 Nov 1984-Atlanta,De Kalb,Georgia)
 - └─ 6. Charles Clinton Daniel II (b.9 Jul 1958-West Memphis,Crittenden,Arkansas)
sp: Martina Völler (b.16 Jun 1959-Kassel,Germany;m.17 Jul 1984(Div))
 - └─ 7. Niklas Alexander Daniel (b.8 Oct 1984-Atlanta,De Kalb,Georgia)
 sp: Lorie Ann Martin (m.(Div))
sp: Sharon
 - └─ 6. Jason Matthew Daniel (b.11 Jul 1972-Atlanta,De Kalb,Georgia)
- 5. Mabel Lynn Crook (b.2 Feb 1938-Blytheville,Mississippi,Arkansas)
sp: Joseph Edward or Joe McKinstry (b.2 Sep 1934-Natchez,Adams,Mississippi;m.26 Jun 1960)

- 6. Jeffrey Hunter McKinstry (b.25 Jun 1964-Royal Oak,Oakland,Michigan)
 - sp: Maria Joyce Cysensky (b.26 Dec 1961-Sitka,,Arkansas;m.30 Jun 1984(Div))
 - 7. Leah McKinstry
 - sp: Kim
 - 6. Joseph Edward or Joe-Joe McKinstry II (b.30 Dec 1969-Royal Oak,Oakland,Michigan)
 - sp: Emily
 - 4. William Daniel Vick (b.20 Nov 1901-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;d.28 Nov 1939-St. Louis,St. Louis City,Missouri)
 - sp: Jean Rebecca MacKenzie (m.22 Feb 1925(Div);d.1997)
 - 5. William Travis (William Terry Davis) Vick (b.7 Mar 1931-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Ann Allison Washburn (b.Feb 1936-Nashville,Davidson,Tennessee;m.21 Jun 1955(Div))
 - 6. Jonathan Mark Davis Senior (b.22 May 1956-Nashville,Davidson,Tennessee)
 - sp: Pamela Brown
 - 7. Jessica Leigh Davis (b.1982)
 - 7. Jennifer Anne Davis (b.1985)
 - 7. Jonathan Mark Davis Junior (b.1988)
 - 7. Joshua Brown Davis (b.1990)
 - 7. Hannah Catherine Davis (b.1992)
 - 7. Heather Allison Davis (b.1995)
 - 7. Brooke MacKenzie Davis (b.1997)
 - 6. Deborah Kay or Debbie Davis (b.3 Mar 1958-Nashville,Davidson,Tennessee)
 - sp: Michael Whitaker Smith (b.7 Oct 1957)
 - 7. Ryan Whitaker Smith (b.1983)
 - 7. Whitney Katherine Smith (b.1986)
 - 7. Tyler Michael Smith (b.1988)
 - 7. Anna Elizabeth Smith (b.1990)
 - 7. Emily Allison Smith (b.1993)
 - sp: Mary Elizabeth White (m.24 May 1969;d.1999)
 - 4. John Malone Vick (b.5 Oct 1903-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;d.28 Aug 1968-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)

- 4. Louanna Vick (b.14 Nov 1906-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;d.13 Apr 1991-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Kenneth LaCledé Buzbee (b.9 Aug 1906-Memphis,S,Tennessee;m.22 Jul 1931;d.31 Dec 1967-Memphis,S,Tennessee)
 - 5. Mamie Nell Buzbee (b.21 Jul 1936-Oxford,Lafayette,Mississippi;d.21 Jul 1936-Oxford,Lafayette,Mississippi)
 - 5. Charlotte Anne Buzbee (b.24 Aug 1937-Oxford,Lafayette,Mississippi)
 - sp: Benny Eugene or Bud Fichte (m.8 Aug 1958(Div))
 - 6. Gene Fichte (b.21 Jul 1959-Texas)
 - 6. Jana Fichte (b.7 Jun 1961-Texas)
 - sp: David Powless
 - 7. Justin Powless
 - 7. Hannah Powless (b.24 Nov 1998-.,Michigan)
 - sp: Tom Owens (m.(Div))
 - sp: Jerry Moore (m.19 Jul 1997;d.2002)
 - 5. Anita Carole Buzbee (b.30 Jun 1940-Oxford,Lafayette,Mississippi)
- 4. Mamie Humphreys Vick (b.26 Mar 1909-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;d.27 Jun 2004-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
- 4. Edna Earl Vick (b.26 Jan 1914-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi)
 - sp: James Edward or Jimmy Stanton (b.18 Sep 1914;m.5 May 1939;d.21 Apr 1980-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 5. Shirley Anne Stanton (b.9 Aug 1940-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: John Walter Coleman (b.23 May 1938;m.10 Dec 1960)
 - 6. John Stanton Coleman (b.7 Oct 1962-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Pamela Jean Banus (b.7 Jul 1967;m.23 Sep 1989)
 - 7. Holly Anne Coleman (b.1 Aug 1991-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 7. John Andrew Coleman (b.9 Feb 1993-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 6. Kristen Lee Coleman (b.9 Aug 1965-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Matthew James Henry (b.18 Jul 1965;m.16 Jul 1988)
 - 7. Rachel Elizabeth Henry (b.6 Mar 1993)
 - 7. Kathryn Lee Henry (b.2 Jun 1995)
 - 6. Kendall Anne Coleman (b.4 Apr 1973-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Mark Allen Evans (b.30 Jan 1971;m.8 Aug 1992(Div))
 - 7. Meghan Anne Evans (b.3 Mar 1993)



*Lowry Vick with Lena (on left) and Frances (on right)
Standing: Louanna, Mamie, John and Edna Earl—Year 1951
Inset: Son Will (1901–1939)*



Lutie Olive Malone Vick (1871-1939)
Correction: After marriage to Lowry Vick, they lived on the Vick place until February 1907. Picture made a few months before her death.

MRS. LOWRY VICK

Illness of Several Months Proves Fatal at Red Banks

HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss., May 8.—Mrs. Lowry Vick died last night at her home in Red Banks after an illness of several months.

Funeral services were held at the home this afternoon by the Rev. D. M. Renick of Labelle Baptist Church, Memphis, who formerly was minister at Red Banks. Burial was in Red Banks Cemetery.

She is survived by her husband; two sons, W. D. Vick and J. M. Vick, a member of the Mississippi Legislature, of Red Banks; five daughters, Mrs. Hunter Crook, Blytheville, Ark.; Mrs. Irvin Shipp, Red Banks; Mrs. K. L. Buzbee, Abbeville; Miss Mamie Vick, Holly Springs, and Mrs. J. E. Stanton, Memphis; a brother, John Malone, Cochrum; and a sister, Mrs. G. H. Yarbrough, Red Banks.

MRS. LOWRY VICK IS CALLED SUDDENLY

Beloved Red Banks Lady Died At Her Home Sunday Night

Mrs. Lowry Vick of Red Banks died suddenly Sunday night at 9 o'clock after an illness of several months. Mrs. Vick, who had returned from the hospital a few weeks ago and was thought to be much improved, slipped quietly but quickly away with no sign of her going as she sat in the family circle at her home.

Funeral services were held at the home Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock by the Rev. D. M. Renick, Baptist minister of the LaBelle Baptist Church in Memphis, who was formerly the pastor of the Red Banks Baptist Church and was a special friend of the Vick family. Burial was in the Red Banks Cemetery on the family lot.

Pall bearers were Wilbur Kizer, R. G. Houston, Lee Barber, M. M. Mobley, W. S. McDougal, Andrew Matthews, Billie Pitts, John McClatchy.

Mrs. Vick was the daughter of the late James Daniel Malone and Virginia Humphreys Malone and was born on the Malone plantation south of Red Banks. She lived there till her marriage except a short time in DeSoto County at Ingram's Mill.

As Miss Lutie Olive Malone she married Lowry Vick of Red Banks Dec. 18, 1894. They lived on the Malone place till 1906 when they moved north of Red Banks, their present home.

Mrs. Vick joined the Methodist Church in early childhood and had lived a faithful member and a consecrated Christian life.

The unusually high tribute paid to this good woman by the minister in his words of comfort to the bereaved family, sorrowing friends, the large crowd that filled the house, yard, and the banks of flowers all attested to the high esteem and the loving regard in which this noble woman was held in her home community and county.

Mrs. Vick is survived by her husband; two sons, W. D. Vick and John M. Vick of Red Banks; five daughters, Mrs. Hunter Crook, Blytheville, Ark.; Mrs. Irvin Shipp, Red Banks; Mrs. K. L. Buzbee, Abbeville; Miss Mamie Vick of Holly Springs and Red Banks; Mrs. J. E. Stanton, Memphis; one brother, John Malone of Cochrum; one sister, Mrs. G. H. Yarbrough, Red Banks; eleven grandchildren, John Hunter Crook, Mrs. Rayford Eubanks, Lowry W. Crook, Billy V. Crook, Amy Claire Crook, Mable Lynn Crook, of Blytheville, Ark.; Irvin Shipp Jr., Lowry R. Shipp, Ruth Evelyn Shipp, Red Banks; Charlotte Ann Buzbee, Abbeville; Tracy's Vick, Memphis; and one great grandchild, Nancy Anne Eubanks, Blytheville, Ark.



Picture of Lowry and Lutie Vick Home—1991



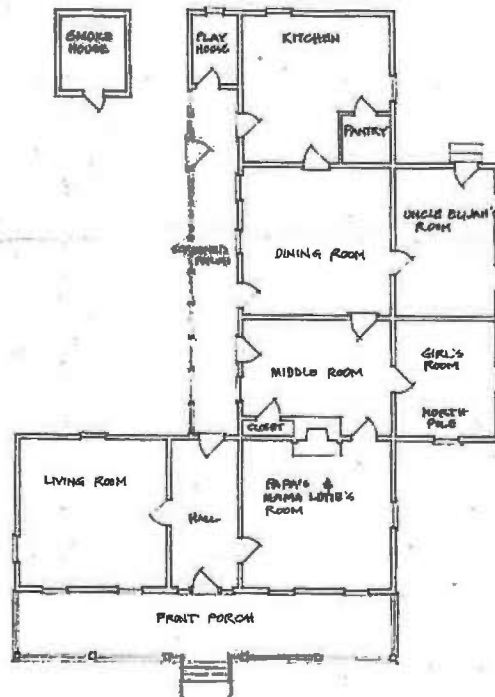
Wash Board and Soap



Daddy's straight razor. Uncle John's shaving mug and brush



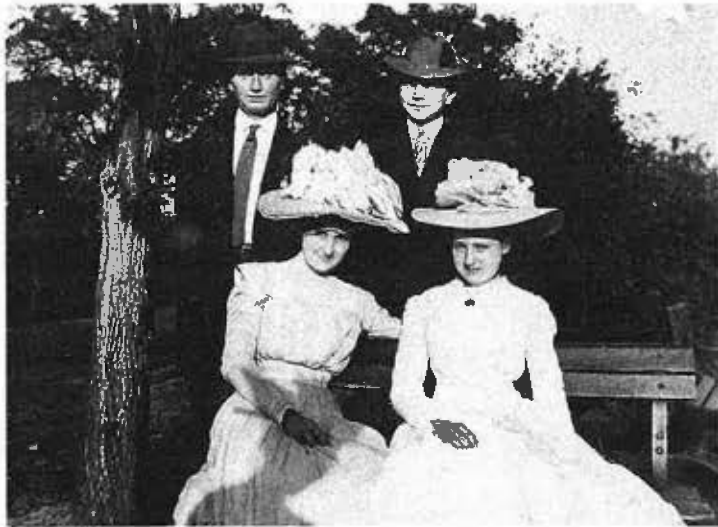
*Vick Home—Winter 1916/17—From left
 1st row: Baby John Hunter Crook with mother Lena Vick Crook, Ellen and Anna Garland Yarbrough,
 Louanna and Mamie Vick, William Daniel Vick and Frances Vick. 2nd row: Garland Hamlet and wife, Callie
 Malone Yarbrough holding twins, Hamlet Jr. and George Malone Yarbrough; John Humphreys and wife May Elder
 Malone holding daughter Frances Malone. 3rd row: Lowry and Lutie Vick holding Edna Earl Vick.*



*Original Floor Plan of Home of Lowry and Lutie Vick
 Drawn by Great-grandson, Charles E. Shipp*



*Lowry and Lutie Vick with sons John (seated)
and Will (standing)—Made in 1913*



*Seated from left: Mary Schrader, Frances Vick
— Ashby, Jerome Gresham in Memphis—About 1914*



*Late winter of 1914—Visit to House that Grandpa Vick built
From left: Mae Reuben, Lutie Vick holding Edna Earl, Louanna, Grandmother Clarinda Vick
(who lived in the house), Mamie, and Elijah Vick*



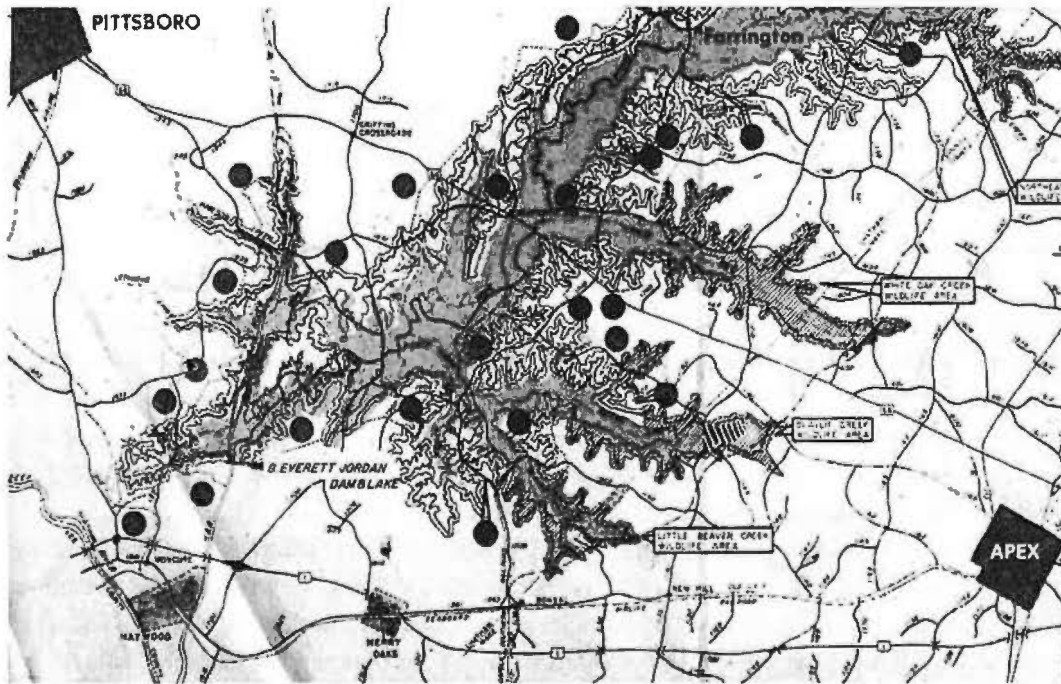
*Clarinda Abington Lowry Vick
(1841-1922)*



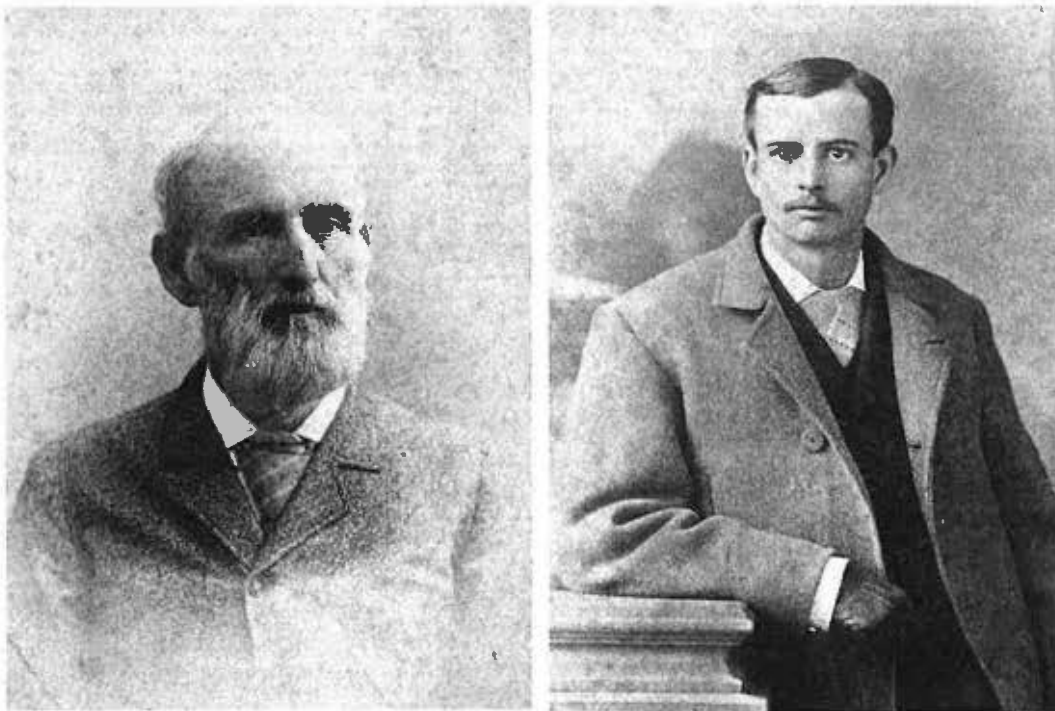
Lowry Vick—age 16 (1888)



Lowry Vick—About age 22 (1894)



Copyright 1982, Durham Morning Herald; reprinted with permission.
Map showing White Oak Creek, Beaver Creek and Little Beaver Creek and a portion of the area that was covered by Jordan Lake.



Ransom Anderson Vick (1822–1897) and son, Ransom Emmett Vick

State of North Carolina,
County of Wake.

THIS DEED made this the 30th. day of April, 1912, by Ransom E. Vick, a Married person, who, together with the grantee herein W.H. Vick are the only living children of Ransom A. Vick, deceased; Sallie B. Rowland, a married person, Everett Anderson Biggs, a married person, George Hugh Biggs a married person, Joe Ransom Biggs, a married person, William Van Biggs, a single person, Freddie Ella Biggs, a single person, who are all of the living children of a deceased daughter of the said Ransom A. Vick, and being, together with the grantee herein, all of the heirs of the said Ransom A. Vick, which Ransom A. Vick is one of the grantees named in the deed from Thomas Bell to Ransom A. Vick and William H. Vick, recorded in Book A.L. pages 108- 109, in the office of the register of deeds of Chatham County, North Carolina, and J.L. Rowland, the husband of the said Sallie B. Rowland, and Betty T. Vick, the wife of the said Ransom E. Vick, and Nancy Biggs, the wife of the said Everett Anderson Biggs, and Ella Biggs, the wife of the said George Hugh Biggs, and Ethel Biggs, the wife of the said Joe Ransom Biggs.

Also Elijah Vick, a single person, Gus Vick a single person, Lowery Vick a married person and Mrs. Sallie E. Thompson, a widow, who are all the living children of William H. Vick Senior, deceased, which William H. Vick, is one of the grantees in said deed from Thomas Bell recorded as aforesaid in book A.L. page 108-109, in the office of the register of deeds, and all of the heirs of the said William H. Vick Senior, deceased,, and Lutie Vick, the wife of Lowery Vick; parties of the first and W.H. Vick, of Oklahoma, County, State of Oklahoma, party of the second part;

WITNESSETH: That said parties of the first part, in consideration of one dollar (\$1.00) and other valuable consideration to them paid by the said party of the second part, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, have bargained and sold, and by these presents do bargain, sell and convey to said W.H. Vick and his heirs and assigns, all of their right, title (sic) and interest in and to a certain tract or parcel of land, located and situated in Chatham County, North Carolina, State of North Carolina, , in the fork of Big and Little Beaver Creeks, adjoining the lands of Asa?? Wilson Fleet Core, and others; Bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at the mouth of the spring branch where it empties into little Beaver creek, running up the meadners (sic) of said Branch to a maple; thence near West twenty five poles to a stake, thence North with Johnson's line eighty five poles to a lightwood stake in Mason's line; thence West one hundred and fifty four poles to a willow oak, thence South with Core's line forty two and one half poles to a stake, thence West one hundred and thirty two poles to a maple on the south side of Little Beaver Creek, thence up the various courses of said creek to the first station, containing two hundred and forty two and one half acres, more or less; being to the same property conveyed to Ransom A. Vick and William H. Vick by Thomas Bell on the 7th. day of February 1859, and recorded in Book A.L., pages 108- 109, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Chatham County, North Carolina.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the aforesaid tract and all privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging to the said party of the second part, his heirs and assigns, to his only use and behoof forever.

And the said parties of the first part covenant that they are seized of said premises in fee, and have right to convey the same in fee simple, that the same is free and clear of all encumbrances and that they will warrant and defend the said title to the same against the lawful claims of all persons, whomsoever.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, the said parties of the first part have hereunto set their hands and seals, the day and year above written.

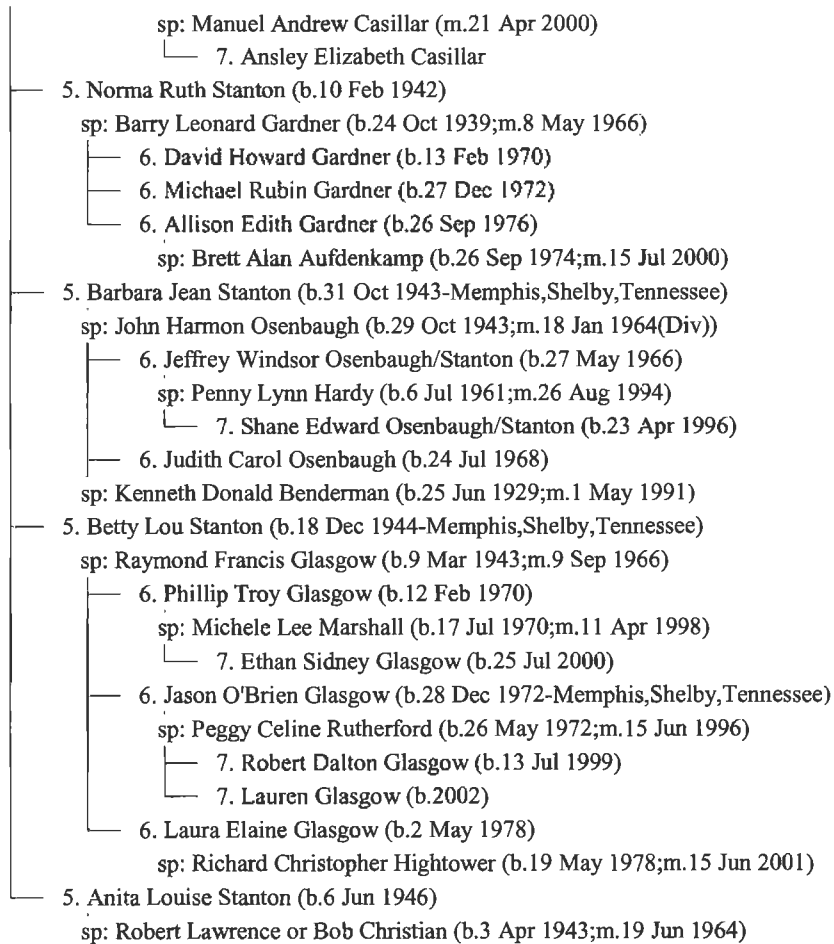
Ransom E. Vick
Betty T. Vick
Sallie B. Rowland
J.L. Rowland
Everett Anderson Biggs
Nancy Biggs
George Hugh Biggs
Ella Biggs
Joseph Ransom Biggs
Ethel Biggs
William Van Biggs
Freddie Ella Biggs
Elijah Vick
Lowery Vick
Lutie Vick
Sallie E. Thompson
Gus Vick

State of Arkansas SS
County of Sebastian

I, Robt C. Coogan, a Notary Public in and for said County and State do hereby certify that Ransom E. Vick and Betty T. Vick, his wife, personally appeared before me this day and acknowledged the due execution of the foregoing deed of conveyance for the purposes therein expressed; and the said Betty T. Vick, being by me

A portion of deed made in 1912 to give W. H. Vick authority to sell Vick Homeplace. Final sale on record in 1922.

- 6. Vickie Anita Christian (b.19 May 1966)
 - 6. Deborah Lynne or Debbie Christian (b.20 Mar 1968)
sp: Brian Scott Drewry (b.23 Sep 1965;m.1 Jun 1991)
 - 7. Caroline Elizabeth Drewry (b.30 Mar 1997)
 - 7. William Scott Christian Drewry (b.23 Oct 2000)
 - 3. Mattie Vick (b.19 Sep 1874-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;d.6 Jan 1886-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi)
 - 3. Augusta or Gus Vick (b.24 Aug 1876-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;d.17 Jul 1933-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 3. William Henry or Willie Vick (b.24 Oct 1879-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;d.5 Aug 1901-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi)
 - 2. Luciann Vick (b.Ab. 1834-,Chatham,North Carolina;d.1920)
sp: John Goodwin (b.10 Jan 1831;d.8 Feb 1865)
 - 3. Lureny or Renie Goodwin (b.14 Dec 1856-,Chatham,North Carolina)
 - 3. Magnona or Nonie Goodwin (b.22 Feb 1858-,Chatham,North Carolina)
 - 3. William Henry or Todie Goodwin (b.24 Mar 1860-,Chatham,North Carolina;d.7 Apr 1941-,Chatham,North Carolina)
sp: Sarah Cornelia Goodwin (b.24 Sep 1865-,Chatham,North Carolina;m.15 Apr 1886;d.16 Apr 1947-,Chatham,North Carolina)
 - 4. Earl Gray Goodwin (b.17 Oct 1889-,Chatham,North Carolina)
sp: Ethel Clara Roundy (m.1917;d.1938)
sp: Veanna Poole (b.25 Apr 1914-Jonesboro,,North Carolina;m.5 Mar 1941)
 - 5. Earl Gray Goodwin Junior (b.22 Feb 1946-Raleigh,Wake,North Carolina)
sp: Margie Anderson (b.17 Jun 1949-Apex,Wake,North Carolina;m.19 Nov 1967)
 - 6. Danny Gray Goodwin (b.1970)
 - 4. Pearl Olive Goodwin (b.17 Oct 1889-,Chatham,North Carolina)
 - 3. Penellie Jackson or Nellie Goodwin (b.13 Oct 1862-,Chatham,North Carolina)
 - 2. Mary Vick (b.Ab. 1836-,Chatham,North Carolina;d.Bef 1907)
sp: Kurney Stone





1951 Family Reunion on Lowry Vick's 79th Birthday
From left: 1st Row: Norma Stanton, Linda Eubanks, Helen R. Eubanks, Betty Sue Shipp, Betty Ann Crook, Anita Stanton, Matt Yarbrough, Charles Shipp, Beth Shipp, Shirley Stanton, Carole Buzbee, Betty Lou Stanton. 2nd Row: a friend, Barbara Stanton, Edna Earl Stanton, Lena Crook, Lowry Vick, Frances Shipp, Marnie Vick, Louanna Buzbee, Lura Eubanks. Standing: Lowry Shipp, Ruth Evelyn Yarbrough, Madison Yarbrough, Marie Crook holding Sue Crook, LaCiede Buzbee, John Hunter Crook, Hunter Crook, Ervin Shipp, John Vick, Charlotte Buzbee, Rayford Eubanks, Nancy Eubanks, Mabel Lynn Crook, Jimmie Stanton, Elizabeth Shipp holding Kathryn Shipp, Amy Clair Crook holding Helen Shipp, Ruth W. Shipp holding Lucille Shipp.



Vick Reunion of 1981

GRANDPARENTS OF CAMPBELL/GILLHAM/ DAVIDSON/LUSK/SHIPP LINE

The name *Campbell* rings of Scotland. There were three clans, Campbell of Argyll and West of Scotland, Campbell of Breadalbane, and Campbell of Cawdor (Calder). Our particular group had migrated to Ireland. We do not know the reasons, whether it was war, the economy, a love of adventure, or just a love of a sweetheart.

John Campbell, who lived about the latter part of the fifteenth century and into the sixteenth century, was born in Ireland. His son William came to America and settled in Virginia.¹⁹³

≈ THIRTEEN GENERATIONS OF CAMPBELL DESCENDANTS ≈

John Campbell, married Grissell "Grace" Hay, parents of
William Campbell, married Sarah Gay, parents of
Margaret "Peggy" Campbell, married Thomas Gillham, parents of
Sarah "Sally" Gillham, married John Davidson, parents of
Susannah Davidson, married Thomas Lusk, parents of
Andrew Jackson Lusk, married Nancy Rhea (Ray), parents of
Ellifair Elizabeth Lusk, married Oliver William Shipp, parents of
Andrew Ray Shipp, married Tallulah Itasca Denley, parents of
Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., married Frances Lucille Vick, parents of
Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and

¹⁹³The information on the Campbells and the Gillhams was researched by a descendant, Kenneth Vance Smith of Uvalde, Texas. We appreciate his sharing this information at his website, <http://www.flash.net/~kensmith/>. Though the link is no longer active, printed copies are in my files.

Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

John Campbell was born in Ulster, Ireland, and he and his wife, Grissell "Grace" Hay, were the parents of two known sons, William and Patrick.

Son William Campbell was also born in Ulster. He married Sarah Gay, daughter of Robert Gay and Margaret Lockridge. His death occurred after October 5, 1754, in Augusta County, Virginia.

William Campbell and Sarah Gay were parents of Margaret Campbell, who married Thomas Gillham. Please continue with Margaret and Thomas in the Gillham section.

GRANDPARENTS OF GILLHAM/DAVIDSON/LUSK/SHIPP LINE

While searching the Lusk and Davidson families, we found Thomas Gillham, who came to America from Ireland sometime after 1729 and before 1732. We count eleven generations of descendants from him to the present.

≈ ELEVEN GENERATIONS OF GILLHAM DESCENDANTS ≈

Thomas Gillham, married Margaret (Peggy) Campbell, parents of Sarah "Sally" Gillham, married John Davidson, parents of Susannah Davidson, married Thomas Lusk, parents of Andrew Jackson Lusk, married Nancy Rhea (Ray), parents of Ellifair Elizabeth Lusk, married Oliver William Shipp, parents of Andrew Ray Shipp, married Tallulah Itasca Denley, parents of Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., married Frances Lucille Vick, parents of Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of Janet Ruth Yarbrough and Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

Thomas Gillham was born about 1710 in Ulster, Ireland.¹⁹⁴ His first wife was Mary Meade, and four children were born to them:

1. Charles Gillham, born in Ireland about 1729, married Elizabeth Kinkaid
2. Ezekiel Gillham, born in Virginia about 1732, married Sarah Clemons
3. Mary Gillham
4. Nancy Gillham

¹⁹⁴ Please note that the information on the Gillham family was taken from the web page of Kenneth Vance Smith of Uvalde, Texas. I did not research this, but I have reason to believe that the material is correct.

Thomas Gillham's second wife was Margaret (Peggy) Campbell, the daughter of William Campbell and Sarah Gay. She was born about 1728 in Augusta County, Virginia, and they were married in the same county. Thomas and Margaret were the parents of several children all born in Augusta County, Virginia.

Those known are:

1. Sarah "Sally" Gillham, born about 1743/44, married about 1765, perhaps in Virginia, to John Davidson, who died August 6, 1780, at Hanging Rock, South Carolina, in the Revolutionary War. She was buried December 5, 1828, age 84, at Bullock's Creek Cemetery, York County, South Carolina. This is our direct line.
2. Susannah Gillham, born 1745, married James Kirkpatrick in South Carolina. James Kirkpatrick was in the Army of the Revolutionary War.
3. Thomas Gillham, born May 17, 1749, died June 30, 1828, married (1) Susannah McDow and (2) Susannah Rutherford.
4. James C. Gillham, born 1752, died 1811 in St. Clair, County, Illinois, married Ann Barnette in 1775. Ann died 1819 in Madison County, Illinois.
5. William Gillham, born 1754, died October 27, 1825, in Jersey County, Illinois. He was married to Jane McDow, who was born 1750 and died 1810.
6. John Gillham, born January 4, 1756, died April 30, 1835, in Wanda County, Illinois, married Sarah Clark about 1776 in Pendleton County, Illinois. Sarah was born 1756 and died in March of 1832, also in Wanda County.
7. Isaac Gillham, born November 10, 1757, died September 16, 1845, in Madison County, Illinois, married Jane Kirkpatrick in 1786. She died 1845 in the same county.

Both Thomas Gillham and this wife, Margaret Campbell, died in 1785 in Union County, South Carolina.

Kenneth Vance Smith, who is also a direct descendant of Thomas Gillham and Margaret (Peggy) Campbell through the line of Sarah Gillham and John Davidson, shares the following story on his Web page.

Sarah Gillham, who lost her husband, Captain John Davidson, in the Revolutionary War, had a sister Susannah who married James Kirkpatrick. James was also in the Army of the Revolutionary War and had been away from home several months. He obtained permission to visit his family, "which on account of Toryism, he had to do so by stealth. He had been at home but a few minutes, when, sitting with his wife on his

knee, surrounded by his children, he was shot and killed by a Tory named Pruitt who fired through a window."¹⁹⁵ Without such untold sacrifices of our ancestors, we would not be able to enjoy the freedom we have as American citizens.

Please continue with the Davidson section to read about John Davidson and Susannah "Sally" Gillham, our direct line.

¹⁹⁵David Gillham, *Brinks' History of Madison County, Illinois*, as reported by Kenneth Vance Smith on his website.

GRANDPARENTS OF DAVIDSON/LUSK/SHIPP LINE

In a book that I read I found, "When the power of the Comyns began to wane in Badenoch [Scotland], Donald Dubh of Invernahaven, Chief of the Davidsons, having married the daughter of Angus, 6th of Mackintosh, sought the protection of William, 7th of Mackintosh, before 1350, and became associated with the Clan Chattan confederation. The clan became known as the Clan Dhàl from David Dubh of Invernahaven, the first chief." The origin of the name David is Gaelic *Daibhidh*¹⁹⁶.

Our particular connection to them came from Ireland, where they had migrated. From 1675, we can trace descendants to the present day.¹⁹⁷ Please note that the fourth generation, our direct line, John Davidson who married Sarah Gillham, gave his life in the Revolutionary War in America.

≈ THIRTEEN GENERATIONS OF DAVIDSON DESCENDANTS ≈

John Davidson, married Jane _____ of Ireland, parents of
William Davidson, married Elizabeth _____, parents of
John Davidson (born in Virginia), married Jane _____, parents of
John Davidson, married Sarah (Sallie) Gillham, parents of
Susannah (Susan) Davidson, married Thomas Lusk, parents of
Andrew Jackson Lusk, married Nancy Rhea (Ray), parents of
Ellifair Elizabeth Lusk, married Oliver William Shipp, parents of
Andrew Ray Shipp, married Tallulah Itasca Denley, parents of
Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., married Frances Lucille Vick, parents of
Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of

¹⁹⁶Robert Bain, *The Clans and Tartans of Scotland*, 5th ed. (London: William Collins Sons & Co. Ltd., 1976), pp. 78-79.

¹⁹⁷The Davidson information is taken from the website of Kenneth Vance Smith of Uvalde, Texas, <http://www.flash.net/~kensmith/> (link no longer active). He has the documentation with sources to substantiate the findings. Full credit is given him, and we appreciate his work.

Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
 Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
 Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
 Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
 Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

John Davidson and Wife Jane

John Davidson was born about 1675 in Ulster, Ireland; his wife was Jane _____, also born in Ulster. They were parents of four known sons who were born in Ulster:

1. William Davidson, who married Elizabeth, the direct line
2. George Davidson
3. Thomas Davidson
4. Samuel Davidson

Our Campbell, Gillham, and Davidson ancestors all have roots in Ulster. One writer points out that, "at the time of the first U.S. Census in 1790, there were about 400,000 people of Irish birth or descent here, with about half of them having Ulster (northern Ireland) backgrounds.... If your ancestors arrived in America prior to 1800, they most likely were Protestants, and, if they came later, they probably were Catholic."¹⁹⁸ Our ancestors certainly arrived before 1800. The descending generations, were Protestants. I definitely remember my father telling me that he had Irish ancestors.

William Davidson and Wife Elizabeth

William, born in Ireland, and his wife Elizabeth were the second generation of our line. They were the parents of the following children:

1. Elizabeth Davidson
2. Margaret Davidson
3. John Davidson, married Jane _____, the direct line
4. Samuel Davidson
5. George Davidson
6. Ann Davidson
7. Helen Davidson
8. _____ Davidson

¹⁹⁸ Myra Vanderpool Gormley, "Searching for Irish Ancestors," *The [Durham, NC] Herald-Sun*, March 11, 2001, p. G6.

John of Virginia and Wife Jane

The first son of William and Elizabeth was also given the name John. John, like his grandfather, married a woman named Jane, but he was born in Virginia. This John and Jane were parents of the following children:

1. Elisabeth Davidson, born April 19, 1741
2. Margaret Davidson, born December 5, 1742
3. John Davidson, born November 25, 1744, in Virginia. He died August 6, 1780, in the Revolutionary War at the Battle of Hanging Rock. This is our direct line.
4. George Davidson
5. Robert Davidson, born before April 5, 1747
6. Mary Davidson, born before 1748
7. Thomas Davidson
8. William Davidson
9. Edward Davidson, born before 1750
10. David Davidson, born before 1752
11. Giles Davidson, born 1762

John Davidson and Wife Sarah "Sally" Gillham

Our line, the third child, was another John. He was born November 25, 1744, in Virginia. His wife was Sarah (Sally) Gillham, who was born in 1743 in Augusta County, Virginia. They were married about 1765 and had eight children. It is interesting to note that five of their children married Lusks, four of them marrying brothers and sisters in the same family. They are:

1. Samuel Davidson, born about 1765 in Union District, South Carolina, married his first wife, Mary Lusk, who was born 1763 and also died in the same county. She was the daughter of Robert Lusk and Mary Vance. His second wife was Elizabeth Gillis.
2. Susannah (Susan) Davidson, the direct line, married Thomas Lusk, son of Robert Lusk and Mary Vance. Susan was born in 1767 and died in 1809 in Union County, South Carolina. See the Lusk section for more information.
3. Martha Davidson, born September 30, 1769, in South Carolina, married John Lusk on January 8, 1789. He was the son of Robert Lusk and Mary Vance. Martha died July 4, 1860, in Lafayette County, Mississippi. John predeceased her on June 11, 1844, in Cherokee County, Union District, South Carolina.

4. Thomas G. Davidson, born about 1770, married Mary (Polly) Stanford on March 28, 1800, in Christian County, Kentucky. Thomas died in Illinois.
5. George Davidson, born about 1772, married Gennet Lusk, also a daughter of Robert Lusk and Mary Vance. Both died before 1850 in Carrol County, Illinois.
6. Sarah (Sallie) Davidson, born September 19, 1774, in South Carolina, married February 25, 1800, in North Carolina to William Lusk, son of William Lusk and Margaret Laughlin Vance. Sarah died in June 1846 in Warren County, Tennessee, and her husband died November 7, 1860, in the same county.
7. William Coke Davidson, born about 1775 in South Carolina, married Hannah Bankhead. William died about 1815 in Illinois.
8. Peggy Davidson was born about 1778 and married a Mr. Montgomery.

Captain John Davidson, the father of these eight children, is our direct ancestral line. He was killed August 6, 1780, in the Battle of Hanging Rock in the Revolutionary War. He served with Colonel Thomas Brandon's unit and also with the unit led by Colonel Robert Montgomery. He was baptized November 25, 1744, at Tinkling Springs Presbyterian Church in Augusta County, Virginia.

His wife, Sarah Gillham Davidson, died December 5, 1828, at Bullock Creek, York County, South Carolina.

When the father was killed in the Revolutionary War, his youngest child was about two years old. We can assume that family members cared for his wife and children.

Please continue with the Lusk section. Our line is Susannah (Susan) Davidson, married to Thomas Lusk.

Elizabeth Hutchinson, and, with his two sons, left Ireland where he was a weaver, and came to America in 1765.

Aunt Dora wrote that Andrew Jackson Lusk's son, Robert Lusk I, married Elizabeth Hays of Tryon County, North Carolina. This county later became York County, South Carolina, and his will is recorded in 1770. They had nine children, the ninth of whom, Robert Lusk II, was born in Virginia and is our ancestor. This has not been proven. Aunt Dora's information concerning Thomas Lusk and Susannah Davidson was correct, but I found new evidence contrary to her findings of the generations before Thomas and Susannah.

I did find that there were three Lusk families living in the same part of South Carolina: Robert and Jane Lusk of Fishing Creek, York County; Robert and Belle Lusk of Abbeville/Anderson Counties; and Robert and Mary Vance of Thicketty Creek, Union County.

Noted genealogists have written scores of articles on the three, and most do not believe our particular line stems from Robert Lusk and Elizabeth Hays.

Robert Lusk and Mary Vance

More reliable information, from Kenneth Vance Smith¹⁹⁹ of Uvalde, Texas, proves that our line, Robert Lusk, was born in 1730 in Ireland. This is another Irish line that arrived before the first census in 1790. He died in 1804 at Carrsville, Crittendon County, Kentucky. This Robert was married about 1753 in Augusta County, Virginia, to Mary Vance, who was born in 1735, either in Ireland or Virginia; her birthplace has not been verified. She died November 27, 1803, also in Carrsville, Crittendon County, Kentucky. While we do not know the parents of Mary Vance, we can guess she was respected and loved, for her namesakes, and there were many, have come down to the present time.

The 1790 Union County, South Carolina census places Robert in the 96th District. Their children were:

1. Nancy "Agnes" Lusk, born 1753, died May 29, 1844, in Rankin County, Mississippi. She married in Union District, South Carolina, in 1772 to William Steen, who was born 1749 in Chester County, Pennsylvania. The husband died about 1823 in Carroll County, Tennessee.

¹⁹⁹Kenneth Vance Smith, on his web page, <http://www.flash.net/~kensmith/>. This web link is no longer active, but I have copies in my files.

GRANDPARENTS OF LUSK/SHIPP LINE

Some of the best stories come from the grandmother's line. Three generations of my great-grandmother's ancestors lived in America before she was born. The Lusks came from Ireland, as did the Campbells and the Davidsons. We know the latter two were of Scottish origin, and the names of the Lusk children would indicate a Scottish background. The Lusk men and women were patriots. They fought and died for our freedom.

Follow the lines from the earliest known to the present day. Especially read about Thomas Lusk's second wife. Although the first wife, Susannah, was our direct line, the step-grandmother's family plays an intriguing role in Texas history.

≈ TEN GENERATIONS OF LUSK DESCENDANTS ≈

Robert Lusk, married Mary Vance, parents of
Thomas Lusk, married Susannah Davidson, parents of
Andrew Jackson Lusk, married Nancy Rhea (Ray), parents of
Ellifair Elizabeth Lusk, married Oliver William Shipp, parents of
Andrew Ray Shipp, married Tallulah Itasca Denley, parents of
Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., married Frances Lucille Vick, parents of
Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

Some Lusk information from Cora Van Johnson Boyles came to me with a copy of a letter from my aunt Dora Shipp Wright, shortly before my aunt's death in 1941. In the letter Aunt Dora said that Andrew Jackson Lusk I was born before 1735, married

2. James Vance Lusk, born August 25, 1754, in Virginia, married Letitia Thomas May 6, 1782, in South Carolina. He died September 24, 1803, in Crittendon County, Kentucky.
3. Robert Lusk, born 1758, died September 8, 1781, in the Revolutionary War. He was killed in the Battle of Eutaw Springs in South Carolina under the combined forces of American commanders General Greene and General Sumner. The "front line" consisted of two battalions of militia from North Carolina and two battalions from South Carolina, with other brigades from Virginia, Maryland, more from North Carolina, and reserves from Delaware.²⁰⁰
4. Andrew Lusk, born 1759, died in the Revolutionary War in 1780.
5. Thomas Lusk, born about 1760 in Union County, South Carolina, is our direct line.
6. Mary Lusk, born 1763 in Union County, South Carolina, married Samuel Davidson. She died before 1806.
7. Jennet Lusk, born about 1767 in South Carolina, married George Davidson. They both died before 1850 in Carroll County, Illinois.
8. John Lusk, born January 2, 1769, in South Carolina, died June 11, 1844, in Cherokee County, Union District, South Carolina. He was married to Martha Davidson.
9. Sarah "Sallie" Lusk, born about 1770 in Union County, South Carolina, married Joseph Samms May 9, 1786, and died in Illinois.
10. George Vance Lusk, born 1772 in Union District, South Carolina, married Elizabeth Hopper Lacy on December 23, 1801, in Livingston County, Kentucky. He died after 1853 in Shelby County, Texas.

Two of this family gave their lives for our independence in the Revolutionary War.

Susannah Davidson and Barsheba Harrington

Thomas Lusk, our direct line, married twice.²⁰¹ He and his first and second wives were pioneers in breaking new ground in our nation. His father had made the treacherous journey from Ireland to Virginia, South Carolina, and finally to Kentucky.

Thomas was born in Union County, South Carolina, about 1760, and he married

²⁰⁰Henry B. Carrington, *Battles of the American Revolution, 1775-1781* (New York: Promontary Press, 1877), 577-83, as reported in *Yarbrough Family Quarterly*, 9, No. 2 (2000), 18-20.

²⁰¹Copied pages in my file of the material of Kenneth Vance Smith with sources from his no longer active website.

Susannah (Susan) Davidson, daughter of John Davidson and Sarah (Sally) Gillham, in the year 1791 in South Carolina. Susannah was born about 1767 in South Carolina.

We find Thomas Lusk in the 1800 federal census of Union District, South Carolina, as the next household to David Smith. He is also mentioned in a deed in which his brother, John Lusk, deeds 200 acres to John Jeffries for \$900.00; the deed describes the plot as where Lusk used to live on Thicketty Creek adjoining David Smith's, to the dividing line between Thomas Lusk and John Lusk, to Abraham Smith.

Thomas and Susannah Davidson Lusk were the parents of:

1. Isaac Lusk, born 1792 in Union County, South Carolina, died in 1870.
2. Andrew Jackson Lusk, born 1793 in Union County, South Carolina, married Nancy Rhea (Ray). More will be written about him in the next generation. He is our direct line.
3. John Lusk, born February 8, 1794, in Union District, South Carolina, married Rachel (Tenason) Tennyson, daughter of John and Elizabeth Tennyson, May 14, 1815. Both died in Lafayette County, Mississippi: Rachel April 29, 1870, and John a few weeks later on June 24.
4. Sarah Lusk, born August 10, 1800, in Union County, South Carolina, married Colonel James Fowler Harrington in March of 1817 in the same county. Both died in Sparta, Chickasaw County, Mississippi. Sarah died May 13, 1860, and her husband August 20, 1884.
5. Martha "Patsy" Lusk, born about 1803 in Union County, South Carolina, married John Bankhead in 1835 in South Carolina. Her husband was born in Pennsylvania. She died in 1851 in South Carolina, and he died October 31, 1859, in Lafayette County, Mississippi.
6. Nancy Lusk, born 1806 in Union County, South Carolina, married Allen R. Jamieson after 1833 in the same county. She died in 1881.
7. Elizabeth "Betsy" Lusk, born October 14, 1807, in Union District, South Carolina, married William Hutchinson "Billie" Steen, who was born in the same district on April 24, 1800. Both died in Lafayette County, Mississippi. Betsy died June 22, 1889, her husband on October 7, 1870.
8. Susan Lusk, born October 19, 1809, in Union County, South Carolina. She married Merrill J. Smith on May 8, 1827, in the same county. Her husband died February 14, 1860, in Hallettsville, Lavaca County, Texas. Susan died July 23, 1879, in Luling, Caldwell County, Texas.

The 1800 census shows Thomas and Susannah Davidson with four children. In all they had eight children, but most believe that Susannah (Susan) Davidson Lusk died in 1809, about the same time that the youngest, Susan, was born.

Thomas Lusk remarried within the year to the widow of David Smith, a neighbor. David Smith's will was recorded February 25, 1806; he names his wife, two sons, and two daughters.

Thomas Lusk's second wife was Barsheba Harrington Smith, daughter of John Harrington and Frances "Fanny" Burt. The 1810 census shows the combined household. Thomas and Barsheba also were parents of two daughters, Permelia and Caroline.

The youngest child, Susan, of Thomas and his first wife, Susannah Davidson, probably lived with her Aunt Martha Davidson, who also married a Lusk, Major John Lusk.

Thomas Lusk stayed in Union County, South Carolina, after his father and mother, Robert and Mary Vance Lusk, went to Kentucky with their oldest and youngest sons, Major James Vance Lusk and George Vance Lusk.

Thomas and his brother John purchased land in Warren County, Tennessee, in 1812, but neither moved until 1817. The 1820 federal census of Lincoln County, Tennessee shows Thomas Lusk and John residing there.

On January 3, 1826, Thomas Lusk died in Lincoln County. James Smith, his stepson and the eldest son of David Smith and Barsheba, appeared in court as the administrator of Thomas Lusk's estate. The court declared "that Thomas Lusk, late of this county, departed this life without making his Last Will and Testament in writing."

The 1830 census shows members of the families of Lusk and Smith still in Lincoln County, Tennessee. Shortly thereafter, the Lusk and Smith children migrated to Mississippi, Texas, and other western places.

THE SEAL OF TEXAS. There is evidence to conclude that Thomas's second wife, Barsheba, the widow of David Smith, was the mother of General James Smith. Smith County, Texas is named in his honor. His heroic deeds in the War of 1812 and in Texas are recorded in *The New Handbook of Texas*. This is the same stepson who was the administrator of Thomas Lusk's estate. He is identified as son of David and Barsheba Smith, born September 10, 1792.

James Smith volunteered for the War of 1812, fought in the Creek Indian wars, and was a lieutenant under Andrew Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. He served the

military from South Carolina to Tennessee to Texas, where he fought against Mexico with Sam Houston. He represented Rush County in the Texas House of Representatives. In 1846, Smith County was organized and named in his honor. The city of Henderson was built on land given to James Smith for his service to the Republic of Texas. He is buried in Smith Park at Henderson.

In an address of 1873, Guy M. Bryan attributed the Lone Star of Texas to General Smith. He said, "A half century since, overcoats were ornamented with large brass buttons. It happened that the buttons on the coat of General Smith had the impress of a five pointed star. For want of a seal, one of these buttons was cut off and used."

After Thomas Lusk died, Barsheba Harrington Smith Lusk, our step-grandmother, journeyed to Texas and settled with her children, some named Lusk and some named Smith.²⁰²

Andrew Jackson Lusk and Nancy Rhea (Ray)

Quite a number of the Lusk families traveled from South Carolina to Mississippi. Our line, Andrew Jackson Lusk, probably the namesake of his uncle, Andrew Lusk, who died in the Revolutionary War, was the son of Thomas and Susan Davidson. He was born in 1793 in Union County, South Carolina. He married Nancy Rhea (Ray), who was born in 1790 and who was the daughter of John Ray, Sr., and Elizabeth of Lawrence County, Mississippi.

In the Shipp section of this book, you will find that many families of the Fords, the Rheas (Rays), the Shippes, and the Lusks lived in Lawrence County at one time.

Andrew Jackson and Nancy Rhea Lusk were the parents of:

1. Emiline Lusk, born about 1821, married James Foster on May 21, 1839, in Lawrence County, Mississippi
2. Silas Rhea Lusk, born about 1823, married Mary M. Foster
3. Ellifair Elizabeth Lusk, the direct line, married Oliver William Shipp January 13, 1839, in Lawrence County, Mississippi
4. Andrew J. Lusk, born May 20, 1829, married Selina J. Causey, daughter of Philip Causey and wife, August 17, 1848. She married and died in Copiah County, Mississippi.

²⁰² I give full credit to Kenneth Vance Smith for the detailed information, and I appreciate the stories that trace their journey.

5. Susan S. Lusk, born in 1832, married Peter W. Elmore on October 23, 1853, in Covich County, Mississippi

Please continue with the Shipp section and read about Ellifair Elizabeth Lusk and her husband, Oliver William Shipp. You will recognize in the Shipp information many of the family names of the Lusk line.

GRANDPARENTS OF BAILEY/DENLEY/SHIPP LINE

In this section, the earliest researched Bailey was a Revolutionary War soldier from Maryland. His son's account provides us with a look at his Methodist roots, his stubborn religious conviction, as well as his conscientious dedication to the life as a circuit rider. A deadly fever almost destroyed the entire family in the year of 1845. Ten deaths are recorded in the Bible in a span of four months.²⁰³

≈ TEN GENERATIONS OF BAILEY DESCENDANTS ≈

George Bailey, married Fannie Hayman, parents of
Hayman Bailey, married Edith Stamphill, parents of
John L. Bailey, married Winniford Hamilton, parents of
Edith Bailey, married John D. Denley, parents of
Tallulah Itasca (Lula) Denley, married Andrew Ray Shipp, parents of
Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., married Frances Lucille Vick, parents of
Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

George Bailey of Maryland

The Bailey information is very well documented. In the Daughters of the American Revolution records, our ancestor is Patriot George Bailey.²⁰⁴ George Bailey was born 1750/

²⁰³ We thank Cora Van Johnson Boyles of Calhoun City, Mississippi, for sharing the Bailey information. Her typed papers and correspondence are in my files.

²⁰⁴ A distant cousin, Nelly May Bailey Havemann, made application in 1974. The computer code number is 7-084-CA, and her national number is 594493. I have a photostatic copy of the application.

55 in Somerset County, Maryland, on the eastern shore.²⁰⁵ He married Fanny Hayman about 1775 in Somerset County. Fanny was the daughter of James and Fanny Hayman.

He signed an Oath of Fidelity to the State of Maryland in 1778. A photocopy may be obtained from Maryland Historical Records. According to tradition,²⁰⁶ four Bailey brothers came to America from England, and George was possibly one of their sons.

George and Fanny moved to North Carolina from Maryland about 1787, when son Hayman was close to ten years old. George died about 1826, probably in North Carolina. They were the parents of five known children:

1. Sarah Bailey, married John Culber
2. Benjamin Bailey
3. Rev. Hayman Bailey, born April 18, 1777, died September 4, 1857, married Edith Stamphill March 1, 1798. She was born January 16, 1780, and died October 8, 1840. This is our direct line. Hayman's second marriage was to Martha _____ on May 21, 1843.
4. Andrew Bailey
5. Thomas Bailey

Hayman Bailey, the Circuit Rider

Hayman Bailey is our ancestral line. He was born in Somerset County, Maryland, on April 18, 1777, and married Edith Stamphill on March 1, 1798. His obituary²⁰⁷ gives the account that he moved from North Carolina to Sevier County, Tennessee, and was married there. Under the influence of a pious mother, Fanny Hayman Bailey, he professed religion at age fifteen.

Hayman and Edith moved from Tennessee to Kentucky, and he was licensed by the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1806 to preach in Green County, where Peter Cartwright was the presiding elder. After a few years of traveling and preaching, he returned to Tennessee, first to Overton County and then to Franklin, eventually settling in Bedford County, where he remained near the old Salem Campground and continued to preach many years.

He was in favor of a republican form of government in church and state. He believed in mutual rights and reform in church government. "He was one of fourteen

²⁰⁵From a family Bible owned by Mrs. L. L. O'Kelly, née Ruth Bailey, of Big Creek, Calhoun County, Mississippi.

²⁰⁶According to Mrs. O'Kelly, *ibid.*

²⁰⁷The obituary may be obtained from Wesley Theological Seminary Library, 4400 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, DC 20016. There is a copy in my files.

mentioned in the Discipline, page 6, 'as having been expelled for attempting to form a union society.' He took his appeal to Annual Conference at Shelbyville, Tennessee,"²⁰⁸ and with the aid of Dr. J. L. Armstrong, Hayman Bailey was acquitted. Afterwards, he withdrew from the Methodist Episcopal Church in good standing, joined the Methodist Protestant Church as Superintendent, and continued preaching and traveling in the Huntsville circuit for two years.

In 1835 with his family, he moved to Mississippi and settled in Lososchooner Valley, Yalobusha County. He may be found in the 1840 census. In 1850, he is on the western division of Chickasaw County census. Hayman and Edith Stamphill Bailey had eight children:

1. Andrew Hayman Bailey, born March 18, 1799, married Mahala Mash, who died July 22, 1845. His second wife was Winniford Hamilton Bailey.
2. Frances B. Bailey, born October 29, 1801, died June 20, 1845, married Martin Murphree
3. Sally Bailey, born September 9, 1804
4. John L. Bailey, born June 14, 1807, died June 14, 1845, married Winniford Hamilton, the direct line
5. Delpha P. Bailey, born February 21, 1811
6. George S. Bailey, born June 30, 1813, died October 1843, married Nancy Harriet Freeman.
7. Isham B. Bailey, born January 28, 1816, died July 15, 1845, married Susan B. Smith.
8. James Porter Bailey, born June 28, 1822, died May 26, 1845

Hayman Bailey formed churches in Mississippi. In 1841 the Mississippi Methodist Protestant Conference was organized, and there he remained a member and continued to travel, to organize churches, and to preach. As long as his health permitted, he was in attendance at the Annual Conference.

His wife, Edith, died in 1840. It is said that she was a very religious woman. All of the children were members of the Methodist Protestant Church.

In 1843, he married a widow named Martha. The year of 1845 was a tragic year for the Bailey family.²⁰⁹ Ten family members are recorded in the Bible as dying between May 26, 1845, and August 28, 1845; two died the same day, probably from yellow

²⁰⁸Ibid.

²⁰⁹Copies of Bible pages.

fever. A yellow fever epidemic ravaged many Mississippi counties in the 1830s and the 1840s. It is a matter of record that entire families fled westward, mainly to Texas, to avoid it. Some researchers of the Baileys have written that typhoid was the reason for the ten deaths, but I believe yellow fever was the cause.

Son George S. Bailey had died previously, in October of 1843. In the year 1845, Hayman Bailey lost grown children who had families of their own, three more sons, a daughter, a daughter-in-law, and five other family members, possibly grandchildren. The oldest son, Andrew Hayman Bailey, was the male survivor. We do not have a record of death for the daughters, Sally and Delpha.

Hayman Bailey continued to ride the circuit until 1854, when he became disabled with "an attack of palsy,"²¹⁰ but with help getting on the horse, he could still manage. On the day before his death, September 4, 1857, he rode three miles.

John L. Bailey

The fourth child of Hayman and Edith Stamphill Bailey was John L., our direct line. This ancestor died June 17, 1845, one of the victims of the deadly fever. He had married Winniford N. Hamilton, born in 1808 in Virginia, the daughter of William Hamilton.

Their children were:

1. Edith Bailey, born about 1838, married John D. Honer Denley, the direct line
2. William Bailey, died August 28, 1845
3. Hayman Lewis Bailey, born June 5, 1840, died October 29, 1900, married Susan Priscilla Thomas. She was born October 13, 1846, and died July 28, 1919.
4. Bettie Bailey, married _____ Driscoll
5. Minerva Bailey, married _____ Sullivan
6. Mary A. Bailey, married Jim Thomas
7. Polly Ann Bailey, born October 1, 1842, died April 11, 1862, married James M. Thomasson. Their six-month-old daughter died five days after her mother.
8. John Wiley Bailey, born June 10, 1843, died August 17, 1845

John L.'s brother Andrew Hayman Bailey married Mahala Mash on October 5, 1820. Mahala died with the fever July 21, 1845. Andrew Hayman Bailey and Mahala had ten children:²¹¹

²¹⁰Obituary of Hayman Bailey.

²¹¹The Bible record of Andrew Bailey was owned by Hubert Bailey of Frost, Texas. It was copied by Mrs. George Watts (Lela Bailey) of Route. 3, Waxahachie, Texas, who is the niece of Ruth Bailey O'Kelly, who owned the family Bible of Hayman Bailey.

1. Minerva Jane Bailey, born July 31, 1821, died April 27, 1898, in Calhoun County, Mississippi, married James R. Bounds in 1836
2. Louisa Emaly Bailey, born January 1, 1823
3. Wiley Ledbetter Bailey, born November 25, 1825, died August 19, 1845
4. Thomas Alexander Bailey, born September 3, 1827, moved to Texas
5. William M. R. Bailey, born February 20, 1830, died August 28, 1845
6. Hayman Morris Bailey, born February 6, 1832, married Emaline Cozart
7. Elizabeth Ruth Bailey, born March 7, 1834
8. Marah Mahuldy Bailey, born September 7, 1836, died July 22, 1845
9. Sarah Martha Bailey, born July 27, 1837
10. Virginia Ann Bailey, born March 15, 1842, died September of 1844.

The surviving brother, Andrew Hayman Bailey, and John L.'s widow married; Winniford Hamilton Bailey became the wife of Andrew Hayman Bailey on August 20, 1846. Children of Andrew and Winniford were:

1. John Isham Bailey, born March 23, 1847, died July 22, 1915, married Anna Rebecca Thomas at Big Creek, Mississippi
2. Amanda M. B. Bailey, born July 23, 1849, died as an infant
3. Benjamin M. H. Bailey, born October 1, 1850, married (1) Ellen Thomas, and (2) Ada Carter.

It is said that there were twenty-one children: his ten children, her eight, and their three. With all of the deaths and the older children marrying and having families of their own, there was still a sizeable group at home, but not twenty-one.

In the book *History of Calhoun County* by J. S. Ryan and T. M. Murphree (1904), we find the Baileys living in Cuddyhunk, an early settlement that is known as Old Town, Calhoun County, Mississippi. Andrew was on the board for keepers of the poor in Calhoun County in 1852.

Ruth Bailey O'Kelly, the owner of the family Bible, was in possession of her grandmother Winniford's rocking chair. Ruth's father, Benjamin M. H. Bailey, was the son of Andrew and Winniford. She said that, according to her father, Benjamin, Winniford, and numerous members of this family were buried at Old Town in Calhoun County, Mississippi.

Studying the Bible family record, we can only feel compassion for these families who lost so many.

Please continue with Edith Bailey, my father's grandmother, in the Denley section.

| FAMILY RECORD. | |
|---|--|
| BIRTHS. | DEATHS. |
| Hayman Bailey
was born april
the 18. 1777 | John J. Bailey
Deceat June the 14
1825 |
| Edith Bailey was
born January
the 16. 1780 | Nannas Murpha deceat
June the 20. 1825 |
| Andrew Bailey
was born march
the 18. 1799 | Isam L. Bailey deceat
July the 15. 1825 |
| Opaney Bailey
she was born
October the 29
1801 | Jopha Sturpher deceat
July 18. 1825 |
| Saley Bailey she
was born Septem
the 9. 1804 | M. Melahat Bailey died
July 20. 1825 |
| John J. Bailey
he was born
June the 14
1807 | Wiley J. Bailey
Deceat August 19
1825 |
| Delpha Bailey
She was born
February the
21. 1818 | William Bailey Deceat
August 28. 1825 |

Sample of Bible Record of Hayman Bailey Family of Deaths in 1845

GRANDPARENTS OF SHIPP LINE

This section on the Shipp is the last in Part 1 of the book. The first twelve sections gave the account of Frances Vick Shipp and her ancestors. Six sections told the story of the forebears of Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr.; and this section, on the family name *Shipp*, completes the work.

We begin with the oldest known generation and in chronological order report the story of each succeeding one. Some stories of collateral lines are used.

There are numerous Shipp in the United States and just about that many conflicting lines of earlier descent. My documentation begins with proof that Coleman Shipp is our line, but the previous generations that I list are from others' work.

The present generation is the one to which I have been eyewitness. Our way of life is narrated with in-depth descriptions of the home front in World War II. The years of my college days that led to marriage and a move from Mississippi complete the section.

≈ EIGHT GENERATIONS OF DOCUMENTED SHIPP DESCENDANTS ≈

My aunt Dora Shipp Wright, who was a teacher, spent a number of years tracing the family ancestors. We are fortunate that she shared her findings with us. Also my first cousin, Katherine Shipp Wooldridge, and her son, Dr. Thomas D. Wooldridge, were interested in the search, and they passed along other information.

Most of the Shipp family documentation has come to me from a cousin, Cora Van Johnson Boyles of Calhoun City, Mississippi. As a young girl, she would accompany Aunt Dora on many of her quests seeking older relatives. On these visits Cora Van learned the facts, and she was extremely detailed in her records. Shortly before Aunt Dora died in 1941, she sent Cora Van a letter containing information "for the preservation of this record."

With these charts, I find that I can go back many generations. I must add that I have not personally checked the line, and Cora Van has made it clear that she had only been able to prove the line starting with Coleman Shipp.

I will list the first five generations of the Shipp line. Perhaps someone in the future will take this information and prove or correct it.

William Shipp, died 1657, married Sara _____, parents of
 Josiah Shipp, died 1705, married Jane _____, married Elizabeth Brooks in 1696 (probably his second wife.) He and Jane were parents of
 Richard Shipp, died 1724, married Mary _____, parents of
 John Shipp, whose will was probated in Fauquier County, Virginia, in 1778, married Sally Johnson, parents of
 Richard Shipp, born 1749, died after 1842, married Sallie Turner, parents of

[Documentation of persons in charts starts here]

Coleman Shipp, born ca. 1790, in North Carolina, died 1868, married Jane W. Ford on September 16, 1813, in Madison, Alabama. She was born 1795 in Virginia. They were parents of
 Oliver William Shipp, born March 9, 1816, died July 16, 1888, married Ellifair Elizabeth Lusk on January 13, 1839. She was born May 26, 1820, and died in 1877. They were parents of
 Andrew (Andy) Ray Shipp, born November 7, 1852, died March 15, 1926, married Tallulah Itasca (Lula) Denley, who died in 1891. They were parents of
 Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., born August 7, 1891, died November 26, 1978, married Frances Lucille Vick, who was born September 29, 1895, died July 2, 1978. They were parents of
 Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of
 Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
 Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
 Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
 Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
 Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

Reports of Early Research

Researchers of the family²¹² write that William Shipp, who died in 1657, migrated from

²¹²Katherine Shipp Wooldridge and her son Thomas.

GRANDPARENTS OF DENLEY/SHIPP LINE

This section lists the generations of my father's mother. She was a Denley before her marriage to a Shipp. Beginning with the oldest generation known to us, we chart the descendants to the present. One unusual finding surprised me. Both Tallulah Denley and her mother, Edith Ann Bailey Denley, died around thirty years of age.

I am using the spelling of the name *Tallulah* exactly as her daughter, Aunt Dora, wrote it in her research. I believe she was called Lula by the family.

≈ TEN GENERATIONS OF DENLEY DESCENDANTS ≈

James Denley I, married Mary _____, parents of
James Denley II, born 1753, married Susan Brewer, parents of
William Denley, 1796–1854, married Margaret Johnson, parents of
John D. Honer Denley, married Edith Ann Bailey, parents of
Tallulah Itasca (Lula) Denley, married Andrew Ray Shipp, parents of
Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., married Frances Lucille Vick, parents of
Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

The first three generations listed are taken from information sent from Katherine Shipp Wooldridge. The papers state that brothers James and John Denley came from England and settled on Raiford Creek near Mobile, Alabama.

William Denley, son of James Denley II, and William's wife, Margaret Johnson, were the parents of:

| (Confederate.) | | |
|--|---------------------------------|--------------|
| d | 8 Cav. | Miss. |
| <i>J. D. Denley</i> | | |
| Co. B, Duff's Reg't, Mississippi Cav. | | |
| Appears on | | |
| Company Muster Roll | | |
| of the organization named above, | | |
| for <i>Dec. 31, 1863 to May 11, 1864</i> | | |
| Enlisted: | | |
| When | <i>Aug 8</i> | 186 <i>3</i> |
| Where | <i>Pittsboro, Miss</i> | |
| By whom | <i>Mag Shipp</i> | |
| Period | <i>3 years</i> | |
| Last paid: | | |
| By whom | <i>Capt. Pruitt</i> | |
| To what time | <i>Dec. 31</i> , 186 <i>3</i> . | |
| Present or absent _____ | | |
| Remarks: <i>Transferred from</i> | | |
| <i>C. G. to J. March 1864</i> | | |
| _____ | | |
| _____ | | |
| _____ | | |
| The 8th Regiment Mississippi Cavalry was organized September 10, 1863, as the 10th Battalion Mississippi Cavalry. It was increased to a regiment February 16, 1864, and known as Duff's Regiment Mississippi Cavalry until designated the 8th Regiment Mississippi Cavalry by S. O. No. 169, A. & I. G. O., dated July 19, 1864. | | |
| Book mark: _____ | | |
| <i>Mag Shipp</i> | | |
| (642) | | Copyist. |

Muster Roll of Confederate Army

1. W. Minor S. Denley
2. Amanda Denley
3. John D. Honer Denley, the direct line

John D. Honer Denley, Confederate Soldier

John D. Denley joined the Confederacy on August 8, 1863, with Company B, Duff's Regiment Mississippi Cavalry, which was first organized as the 8th Regiment Mississippi Cavalry. He enlisted at Pittsboro, Calhoun County, for three years. In March of 1864, he transferred from Company G to Company I.

John D. Denley was born in 1835 and married Edith Ann Bailey, who was the daughter of John L. Bailey and Winniford Hamilton. The 1850 federal census of Calhoun County, Mississippi, records her age as twelve; therefore her year of birth would be 1838. She died in 1868 at thirty years of age.

The three children of John D. Honer Denley and his wife, Edith Ann Bailey, were:

1. Tallulah (Lula) Denley, married Andrew Ray Shipp, the direct line.
2. Mag Denley, married John Shankles
3. Another daughter.

The Denleys lived in Calhoun County. Please continue with the Shipp section.

Oxfordshire, England, before 1637, settling at Lower Norfolk in Norfolk County, Virginia. He may have lived in Fauquier County at one time. The records show that he was a vestryman in the colonial church at Lower Norfolk. He married twice, the first time to Sara _____, parents of

Francis Shipp, died 1695, married Sarah _____

William Shipp, died 1732, married Nancy Roach

William Shipp, died 1735, married Mary _____ [yes, another William]

Josiah Shipp, died January 24, 1704 or 1705, Essex County, Virginia, married Jane _____

Additional information on the son Josiah Shipp reached my desk in the form of typed papers bearing the name of Frank B. Morgan.²¹³ Below are excerpts from these papers.

The name Josiah Shipp appears variously on the early records of old Rappahannock County, Va.—both his Christian name and surname. Sometimes the Greek form Josias was used while the Hebrew form Josiah appears most often. The name has been written Shipp and Ship but it has not been proven to have been spelt any other way, though the names Shippey, Chippey, Shippie... appear in the early Virginia records.

Josiah Shipp is first mentioned in Essex County in 1666 and was residing in Saint Anne's Parish, Rappahannock County, as early as 8 November 1673 when he was appointed by Ann Bray as "her loving friend and lawful attorney" to acknowledge her right of dower in 200 acres of land on Piscataway Creek (Rappahannock County Records 1671-6 Pg. 137). It has not been ascertained how long previous to 1673 Josiah (I) Shipp had resided in Saint Anne's Parish but it is believed he was an immigrant to America.

It is mentioned on 4 May 1687 that Joseph Beckley had land due him for the importation of five persons, Josiah Shipp being one of them.

At a court held for Essex County on 22 November 1697 Josiah Shipp was appointed a grand juror for the ensuing year (Essex County Order Book, 1695-99, Proceedings of 1697 Court).

In 1704 Josiah Shipp petitioned the House of Burgesses for permission to keep a ferry on the Rappahannock River, the petitioner being 'aged and unable to do other work.'

The last will and testament of Josiah Shipp indicates he left a considerable estate in goods and chattels to his three sons. The will was written 24 January 1705 and proved 12 February 1705/6. Thomas Meader and William Cannock were appointed joint executors (Essex County Records #12, pp. 176-177).

²¹³Researcher Frank B. Morgan of 217 North Newton Ave., El Dorado, Arkansas.

The writer of this article mentions that Josiah was probably an immigrant. He may have been born in England and made the trip with his father. Or he may have returned to England and again entered America. Even though it was a dangerous journey, many did make the voyages back and forth, and, in the early years of our country, each time they entered they were counted as immigrants entitled to receive land.

In Josiah Shipp's will, he names sons Richard, Josiah, and Thomas. He names Jane as his wife. This appears to have been his second wife, because in 1696 his wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas and Susanna Brooks. Thomas Brooks was a carpenter of York County. If that is correct, then the sons' mother would be Elizabeth.

Josiah's records are in Essex County. Son Richard married Mary and died about 1724. His son, named John, married Sallie Johnson. John died in 1778.

Fauquier County records show Richard and son John living there. John and his wife, Sallie Johnson, had a son, Richard, who married Sallie Turner. This Richard was born in Virginia and died after 1842. These dates are significant because a Richard Shipp is listed in General Wilson's Corps Light Dragoons.²¹⁴

Richard Shipp was born about 1760 in Cumberland Parish, Lunenburg, Virginia. His death occurred in Holmes County, Mississippi. He fought in the Revolutionary War. Richard's son, John M., applied for back pay on his father's war service. Richard entered the service in Stokes County, North Carolina. In 1785 he moved to Franklin County, Georgia, then to Hickman County, Tennessee, next to Lawrence County, Mississippi, and finally to Holmes County, Mississippi, where he died about 1842.

According to the Revolutionary War record of this Richard Shipp, he served as 1st Lieutenant at Guilford Court House and King's Mountain.

Various sources list Richard's children as:

1. William Shipp, born February 23, 1783, in Stokes County, North Carolina, died July 21, 1834, in Natchez, Adams County, Mississippi
2. Coleman Shipp, born about 1789/90, the direct line if this is correct
3. Daniel Shipp, born June 1796, died February 9, 1872, in Dinero, Live Oak County, Texas
4. John M. Shipp, born 1800 in North Carolina, died after 1850
5. Thomas Shipp, born about 1805 in South Carolina²¹⁵

²¹⁴In Charles Gwathmey, *Historical Register of Virginians in the Revolution: Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, 1775-1783* (Richmond, VA: Dietz Press, 1938), p. 709, as researched by Katherine Wooldridge and her son Thomas.

²¹⁵From Latter Day Saints Archives, Batch #8504205, Sheet # 63, Source Call # 1395951. From the same file, Richard's lineage is listed as: Father, Josiah; Grandfather, Josiah; Great-Grandfather, Josiah; the next three ancestors are named William. No sources given.

One book used by researchers was *The Shipp Family Genealogy*, compiled by Ralph D. Shipp.²¹⁶ The book is out of print, and I have not documented the names given or the information on Richard. Page 43 lists Coleman as a son of Richard.

In every list that I have seen, Coleman Shipp was listed as a son, even though the exact names of others differ. We do know that Coleman can be found in census records in Lawrence County, Mississippi. The names of Richard's children that I have listed are definitely family names that were used for many generations.

A RACE FOR THEIR MONEY. There is evidence that a Shipp family lived in Hickman County, Tennessee. Quoting from *History of Hickman County, Tennessee*, "Shipp's bend just below Centerville was first settled by a man of English parentage, Josiah Shipp, for whom the bend was named. He settled here in 1806 with his family of three sons and three daughters. His eldest son William was then but ten years old. He was a breeder of fine horses and tradition has it that he was not averse to giving all comers a race for their money. That he might engage in this to the full extent of his desire, he, with the help of his slaves of whom he had a number, opened and established a straight mile track in the bend, one end of which was near where the railroad trestle now is. After many years of hunting, fishing, working, and horse racing, Shipp divided up the larger portion of his property among his children, leaving behind him evidence that a man of spirit and energy had once resided there. He died in Mississippi."²¹⁷

From the dairy of Felix Grundy Shipp (son of Josiah Shipp IV):

"The land where Water Valley, Mississippi is located was once Chickasaw Indian Lands and was purchased by my father, who cleared and built cabins in the early 30s [1830s]. Josiah, with his children and sons-in-law and slaves, some 65 in number, went from Hinds County, Mississippi to what is now Water Valley and settled in 1831."²¹⁸

When looking for similarity of names in families, we find that Josiah Shipp III was married to Ann Cox. Her father was John Cox and her mother was Mary, probably a Coleman. William Shipp, son of Josiah Shipp IV, had a son named Ira. His brother Felix Grundy Shipp also named a son Ira. Ira is the first name of my father. Surely these families are connected, possibly cousins.

²¹⁶Gateway Press, Baltimore, MD (1975).

²¹⁷From Frank B. Morgan's papers. I checked this information. In 2005, Shipp's Bend or Shipp's Landing is locally known by the residents and I have a map of the location.

²¹⁸Paper by Frank B. Morgan in my files.

Coleman Shipp and Son, Oliver William Shipp

Cora Van Boyles's mother had a receipt for a paid bill from Dr. S. D. Alexander for the account of Oliver William Shipp that reads as follows:

1837

| | | |
|----------|---------------------------------|--------------|
| April 26 | Visit to self | 7.00 |
| April 26 | To medicine and attention | 2.00 |
| April 26 | To 2 doz. pills | 1.00 |
| April 26 | To 1 oz. Tonick powder | 1.00 |
| April 26 | To 4 dosts [sic] restorative | 1.00 |
| April 27 | Visit to self | 15.00 |
| April 27 | To Medicine and attention | 2.00 |
| April 28 | Sent by brother to 1 phial drug | .50 |
| April 28 | To 8 dosts restorative powder | <u>1.00</u> |
| | | Amount 30.50 |

There is another receipt:

"Re'cd of Oliver Shipp payment by note of the within bill, also Six Dollars in Said note for all Dues against his father, Coleman Shipp this 3rd of March 1838
S. D. Alexander"

Daddy remembered that the name *Coleman* was used by Oliver W. Shipp for a son who died for the Confederacy during the War between the States. The family Bible confirms this. Daddy had a brother, Harry, whose middle name was Coleman. This name was passed down to Uncle Harry's son.

The elder Coleman Shipp is listed in the 1820 and the 1830 federal census of Lawrence County, Mississippi, where he lived from 1815 to 1831. There were five in the family, and he owned 160 acres of land. He was born before 1794, probably 1789/90, married Jane W. Ford on September 16, 1813, in Madison, Alabama, and died in 1868. Jane was born in 1795 in Virginia. Jane was the daughter of Henry Ford, who died in 1790, and Nancy Payne. Besides Oliver William, Coleman and Jane had a son, George F., who lived in Cambria, San Luis Obispo County, California. They also had a cousin named William, as of June 23, 1870.²¹⁹ Another son, Thomas Coleman Shipp (1822–1882), is listed in genealogy books.

²¹⁹Researched by Cora Van Johnson Boyles: 1870 California census and a letter dated June 23, 1870.

The most helpful source was the Bible of Oliver William Shipp, which was in the possession of the Cora Van Johnson Boyles family. The beautiful lettering in the Bible in Oliver William's hand is special. He carefully recorded births, deaths, and marriages. How do I know the writing is that of Oliver William? It is identical to signatures on other documents.

Oliver William Shipp, born March 9, 1816, in Mississippi, married Ellifair Elizabeth Lusk on January 13, 1839. The wife was born May 26, 1820.²²⁰ Their children were:

1. Isabel Ann Shipp, born February 23, 1840, married _____ Pullen. Their children were Bob (wife Lucy), Ben (wife Daisy), and Oscar.
2. Coleman Shipp (named for his grandfather), born November 13, 1842, died for the Confederacy.
3. Robert Steen Shipp, born April 30, 1845, married Belle Parker. Their children were Sam and Ethel.
4. Thomas Foster Shipp, born January 26, 1848, married Lucretia Bell. There were no children.
5. John L. Shipp, born December 23, 1849, married Amanda Boland. Their children were Maude, Johnnie, Hattie, Blanche, and Harper.
6. Andrew (Andy) Ray Shipp, born November 7, 1853, died March 15, 1926, married Tallulah Denley, the direct line. Their children are listed later with the next generation.
7. Madison H. Shipp, born March 7, 1855, died August 11, 1856.
8. Susan Margaret Shipp, born September 1, 1857, died October 24, 1867.
9. Mary Elizabeth Shipp, born October 20, 1860, died October 16, 1867, eight days before her sister Susan Margaret.
10. Charles Daniel Shipp, born October 16, 1862, died February 18, 1930, married Nannie Forest. He was a doctor who practiced in Calhoun County. Their children were Ida and Neely.
11. Swan Thompson Shipp, born February 3, 1865, died March 31, 1940. He married three times: (1) Cora Bailey, on December 23, 1890 (children Alga Moss Shipp and Cora S. T. Shipp), (2) Ada D. Freeman (no date), and (3) Mollie W. Holland, on August 30, 1905.

A LIFE FOR THE CONFEDERACY. Coleman, the second child, died as a result of service

²²⁰Both born in Mississippi according to 1850 census of Yalobuska County, Mississippi.

in the Civil War. The war record lists Coleman Shipp of Calhoun County as Private in the 44th Mississippi Regiment, CSA. This regiment was organized from the 1st Mississippi Infantry Battalion, which was formed late in 1861. In June 1863, the unit was designated the 44th Regiment. Some of its members were recruited in Calhoun, DeSoto, and Amite counties. The unit was active at Shiloh and Munfordville, then assigned to J. P. Anderson's, Tucker's, and Sharp's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. It served with the army of Murfreesboro, fought with Hood in Tennessee, and saw action in North Carolina. This regiment had four killed and forty wounded at Munfordville, and four killed, thirty-one wounded, and seventeen missing at Murfeesboro; thirty percent of the 272 engaged at Chickamauga were disabled. Since some family stories record that he died at Rome, Georgia, in September of 1863, evidence points to this particular battle at Chickamauga. Aunt Dora writes that he died of "exposure, a martyr to the lost cause."

Father Oliver William Shipp was a Second Lieutenant in the Mississippi Cavalry Reserves of the Confederacy. A letter has been saved in which Ellifair, the mother of Coleman, writes to her husband, perhaps while he is serving, disclosing the fact that Coleman was very sick and asking if there was any way he could come home before it was too late. She writes that Coleman "has taken a backset and has been very sick I sent for the doctor on Sunday and he has been here every day since, and will be here tomorrow." Due to the age of the letter and the deterioration, some lines are not legible. This letter causes us to believe Coleman was home, sick or wounded. Perhaps he recovered and returned to duty. Perhaps we will never know.

This letter is revealing of customs long forgotten. The salutation is *Mr. Shipp* and the signature of his wife is *E. E. Shipp*. At the end of the letter she adds "Mr. Gains is trying to make up a school for Miss Canedy... he wants to know how many scholars you will assure."

A receipt of 1862 to S. J. Kenedy (Canedy) in the amount of \$5.60 was paid by Oliver William "for 56 days of schooling." That amounts to ten cents a day. In 1873, he compensates J. A. Turner for tuition for Charlie, Swan, and Andy with \$15.40.

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS. You may find the following document, No. 1285, in the Archives in Washington, D.C:

"I, the undersigned, Prisoner of War, belonging to the Army of the Department of Alabama, Mississippi and East Louisiana, having been surrendered by Lieut. Gen.

R. Taylor, C. S. A., Commanding said Department, to Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Canby, U. S. A., Commanding Army and Division of West Mississippi, do hereby give my solemn parole of honor, that I will not hereafter serve in the Armies of the Confederate States, or in any military capacity whatever, against the United States of America, or render aid to the enemies of the latter, until properly exchanged in such a manner as shall be mutually approved by the respective authorities."

This oath was signed at Columbus, Mississippi, May 6, 1865, by O. W. Shipp, 2nd Lt., A. S. 2nd Batl., Mississippi Cavalry Reserves. It is signed by J. H. Jackson for the Confederate States of America and E. S. Dennis for the United States of America.

I was surprised to see the similarity of handwriting of my father and his grandfather. The shape of the letter *S* and the way the *P* was formed were amazingly alike in the two hands.

Cora Van had another oath, signed September 16, 1865. This one has "THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI" at the top. It reads: "I, O W Shipp do solemnly swear (or affirm) in the presence of Almighty God, that I will hereafter faithfully support, protect and defend the Constitution of the UNITED STATES, and the union of the states thereunder, and that I will, in like manner abide by and faithfully support all laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves. So help me God." It is signed by O. W. Shipp and certified by J. S. Ryan, Probate Judge at Calhoun City, Mississippi.

WHERE WAS THE LAND THAT OLIVER WILLIAM SHIPP OWNED? The block of land that Oliver owned was at least 640 acres. He patented some of the area of Big Creek and bought other lots from persons who patented it. In the 1930s, part of it bordered:

- The road in front of the Big Creek stores going east to Calhoun City
- To the west toward Grenada, a portion of land
- Then traveling north from the Big Creek stores passing Chapel Hill for a distance
- Again leaving the center of Big Creek and going south passing Fuld Road and crossing the Yalobusha River.

After Grenada Lake was built, the road changed. Oliver left this land to his children, who lived in Big Creek the balance of their days.

A log cabin home, typical of the times with the entire middle section open, was restored in the latter part of the 1990's. It was bought from the Pullen family and

moved to a location about four miles north of Chapel Hill Church and Cemetery where most of the Shipp's are buried. Oliver William Shipp's oldest daughter, actually the only female to survive, was Isabel Ann. She married a Mr. Pullen, who had journeyed to Mississippi from North Carolina. He made some contacts in the east in order to have windows in the new house. (Other homes in the area had only shutters.) In 2001, the Pullens were the only ones who still owned some of the original land.

The little town of Big Creek has had a facelift to restore it to what it was like in the early part of the century. The town has saved such things as the bell and pump of the Big Creek School, all types of farming equipment, gas pumps, and other memorabilia. The sign of welcome to Big Creek invites one to take a "Look Back in Time."

Dated January 30, 1851, a receipt shows O. W. Shipp paid "80 cents in full for Tax on the above described land for the year 1850, also 50 cents for personal Tax for same year." It is signed by D. Robinson, Sheriff.

Daddy never saw his grandfather Oliver, but he heard others describe him as six feet tall with light, rather reddish hair, fair skin, and blue eyes. My father was around six feet tall but the very opposite in coloring, with dark hair, deep brown eyes, and certainly not fair complexion.

Ellifair died in 1877. Oliver William died July 16, 1888.²²¹ They are buried, as are all their children and some of their grandchildren, in Chapel Hill Cemetery about four miles north of Big Creek. The cemetery is beautifully kept, and memorial services are held once a year in the Chapel Hill Church. The new building erected in 1959 by the Big Creek Community used some lumber from the original two-story Chapel Hill Methodist Church.²²²

Oliver William Shipp's wife, Ellifair Elizabeth Lusk, was the daughter of Andrew Jackson Lusk and Nancy Rhea (Ray). The Shipp's, the Fords, the Lusks, the Rheas (Rays) all lived in Lawrence County, Mississippi, at the same time. Please see the Lusk section for Ellifair Elizabeth Lusk's family.

I recall visiting in the home of Uncle Tom Shipp, child number four of Oliver and Ellifair. Aunt Dora, whose husband had died, was there at the time with her sons Russell and Douglas, probably visiting during the summer vacation from teaching in Houston, Mississippi.

The tenth child was Charles Daniel Shipp, a doctor in Calhoun County. His obituary states that he was a graduate of the Memphis College of Physicians and

²²¹Second wife was Ann Eliza McL_____.

²²²Picture and letter from Cora Van Johnson Boyles, June 25, 1999.

Surgeons and received his degree in 1888. He then set up practice in Calhoun County at Big Creek and practiced continuously, until he had a stroke just prior to his death in 1930. Cora Van remembers that the entire school was dismissed to view the body, in honor of Uncle Charlie. Daddy spoke of him often, and he delivered my brother, Lowry, when my parents lived in Calhoun County for several years.

My father also said that Uncle Steen²²³ Shipp served in the Civil War. That is three out of one family.

The eleventh child, Uncle Swan Shipp, Cora Van's grandfather, lived during my lifetime, but my grandfather, the sixth child, died before I was born.

ROAD WORK. In 1860, a pamphlet called "Statutory Road-Laws" was published by order of the Board of Police for Pittsboro, Calhoun County. Its contents concern:

of the laying out of roads; of the refusal of overseers to serve when appointed; persons liable to work on roads; duties of the overseer, traveling on public roads regulated; of erecting and maintaining bridges.

Of interest is the section pertaining to persons liable to work on roads. Ministers of the gospel actively engaged in their calling, all teachers and students, the blind, deaf, and dumb, and the maimed or disabled were exempt, but all "free white male persons, over the age of sixteen and under the age of fifty, and all male colored persons, whether slave or free, over the age of sixteen and under the age of sixty, shall be liable to work on public roads; but no person shall be required to work more than six days in any one year, unless in cases hereinafter provided for." The practice of requiring road work by residents is typical of many states.

Andy and Lula Shipp

I have so little personal information on Andrew (Andy in the Bible) Ray Shipp. He was named for his mother's parents, Andrew Jackson and Nancy Rhea (Ray) Lusk.

Andrew (Andy) Ray Shipp married Tallulah (Lula) Denley. They had seven children:

1. Green Berry Shipp, who married Mattie Shaw
2. _____, a daughter who died at age 1
3. Harry Coleman Shipp, who married Beulah Parker
4. Dorothy Edith (Dora) Shipp, 1882–1941, who married Russell Blair Wright, 1880–1921

²²³Robert Steen Shipp.

5. Oliver William Shipp, who died at age 19
6. John Lusk Shipp, who married (1) Pauline Freeman, and (2) Katherine _____.
7. Ira Ervin Shipp, who married Frances Lucille Vick, my parents

Andy and Lula were pioneer citizens of Big Creek in Calhoun County. In a photo, both appear to have dark hair and eyes. My brother, while visiting at Uncle Berry's, remembers the aged grandfather Andy with white hair and a massive white beard.

My father, Ira Ervin, the seventh child, was born in 1891. Two weeks later, his mother, Lula, died at age thirty-one. The baby was cared for by a neighbor, Mrs. Etta Haven. The only daughter, Dora, lived with her uncle Tom and his wife, Lucretia. They provided the very best of care and education for her. The rest of the boys stayed together in the home with their father.

When Green Berry Shipp, the oldest child, married Mattie Shaw, they lived in the home of his father, Andrew Ray Shipp. Berry and Mattie were parents of:

1. Myrtle Shipp, married Grady Suggs
2. Oliver Shipp, married Sybel Allen
3. James Ray Shipp, married Ioda Lott
4. Martha Berry Shipp, married Winfred Carter
5. Donald Shipp, married Dewey Bell Chapman

Oliver William Shipp left land to his children, and, since they were fairly well established before he died, they probably built on the land when they married. Andrew Ray's land was north of the old highway from Big Creek to Calhoun City. Sometime after Andy's death, when my parents were living in Marshall County, Mississippi, Uncle Berry and Aunt Mattie came to visit. The purpose of the trip was to have Daddy sign his portion of the inherited land and house over to them, which he did, very characteristic of Daddy, because he would give you his last dime. But he did not tell my mother until they left.

Son Harry Coleman Shipp married Beulah Parker, and their nine children were:

1. Katherine Shipp, married Reuben D. Wooldridge
2. Agnes Shipp, married Sam Ball
3. Dorothy Shipp, married James H. Jones
4. Charlene Shipp, married Norrel Thomas
5. Marguerite Shipp, married Archie Cowan

6. Harry Coleman Shipp
7. Thomas Shipp
8. Russell Shipp
9. Beulah John Shipp, married Charles Lovorn

Harry and Berry lived their entire lives in Calhoun County and were farmers.

Son John Lusk Shipp first married Pauline Freeman and they had one son, John Lusk Shipp, Jr. After Pauline's death, he married Katherine, and, at the time of his death, he lived in Phoenix, Arizona. He had previously resided in Kingman for sixteen years and in Prescott for eight years and had been manager of the Central Shoe Company in both towns. He was a veteran of the U. S. Army and a member of the Masons and the American Legion.

Daughter Dorothy Edith, who preferred to be called Dora, taught school in the Grenada Mississippi public schools. In 1908 she married Russell Blair Wright of Richmond, Virginia, resided in Virginia for a few years, and then moved to Houston, Mississippi, to live. They had two sons:

1. Russell Blair Wright, Jr., (August 8, 1909–May 9, 2001) married Anna Fleming
2. Douglas Wright

After her husband's death, she taught school, the last fourteen years in the Houston High School.

My father often commented that I looked so much like his sister. When I moved to Durham and attended Calvary Methodist Church, on the very first Sunday, someone tapped my shoulder and said, "Do you know Mrs. R. B. Wright in Houston, Mississippi?" I had not been introduced to this gentleman, and he had no way of knowing who I was. I replied that she was my aunt. He said he knew I had to be kin because I looked so much like her. Aunt Dora had been his teacher in high school.

It has been interesting to note in the obituaries that the Shipp family members were Methodists.

The Last Child, Ervin Shipp

My father, Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., was born in Calhoun County, Mississippi, to Andrew Ray Shipp and Tallulah (Lula) Denley. When Ervin was about two weeks old,

his mother died of birth complications. They called it "milk leg." We refer to it as phlebitis, a blood clot in the leg.

The baby, as I have already noted, was cared for by a neighbor, Mrs. Etta Haven, who lived a short distance from his home. When Daddy was old enough to join the family, he did, but he always had special feelings for "Miss Etta."

When very young, he was bitten by a water moccasin. His uncle, Dr. Charles Shipp, attended to him and said he survived because of his youth. He also had typhoid fever.

His sister Dora was nine years older than Ervin. She was married in 1908, and, as a teenager, Ervin lived with her and attended high school. He said, "Sister made me toe the line." She was a schoolteacher, and she added balance to Daddy's life, a stabilizing force.

Great emphasis was placed on oral math, where students honed their skills in solving problems in the "head," without pencil or paper. This certainly helped Daddy with the public in later years.

I have been told that Russell B. Wright, Aunt Dora's husband, was a salesman, and he learned that there was an opening for a clerk in the Tracy L. Harris Store in Red Banks, Mississippi. Daddy applied for the job, moving from Calhoun County to Marshall County. This was a new beginning for him, and it would last a lifetime. He boarded with Mrs. Blanche Ford and her family.

WHEELS KEEP ON ROLLIN'. I always enjoyed William Faulkner's *The Reivers* (1962), which tells the story of the first car in a small town in Mississippi. It reminds me of a story Daddy used to tell. It has been said that it took six hours for the first car to travel approximately forty miles from Memphis, Tennessee, to Holly Springs, Mississippi, in 1901, and things had not changed much. All roads were dirt, no gravel, with one-lane bridges. Daddy had learned to drive early in life in the company of his older brothers and when living with his sister. About 1916, Daddy drove the first new car to Red Banks, in fact, the only car that anyone in Red Banks had owned. It was a Ford Model T, and the new owner was Mr. Harris, with whom Daddy worked. The Model T was shipped to dealers unassembled in a wooden crate. (Don't throw that wooden boxing away, or you'd be minus a bottom to your car.) Daddy had to board the train to go pick up the car. Even if the point of pickup was Holly Springs, just eight miles away, it was a long trip back to Red Banks. Daddy said that before he started, he lined up the wheels on level ground, then put a hatpin in the steering wheel, (perhaps in the

center,) in order to gauge just how the view of the steering looked when driving. There were no indicators and no wipers. Many vowed that a good pair of pliers and bailing wire would hold the car together.

The roads were almost impassable with ruts and mud. Between the dust in some sections and the spinning of the wheels to get out of the muddy holes, the car was covered with grim, so filthy that Daddy just knew Mr. Harris would not understand. Almost home, he spotted a creek where he stopped, and by using whatever was available, he figured out a way to get water out of the creek and wash the car. By the time he finished, he was probably in worst shape than the car had been. I can just see him using his clean handkerchief or his sleeve to polish it. I didn't ask, but now I wonder what he used to dip the water. Since the engine needed water quite often, maybe a container was supplied. He must have been proud to drive up with a shiny new car and present it to the owner. Well, that is not the end of the story. Mr. Harris did not know how to drive, and Daddy was in for a shock. He had to teach him, which proved to be more difficult than just delivering the car.

To start the engine, the driver had to set the choke (throttle) and the spark (flywheel magneto to produce alternating current), which were levers on the steering column. It was mandatory that the spark lever be pushed up. Next he went to the front of the car, engaged a hand crank, pushed it in, and turned it. Several tries might be required before the engine sputtered and turned over. (If the driver had forgotten to push up the spark lever before cranking the engine, he could break his arm cranking it.) Finally, he had to disengage the crank, return to the driver's seat, and reset the spark and choke.

Besides the spark advance and the throttle on the steering column, the car had three pedals on the floor and a multipurpose floor lever to the left of the driver. The left floor pedal controlled the forward gears; the middle pedal was for reverse; and the right was the brakes. Don't get them mixed up! Try to engage the left pedal (clutch) for the gears as you slowly accelerated without jumps and bumps. Now enjoy the ride. Daddy was sure Mr. Harris would either break an arm or break the car. Oh yes, Mr. Harris now had to learn to steer and use reverse. Let's just leave it and say that Daddy did survive and so did Mr. Harris.

Frances and Ervin—Ties That Bind

Frances Vick was the girl next door, so to speak. The Vick house adjoined the property of the Fords, where my father boarded. So that romance began. Frances was

a blond, five-foot-two, with blue eyes. Her weight stayed around one hundred to the grave. My son commented to his wife, Cissy, "Grandmama weighed ninety-nine when she married." "No, ninety-eight," his grandmother corrected.

A folding fan was very important in courtships. I am in possession of Mama's fan. Written on it in Daddy's handwriting, are these words: "Ervin first called to see Frances Monday night, May 8, 1916." In another spot, writing on the fan reads, "Proposal Ervin Shipp to Frances Lucille Vick. Friday night June 23, 1916." Daddy also asked Mama's parents for permission to marry her. I have the lavalier that Daddy gave her as a gift.

My parents married on August 7, 1917, Daddy's birthday. It was an afternoon wedding in the home. Mama was married in a white sheer organdy dress with long sleeves. Lace trimmed the bodice and the edges of the sleeves. On that hot August day, she also had on two embroidered petticoats with fancy lace, a corset (no young woman was seen at any time even by her own family without a corset), a corset cover which resembled a camisole, and other under attire. One of her wedding gifts was a sheer "teddy," considered to be quite naughty. Her wedding night gown was embroidered with ribbons, and she had a matching night cap. These items and more have been preserved. The handiwork is incredible. Women wore high top shoes.

Myra Flynn and Ben Ford were the attendants for the wedding, which was performed by the Reverend J. P. Horton at the home of the bride's parents, Lowry and Lutie Vick.

The original marriage license has the numbers 25/453 on the outside. Douglas Baird signed as clerk. The bottom part contains these words: "By Virtue of A License From the Clerk of the Circuit Court at said County of Marshall, I have this day celebrated the Rites of Matrimony between Mr. Ira Irvin [Ervin] Shipp and Miss Francis [Frances] Vick. Given under my hand this, the 7th day of Aug. A.D. 1917. J P Horton M. of G. (Seal)"

WOMAN SUFFRAGE. While Frances appeared to be reserved, she had a strong independent streak. As quickly as the amendment to the Constitution became law allowing women to vote, she took advantage of it and always voted alone at the polls, in contrast to most ladies, who sought their husbands' help. She kept up with politics, although she vowed she never wanted any of us to enter the game.

After the marriage, the couple lived awhile in Red Banks, but soon moved to Big Creek in Calhoun County to farm. Son Ira Ervin Shipp, Jr. was born in Red Banks, Marshall County; Lowry Ray Shipp was born in Big Creek, Calhoun County. Lowry was named for his two grandfathers, Lowry Vick and Andrew Ray Shipp.

Before I came into the world, they had moved back to Red Banks. I am told that Mama Lutie saved my life at birth. The doctor forgot to tie my umbilical cord, and luckily for me, she discovered it.

FAMILY CHARACTERISTICS. My brothers and I were all true brunettes, very dark brown hair and eyes with medium dark complexions. Mama was a blue-eyed blonde, which caused Mama Lutie, her mother, to say, "Ervin certainly put his stamp on all three of those children." The children were:

1. Ira Ervin Shipp, Jr., married Mary Elizabeth Cochran
2. Lowry Ray Shipp, married Susie Ruth Williams
3. Ruth Evelyn Shipp, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr.

All three of us had healthy, straight teeth, which probably came from the Shipp side of the family. In 2006, my brother, Ervin, is now more than eighty-eight years old and has only one very small top filling, which he resents and states frankly was not necessary. While I was in the dentist chair recently to get a root canal, I felt the dentist examining all of my teeth. I must have looked anxious, for he said, "I just wanted to see if they were real."

CHURCH, SCHOOL, AND FAMILY. The first blessing of being a child of this union was the Christian atmosphere I absorbed at home. My parents participated in church and school programs and indeed thought of church and school as a natural extension of the family.

We lived within walking distance of my grandparents. Mama said my grandfather, whom I called Papa, would come to our house around ten o'clock every morning after she had bathed me. He would take me to his and Mama Lutie's house. After Mama finished the noon meal and dishes, she would go to their house, spend the afternoon sewing with Mama Lutie, and then return home.

In the community, the main meal was at noon and it was called dinner. The evening meal was supper. Even in the winter when we were in school, food was cooked midday with ample vegetables left for supper, but always there were added dishes, hot breads and canned fruit. I especially like the fried peach pies.

THE DUST BOWL. Mama was a spotless housekeeper, sometimes to an extreme, as she admitted in later years. Every object in her kitchen had to be wiped clean with

hot water and soap, before it was put back into the cabinets, and that meant salt and pepper shakers or anything that had been touched. This was not done to get rid of germs; she just detested dirt. Mama was the only person I knew who could engage in a dirty job and finish without a spot of dirt on her or her clothing. She was trim and always looked nice in her clothes.

We lived in the northern part of Mississippi, and, when dust storms began to form in the Great Plains, the Texas and Oklahoma panhandles, Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico in the early 1930s, the wind sometimes blew the dust our way. During warm weather, the house could not be kept completely closed. Can you imagine how Mama must have felt when everything in our house was covered with grime and dust? I can see her washing away that grainy dust before she served our meals; the dishcloth would get badly soiled. Just how long it lasted, I don't remember, but Mama was fighting it all the way. I was a little skeptical that dust could blow that far, but, in 1998, we in North Carolina and even places in Canada were feeling the results of smoke from forest fires in Mexico, so I know it could happen.

Recently, I read that dirt and germs were good for children, because the children exposed to dirt and pets usually had less sickness and fewer allergies. As a sufferer from many allergies, I could almost wish that Mama had been less compulsive about getting rid of dirt.

Daddy was talented as a carpenter. He made Mama some very nice built-in cabinets in the kitchen, closets with plenty of shelves, and a sliding door between rooms to save space. He built permanent steps to the attic and enclosed them. Most house builders in those days did not consider the convenience of the women who had to live in them. Even the fine homes had few closets, if any. These were wintertime projects while Daddy was farming. Friends helped others put roofs on houses and barns and shared major chores.

NO SHORTAGE OF MILK. I never knew of a time when we didn't have plenty of dairy products. Churning of "turned" milk—milk that had turned to clabber after having been left out overnight at room temperature—was a daily ritual. All utensils used were boiled and sterilized. Usually Lowry did the churning. When the butter floated on the top, the job was complete. Mama would press the butter into pound-sized molds with little flowers imprinted in the top. Later she got a rectangular mold that fit the modern dishes, but it didn't have the little flowers.

When we had a super abundance of milk, we used a cream separator. Cream floated to the top. With a faucet at the bottom, the nonfat milk or "blue john," as Daddy referred to it, could be drained away and given to the hogs. The cream was sold to the cheese factory. We had Jersey and Holstein cows, but I tended to avoid them. Daddy and my brothers milked. The chore of milking always had to be done before anything else. Cows did not wait. They let you know with their bellowing. Of course, during the day the cattle were kept in the pasture to graze. Only one time in my life was I asked to go bring them into the lot at the barn. Looking back, my mother must have wanted Daddy to go someplace early in the evening, and she must have thought he'd have an early start with milking. I didn't know where they were or how I was to let the cows know to come to the barn. Mama said to just follow a certain path, and I would see them, and to take the collies. Sure enough, when the cows saw me, they started for the barn, and the dogs and I walked behind them. Want to know the truth? I was frightened beyond words, but I played it so cool to my brothers.

One summer, Ervin and Lowry made plans to really make some big money with a project. There was a dairy farm owned by Mr. George Goodman, and he would give away the male calves when they were born to anyone who wanted them. He only wanted the cows for their milk. (Cows have to reproduce or there is no milk.) Since we had plenty of milk, they decided to bottle-feed two calves as long as needed and put them out to pasture until they were ready to sell. They were cute, kind of rambunctious, diving for that bottle. The boys accomplished their goal, and I am sure it was the most money the two of them had ever had.

Maybe I should explain that, in my extended family, the females did not work in fields, nor did any of the ladies in the small community. Women would go into the gardens and gather the vegetables, plant flowers, but that was about all the outside work that I knew about. They had enough to keep them busy inside the house. At my grandfather's house, he surely could not have asked the daughters to do field work, especially since he did not have his sons in the field, but my two brothers helped my father when he was farming.

We had a fairly large peach orchard. The first fruits to ripen in the summer were large white June peaches, perfect for canning. We weren't supposed to eat these; we were supposed to wait for other varieties of peaches to ripen for eating, but that didn't always happen. Half-gallon jars were used to can most food. With two growing boys, gallons were needed. I was the picky eater, but I remember one occasion when Mama told the

boys they could only have three glasses of milk at a meal. She was, unusually, in short supply. Lowry said, "If three is all we can have, we might as well not have any."

Lowry certainly had food preferences. He also had some real dislikes. One was coconut. In later years, while he was serving in the Army, he recalled a meal that included sweet potatoes. He thought, "Finally, something I like." With the first bite, he realized that coconut had been mixed with the potatoes. This reminded me of the comic strip *Peanuts'* Charlie Brown, who said, "All my life I've been waiting for that Pie in the Sky. When it came it had coconut on it."

THE ROOSTER DID CROW. We also had a chicken house full of chickens: Rhode Island Red, Bard Rock, and several other varieties which laid eggs with brown shells. I remember in the winter around Christmas—no other time—I would hear the rooster crow at eleven or twelve at night. When I asked about this, I was told, "Maybe the full moon was so bright that the rooster thought it was day." Another explanation was, "The nights are so long" (December 21 being the shortest day of the year) "that the old rooster decided he had slept long enough and everyone needed to get up." I have since learned that according to legend a rooster crowed at midnight to announce the birth of the Baby Jesus. For this reason, Spanish and Latin American countries call their Christmas Eve midnight Mass the Mass of the Rooster, or *Misa del Gallo*. I certainly knew nothing of the ancient tradition, but the rooster did utter his triumphal boast at Christmas.

LEARN TO LIVE WITH IT. My Aunt Mamie Vick tells me that she was keeping me when I had my first spell of asthma at age two. It became a battle that I have had to fight all my life. At five I started allergy shots at the Memphis Ear, Nose, and Throat Hospital under the care of Drs. John and Alfred Goltman. We made a trip twice a week to Memphis, a distance of thirty-five miles on a gravel road. In those days we would leave home, usually by Greyhound bus, in the early morning and return around four in the afternoon. At a very early age I learned to navigate the Memphis streets. The streetcars rattled and jerked over the tracks, but the mysterious hum soon lulled me into a trace-like acceptance of the passing time.

I loved to hear the early morning calls of the market men with their bells and wagons going up and down the residential areas. "Nice ripe strawberries! Nice ripe strawberries!" "Fresh corn, peas, and tomatoes." What a treat to the young child in

the cool of the summer morning to hear the sounds of the horses, the rumbling of the wagons, and the chanting. We didn't have market men in the country.

After a few years, Dr. Austin Moore in Holly Springs was allowed to receive the serum and administer the shots, so I wouldn't have to go to Memphis and miss so much school. When I was around twelve, Dr. Moore told my father that he could learn to give the shots. He taught both of us the process of sterilizing and measuring exactly with no air bubbles mixed with the serum. Under his supervision Daddy passed the test, and from that time, I receive the injections at home. Shots in both arms twice a week were no big deal.

I still have the original prescriptions for relief of asthma. It may surprise some that in 1931 the *only* medicine prescribed was "Aq. Sol. Ephedrine Lilly's 5% - Oz. 1, sig. Gtt. XV in two teaspoons water for asthma. Do not repeat for 4 hours." Yes, fifteen drops in only two teaspoons of water, with nothing to take the bitter taste away, and yet I begged for more. We kept fresh lemon to try to alleviate the coughing. If there were cough drops, we did not know about them, and I believe a doctor would have suggested their use. A drop or two of lemon did help quiet the coughing some. A shot of adrenalin came later if needed, and off to college I went with my hypodermic needle.

By 1952, this was the routine prescribed: "Potassium Iodide, Inhalation, Aminophylline suppositories with Seconal by mouth for severe asthma, Tedral as needed, Orthoxine and aminophylline caps. —4 times daily." I do not use any of these today. Prevention is the best solution, with help from antihistamines and nasal sprays.

I had no idea of the cost of the serum for shots until my parents asked Aunt Edna Earl's husband, Jimmie, to bring the serum from Memphis. That was 1939, and Jimmie could not believe two small vials cost \$20.00—extremely costly at that time.

The medicine had to be kept refrigerated. When I was still going to Holly Springs for the shots, Dr. Moore's office had no refrigerator, nor did any other office in the building. The corner drugstore, Tyson's, agreed to keep it refrigerated, and, before every injection, I would go to the drugstore, get the serum, walk about a half a block, and climb the stairs to the office of Dr. Moore. Dr. Moore shared a waiting room with Dr. Sandusky and Dr. Grant, and there was always a dominos game in progress there. I would get my shots, pay my fifty cents, take the package, and return to Tyson's. When the soda jerk would see me enter, he would take the package, but not before he scooped my tootie fruitie ice cream cone. I would pay a nickel and thank him. Daddy always had errands to run in Holly Springs, and I would find him on the town square. Every Saturday, Papa

would be with us, and we would eat hamburgers together. I felt quite comfortable in any of the more familiar spots such as The Golden Rule and Mr. Wilbur Kizer's grocery store. All of these people were like kin, even if there was no blood relationship.

PRIVATE DUTY NURSE. I always called for Daddy when I was sick. I dreaded nighttime because I had delayed reactions to allergies, and the night was the worst time. Beginning around August 15 ragweed bloomed, and this miserable time persisted until after frost. My sleep was interrupted, and sometimes for as long as two weeks, I could not lie down day nor night. Daddy was so patient, sleeping with an ear open for my call for medicine that could only be given at four-hour intervals. I know God will bless the researchers who invented antihistamines and other medicines for asthma.

Because of allergies, when I grew older my makeup consisted of very simple items: a bar of Ivory soap, a tube of lipstick, and Vaseline for the eyelashes. I was allergic to the orris root that was put in all face and talcum powders except Johnson's baby powder. Deodorant was in the form of a sticky cream called Mum, the most popular brand readily available.

HIGHWAY CONSTRUCTION. When I first started going to Memphis for shots in the very early 1930s, Highway 78 was graveled, not paved. In the summer of 2001, I was amused to learn that a dirt trail off that old highway at Red Banks was labeled "Shipp Lane"—though it was not even close to where we once lived. In the latter part of the 1930s, a paved Highway 78 on a new route was laid. I remember the detours and confusion. On my twelfth birthday, we had to take a road north of Red Banks, proceed to places close to Taska and Mt. Pleasant going north of Byhalia and Olive Branch, just to get to the Memphis zoo. Today another Interstate Highway 78 has replaced the second one.

After I married and moved to North Carolina, I was often on the stretch of roads between North Carolina and Mississippi. In 1948 the only road wider than two lanes for this whole journey was the four-lane stretch between Spartanburg and Greenville, South Carolina. A driver had to be as concerned for potholes as he did with the traffic. The mountain roads were narrow and winding, and we would work a maze in the northern part of Georgia and Alabama to avoid some of the worst roads. We were thankful when even a part of Interstate 40 was complete.

HOMEWORK, GAMES, AND A LOST COPYRIGHT. Today we are told that children need good study habits. We had them. Every night after the dishes were washed and dried,

Ervin, Lowry, and I sat at the kitchen table and completed our assignments for the next day. Mama would retire about nine o'clock after reading the Bible and having prayer with us. Daddy would read or help with assignments if needed. I never asked for any help from anyone.

Before we started the lessons, Daddy would read the comics to us. Even though we could have easily read them ourselves, we liked for him to read. We called the comics "the funnies." There were such titles as *Little Orphan Annie*, *Maggie and Jiggs*, *The Katzenjammer Kids*, *Popeye*, and *Moon Mullins*. I must have been a weird child, for they never really appealed to me, but I liked for Daddy to read to us. There were programs on radio in which the comics were read to the listeners.

We were allowed to play card games with friends or relatives. Mama said, "I see no wrong in children sitting and playing harmless card games." We played Smut, Old Maid, Rummy, and Michigan poker with matches. I learned early about being conned in a game. My cousin and I begged her uncle to sit in on a game of Michigan poker. He insisted he didn't know how to play poker, then he proceeded to wipe us out of matches. A good thing for us it wasn't money.

The boys and I would invent word games. I wish we had applied for the copyright to "Name That Tune," for we surely invented it at our house and played it so much that we almost ran everyone distracted. The person whose turn it was to start would hum or whistle only three notes, and the others had to guess the tune. I stumped Ervin with "Blossoms on Broadway." It was his turn, and he hummed or whistled three notes of a song I had never heard. He added notes and I still could not name the tune. It turned out to be "Beer Barrel Poker," which I did not know. He had learned it from the nickelodeon at one of the places that teenagers gathered to dance. Remember both of them were older than I, and I wasn't allowed to go at my age.

SPORTS AND MORE SPORTS. My brothers were sports nuts, and some of it rubbed off on me. They were fans of the St. Louis Cardinals, when Dizzy Dean and his brother Daffy became shining stars. The two had won forty-five games between them in 1934. My brothers didn't miss a radio broadcast of the prizefights either. I was also listening when Max Schmeling was defeated in boxing by Joe Louis; actually he was KO'ed, and we were the cheering section. We even named some of our collies for prizefighters.

Both of my brothers played basketball. The family never missed a home game. Ervin received a basketball scholarship to college. Lowry injured his knee playing basketball during his senior year of high school, and that injury plagued him for years.

The afternoon before Ervin was to graduate from high school, he played baseball with a group from school. He was playing shortstop, his favorite position, and a hit ball bounced and landed on the bone above his eye. It was doubtful that he could participate in the graduation exercises. He did go and sit on the stage, but he didn't deliver the address he was supposed to. He later called that fate. His grades would have made him valedictorian, but a new male student came to the school, and the female English teacher gave him a test in his senior year for the ninth grade work, work when he attended another school for that year. She used that grade in averaging his four years of high school. She insisted that was proper, and in those days students did not protest too much. She may have liked the student and wanted to help him. (I don't think any hanky-panky was involved, just a case of teacher's pet.) The spineless principal of the school allowed the test to stand, and that one test knocked Ervin out of the valedictorian spot. He never wanted to deliver a speech for second best.

Baseball was the sport of Saturday afternoons. The town had a team, and many people in the community came together for fun. Ice cream was sold by the PTA for a nickel a cone. Mama and neighborhood ladies supplied the custard. She would prepare the ingredients, and I had to stir the custard over the stove until it coated the spoon. It was then frozen at the school. Ice cream is still my favorite food.

The tennis court was occupied on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. "I'll play the winner" became the standard call for successive matches.

LEAVE THEM ALONE. Summertime gave us the rare opportunity for the sweetest pleasure of all, the art of doing nothing. There was joy in staring at the cloud formations and visualizing the scenes of the mind, sitting in a bed of clover and by chance spotting a four-leaf clover, or making a daisy chain for no particular reason. The living room, or the front room as it was sometimes called, was always clean, ready for company. I would sit in there alone, rock at times, and simply enjoy the solitude. Maybe I would become a great singer. Maybe I would write a book about two little girls, Rebecca (my friend, Blanche) and Rachael (me). Truly, creativity begins when the young are left alone to think, to dream. We did not have to be entertained by an adult or even by other children. Left alone, I could be content and find meaning in the joy of doing nothing. Today, I wonder why so many parents plan, schedule, define every minute of their children's day and never make room for "doing nothing."

MISSISSIPPI YARBROUGH RELATIVES. My two Yarbrough cousins were like older big brothers, since my own brothers were away during my teen years. My parents were rather strict, and George or Hamlet Jr. would say, "We will look out for her, Cousin Frances." Naturally, I received permission to go to whatever social event was happening.

My mother's aunt, Callie Malone, had married Garland Hamlet Yarbrough, and her twin boys were my second cousins. (Even before Aunt Callie married, my mother had stayed with her during the school years before the family moved to Red Banks, due to distance and bad roads. Aunt Callie was a teacher.) While I have not researched their entire Yarbrough line, I know that my husband would have to go back twelve or more generations before a connection between the families could be made.

I do have their line back to Charles Garland Yarbrough, born 1801 in Franklin County, North Carolina. The county seat is Louisburg. He died in 1872 in Marshall County, Mississippi, and was married to Sarah Bagby Anderson in Henderson County, Tennessee. He and Sarah had eleven children. Four daughters, who died at ages from infancy to teens, are buried in Hillcrest Cemetery in Holly Springs, as are the parents, another son, and a married daughter and her husband.²²⁴

In another plot in the same cemetery are other family members.²²⁵ George Woodson Yarbrough, the grandfather of George and Hamlet, married Ellen Jones. He is buried at Hillcrest. George Woodson served in the Confederacy.²²⁶ A pension was applied for in 1922 by Ellen Jones Yarbrough.²²⁷

Dr. Arch Samuel Yarbrough served as a sergeant and surgeon in Company Field and Staff of First Mississippi Regiment of Infantry with his brother. He is buried at Como, Mississippi.²²⁸

From a document from the Archives of History in Jackson, Mississippi, we learn that C. G. Yarbrough was a member of the Third Regiment of Mississippi Cavalry, C.S.A. and that he served as a Second Lieutenant in Company E.²²⁹ Charles Garland Yarbrough was the pioneer who left Franklin County, North Carolina, and settled in Mississippi. He had a son whose name was the same. Without knowing their ages, we cannot tell which member served.

²²⁴*Cemeteries of Marshall County* (Ripley, MS: Old Timer Press, June 1983), p. 26.

²²⁵*Ibid.*, p. 27.

²²⁶Betty Couch Wiltshire, *Mississippi Confederate Graves Registrations M-Z* (Bowie, Maryland, 1999), Vol. 2, p. 318, as reported in *Yarbrough Family Quarterly*, 10, No. 4, 8.

²²⁷976.2 M2wb - Pension Application Vol. 3 F.H.L. S.L.C., UT as reported *ibid.*, p. 31.

²²⁸Wiltshire's Book, as reported *ibid.*, p. 8.

²²⁹Certified copy in my files.

A helpful resource for this line would be to research the family of Henry Yarbrough. There were ten children of Henry Yarbrough, Sr., (ca. 1719–1796) and Martha Robinson (ca. 1720–1784).²³⁰ Son James Yarbrough (b. ca. 1765–1775, d. 1814–1815) married ca. 1784 to Mary Temperance Elam who was born between 1765 and 1774. They had nine children, one of whom was Charles Yarbrough, born ca. 1800, who is listed as “outside state of NC in 1832.” Records at Louisburg and the Archives in Raleigh would certainly help in documentation.

BUSY TIMES. I was a member of the Girl Reserves but balked at 4-H Club meetings. I refused to take any home economics courses. However, the Epworth League of the Methodist Church held my interest. I had joined the church at a very early age and never missed any of the activities. The Christian religion was and still is very important to me. At fourteen years of age, I was the treasurer of the Sunday School. I also wrote a column of local news for *The South Reporter*, Marshall County's weekly newspaper.

Certainly alcohol was not in our home, with the exception of homemade wine. What harm was that? Early one morning around Christmas, my brother, Ervin, went rabbit hunting. He returned midmorning and had not eaten any breakfast. Ollie Wells, who helped with the chores at times, had brought me a large jar of plum wine. I poured Ervin a glass of it, which he drank on an empty stomach. I noticed he was not in the house very long. Later he confessed he stayed in the barn because, so to speak, he couldn't hit the floor with his hat. Mama and Daddy never knew.

NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH. You could say the little town of Red Banks had a neighborhood watch, friends looking out for friends. On my way to school one morning, I spotted a fire burning on the roof of the post office. I told the postmaster and ran to one of the stores with the news. Uncle Hamlet Yarbrough grabbed the fire extinguisher and doused the flames.

The post office served more than Red Banks. Rural routes comprised a lot of the business, so when a break-in occurred, a large amount of money orders and cash was taken. The FBI became involved. But the robbers should not have chosen Red Banks. The postmistress, Laura Simmons, had noticed the two strangers who entered one day. One wrote a postcard and dropped it in the mail slot. She kept the address because he did not “look” just right. Sure enough, after the break-in, a money order

²³⁰Agnes Branch Pearlman, *The Family and Some Descendants of Henry Yarbrough, Sr., Franklin County, NC*, as reported in *Yarbrough Family Quarterly*, 8, No. 3 (Fall Issue, 1999), 6-8.

of that batch was cashed in Iowa, and she was able to give the FBI the address of the thieves. She was called to testify at the trial in Iowa.

TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS. For several autumns in the late thirties, G. H. Yarbrough (Uncle Hamlet by marriage) had petitioned my father to help him in his store in Red Banks. He even offered to see that Daddy had enough help to harvest the cotton. Daddy accepted his offer. Shortly after World War II started, when manpower was in short supply, Yarbrough offered to sell his inventory but not the building to Daddy. His sons were either gone or in the process of leaving for the draft, and neither of my brothers were at home. From day one, this general merchandise store became a part of my day. After school, I helped. (I studied at the store also.) That is one reason I didn't help much at home. Some female cousins were critical of my lack of desire to be the little homemaker that young girls were supposed to become. I soon learned the ins and out of the business, ordering and stocking shelves, keeping accounts, and waiting on customers.

We sold everything from pins to plow-points, from dry goods to ice cream. We stocked Lydia Pinkham's tonic for the female, smelly asafetida to hang around the necks of the children of the superstitious, and Paregoric for whoever wished to purchase it. It took me several years to comprehend the significance of courting couples' routine order of "a cup of ice cream and a jar of Moline."²³¹

When a case of unmentionable sanitary napkins was delivered to the store, we would wrap each box with plain brown paper and string, and place them in a far corner of the store. The female customer could nod to add that to her order, without mentioning Kotex by name. Such was the modesty back then, and I have still not become accustomed to the boldness of today's advertising.

Medicine, or the lack of it, caused people to come up with the strangest remedies. I later learned that we were not the only ones to have to take laxatives for anything that ailed us, and sometimes when we weren't even sick. There were Lane's pills, castor oil, calomel, syrup of pepsin, and maybe more. I was allergic to them, and, as an adult, laxatives have not been welcomed at my house. I have recently learned that castor oil discourages moles from being on lawns, when it is mixed with water and sprayed on their runs. Maybe it does have a redeeming quality.

At the store we had electric fans to stir the breezes, and benches invited the young and old to stop and chat with friends and neighbors. Daily someone from almost

²³¹A brand of petroleum jelly.

every home would come to the post office, then drop by the store for a Coke and to catch up on the news.

The business part was a natural for me, but I learned much more about people. There was a family who called themselves "The Sanctified" and incessantly preached their doctrine, and we were a captive audience behind the counter. Early one Saturday morning, Daddy had gone to Holly Springs to the bank. The older member of the family, Reggie _____, bought ten gallons of gas. Gas sold for twenty cents a gallon, and he paid me with two one-dollar bills. Daddy returned, and Reggie came creeping in with the story that he had given me a twenty-dollar bill and I had not given him his change. There wasn't even a twenty-dollar bill in the cash drawer at that early hour, but Daddy gave him eighteen dollars and explained to me that the customer was always right. I was steamed!

We sold Gulf gasoline which we bought from J. C. (Chum) Totten of Holly Springs. A container in the ground was kept full, and the gas was manually pumped up into a tall ten-gallon tank. If you sold twenty gallons, you had to stop midway and manually pump another ten. There were marks to gauge the gallons. Today, the meters read in tenths of a gallon, but we were lucky to determine the exact number of gallons.

Daddy and I did not see eye to eye on many things. Customers would come in and ask him to "carry" them. That meant that starting as early as September of one year, they would get supplies on credit and not pay until after they had sold cotton the fall of the following year. Daddy did not believe in charging interest. "It is wrong," he would say, and he refused to do it, even though I argued to the contrary. Perhaps Psalm 15 was in the back of his mind.²³² Somewhere up in heaven is a bright star for Daddy, because he lived what he believed and he helped his fellow man.

I recently mentioned this to a young man of the northern persuasion who asked, "What about the blacks?" Puzzled, I assumed he was changing the subject and asked him to repeat. "But your father did charge interest to the blacks?" "Absolutely not!" My answer was nicer than my thoughts. We certainly did not have one policy for whites and another for blacks.

When I was about fifteen, Daddy gave me a pearl-handled automatic pistol with these instructions: Let anyone have anything they want in the store, but protect yourself. At times I was alone in the store. I carried the pistol in my pocket, and my closest friends

²³²"Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? ... He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent."

did not know. One day a group of teenage boys was discussing sissy girls and remarked, "They are afraid of guns and pistols." Oh, I wanted to pull out the loaded pistol and lay it on the counter and say, "Is this what you are talking about?" I didn't.

There was one "touchy feely" Royal Crown Cola salesman who needed some shaking up. When Daddy was around, he'd try to hug me. I complained and Daddy said, "He is just being nice. He is old enough to be your father." One day when I was alone, he came with his RC's. I placed the money for payment on the counter long before he handed me the invoice. I wanted no contact with him. He started telling me how he dreamed of black-headed angels and said he was coming behind the counter to kiss me. I told him it would be his last step. Fortunately he left, but he was so angry that he hit the store with his truck. He had to pay for the damage. From that time on, I asked Hamlet Yarbrough, Jr., my cousin, to come to the store when the RC man was due.

I can truthfully say that was the only time I was treated with disrespect. The salesmen were courteous, helpful, and a little amazed that I could order and run the place alone.

It is interesting to remember how some of the uneducated compensated for their shortcomings. One woman would buy one article, pay for it, get her change, buy another item, pay for it, receive her change, and so on until she had bought everything she needed, sometimes 20 or 30 items. She always started her shopping at a spot toward the rear of the store, and with each small purchase we had to walk to the front of the store to the cash register. Finally we learned to carry a pocketful of change and complete the sale without the constant walking to and fro.

Some women would sit by a window and wait for the men to bring them money, three or four times in an afternoon. We assumed white lighting was involved, but I really do not think too much moonshine was sold in the small town, although we did encounter a few drunks.

Mississippi enacted a sales tax and distributed a round piece of metal, possibly made of aluminum, called a mil that was equal to one-tenth of a cent. It could be used as change for sales taxes on goods. It was a headache! We, the merchant, paid the taxes on everything, and finally the mil was long forgotten.

Mama hated "dirty money," not in the traditional Biblical sense, but literally. We had to endure the bosom money, the under-the-skirt money, and the stocking money, but when someone took it out of his mouth to pay for a purchase, you can guess her reaction.

Before World War II ended, Yarbrough indicated that he wanted to return to the general merchandise business. Daddy bought the land and a vacant store across from the post office and moved his inventory and business to the new location, and there he stayed until 1964/5.

My mother did not work in the family business for many years. In the summer afternoons, she would come just to be with me while Daddy had other work to attend to. At first, she tried to be content to sit, but slowly she decided to clean a showcase or straighten up some dry goods. Before we realized what was happening, we had the cleanest general merchandise store in the country. She had the ability to engage others to accomplish the job. I liked it. When I left for college, Mama had learned how to fill out sales tax forms plus keep the customers' accounts for our business. One person alone could not handle all of it. There were price regulations, the beginning of government red tape.

THE BEST OF TIMES. Daddy was on the board of education for the school and was chairman when I graduated from high school. He signed my diploma.

Crossword puzzles were one of his hobbies. When the morning paper came, he would stand in the middle of the floor using a pen, not a pencil, and work the puzzle before he sat down. He also had a passion for fishing.

Both Mama and Daddy were Democrats because, at that time, Mississippi had a virtual one-party system. Many battles were fought within the same party. I am sure, though I never heard them say as much, that they blamed the Republicans for the Great Depression. Once when Mama was speaking of a relative and her family, she said she believed they were "old Republicans." During my parents' latter years, while I have no idea how they voted, I believe that given their independent nature, they did not always vote Democratic. Many in the South voted for the Democrats, because that was the way their parents voted and nothing would change that habit.

Mama and Daddy were faithful members of the Red Banks Methodist Church. The church doors did not open without their presence. Daddy served in many capacities on the board of the church, and I can just hear him repeating, from Psalm 122, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." Mama worked diligently in the Women's Society of Christian Service (the United Methodist Women of today.) She was the treasurer for years and was honored with a

life membership. Mama was a “doer of the Word, not a hearer only.” There was not a lazy bone in her body.

Mama’s favorite hymn was “The Lily of the Valley.” She always said she could not sing, but I recall all too well how she sang happily “Showers of Blessings,” “When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, I’ll be There,” and many others. What a pity that we are so busy these days that most children have no idea how wonderful it is to hear their mothers sing.

A poem my mother wrote in my autograph book when I was very young sums up her thoughts on life. She liked poetry, and this poem impressed her enough for her to share it with me:

“Be strong! We are not here to play, to dream, to drift:
We have hard work to do and loads to lift:
Shun not the struggle: face it. ‘Tis God’s gift.
Be strong; be strong!”²³³

THEIR LAST YEARS. My parents never kept the store open on Sunday, so there was one day of rest, but having one’s own business can be a grind. After they retired, my parents found enjoyment doing things together, little things not possible with the daily attendance in the business. But a few years into retirement, Mama’s health began to deteriorate with a heart condition. She died at age eighty-two and nine months after a long struggle. Daddy stayed fairly healthy, with a good heart and lungs, but at eighty-seven, pneumonia, the old man’s friend, took him. All in all, I’d have to say that their last years were not spent as my parents would have liked.

Birth records were not kept by the Mississippi before 1912. Delayed Birth Certificate Number 101527, recorded in Mississippi, is for my mother, Frances Vick. Ira Ervin Shipp’s birth is recorded as Number 96568. My two brothers lived in Memphis, and my parents were in Memphis during their last years; their death records are in Tennessee. Frances’s is number 7191 and Ervin’s is 10208.

Both of my parents are buried in Red Banks Cemetery. They died in 1978 about five months apart. Mama’s funeral was at 5:00 P.M. on a hot humid July afternoon, and Daddy’s was held on an unusually bitter cold November morn. I vividly remember the birds chirping and singing that late summer day, and again on the chilled morn how

²³³“Be Strong,” by the Reverend Maltbie D. Babcock (1858-1901). Babcock also wrote the poem that was set as the hymn, “This Is My Father’s World.”

the frost-bitten grass lay quietly as if frozen in time. The crisp wind swept the air as a hush fell on that winter's day. Another one of God's plans was complete. God was in control, and I stood in awe of His presence.

Mississippi Memories

As the years have passed, in my mind's eye, I can still take a walk home along a quiet lane, sampling blackberries, a plum, pausing under the canopy of a large chestnut tree and knowing that soon it would drop to the ground the tasty morsel. The aroma of honeysuckle penetrates the air on the bridge over a sandy divide that will become a small brook when the rains come. I hear one of my teachers wistfully mention, "What a lovely place for a wedding." I listen and wonder if the seventeen-year cicadas are still calling, "Pharaoh, Pharaoh," as the old folks declared. I can still feel the railroad locomotive rhythmically beckoning to young ears in the still darkness of the nights, the enriching whistle sighing relentlessly, becoming fainter as the train meanders along a lonesome track softly evaporating into a midst of emptiness. Destination, unknown, a world awaits.

PREPARING FOR COLLEGE. I had some excellent teachers in high school. What a small school! I received an excellent basic education, and, when I became a college freshman, I had no problem.

In Mississippi, each school could send a student to compete in a subject with all of the other students in the state at the same grade level. Jim Power and I had to choose between math and English. We both placed in the upper group. In the ninth grade, I earned fourth in the state in English, third in the tenth grade, and second in the eleventh grade. The competition was discontinued for my senior year of high school due to the gas rationing of World War II.

Even though Jimmy was a grade ahead of me, we both worked on the school newspaper and had many classes together. In fact, both of us did whatever should be done in the school projects, perhaps because we were the only ones who volunteered, and, since we did not ride the school bus, we could stay after school.

I hesitate to state that I was president of the senior class and valedictorian when I graduated. The school was small. We did receive a lot of individual attention, and that made the courses easier. I received a work scholarship to Delta State Teachers College, for which I did not apply. It seems a friend of the family, who taught there, sent it to me.

My parents thought that the distance was too great, and possibly I would not be able to stay in a school in the delta, since I was plagued with asthma, especially in the fall.

We had friends in Senatobia, George Winter, who insisted that I go to Northwest Junior College. Mr. Winter's father was the superintendent of education in the county. They promised to be near if I did get sick. Things worked out very well. I was assigned a room on the second floor where the pollen did not bother me too much. Unbeknownst to any of us at that time, I was allergic to tobacco smoke, and getting away from my own father and also the cotton gin in Red Banks made a world of difference. Each time I went home, the symptoms of asthma would return. I entered college at sixteen, and I really never went back to stay in Red Banks.

STUDYING UNDER THE BEST. My freshman year of college gave me the rare opportunity to study under Elizabeth Spencer, a native of Mississippi. At that time she had not written any novels, but I must say I was not surprised when I read her first book, *Fire in the Morning*, and found it to be so intriguing. Soon *This Crooked Way* and *The Voice at the Back Door*, her Mississippi books that I loved, were published. She continues to write and has become nationally known, earning many honors. My adopted state awarded her the 1994 North Carolina Award in literature, the state's highest civilian honor.

I credit her for my attempting to write these stories for the family. She challenged us to write about what we knew for the assigned themes and that all important short story. In an interview concerning her work, she said it is important to put a character in a situation that she, the writer, can relate to. "If you don't have at least a threshold acquaintance with the place, you're lost in the forest...."²³⁴ I certainly am familiar with the subject matter of this book. Also, Miss Spencer had each freshman give an oral report lasting almost an entire period. I was mortified. But thanks to her I can stand on my feet and speak.

I entered college at sixteen, spent two semesters at Northwest Junior College and three quarters at Memphis State, and I took all the courses available in accounting at Memphis State. There was nothing left to take in that field. I made friends with many and was nominated for the "Miss Memphis State" title. I did not win, and that was certainly best, since I was transferring to the University of Mississippi at Oxford. At that time Ole Miss was known as the playground of the South, and, to my surprise, it still ranks fifth in the nation as a playground. When I first started to college, I am sure

²³⁴The [Durham, NC] Herald-Sun, December 29, 1994, p. C4.

my parents thought that I was too young for Ole Miss, but at least I knew where I was heading. My major was auditing and accounting, which became a passion in my life. My degree was Bachelor of Science and Commerce.

At Ole Miss, I was inducted into Beta Gamma Sigma, a scholastic fraternity in the field of commerce. The 1946 school yearbook said of this fraternity, "This is the highest scholastic honor a student at the University of Mississippi can attain."²³⁵ There were eight of us inducted in 1946, including the dean of the school, Dr. Horace Brown. I believe this was the first year that the chapter was organized at Ole Miss; therefore the sponsors had to be initiated also. I must confess we nicknamed Dr. Brown "pretty boy." He never had a hair out of place or a wrinkle in his suit. He entered the classroom at precisely the starting time, wearing suit, tie, the works. I have wondered how all of the professors in coats managed on the hot days, but they did. None was as well kempt as Dr. Brown.

While I was in college, my brother Ervin married Elizabeth Cochran on December 12, 1943. During the Thanksgiving break, I had my tonsils removed, and I was really in a run-down condition when I came home for the wedding. I actually went to the wedding with the flu, although at the time, I thought I had a bad spell of hay fever. I gave the flu to Aunt Louanna Vick, Mama, and Daddy, and I am not sure who else. The newlyweds escaped.

World War II

"Take my word for it, if you had seen one day of war, you would pray to Almighty God that you might never see such a thing again."

—ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON

THOUGHTS FROM THOSE AT HOME. I was in high school when the United States entered the war and in college when the end came. What an impact on all our lives, not just in a small town but in the world! I feel quite inadequate to the task of relating how ordinary people in everyday situations had to deal with the effects of war. Citizens coped, and, as I remember the stories, what a marvelous job the citizens performed!

The family had returned from services at the Red Banks Methodist Church. Mama and Mamie were putting the finishing touches on dinner at Papa's house, where everyone gathered every Sunday. But on this particular dreary Sunday, no one from Memphis was home for the weekend. Those present were Papa, Uncle John, Uncle

²³⁵October 2000, Phi Beta Kappa Chapter awarded to Ole Miss.

Elijah, Daddy, Mama, and I, along with Mamie, who taught school in Holly Springs, eight miles away. (After dinner, Daddy would drive Mamie back to Holly Springs, just as he had done many Sundays.)

I switched on the radio, stood at the solid cherry wooden dresser in Papa's room, and proceeded to comb my hair. Now, combing hair was a ritual for young girls. We had no mousse or hair spray, but we did take care of those strands. My hair was rather long, and at that dresser with a comb in my hand, I waited for the Silvertone radio to warm up. When it did, I heard phrases and talk of Hawaii, war, planes, Pearl Harbor, bombing, Japan, dying. There were a thousand questions in my mind, but mostly *Why?* Why were we in Hawaii? Immediately, I ran and brought everyone to listen. And listen we did! That Sunday, December 7, 1941, will always be remembered clearly because, for this fifteen-year-old and many others, it changed our lives forever.

The next day at school, the entire student body gathered in the auditorium while the principal tuned the radio for all to listen to President Franklin D. Roosevelt's saying that the day would "live in infamy," but I had no idea the impact that the declaration of war would have on all Americans.

OUR FAMILY IN SERVICE. My brother Ervin had been inducted for one year with the first draftees from Marshall County on February 28, 1941. That was the promise made: one year. After Camp Shelby, Mississippi, he was sent to Company H, 155 Infantry, Camp Blanding, Florida. Three weeks elapsed after Pearl Harbor, and we had had no word from him, and it was useless to try to get in touch. People can't fathom that today, but that was war, and that was the 1940s. When we did hear, he had been sent to Key West, Florida. All waterways were protected. He remembers that only woolen clothes accompanied them to the very warm climate at Key West. Three weeks later, the lighter clothes arrived.

MOBILIZATION. The country mobilized for war. Everyone did his share. Even the little town of Red Banks had its own guards, a group of men who were not of induction age, almost anyone who could walk. Daddy and the other men would hold mock air raids, with all lights out and dark shades to black out even smoldering fireplaces, anything to prevent us from being targets. The cities were vulnerable. We were not close to the ocean, but we were near the Mississippi River, and Memphis surely could be a target. Reading the history of the war now proves that these procedures were most valuable.

Rubber rationing was announced by the Office of Price Administration (OPA) in 1941, and a few months into 1942, rent ceilings, food rationing, and wage and price controls went into effect. Draft age was lowered to eighteen sometime in 1942. Free mail privileges were granted to the armed forces, and women were enlisting in the WACS, the WAVES, the SPARS, and the Lady Marines.

All guns were registered, mainly to see if the area had sufficient protection. I helped with the registration in Red Banks of every man, woman, and child between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five. The school gymnasium was set up with stations, and the head of the family could register his or her entire family. All day long, people came. The teachers were in charge, and I was asked to help. We owned the general merchandise store, and I was familiar with the people and their dialects. I was used as an interpreter for the most difficult. I encountered some odd names in families: Beauty Bee, Gully Mae, Pink White, and, the most unusual, Narcissus Sister. We filled out forms from early morning until nightfall. The day was a vacation for the students in all schools.

RATIONING. Rationing became a norm. And with every new item rationed, we repeated the same setup, another day of vacation for students, another registration for ration books for goods in short supply. One by one, the notices would come down and there would be a new ration book for gas, one for sugar (with eight ounces per person per week), one for coffee (with one pound per person every five weeks.) Additional registrations were required for canned goods, some meats, tires and rubber items, and shoes. Each ration book was numbered in sequence. Before you shopped, you would be sure to have the correct book with you. Each person was issued twelve ration points per week for food. The grocery items were assigned points. One pound of ground beef was seven points, while a pound of steak was 12 points.²³⁶ Chicken was not rationed. The coupons or stamps in your books could be given to someone else in the family before the expiration date. Adults could use coffee stamps in their children's book. Papa gave me coupons for shoes. We teenagers would pool gas coupons in order to go places or just joy-ride.²³⁷ Coupons were issued based on the type of vehicle and the purpose of that vehicle. Sugar rationing continued after the war, and I remember using my sugar coupons to buy sugar to make fudge while I was in college. Food rationing ended in 1945 after V-J day for all items except sugar. United States gasoline

²³⁶ Beverly Bundy, "The Way We Ate: 1940-49," *The [Durham, NC] Herald-Sun*, July 21, 1999, pp. E1, E5.

²³⁷ Only owners of vehicles were issued gas coupons or stamps. The owner, usually a father, would have to agree to the use.

rationing also ended. In 1946, wage and price controls ended, with the exception of sugar, rice, and rents.

Recently, I read in the Durham paper that on January 18, 1943, "a wartime ban on the sale of pre-sliced bread in the United States, aimed at reducing bakeries' demand for metal replacement parts, went into effect."²³⁸ Now, that was news to me. I know for a fact that Wonder bread was sliced. We sold it in our store during the entire war, and I never heard of the ban; perhaps this happened in other parts of the United States.

Living in the country was truly an asset, for we never felt the shortage of food that the city folk may have experienced. I have been told by friends that in Boston on Thanksgiving, each family had one-half of a turkey. That may have been due to the difficulty of transporting goods from the meat-packing houses or just a plain shortage of turkeys. The best food items were sent to the troops, and I did not hear any complaints.

Since Daddy was a merchant, I had firsthand knowledge of how to handle that end of rationing. We attended workshops to learn. There were cards for each separate item, and the coupons or stamps were pasted on these cards. When we ordered stock for the store, the cards were given to the wholesale houses. So if you sold something without a coupon, you diminished your own supply and could not restock the items. I suppose it was against the law also. That part never occurred to me, since my Daddy was the most honest person I ever knew, and he would never have thought of such an arrangement.

For my last year in high school, the sport of basketball was discontinued due to gas rationing. It was not possible to travel as a group. I had played for three years and was looking forward to my senior year. That was indeed a small price to pay, when so many were paying the ultimate price.

OFF TO WAR. Most of my friends did finish high school before they were drafted, but, by the summer of 1943, they were scattered to the four corners of the earth. We tried to write, and sometimes the mail box at the post office was overflowing.

I hesitate to mention that I, and the rest of my friends, had boyfriends. The plural of the word! We had no commitments, or "meaningful relationships." We wrote to these boys, and they did come home on furloughs. One of my friends who was shipped to Paris sent me perfume, not knowing that I was allergic to it. Mamie said, "Just hand it over. I'll use it."

²³⁸"Good Morning," *The [Durham, NC] Herald-Sun*, January 18, 2002, p. A2.

I received letters from many countries, and the Christmas cards were intriguing. I have kept some of them, and I also kept a few V-mail letters. With V mail the message was written on a special sheet of paper. After you mailed it, it was photographed and reduced to about four by four inches, with a small heading for an address, turned to fit in a small window of an envelope, and this slick piece of paper was sent to the recipient. Did others read your mail? You bet. It was censored; every letter from overseas was read and hand-stamped "Passed" with the signature of the person censoring the letter. From the body of the letter, passages were cut or blackened out entirely, if there was any mention of battles, exact locations, or even the weather. The servicemen could write "Somewhere" in England or Burma, but no city. We did not care if parts of letters were missing; we were just happy our friends were alive. The serviceman's postal stamp was the written word "Free" in the upper right-hand corner of the letter.

The reason for such tight security was explained in posters that were seen everywhere, with messages such as "Loose lips might sink ships." Reporters honored the code of the War Department. Doesn't that sound strange these days, that the media honored the security of our nation?

DOING OUR PART. The Sunday School rooms of the Red Banks Methodist Church were used for folding bandages. Along with others in the community, I took a course in Red Cross training. The room was filled with women about the age of my mother. When the routine of learning to bathe a patient in the bed came, guess who were chosen as patients—the two youngest members of the group, Juanita M. and I.

We honored the servicemen and women in various ways. Women were in the service, but there were very few from Marshall County, mostly nurses, and none from my home. In the spring of 1943, a large number of residents of the community attended a program at the Red Banks-Victoria School to remember the men who had studied there. The program began with the "Star Spangled Banner," then the Pledge of Allegiance, an invocation, the song "America," a poem, the Gettysburg Address, the introduction of Miss Liberty, and the unveiling of the flag which had a star for every person in service. A child representing the family member brought the name to the Master of Ceremonies, Mr. S. Reeves Power, who announced the name to the audience. I had the role of Miss Liberty, and I placed the name on a star on a very large flag, with the child standing near the star. It was an impressive event. We were at war, and the tears flowed.

The churches had service flags and banners made with a star for each member serving. The mothers of servicemen wore small pins that were white, edged in red, with a blue star for each son or daughter in service. Mama proudly wore her two blue stars that represented hope and pride. Gold stars meant a life had been sacrificed to the cause of liberty and freedom for our country.²³⁹

Soon men up to thirty-eight years old were drafted. Uncle John Vick left in that group, as well as all men teachers and principals. The women took charge. They worked in ammunition plants; a wife filled her husband's shoes on a mail route; women who had never worked outside learned to milk the cows, tend to the animals, and, in the fall, weigh the cotton. The high school had no men on the staff.

I worked in my father's general merchandise store until I left for college. During the summer of 1942 and 1943, I would open the store every day at seven o'clock, and Daddy would garden and do chores at home until lunch. Later I learned that the gardens were called Victory Gardens, but we just grew the vegetables to eat. During those years Daddy was the supplier of fresh milk from our cows. If Daddy was sick, George Winter, principal of the school before he was inducted into the Army, would milk before school and return at night for the same chore. Daddy finally sold the cows and discontinued farming, when he couldn't find time to farm and tend to the store. But at one time, Daddy and Papa were suppliers of butter, brown eggs, milk, melons, tomatoes, potatoes, and all types of fresh vegetables, mostly to customers in Holly Springs.

I didn't mind opening the store. I had plenty of help. The store was a meeting place for the teenagers, those who had paper routes or jobs measuring cotton, and there was always someone to come by and chat with all the others. Certainly, it was not a dull place.

PAPA'S TIME, NOT WAR TIME. The entire country was on War Time, just another name for daylight savings time. But War Time or not, Papa never changed the clock on the mantle in his bedroom, the only clock in the house. He didn't need a clock to tell time. He used the sun, and no one would change or challenge that.

JUST A SPACE UNDER A ROOF. Service-related moves put a demand on housing, a demand that this country had never experienced before. Permits were required for

²³⁹The service flag, also called the blue star flag, is the official banner authorized by the Department of Defense. It was patented in World War I. Mothers in World War I wore gold stars on black mourning armbands. As time passed, the blue star on the service banner was covered with gold to indicate a death of the serviceman.

any type of new construction. Materials were in short supply and could only be used for essential needs. Ready available housing was almost nonexistent. My friend Jane told me that they rented one floor of a three-story house. It accommodated three families, one family on each floor, with all three families using one curtained tub and commode in the basement. Yes, three families using one facility! Crowded arrangements such as these were not uncommon, because other people have told me similar stories. Couples even with a child would rent one room in a home. After the war, space was still scarce. It took several years for construction to catch up with the needs of the returning servicemen and their families.

The OPA required the registration of rental dwellings. The rent charged could be no more than the maximum legal rent the landlord had collected on March 1, 1942. The Form DD 7-D contained two pages of questions concerning the equipment and services included in the rent.²⁴⁰ The landlord and tenants signed the form, and the landlord was given five days to report to the OPA any change of tenancy. A separate form had to be filed for hotels and rooming houses.

SHORTAGES EVERYWHERE. Almost all photo developing during the war did not produce quality photos. My picture in the Ole Miss yearbook of 1945/46 appeared to be something out of Dracula's closet.

Lucky Strike cigarettes, which had been sold in a green pack, now changed to its now-familiar white package at this time and touted the change with the slogan "Lucky Strike Green Has Gone to War." Chromium, used in the green ink, was a war material and was in short supply. And the gold band on the pack contained copper, which was also needed for the war. The American Tobacco Company took a lot of criticism for exploitative advertising, but sales of Luckies increased.

Dyes for clothing were of poor quality. You were lucky if your light blue dress didn't turn pink before you wore it. There were some new products on the market. One was dental gel for tooth brushing. The metal in the toothpaste tube was scarce, and, even though we recycled the tubes, they stopped being manufactured. Rubber, metal, paper, silk, and nylon were collected for recycling. "Save electricity" was posted at all wall switches in our schools. We turned off lights at every switch. Nothing escaped our attention. During my freshman year in college, we bathed and showered when hot water

²⁴⁰Papers in my files.

was available, in the early morning and again from around 5:00 P.M. to about 10:00 P.M. After that we used cold water. I learned to shampoo my hair in cold water.

During the winter days heat was shut off in the dormitories. If we did not have classes, we'd sit in a sunny window, get in bed, or go to the library. One year the furnace for the entire campus failed in October. Finally in January or February the replacement part arrived. We just kept our heavy coats on while in class, and I really didn't hear grumbling.

MAKEUP PROBLEMS. Probably one of the least liked products created during the war was leg makeup. Mama used to comment on the "ugly lisle stockings" that she had to wear during her young years before the 1920s. In the 1930s, silk stockings were worn by the ladies, but nylon stockings had replaced silk in 1939, and all of us liked the new type. The seams in the back would stay straight, and the look was much preferred. Nylons were very difficult to get after the war started. So all of us in the dorm tried the latest invention, leg makeup. It did not go on evenly, and it would smear and rub off. If you showered and let the water take most of it off, it wasn't bad, but we finally gave up on it.

Two of my friends returned from the College Grill one afternoon and excitedly told of seeing Susan Hayward, the actress. They had her autograph. She was on her way to south Mississippi to visit her aunt. They said she was seated with her back to them, but when they spotted her nylons, they knew she had to be a celebrity.

EVERYDAY SIGNS OF WAR. Convoys of army vehicles were normal sights during those years. Troop trains passed, and we all felt as if our flag was passing in review. We were truly thankful for the men in service, because some of those boys were our very own, and every person had a stake in their lives. My husband remembers the fine treatment he received when his troop train stopped in Milwaukee for a short while. Lines of ladies were standing outside before dawn to serve them hot coffee and doughnuts.

There were POW camps situated nearby. Many of the Italian prisoners of war worked in the communities in laundries and other spots. We were friendly with them. The United States treated all prisoners with respect, and they were fed and clothed and kept warm. I won't say they were cool in Mississippi in the summer. Neither were we. I knew some servicemen who guarded them, and they laughed about the prisoners

pretending not to know any English. Most had a very good handle on it. Peanut butter when on the menu (as it was on ours) was not one of their choices of food.

Since I was in both high school and college during the war, it is hard for me to distinguish where I was at given times. We rode public transportation wherever we went. Everyone did. The buses were hot, certainly not air conditioned. The aisles were full of standing riders. Servicemen were always loaded first. When there was no more room left in which to squeeze, passengers with tickets were left in hope of catching the next bus. I saw some women ask servicemen to get them on the bus as their wife or relative.

Trains had more standing room and did not feel so cramped, but they did not run as often as the buses. To the tune of "Humoresque" there was a ditty, "Passengers will please refrain from flushing toilets while the train is standing in the station..." etc. If you knew that the waste was dumped on the tracks, you would abide by this good advice. Actually, the toilets were locked until the train was far from the city. Buses had no toilet facilities.

When returning to college, several of us would ride the same train or bus. We'd stop in Memphis, go to a movie, then continue on to the university.

Hitchhiking was another common method of traveling for the servicemen. Motorists, both in cars and in trucks, were happy to accommodate them, and often they would arrive at their destination quicker by thumbing than by taking the train.

ENTERTAINMENT AND THE WAR. I have read that at least a quarter of the males in the entertainment business in Hollywood were in uniform. Other prominent stars held bond rallies and gave free performances for the servicemen. Ervin mentioned that Bob Hope entertained his group. Madison remembers Frances Langford.

Movies played an important role for both civilian and servicemen. Light fun and a good laugh helped, just as good music soothed the soul. There were real tears shed when a film such as *Casablanca* was shown. Even a second-rate film like *The Sullivans* had males weeping, because we knew it depicted a real life situation that ended tragically for an entire family. *Mrs. Miniver* and *Thirty Seconds over Tokyo* were great pictures. Documentaries such as *The Battle of Midway* brought the war closer to us.

BALM FOR THE SOUL. Music was the balm for the soul during the war years. Some songs, such as "There's a Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere" and "Let's Remember Pearl Harbor" may soon be forgotten as the World War II generation

dies out. The words of the song "When the Lights Go on Again All Over the World" expressed our hope. "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" gave us a chance to vent our anger and frustrations. Emotions too deep to be spoken were shared listening to touching thoughts of "Miss You" and "We'll Meet Again." "Sentimental Journey" carried us to distant shores. I still cry when "The Star Spangled Banner" is played.

The jukeboxes as well as the radio had all big band music. I loved it. Some of my favorites were Glen Miller, Harry James, the Dorseys, and Clyde McCoy from Memphis. Our dorms were filled with the sounds from morning until night. The 78-rpm records were worn out with the constant playing of "In the Mood" as the girls jitterbugged in the dormitory halls. *The Hit Parade* was on the radio every Saturday night, and even Frank Sinatra sang such top songs as the hideous "Pistol Packin' Mama." Whatever the song, some of the girls would swoon. My choice was the instrumental sound of the bands.

Almost every town had a USO, and USO dances were held in various locations. If a camp was near, the servicemen were invited. At times, several buses picked up the girls to go to the camps. We were chaperoned. We got off of the bus, went inside together, and at a given time the music ended, and we returned to the bus together for a head count.

I never knew any serviceman to be disrespectful or improper to me in any way. I do have one memory of a rather sweaty, slightly intoxicated soldier who kept cutting in at a dance. I excused myself and went to the rest room trying to avoid him. Venturing out again, I had just been asked to dance and he cut in again. In just a moment a nice young man cut in and said, "Would you like to sit out a dance?" He handed me a Coke and said, "I am married, but I noticed you did not want to dance with that soldier." We sat, drank Coke, and talked about his wife, his family, and whatever came to mind. I wish I could remember his full name, but his last name was Dewey. Perhaps all the Deweys in the United States can believe that he belonged to them—he was a true gentleman.

The men from the North liked to tease us about our southern accents, and we made sure that they really heard twangs that we did not usually use. We noticed that when we met a southern boy, he would tell us the name of his town, whether it was Lizard Lick or Shake Rag, but the boys of the North always seemed to come from a large city. Every Wisconsin boy was from Milwaukee. Or was that a coincidence?

FINANCING THE WAR. War bonds were issued by the government to help pay for the war, and great emphasis was placed upon their sale. All ages were included. Savings books and saving stamps could be purchased at the post office for as little as ten cents. Children

could fill books and save toward smaller denominations of bonds. When I graduated from high school, I bought a bond with the money I received as gifts. As the years passed, I wanted to keep the bond as a souvenir, but the government stopped paying interest on that series. I cashed it, though I had a great attachment to that bond.

Tax on income in 1943 was 6% plus a small surtax, and added to that was a victory tax. A whole section of the return was designated for the computation of the victory tax. I never heard anyone complain during the war about taxes. It was a different story after the war.

THEY MUST BE ANGELS. "I am a refugee" was an unusual introduction from a fellow college student. Her name was Lisl Thalheimer, and I was fascinated with her story. Several years earlier, she and her sister had arrived in New York and were put on a train for southern Mississippi, Greenville, I believe. Knowing little English and absolutely nothing concerning sleeping arrangements on trains, the two young girls sat up all the way even though they had a Pullman. Why a porter did not make the bed, I don't know and neither did she, but these were two frightened small children with limited use of English, alone in a new world. They were met by relatives at night. The exhausted twosome just went to sleep on the sofa. Lisl said when she awoke the next morning, she thought she had died and gone to heaven, because there were black angels standing around her. Turns out that they were not accustomed to black people in the houses, but the black workers of the family heard that refugees were coming, and they were there to see what the refugees looked like.

It is true we all were naive about the refugees and had no real notion of what the Jewish people were enduring. There were no Jews in Red Banks. Holly Springs had a number of Jewish merchants. When Daddy and I went to the doctor's office for my weekly shots for asthma, we would stop for a visit with Mr. Leo Liebson, the uncle of my music teacher, whom I admired. In fact, Miss Mary Liebson, traveled from Holly Springs to our school to teach music, and I had her for a teacher through the sixth grade. This wonderful Jewish lady taught me all the Christian Christmas carols, and I still have a Shirley Temple book that she gave me.

TEACHER SHORTAGE. A letter came to me after I had finished my freshman year of college offering me a job as teacher in business in a high school in Mississippi. That is how critical the shortage of teachers was during those years. My parents gave me

sound advice. They said, "You could probably teach the subjects needed, but we don't think at age seventeen you could handle the discipline." How right they were! So I continued with my education going to summer school, just as many of the students did at that time. I graduated in three years at age nineteen.

Heat in the summer in Mississippi can become unbearable. We did not have any type of cooling in the dormitory. We managed without much complaining. Our summer dresses would stick to the back and seats of the chairs during class. Fortunately, most of the classes were in the cooler morning hours.

TEARS OF JOY. We never for a moment thought we would not win the war. The only question was how long before the end. It was not a doom and gloom period by any stretch of the imagination. We had a purpose. We had a goal. Everyone stood for freedom, and we were united. All Americans were reaching for the same conclusion, and that was the end of the war. It is true that everyone knew of relatives or friends who were killed in battle, wounded receiving the Purple Heart, or missing in action, lost at sea, or prisoners of war. I watched Mama grieve and pray over her boys. There has never been such a show of emotion as there was when the end finally came.

V-E Day came. We were extremely happy that the European theater of war was closing down, but we knew that it was no time to relax. Servicemen started returning home on the "point system."

I was at Ole Miss in Oxford, Mississippi, and late one night a friend in my dorm called me to her room. We listened to the news of the dropping of the first atom bomb on August 6, 1945. We hoped that would be the end. It wasn't; the other bomb had to be dropped. To this day, I feel no guilt whatever for the act. The estimate of how many would die if we had to invade Japan was overwhelming. We didn't start the war, and all we ever wanted was peace.

Finally, in the late afternoon of August 15, it happened! The roar of shouting penetrated the air, and every student burst forth screaming, "The war is over! The war is over! It's over!" We ran into the streets, and the townspeople of Oxford came in cars, horns blaring, as they converged on the Ole Miss campus, passing the statue of the Confederate soldier and circling in front of the Lyceum Building. Maybe the Confederate soldier did doff his cap; perhaps he danced. The pent-up anxiety of the long years was released. There was shouting; there was laughter amid flowing tears. Students raced toward Oxford Square around the Court House, while other

groups hugged. There were no strangers on that balmy night, just hearts filled with thankfulness that *IT* was over. The war had ended, and we wanted to tell the world. We did not need to build bonfires or depend on alcohol (Lafayette was a dry county) to feel real jubilation. Nothing that I have ever seen or experienced compares to that particular August dusk and night.

School was on vacation the next day. The men did not return immediately from the war, but we had a sizeable number of veterans returning to Ole Miss my senior year, and, for the first time, the men outnumbered the women. These young boys who left had returned as men. Some had the scars of war, but each tackled the job of an education with vigor, just taking up where he had left off several years before. Many had married, and fraternity row became known as maternity row. There were also dormitories for the married. Perhaps there were adjustments to the change, but for the most part the campus seemed to thrive on getting back to normal—but what was normal? There was laughter. A wooden leg or a crutch, a missing arm didn't matter; our boys were home.

I don't have the words to recapture those years of happy times mixed with such sadness and anxiety. We can rekindle the memories, the sorrow of parting, the coming home again, and thoughts of those who will never return. These recollections will last forever. The world had changed. The bittersweet music lingers on.

Service Records of Family Members

IRA ERVIN SHIPP, JR.²⁴¹ The book *Marshall County, Mississippi, Honor Roll* contains about 500 pictures of servicemen and women from the county. It left out a few, but I thought it was a significant piece of history and as a tribute to their contributions, one that should be preserved.²⁴² My brother, mentioned in this book, was the first of our family to be called. He recalls his first assignment in the Army Bugle School, which makes perfect sense, since he never played an instrument. At another camp he was sought out for bugle duty. He told them he had not played in months, but they insisted. After one day, he did not have to repeat.

Leaving his assignment in Key West, Florida, in February 1942, he moved to Camp Bowie, Texas, to help train new inductees, and, in August 1942, he transferred to

²⁴¹The information in this section come from Ervin's personal log, which he shared with me.

²⁴²A copy is in the library of the U. S. Army Military History Institute at 22 Ashburn Drive, Carlisle Barracks, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

Battery F, 142 F.A. and worked as Assistant Supply Sergeant. He was promoted to Supply Sergeant in February of 1943.

Ira, as he likes to be called, went to Engineer Officer Candidate School at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, in March 1943, graduating with the rank of 2nd Lieutenant. On October 1, 1943, he was assigned to Memphis ASF Depot, Engineer Station, and he became the chief of the Shipping Section November 21, 1944. Italian and German prisoners of war were put to work on this base. He was promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant on February 9, 1945. His discharge was effective March 2, 1946. He served in the Army Officer's Reserve in Greenwood, Mississippi, until he was ordered to report to active duty during the Korean conflict on August 19, 1950. His fourth child was born August 20, 1950. He received a deferment and left home December 7, 1950, reporting to Fort Dix, New Jersey. His assignment was to the 599 Engineers Depot, in Germany, southeast of Frankfurt. He was discharged August 7, 1951.

LOWRY RAY SHIPP.²⁴³ My other brother was working in a shipbuilding plant in Pascagoula, Mississippi, before he turned twenty-one. He was inducted into the Army on September 19, 1942, and entered active service on October 3, 1942. He served three years and sixteen days, first at Fort Knox, Kentucky, for basic training, then at Camp Rucker, Alabama, and at a base in California before shipping out to the European theater. Lowry was with the 748th Tank Battalion as Technician Fifth Grade. His departure to the European-African-Middle Eastern theater was on March 31, 1944. The following January 4, 1945, he injured the same knee that had been dislocated in high school while playing basketball and was hospitalized in France in the 106th Evacuation Hospital, the 28th Field Hospital, and the 54th General Hospital. February 15, 1945 found him in England, where he was a patient in the 135th General Hospital, and then in the 8th Conv. Hospital. Finally, he arrived back in the United States, by way of Camp Shanks, New York, and went on to Finney General Hospital in Thomasville, Georgia, on April 19, 1945. The war in Europe was over in May of 1945. Lowry was honorably discharged October 4, 1945. His papers show that he had a ribbon with 2 Battle Stars for the campaigns of Northern France GO 46 WD 45 and Rhineland (Germany) GO 40 WD 45. Surgeries on the knee came later.

Lena Vick Crook had two sons in the military, Lowry and Bill Crook. Both were in the Air Force.

²⁴³Information on Lowry R. Shipp gathered from Service Record.

LOWRY CROOK. This cousin had the distinction of having two birth certificates. His parents had named him Lowry *Williams* Crook, but when he started his military service, he became William Lowry Crook.²⁴⁴ He was not alone in this type of mixup, and he continued with the name switch, even though his brother Bill was named William.

In 1942 during Lowry's senior year in college, he learned the rudiments of flying. He served in the Army Air Force during the years 1943–1945. Places that he was sent included: Biloxi, Mississippi; San Antonio, Texas; Moore Field, McAllen, Texas; and Uvalde, Texas. It was during the last two assignments that he earned his wings and became a Second Lieutenant. He was also at Connally Field in Waco, Texas; Amarillo, Texas; and Denver, Colorado. His flight engineering training was at Pyote AFB at Pyote, Texas, where he became a flight engineer on a B29. His group was ready to ship out, when the two atomic bombs were dropped on Japan.

WILLIAM (BILL) VICK CROOK.²⁴⁵ Bill was inducted into service in June of 1943, immediately after receiving his degree from Missouri University. He attended Armored O. C. S. at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and received his commission as Second Lieutenant in December of 1943. He completed Liaison Pilot training in 1944 and was sent to the Philippine Islands in August of 1945. From there he went to Japan with the 11th Airborne Division for occupational duties in Japan. He was discharged September of 1946 as First Lieutenant. Bill was recalled to active duty in the Korean War in September 1950 and was assigned to 4th Infantry Division. With that division he went to Germany in May of 1951 as part of the NATO forces. He was discharged February 1952. I remember that he and my brother Ervin met on at least one occasion while stationed in Germany. Bill's thoughts on the service record are summed up, "In retrospect, five fairly uneventful years with lots of anxiety mixed in to keep things interesting."

That may be the answer many World War II veterans would give. Many did not discuss that part of their life. The year 2001, with heightened publicity, lifted this group of loyal patriotic men and women to the high status that each one deserves. Tom Brokaw, news commentator, dubbed them *The Greatest Generation*, also the name of his book. There was a feeling against war before Pearl Harbor. I remember being assigned a theme for English about the United States involvement in the European war. I entitled the theme, "War! War! I Hate War" The attack on Pearl Harbor changed that overnight. We still hated war, but we were determined to put an end to it.

²⁴⁴Information from Mae K. Crook, wife of Lowry Crook.

²⁴⁵A personal letter from William Vick Crook.

JOHN MALONE VICK. Uncle John was drafted at age thirty-eight and served a short time. Basic training was at Camp Robinson, Arkansas, and he was assigned to the 73rd General Hospital at Camp Atterbury, Indiana.

COUSINS. Serving were George Malone Yarbrough and Garland Hamlet Yarbrough, Jr. George entered service with the U. S. Army first and stayed at Camp Lee, Virginia, for many months. Hamlet was sent to Keesler Field, Mississippi, to Los Angeles, California, and to Key West, Florida. At some point he and his twin, George, were stationed together until the end of the war. George's obituary states that he served in the Philippines.²⁴⁶ Hamlet probably had the same assignment.

My husband's record is in the Yarbrough section.

All of these men deserve our gratitude for the tremendous job that each accomplished during those years. Our freedom was at stake, and they were part of the team effort in which this nation so proudly engaged. May God bless all servicemen.

More about College Life

THE BARE FACTS. I have already written a little about my college days. Some quaint happenings come to mind now. Doctors had insisted for years that I sunbathe to prevent asthma attacks, and I continued to do so at college. The dorms had flat roofs, and many of us would go up and lie there, wearing little or nothing in order to get a tan. We would roll parts of our garments in order to get an even tan, and, when we lay on our stomachs, we would undo the backs. Some of the male students were taking flying lessons, and, when we heard a plane zoom slowly overhead, we would cover only our heads with our towels. One lazy summer day I fell asleep, as was my custom. Somewhere in the distance I heard, "Ruth. Ruth." I opened my eyes in time to see Teddy, a girl from Florida, toss me a towel. I covered. A top official of the school had come to the rooftop with a painter to examine the exterior for a paint job. If they had gone about their business, it would not have been noticeable, but this official proceeded to come over and comment that I had a good tan—the dirty old man! Teddy gave notice to the entire campus!

The heat in the Mississippi summers was not a topic of everyday conversation. We couldn't change it, so we just lived with it. We did sleep wearing as little as possible, with our heads close to an open window. Before morning the air would have cooled enough so that a sheet was needed. Sometimes we would go to a basement to study,

²⁴⁶*The South Reporter*, 1988.

and we always sought cross-room ventilation. The large high-ceilinged rooms in the old campus buildings were best. Electric fans were used in homes, but I never saw a fan in the dormitories.

Every new student and/or freshman at Ole Miss received a ritual trip to William Faulkner's circular driveway at night. We were told that sometimes you could see him standing outside. Well, of course, I would have been standing outside packing a weapon if car after car intruded on my privacy. When I heard William Faulkner had left his home to the university, I could not believe it, given the way the students had harassed him. Maybe he used some of their weird antics in his books.

Faulkner's home is being preserved by the University. Since he penciled notes and plotted some of his books on the walls of his house, I surely hope they are left undisturbed.

THE STRIKE. After seeing the handwriting on the wall that his days were numbered, Harry J. Mehre resigned as football coach. A group of students summoned the student body to the gymnasium for a so-called important meeting and proclaimed a strike at exactly nine o'clock that night. No one would attend classes the next day and thereafter, until the coach was reinstated. The nine o'clock hour was chosen because the freshmen girls had to be in their rooms at that time on week nights. All other females were required to be in by eleven every night. I have always detested mob scenes, and I knew immediately that I would take no part in it. In fact, I went so far as to write a note to my parents telling them to pay no heed to any news regarding a strike, because I would not be involved.

That night I remained in my room studying along with my roommate. Around the chosen hour, down the hall came Liz urging us to go outside. I told her I was not going to participate. She called me everything but a child of God and insisted that I and people like me were responsible for the failure of the process to get things accomplished. I told her that she could do as she pleased, and I would not interfere and that she should allow me to do the same. The strike fizzled, a complete failure.

Suppose the opposite had happened. We would never have had the renowned Johnny Vaught, who became football coach at Ole Miss in 1946 and made the university football team the powerhouse of the nation. He turned a loser into a winner. John Vaught had to retire due to his health after the 1970 season. He had more wins than Darrell Royal and Woody Hayes at that time. Ole Miss was the South Eastern

Conference winner six times, and, in 1960, Ole Miss won the national championship. The teams played in eighteen bowl games, winning ten of them, and at one time held the national record for fourteen consecutive games in bowls.²⁴⁷

One more note on Liz. The next year my brother said, "There is a girl in our office who knows you, and she speaks highly of you." What a difference a job makes.

JAMES MEREDITH WASN'T THE FIRST. If someone asked today, "Who was the first black student to attend Ole Miss?" the answer would certainly be James Meredith. That is not correct. In the fall of 1945, Harry S. Murphy, Jr., was sent to Ole Miss along with the other Navy men who enrolled. You will not find his picture in the yearbook, but he was there. I met Harry on numerous occasions. His complexion was fairer than most blacks. His eyes and hair were black. I don't recall which of the females he dated, but I am sure he did date some.

It was not until the integration of Ole Miss that Harry went public with the admission that he was there. The articles were published about the time James Meredith was being admitted to the University of Mississippi. According to *The Commercial Appeal* in Memphis, Harry gave an interview to Laymond Robinson of the *New York Times*. He was in the printing business in New York.

James Meredith was blocked from enrolling by Governor Ross Barnett. He succeeded on his fourth try in registering for classes in the fall of 1962. It has been said that politics makes for strange bedfellows. Meredith worked for Senator Jesse Helms at one time.

REBEL. Today's college students have no idea what a curfew means. Signing in and out in the dorms was required. You could go to classes and meals without signing, but nowhere else. You had to be in at eleven o'clock, inside of the dorm before the first ring of the bell in the tower. If you were standing at the door on the first ring, you were late. A "campus" was a punishment in which you weren't allowed to leave the campus. Not only that, but you were to stay in your room except for classes and meals and not be seen anywhere on campus— and no talking to males. These orders were handed out by the student body government if you were late signing in, and the number of days of the campus depended on the number of minutes that you were late. There were student monitors all around. There were expulsions from the university for a number of violations.

²⁴⁷Johnny Vaught, *Rebel Coach* (Memphis, TN: Memphis State University Press, 1971), pp. vi-vii.

Every female entering the university was given a handbook on how to behave on campus, and at a well-publicized time a written examination was given to every female, or so they thought. No test for males. Some of the rules: A female was to sit at a ninety degree angle at all times on campus. No female could return from home in a car with a male other than a relative. (I wrote down a number of *uncles* those years, for I rode back with the most available person.) I balked at the very idea of a rules test but had the sense to keep my mouth shut. When the test was given, I and also my roommate stayed in our room. I simply did not believe giving a test to women alone was fair or just. A male friend who worked in the dean of admissions' office told me my test was not in the group. I shrugged off the matter and told him he could not keep up with all that was happening. I never took the test on the handbook. There is still a bit of rebel in me when I perceive stupidity.

DRESS CODES AND CAMPUS CUSTOMS. The standard of dress for much of my college years was "Sloppy Joe" sweaters, skirts that came to the knee, saddle oxfords, and bobby sox. The sweaters were not quite as full as the ones in the 1990s. The fabric was wool; manmade fibers made the scene much, much later. The sweaters were worn outside, hence the term *sloppy*. We wore no long pants or shorts, but neither did we have to dress in hats, heels, and gloves when going to town, as many students had had to do ten years previously. We did wear hats to church. Previously in high school, we wore the saddle oxfords with twin-sweater suits. Broomstick skirts were a rage as early as 1938 or '39.

Our professors addressed us as Mister or Miss. Many of my classmates were called by their last names, because that was what we heard them called in class. In spite of his blindness a fellow student, Ellis Bodron, knew everyone by their first name as well as their last. You only had to speak and he recognized you. Later Ellis spent many years in the Mississippi legislature. Fifty years after graduation, he retained that marvelous gift of remembering names.

I attended Ole Miss when Blind Jim was loved by all students. He was called the "Dean of Freshmen." He was a black man adopted by the students and had been there for many years when I arrived. He attended all home football games, as well as those on the road, and took an active part in pep rallies, sometimes chiding the students for offensive language. He was an institution of sorts when I left. Fifty years later, there were signs of Blind Jim around the square of Oxford: a restaurant and other mementos. If you were an Ole Miss Rebel, you knew about "Blind Jim."

After College

If I had any advice for young people today, I would tell them to get an education. Be prepared to earn a good living for yourself and your dependents. Life is full of uncertainties. Embark on a tenacious pursuit of information and knowledge.

My mother always wanted me to be a teacher like Mamie. Mamie was able and idealistic, and she did steer my development in many ways, but I wasn't teacher material. My love was auditing and accounting. My husband remarked, "Just give her someone's set of books that are messed up, and she will be content for a while." It was like piecing a puzzle together and proving what was correct. Family searching is similar.

When I left college, I did plan to marry, and, in those days, a husband was supposed to support his wife and family. The word *divorce* was not in Madison's or my vocabulary, but I knew life was unpredictable. There is always the possibility of the sickness or death of a spouse. The knowledge that I could provide for a family gave me a deep contentment. I knew that if I couldn't make it in the accounting world, I only lacked practice teaching to get a license to teach, because during the three quarters I had attended Memphis State, I had been required to take education courses.

IS EVERYONE GOING TO VOTE THE RIGHT WAY? I had a job waiting for me after I left Ole Miss. Mr. Reeves Power had asked if I would come and work in his department of the Motor Vehicle Comptroller in Jackson, Mississippi. He was someone I had known all my life, and I felt comfortable with the offer, even though I knew I'd have to find a place to live after I got there. I stayed with his daughter, Dorothy Power Johnson, until a place became available shortly thereafter.

The working conditions were fine, even though I rarely used any accounting methods. Great stacks of checks came daily from the sheriffs over the state for license tags, and these checks were balanced and deposited. Not a challenge for talent, but the friendships formed were nice.

You could say I led a sheltered life, because the first burlesque show that I saw was during this time in Jackson. A group of my female friends and I went to the Mississippi State Fair and decided to enter and watch. As the show progressed, it was obvious that the dancers were annoyed with the men attending, who were silent as we were. The show was a dud, but I will admit one thing: I will never know how tassels can be rotated in opposite directions from strategic points. When the show was over, we

realized that we might meet some of our fellow workers on the way out, so we crawled under the tent for our exit.

While I was an employee of the State of Mississippi, I learned the ropes of politics within the department. The head comptroller was Mr. Guy McCullen, a very likeable man. One day when an election was forthcoming, he bounced into the room where a number of us worked and inquired, "Is everyone in here going to vote the right way?" All nodded in the affirmative. I said, "No." He stopped and asked, "Why not?" "I am not old enough to vote," I answered. He laughed and said, "Next time we hire, let's be sure they are of age."

Employment was terminated at the whim of the politician in office. The older employees tipped around in fear of their jobs if they had not supported the right candidate. I wish I could say that government workers today were as dedicated and superior as some of the ones I met in Jackson. A great group of people! But that was not the life for me, and I have never again considered a government job, whether city, county, state, or federal.

I gave notice that I was leaving the job to get married in November of 1946. The department gave me a place setting of silver at a little get-together, and I was touched because I had not been with them very long.

COME HOME. Mama and Daddy did not want me to get married, period. I had barely turned twenty, not even old enough to vote. I had been a sickly child, I was the baby, and they could not bear the idea that I would go almost 800 miles away. Actually, no one was "good enough." Finally, I said, "Do you want me to come home and marry, or do you want me just to go get married?" Daddy said, "Come home." And this was the beginning of my journey from King Cotton country to Tobacco Land. Read the story of Ruth Evelyn and Madison in the Yarbrough section.

I may have left Red Banks, but Red Banks never left my mind. Almost sixty years later, I close my eyes and there are images of sweet remembrances. I want to share a few moments that may help others to re-create the small town of our past.

Picture Postcards of Red Banks

My visits home were always special. After a half century or more, if I am in the vicinity of Red Banks, I stop and admire the landscape. A year or two ago, we took a break at the truck stop and restaurant, and as I paused at the cashier's counter, on sale

were T shirts, all-occasion cards, and postcards of Red Banks. With me were two of my nieces, Betty and Helen, and, as we browsed, we enjoyed the new found fame of the town. I realized that I kept a series of Red Banks picture postcards tucked in my heart.

A LITTLE HISTORY. To the passerby, the little town was no more than a crossroads, but to those of us who lived there, it was home. The crossroads were “military” roads, laid out by the United States army engineers, when the Mississippi territory was surveyed for settlement and the section lines were drawn.²⁴⁸

The name *Red Banks* was probably taken from the red clay soil that was characteristic of the village. A mixture of woodland trees, including oak, hickory, maple, sweet gum, box elder, cedar, and pine, provided the background for the gentle sloping terrain. At times, erosion exposed the red clay. After the efforts of the federal work projects in the 1930s, the landscape became entangled in kudzu, which thrived in the area.

To pinpoint the locale, from Memphis, Tennessee, follow Highway 78 southeast, pass Olive Branch, Byhalia, and Victoria, Exit 21. About twenty miles past the Tennessee line, start watching for the sign for Red Banks, truly a blink town—a blink of the eye and you might miss the turn. Another eight miles and you will be in Holly Springs.

The unincorporated town of Red Banks has at times been omitted on the travel maps. Once the Mississippi Highway Department printed a new road map and omitted Red Banks, but George Malone Yarbrough, who was President Pro Tempore of the Senate in Mississippi, protested and made them reprint it with Red Banks back on the map.²⁴⁹

Four to five miles to the north of Red Banks, Coldwater River flows. Red Banks Creek meanders to the south. About six miles farther south winds Pigeon Roost Creek. At one time the lifeline to the small community was the Kansas City, Memphis, and Birmingham Railroad. Later the San Francisco Railway Company owned the right of way for the railroad, running daily mail and freight trains. We called it the Frisco Railroad.

Red Banks as well as all of Marshall County lay in the Chickasaw Indian territory, and the Indians claimed all of north Mississippi, west Tennessee, and northeast Alabama as their hunting ground. The first white men to come in contact with the Chickasaw were probably Hernando DeSoto and the Spaniards accompanying him. DeSoto had spent the winter close by at what was known as “Old Pontotoc,”

²⁴⁸Reunion program of Red Banks-Victoria Consolidated/Norfleet School, June 2, 1984.

²⁴⁹Walter Webb, “Red Banks,” *The South Reporter*, June 23, 1988, Section 1, p. 3.

Mississippi.²⁵⁰ We know that the Indians usually did not live on the land that was designated for hunting. Whether Marshall County fell in that category is uncertain.

Mississippi had been admitted to the Union as of December 10, 1817. It was the twentieth state, but the boundary disputes had not been settled. The Treaty of 1818 between the Chickasaw nation and the United States government specifically outlined the boundaries of territory that the Chickasaw nation ceded. The dividing line was the northern border of Mississippi and the southern border of Tennessee. The Chickasaws were removed from west Tennessee and south of the thirty-fifth degree north latitude.²⁵¹

Even though the treaty stipulated what was to be the dividing line between Tennessee and Mississippi, that boundary was in dispute for years, reaching the Supreme Court twice. Settlers were unsure which state they resided in. Red Banks was within a few miles of the disputed land.

Another treaty was negotiated in 1832, when the Chickasaw gave up rights to the land south of the Tennessee state line.²⁵² The Chickasaw nation was friendly toward the United States government and received payment of money for the lands ceded, however small we may consider the sum today.

We can assume that the earliest settlers of northern Mississippi lived on Indian lands that they purchased directly from the tribe. The white people and the Indians lived in harmony before the 1832 treaty. In my files, I have a Marshall County deed reaffirming other treaties and citing one of 1834 in which Tish-ah-nu-ah and his heirs had rights to a portion of land in the "North West corner."²⁵³ Uriah Humphreys made payment for a portion. The signature of John Tyler, the tenth President, appears on it, but it was not recorded until 1847, when James K. Polk was President. Marshall County produced some distinguished Indian leaders, who were baptized as Christians and who graduated with honors from colleges, one being the Chickasaw statesman Holmes Colbert.²⁵⁴

Red Banks in northern Mississippi is one of the oldest communities in Marshall County. After the Chickasaw Cession, more than six million acres of land were offered

²⁵⁰Clarene Pinkston Russell, *Collierville, Tennessee, Her People and Neighbors* (Town of Collierville, Chamber of Commerce, 1994), p. 7.

²⁵¹*Ibid.*, p. 21.

²⁵²*Ibid.*, pp. 27-30.

²⁵³Deed Book N, Chancery Clerk Office, Marshall County, MS, p. 390-39.

²⁵⁴Hubert H. McAlexander, *A Southern Tapestry* (Virginia Beach, VA: The Donning Company, 2000), p. 16.

for sale by the United States government in 1836, and Marshall County was created by a legislative act on February 9, 1836. It had been advertised as "cotton's last frontier," and the county led the state in cotton production in 1850, producing cotton at a rapid pace until the Civil War.

When I was a student at Ole Miss, I was assigned a paper on Holly Springs. During the research, I learned that Marshall County's population in 1837/38 was the largest white population in the state of Mississippi.

Most of the settlers of Red Banks came from Virginia and the Carolinas during the 1830s and the 1840s, when Mississippi was considered a frontier. Their routes may have included a short stay in Tennessee or Alabama. There are reports that a log trading post was in operation in Red Banks before the 1800s.²⁵⁵

THE ROADS CALLED 78. To pinpoint the location of the trading post, it is necessary to know that there were and are three different highways that have been labeled Highway 78. The newest 78 is a few yards south of the one built about 1938, which today is designated as 178. An original road, the one laid out by Army engineers when the land was first surveyed, lies a short distance north of these two. If you travel north on George Malone Yarbrough Memorial Highway (Old Red Banks Road) to the crossroads, the log trading post would be have found on the northeast corner of the intersection. Today, at the intersection, the Memorial Highway curves to the right (east,) and the loop takes in the complete original section through Red Banks until it reaches the 1938 Highway 78, which was renamed 178. North Red Banks Road picks up at the Memorial intersection and goes to the north. At the same intersection, Church Road continues west along the other part of the original Old 78.

The original 78 was what the older generation called "going to town." Various businesses were established, with the post office, a school, and three churches situated in close proximity.

When my grandparents moved into Red Banks in February of 1907 from several miles south in Marshall County, the place was probably at the height of progress. About that time, there were two doctors who practiced, a railroad station for the Frisco railroad, a railway express office, and at least six stores that carried just about all that was needed for the inhabitants. A large cotton gin was situated close to the railroad,

²⁵⁵Reunion program, Red Banks-Victoria Consolidated/Norfleet School, June 2, 1984.

with a row of seed houses, and within a few yards, a grist mill, a garage, a blacksmith shop, and a wood shop.

“MEETING THE TRAIN.” Knowledgeable researchers state that John C. Kizer was the postmaster in Red Banks from 1837 to 1839, while other sources record that the post office originated in 1847 with an early settler, D. B. Clayton, as postmaster. The post office seemed to be central and buzzing with activity in the first decades of the 1900s. Mail came several times a day and was actually “put up” at night. For the men, a nightly ritual was to “go to town,” meet the train, and get the mail. Passengers would embark to other destinations, and sometimes friends would arrive. Papa thought the incident of a nicely dressed young lady losing her petticoat as she stepped down from the train was amusing. He said, “She stepped out of it, reached down, and quickly placed it out of sight.” At least she added a little diversion. The large train station was torn down in the 1930s, but I do recall sitting and hearing the dot, dot, dash of the telegraph and watching and listening for the train with the “All aboard” call. A small shed-like building was built in the place of the station.

Many nights, when Papa returned from “town,” Mama Lutie and I would share apples that he had purchased. Letters from Aunt Lena’s family in Arkansas or any of the relatives as nearby as Memphis or Taylor were read to everyone.

The small post office building that existed during my time in Red Banks burned in 1973. It was directly across from my father’s store, now a pottery. A mobile postal unit was used from 1973 until 1985. A new post office was dedicated in December 1985. The new post office was built, facing the road, to the left of Daddy’s store. It was a few hundred feet closer to the original highway 78 than our store.

POLITICS AND ELECTIONS. Usually one of the stores in Red Banks was chosen as the polling place for primaries and general elections. Since our store was the voting place at times, I was familiar with the setup. But my first recollection of a candidate running for office came with collecting the many cards of the different men seeking public offices. *Men* is correctly used—there were no women running in the early years. These hopefuls knocked on the doors of each household and passed out cards while asking for your vote. My friend Blanche and I would hoard the cards and choose our voting preference by the prettiest color.

Before the elections in the hot summertime, July or early August, there would be

a "Candidate Speaking," where each made his appeal to the voters. Good looks and smooth words did influence the voters. These events were held usually outside on a makeshift platform. The church or the PTA ladies took advantage of the situation to sell homemade ice cream, and there was always a sizeable group of listeners.

Red Banks had its share of local men competing for county office. A few held offices in the state government. In the 1940s, a native son of Marshall County, Wall Doxley, ran for the United States Senate against Jim Eastland. Eastland's supporters from the southern part of Mississippi came to our store to leave material and insisted that I should give it to customers. I was not a yes person, especially with politics, and I told them "no deal." Since I was not old enough to vote, they left stacks of posters and cards anyway. I put them in the fire. Daddy said I should have been more discreet.

Mississippi did not hold elections for state and local offices in the same years that national elections were held. Since the Democratic party controlled things, the August primaries produced the final results. Most of the time no Republicans challenged them in November.

Democratic primaries were hotly contested. Almost every registered voter in Red Banks came to the polls. We knew each by name. At a given time, the polls were closed and the counting began. One precinct person would unlock the box while another worker watched. He would call out the names while three other workers tallied the vote in pencil or pen, separating each group of five votes (four straight marks and then a diagonal mark crossing them.) If the tallies of the three workers did not jibe, they would have to start all over again and repeat this process, until they all came up with the same total for each candidate. Women worked in the polling places.

On election night, Holly Springs was the place to go. You might call it a big reunion, seeing people that you usually did not see. As each precinct gave the results of the election, these results were posted. Holly Springs had a court house built on a square, and, on that night, two sides of the square were roped off for dancing and posting the election results. These were very exciting times for the entire county. Some people left discouraged, while the winners were all smiles. I could not wait until I was old enough to tag along. I remember these dances were still in progress in the 1950s after I married and was vacationing there. I wanted Madison to see how Mississippians felt about voting. There were cars parked everywhere as close as possible to the area. Some sat in the cars. Women brought chairs, and the dance area was surrounded with spectators. It was just a big happy experience for all.

The first president that I can remember was Franklin D. Roosevelt. I left Red Banks, but we were still listening to his fireside chats, and the college walls were plastered with his four freedom ideas. We never knew of his disability. When his death came in the spring of 1945, it was not the shock to many of us that you would expect, probably because World War II was the main thought on our minds. If this seems callous, at age eighteen I had already lost two dear friends, killed in the war, and I was not alone in that type of situation.

Harry S Truman became President with no Vice-President waiting in line.²⁵⁶ The lack of a Vice-President was discussed in my political science class, but it seems that we had faith and confidence in our form of government. In the biography of Truman by his daughter, you will find that he had relatives named Stone and Shipp. He had no middle name, only the S with no period, according to his mother. She hoped that each family would conclude that the S stood for its name. I found that interesting, since Shipp was our family name.

My youthful interest in politics continued as I grew older. I have always been interested in the voting procedure. I will admit that the beginning of sample polling took the fun out of it. Pre-election polls are the pits. I wish the media had stayed out of the picture and let the voters decide. Many people will even change their preference to be on the "right" side. Thus, the pre-election polls and post-vote surveys at the polling places can influence the outcome of elections, an unhealthy situation. The elections of my youth were great experiences.

DEAR OLD GOLDEN SCHOOL DAYS. In 1916, the schoolhouse (that is actually what it was called) was fairly large, a two-story frame building with little space for a schoolyard. The location was just west of the Red Banks Methodist Church, closer than the church to the road, which was the original Highway 78. Some writers have erroneously placed the old school in another location, but my mother pinpointed the site, and she was there as a student. The parents of school children in Red Banks met with the parents of the Victoria students to discuss improvement of the school situation.

I have a yellowed newspaper clipping which states that a school rally was held on Tuesday, May 23, 1916, for the purpose of consolidating five neighboring schools into one high school to be located in Red Banks. The Reverend J. P. Horton, Superintendent

²⁵⁶Truman served with no Vice-President from April 1945 until 1949, when he was sworn in after election to a new term. The Twenty-Fifth Amendment to the Constitution was ratified in 1967, and President Nixon was the first to use it, in 1973.

of Education in Holly Springs, Professor Calhoun of Jackson, Mississippi, Dr. Seale of Holly Springs, and Professor Busby (Buzbee) of Victoria were the visiting educators who came to speak in favor of consolidation.

The heirs of Mr. J. P. Norfleet offered to donate 2.65 acres of land of their homeplace, if the school would carry the name of Norfleet. The Trustees, Mr. R. P. Carrington of Victoria, Mr. W. S. Berkley, and Mr. Tracy L. Harris, Sr., of Red Banks, accepted the Norfleet offer but also purchased 2.35 acres from the heirs, providing a parcel of five acres for the new school. (The Norfleet name was well established in the county. A brochure of Holly Springs Garden Club of the 1986 48th Annual Holly Springs Pilgrimage tells that J. P. Norfleet was the builder in 1845 of the English-basement style home "Dunvegan," owned by Mr. and Mrs. Vadah Cochran.)

The new location was on the original Highway 78 east, past the Woods/Yarbrough home and a vacant parcel of land. The new two-story brick building was named the J. P. Norfleet School. The old two-story frame school, located close to the Methodist Church, was moved by placing it on logs and rolling it to the corner of the grounds. It was remodeled, and the first floor was used as a residence for the principal of the school. The second floor became living quarters for the unmarried female teachers. This teacher's home remained until the 1930s. I remember the old home, before it was torn down making room for a new home, a WPA New Deal project.

The formal opening ceremonies of the Norfleet School were held August 25, 1916, with the local patrons, the teachers, and the pupils joining in the celebration of a big step in education. Mr. J. W. Buzbee was the first principal. In fact, through the years he was called upon to be principal on three separate occasions. This is the same "Professor Busby" mentioned in the newspaper article. He became my Aunt Louanna Vick's father-in-law.

At first, students from neighboring towns came to the consolidated school in wagons, but thirty-five students from Victoria rode in a wagonette drawn by four horses. Those who lived within a mile walked.

Flat-bottom wagons had wooden frames with benches on the sides for the students to sit on. Most had canvas tops and sides, but they were not tight. For the cold months, a small stove, vented through the roof, was used.

I read one article that described a fancy school "bus" driven by Mr. Claude Locke sometime in the 1920s. This was also a wooden frame over the wagon bed but much improved. The body flared out over the wheels, making room for seating on benches

around and at the rear. The walls rose to a curved roof with glass windows on all four sides. It was drawn by horses, and a small stove was utilized for warmth.²⁵⁷

In 1926, one story was added to the school in front of the original building. About this time, reorganization led to the renaming of the school as Red Banks-Victoria Consolidated School. There was protest concerning the name change.

My knowledge of these facts about the school was the direct result of a high school assignment I was given when I was fourteen. I interviewed many persons responsible for school decisions, including Mr. Tracy L. Harris, Sr., Mr. S. Reeves Power, and, of course, my mother. Being a pack-rat, I kept the paper.

The school was important to the townspeople not just for education. I recall that, when I was about five, the visiting Gaius quartet performing at the school was so popular that it left a lasting impression on the neighborhood. The quartet must have conducted workshops on music, for people pulled out dusty violins, guitars, and others instruments stored for years. For several weeks, the sound of music could be heard. My Daddy listened with relish and participated in the vocalizing with his bass voice. My Aunt Edna Earl and brother Ervin performed in singing groups.

It was recently brought to my attention, that during the Depression years, Red Banks-Victoria School was the only school in Marshall County that never failed to pay its teachers on time, and that it never had school warrants discounted. At one time, the principal was the highest paid school employee in Marshall County.²⁵⁸

The thing that leaves the greatest imprint on me today is how the community supported the school. Anything important to the students was a must for the residents. Town groups had the use of the school for most any activity. I am sure they asked for and received permission, but the school became the central point for a variety of purposes.

Very early, both girls and boys had basketball teams. After the gymnasium was built in the 1930s, the PTA members bought cloth and made white satin suits trimmed in blue for the girls' team. Of course, a sturdy lining was important to prevent the see-through look. By the time I played the game, the school had purchased ready-made outfits, continuing with the colors of white and navy blue trim.

The early 1940s was a time of extremely fine basketball teams for the small town. The girls had three All State players one year. One year both the girls' and the boys' basketball teams won nineteen out of twenty-two games. Invitational and county

²⁵⁷Reunion program, Red Banks-Victoria Consolidated School.

²⁵⁸Ibid.

championship tournaments required the work of the ladies, who furnished meals for the players and fans.

The school usually attracted young college graduates really interested in showing their expertise in the teaching field. I recall that my grammar school teachers were only average, but I had superior training in high school math, English, history, and average training in the sciences. There were not many choices, but we surely received the basic curriculum to prepare us for college.

The science room was equipped with various bottles and solutions, and all of us loved the real skeleton that stood in the corner. We were expected to dissect frogs and, just like some teens today, we made a big deal of not wanting to touch them. One boy brought a live large snake and all of her live babies for us to study. The babies were killed and preserved in formaldehyde, but the mother disappeared for days. Someone needing to research a subject in an encyclopedia in the library reached for the volume only to discover the snake coiled on the shelf. I am glad I was not the "someone."

There were joyous times and there were sad times. My long-time friend Blanche was killed with her boyfriend on Easter Sunday morning March 24, 1940, by a train. The tragedy affected the students and teachers alike. We talked and shared our feelings with each other, and, possibly for the first time, we realized how precious life really can be.

After World War II, the student body was no longer large enough to meet high school requirements. Eight grades were maintained for a few years. Today the students either go to Byhalia or Holly Springs.

CONGREGATIONS IN ACTION. There were three dominations of churches in Red Banks, and most everybody attended services at all three. All church buildings are still standing in the year 2005. Only the Baptists have enlarged and grown.

We were Methodist. Mama Lutie was a charter member of the Red Banks Methodist Church organized in 1886, which was eight years before she married. Previously the Methodists had worshiped at Wesley Chapel and Hebron, two small country churches. Red Banks Methodist Church was deeded one acre of land plus an access lane by J. P. Norfleet on November 30, 1886.²⁵⁹

This church, built in 1887, was a wooden white frame building typical in style of many churches, with an A-shaped roof, high ceilings, and rows of tall windows on both

²⁵⁹Marshall County, MS, Chancery Clerk's office, Deed Book 51, p. 193, as reported by *The Heritage News*, 9, No. 3 (2003), 6.

sides. There were two doors to enter, one on the left and one on the right, with seating on both sides in pews and a longer row of pews in the middle. The pulpit was slightly elevated, with an area for the choir on the right of the standing minister. An identical area on the minister's left was called the Amen corner. The interior of the church was heated with two pot-bellied stoves and cooled with funeral home fans. Before electricity came to the area in 1935, there were some kerosene lamps. Three Sunday School rooms were added to the back, and, in the 1930s and part of the 1940s, the Methodist church served all three denominations as the only Sunday School held each Sunday. The young people of the community were very active in the Epworth League, which later became the United Methodist Youth Fellowship. In the 1980s, work was accomplished to convert the two entrances of the church into one with a small vestibule.

I went to all three churches. The Methodists had services on the first and third Sundays. The Baptists chose the second Sunday, and the Presbyterians claimed the fourth. All three denominations held summer revival meetings. Most of the young attended, and we enjoyed the fellowship of choir rehearsals, an outing or two for Cokes, and a picnic.

The Baptist church was similar to the Methodist, white-painted wood with an A-frame roof, windows on both sides, high ceilings, two entrances, but with no Sunday School rooms. I am told that in 1848 the people organized as the Pleasant Grove Baptist Church in this location, once owned by a Chickasaw Indian. The Baptists always held their baptisms in the Coldwater River, north of Red Banks. That was also the only "swimming" facility for the community.

The Presbyterian church²⁶⁰ was older than the others, having been organized in 1844 in a small log building under the name Philadelphia Church. Two families of the early members were from Virginia, but the others came from Buncombe, Cabarrus, and Mecklenburg Counties of North Carolina. Around 1850, the members moved to a large brick church which was built about three miles north of Red Banks in what was called the Buncombe community on the Canon Plantation. Buncombe community was named for Buncombe County in North Carolina. At this time, the church served all the community. The Methodists in the area did not have a church building until later, and they held services there twice a month. At one time the church was used as a school building.

The earliest mention on record of the Philadelphia Presbyterian Church was the

²⁶⁰Marie Goodman Jenkins, *Philadelphia* (Holly Springs, MS: The South Reporter Printing Co., 1955).

deed of three acres by Hezerkiah Query at Buncomb on October 8, 1851. On October 9, 1851, the church was deeded four adjoining acres by A. O. Canon. The location is described as two miles north and one and three-fourth miles west of Red Banks, or from Victoria, one mile north and one and one-fourth east.²⁶¹

When their members moved away, the Philadelphia Church again moved, this time to Red Banks. Land was donated by W. F. Parks.²⁶²

The original brick church was dismantled, and the structure was moved by mule train, requiring several weeks first to prepare a road to get it to its present location. The bricks were hauled in wagons. It is interesting to note that the walls are four bricks thick. In 1901, the name was changed to Red Banks Presbyterian Church.²⁶³ It faces the Frisco Railroad to the north; Red Banks Cemetery is across the road to the west.

GRAVE ROBBERS. An episode of 1935 was the basis for a local story; the Canon Cemetery graves had been robbed. Being a child, my first thoughts were, why would anyone want to dig up a coffin?

Uncle John was not one to sit idly by and let others pass the rumors on, so he went to the family graveyard to view the situation. The burial ground was located about a one and one-half miles west of the heart of Red Banks just off the original Highway 78 in Castleberry Woods.

His report was gruesome. Six or maybe more graves lay open. Several bodies were missing. A young girl was dressed in a fine gown with a veil on her red hair. He emphasized the color of her hair, so very red. He said he had never seen so much detached red hair in his life, and it was strewn about the ground, just red hair, nothing else.

An article dated May 2, 1935, in the *Commercial Appeal* corroborated his story but gave additional clues. For some seventy-odd years, dating back to the Civil War, there was a tale of antebellum treasures being buried in family cemeteries. A farmer searching for a lost animal found the open graves and reported it.

The newspaper article described one grave of a young girl who died before the Civil War. "She was richly dressed, her face and features perfectly preserved. A net, like a bridal veil, covered her bright red hair." She was identified as Laura Canon.

²⁶¹Marshall County Chancery Clerk's office, Deed Book R, pp. 15-16, as reported by *The Heritage News*, 9, No. 3 (2003), p. 6.

²⁶²*Ibid.*, Deed Book 60, p. 93, states that the church bought one-half acre from William F. Parks on the railroad in Red Banks.

²⁶³Marie Goodman Jenkins, *Philadelphia... Church of Six Generations* (Holly Springs, MS: The South Reporter Printing Co.1955), 9-19.

Another grave desecrated was that of M. H. Canon, who was born in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, in 1807. The body was missing. A third vault was entered, and it contained the body of Cornelia E. Canon Houston, wife of W. C. Houston. She was born in 1822 and died at age forty-seven. "Her long red hair, a characteristic of the Canon family, aided in the identification."

Uncle John was right. There was red hair in abundance. Concerning the bridal gown, Laura Canon died of an illness before her impending wedding, and her wedding gown was her shroud.

BUSINESSES REMEMBERED. I do not remember the names of the seven millionaires that Red Banks contributed to the business world, but it was a topic of conversation long before I was born. A millionaire then was big—bigger and stranger than most anything. Even in 1938, when the Wage and Hour Act passed making twenty-five cents an hour the minimum wage, with increases to forty cents in five years, a millionaire was something worth talking about. Just who were these millionaires? The names that I heard were Robert, Johnson, Rand, Norfleet, and Clayton. I asked what these men did, but the only answer that I remember was the shoe business. Oscar Johnson and his brother Jackson founded the International Shoe Company. I wondered if perhaps the Rands did not also enter the same type of business, for there was a Johnson Rand shoe.

During my sixteen years in Red Banks, I certainly recall a grist mill run by Will Jones, and he may have had a small blacksmith shop. The cotton gin belonged to the elder Tracy Harris, later run by his son, and sometime after that by Jack McClatchey. A blacksmith shop was owned by G. H. Yarbrough, Sr. The post office was operated by Mr. and Mrs. Glen Parrish and later by Laura Simmons.

Various stores would be in and out of business. The Tracy Harris Store stayed in business longer than most. Before the turn of the twentieth century, a Mr. Harris and a Mr. Loftin operated a merchandise store very close to the original crossroads and the very old trading post. There was also a store in that area that belonged to Samuel Power that his son, Douglas Power, later ran. It was gone before I could remember.

My father bought another store, one that was vacant but owned at the time by S. Reeves Power, along with the adjacent property. Both the Harris store and Daddy's were massive wooden structures, typical of the country store. The Harris store has

been closed for years, is standing today but leaning, and looks unsafe. I would surmise that the contents, while not valuable, would be quite interesting.

Daddy and Mama closed our store in the middle 1960s. Later, it was sold to a potter, J. Putterbaul Gill, who tore down most of it and built his home and a studio for the public. If you should travel east on the Yarbrough loop and turn left on Harris Road, the Shipp store would be on the immediate right, the Harris store on the left.

Glen Parrish owned a store, later brought by G. H. Yarbrough & Sons. Neil Munn operated one for a while, as did Jesse Young. Most stores sold gasoline from tanks that were pumped by hand, had pot-bellied stoves for warmth, and an array of wooden benches and chairs where customers could sit, visit, or play checkers with drink-bottle caps. After TVA brought electricity to the town, large fans stirred the hot summer breezes.

After the first paved Highway 78 of 1938 was complete, two stores were situated on that highway, one run by Jack and Elizabeth McClatchey and the other by Glen Parrish, called "Sugar-Doc." After World War II, Bob DeBerry operated one at the crossroads and the road that ran north and south of Red Banks.

THE FOLKS WHO LIVED THERE. There was a southern custom that I loved. Every child and younger adult addressed older adults as Mr. or Mrs. (Surname,) but if you knew the person very well, you could say Miss or Mr. (Christian name.) There was a sweet closeness to the friends you had grown to love. Though the town was small in size, the diversity of the people still interests me.

Going north on the west side of Red Banks Road from Papa's house and our home were the closest neighbors, the W. S. Berkley family. They had a dogtrot house, and when we visited in the afternoons, Miss Lula would tell me to go into the parlor to the left of the open hall. There was a contraption like a View Master with a three-dimensional picture with which I played for the duration of the visit. Mr. Bill was a Mason, very knowledgeable but unusual, often talking to himself as he traveled up and down the road toward town for the daily paper and the mail. You could set the clock by his routine. One day Mr. Tom Moore asked him, "Who are you talking to?" Without missing a step, Mr. Bill barked back, "Fool, fool. A gentleman."

Across the road closer to our house lived my grandmother's first cousins, in the William Kizer family. I barely remember his wife, Aunt Louis, who was a Humphreys before her marriage. The eldest cousin was Ann Kizer, single, and the middle sister, Betsy McAlexander, a World War I widow. The youngest of the three was Nell Wilson.

Moving on to the south, we find the Blanche Ford home, which was next to and in view of Papa's house. That is the home where my father roomed before he married my mother. I remember Mrs. Ford and her gorgeous roses. Every Mother's Day, she would supply us with buds to wear in honor or memory of our mothers. Blanche Simmons, my playmate, was her granddaughter. Miss Ellie Crook lived there, as did Blanche's parents, Miss Laura and Mr. Zell Simmons.

The Simmons family adored dogs and owned coon hounds, housed in a pen in the backyard. I even recall some of their names: Mazie, Peaches, and Baby. When Blanche and I played, they were always penned, but one day as I was approaching their front gate, Miss Laura was coming home from a walk in the woods with the dogs. The entire pack of eight hounds spotted me, ran faster than Miss Laura, and attacked me, knocked me to the ground, tore my clothes and skin, and, if Miss Laura had not come to my rescue, I shudder to think what would have happened. Strangely, the owners never confessed to the dog encounter, even with the evidence of torn clothes and wounds. But in a small town you continued to be friends at all costs.

Good neighbors had good fences. This was true for animals kept such as livestock and especially hogs. Hogs could root up an entire field of plants and cause much financial damage, if they happened to get out. I remember one time Daddy cautioned a neighbor to keep up his hogs. On the next trip to our farm, our collies were allowed to chase the hogs home. There wasn't a third time.

Around the corner were Sam (Buster) and Ruby Goodman. He was a mail carrier, and he shot one of our collies. Again we remained friends. They had twin daughters a few years younger than I. On that same road were Gus (Mama's first cousin) and Mildred Thompson and the Walter Barbers. Jesse and Lena Crook Young lived in the home of Miss Pearl Kelsey and Mrs. Sally Hancock, located west of the Red Banks Road and the railroad crossing. Miss Lena Young was my Sunday School teacher, and I recall we shared the same birthday.

Across the railroad was the residence of Ernest and Emma Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell was the section foreman of the Frisco Railroad. Mrs. Mitchell's yard was full of lovely flowers.

During my high school days, different friends had parties for all the young people. When a party was held at the Mitchells, in another room, the elder Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Briscoe could be found "pickin'." One played a violin and the other a banjo. At various times they would call for Mary Thomas to sing and play the lead on the guitar.

To be honest, their music did not bother us, but it was not the music of choice for the teenagers. We were into big bands and also the jitterbug craze.

We did not know that these folk songs were brought by the pioneers as they settled the lands and that their descendants were simply carrying on the tradition. I did not see a dulcimer, but the sound of the Irish fiddle and the African banjo emerged from the back room. They probably agreed with the saying that the violin and the fiddle are exactly the same instruments, but the fiddle sounded better. My grandmother often spoke of a preference for fiddle music and the harmonica, which I believed she called a French harp. She showed me how a Jew's harp, which she called a juice harp, was played, but I never accomplished the feat.

The old Crook home was directly across the Red Banks Road from the Youngs. Miss Alice Crook lived there for years with her cousin Hal Moore. After his marriage to one of the teachers, Esthma Walker, and after a baby or two, they built a larger home to the east of the George S. Goodman home. The Crook home was sold to Chesley Briscoe.

My Aunt Lena Vick married Hunter Crook, and, when they arrived from Arkansas, they also visited with both the Crook and the Young families.

The Tracy L. Harris home was east of the Crook home. In the early 1930s there was an article written about the modern convenience of this home, which had a generator run by gas to produce electricity.

Also mentioned was the George S. Goodman home, one of the two pre-Civil War homes in Red Banks. Mr. Goodman liked to talk about the bullet holes made by Yankees. Another story concerned the owner at the time of the Civil War, when Union soldiers wrapped him in quilts, stuffed him in the little room under the stairs, and then set fire to him. The slaves are given credit for saving him. We do know that atrocities happened, but we also know that stories steeped in tradition were embellished.

The deed to this place, called "Maplewood," was signed by James K. Polk and President Van Buren, when the land was purchased from the Indians by Henry Moore, son of Governor James Moore of North Carolina, in 1830. The house had mortise framework and was pegged together, had high wainscoting, and paneled doors of black walnut and poplar. It stands today as a reproduction of the old Virginia homes. The cedars, the first in this area, were brought from the Carolinas in a wagon with the boxwood. This home is located across the railroad from the Red Banks-Victoria School.

"Summer Trees," the other pre-Civil War home, was owned by various people over the years. During my years, the Neely Grants of Memphis resided there. Mrs. Grant

restored the home to its original beauty. One of the oldest homes in the county, it was begun in 1812 and finished in 1825 by Mrs. Grant's great-grandfather, Sanders Taylor.²⁶⁴ The people of Red Banks called it the old Taylor home. It was and is a few miles north on the Red Banks Road.

Aunt Callie Malone Yarbrough and her husband, Garland Hamlet Yarbrough, Sr., lived in what was once the Gene Woods home on the original Highway 78, east of the Methodist church. After I left there, the younger Hamlet and his family occupied the dwelling. The Glen Parrishes lived west of the Methodist Church, the house obscured by shrubbery and trees. It was convenient also to the post office, when they had served as post masters.

Traveling west on the Yarbrough loop and continuing on Church Road, you came to a house close to the Baptist church. George Yarbrough bought it after he married Peg White, who was one of my college roommates. Many families had lived there at different times: the Will Mebanes, the W. S. McDougals, and the John McClatcheys.

On the portion of the Yarbrough Memorial Road close to the exit of Highway 78 of 1938 lived Mrs. Emily Murchison, who after a divorce moved to Red Banks during World War II. She later remarried her former husband in time for them to celebrate what would have been their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Just south of her house was the Will Jones home.

Across the road was "Cedar Crest." This land once owned by NoYea, an Indian, had been acquired by Captain G. C. Adams, who planned a female academy, and, in 1848, he and a slave built the home and the school. The property was sold in 1853 to James Wells. At various times during the Civil War, the house was used to care for wounded soldiers. When U. S. Grant made Holly Springs his headquarters, Union officers took over Cedar Crest for their housing. Their soldiers lived in the yard, as did owner James Wells and his family. There were several transfers of title of this property in the following years, until in 1885 Samuel Thomas Power took ownership for a debt from James Moore.²⁶⁵

During the length of time that I lived in Red Banks, son Reeves and wife Octie Power called "Cedar Crest" their home. In that same vicinity and closer to the crossroads, Mr. Reeves Power's sister, Mrs. Mamie Woods, lived, and up the hill a short distance Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Power had a home.

²⁶⁴A *History of Marshall County 1836-1936* (Holly Springs Garden Club, 1936), 23-24.

²⁶⁵History of Cedar Crest researched and written by Shelby Power of Holly Springs, son of S. Reeves Power and grandson of Samuel Thomas Power.

For my son Matt and his cousin Charles Shipp, Red Banks meant going to see Miss Octie Power and Mrs. Murchison. Actually Miss Octie was Charles's great-aunt, so both boys called her Aunt Octie. Mrs. Murchison lived to be well over one hundred, as did Miss Octie. You can't beat the uncomplicated life of a small town.

Uncle John and one of the Munn "boys" heard that Shelby Power, son of Mr. Reeves and Miss Octie, had a date in a home down the Red Banks Road which passed by the cemetery. Very few people drove their cars if they could walk, and Uncle John and his partner cooked up a scheme. They would rig up a sheet over the road between trees at the cemetery and the Presbyterian church. At the opportune time, they would lower the sheet and scare Shelby.

The two pranksters waited late that dark night. Sure enough, Shelby approached, walking at a reasonable clip, and, just as he reached the site, the sheet began flapping with all the appropriate sounds. Shelby continued to walk. He did not increase his speed one iota; he completely ignored the whole situation. I think Uncle John had more fun telling of the botched prank than if it had worked.

Numerous families lived outside of the walking perimeter that I have mentioned. Some longtime family names, but certainly not all, that come to mind for the sixteen years that I lived there are Shaw, Taylor, the Leland Berkley family, the Milton Mobley and Paul Mobley families, Mahon, Tomlinson, Armour, Houston, Newell, Canon, Miller, and Matthews. The home of the Milton Mobley family was originally built and occupied by my great-great-great-uncle Archibald Richmond sometime in the 1850s, before the Civil War.

Let's not overlook Miss Sally and Miss Fannie Cockran, who lived close to Mahon. These two little old ladies in black dresses topped with dainty lace collars would come to church in an old model T Ford, with one driving and the other on the back seat diagonal from the driver's side. Perhaps they were balancing the car so it wouldn't turn over. Miss Sally, the driver, was honored as a beloved teacher in Holly Springs.

McAlexander, Clark, DeBerry, Liles, Gardener, Hensley, Moore, Munn, Woods and several McClatcheys were some other families which called Red Banks home.

South of Red Banks lived Aunt Rebecca Humphreys, the last surviving widow of our large Humphreys clan. Her deceased husband was Thomas (Uncle Tom.) With her marriage, Aunt Becky had moved from the portion of Virginia that became West Virginia. She had a number of pieces of massive antique furniture in the home. After her death, her daughter, Nellie Mahon, also a widow, maintained the old home with

her brother, Clayton Humphreys. Because my husband's business was geared toward high-quality reproductions of antiques, they insisted that we come and view the real thing. After I married and moved to Durham, Cousin Nellie Mahon would remind me that Durham was named for her cousin, Dr. Barlett Durham, and she had kept in touch with the family.

In that same direction lived Aunt Sallie Thompson, on a road that was not up to traffic in the winter. When I was about five, I rode in a buggy to her house, and I thought it a grand experience. Mama had decided to visit Aunt Sallie, Papa's sister, and Daddy borrowed a buggy.

I tell this to the many young people who think anyone past fifty dated in a horse-drawn buggy. No, we had cars that traveled at high speeds. I was with George and Hamlet Yarbrough in their new car when they were testing out the speed. We cleared 90 miles an hour and could have gone faster. Not everyone had cars. Only a few. There was much double dating.

When last I visited Red Banks, a company was shooting a movie, *Big Bad Love*, with Debra Winger and Angie Dickerson. This probably represented the most people that had worked there in years. Besides a pottery, there is a candle-making industry.

I am told that a scene from the movie of John Gresham's *Firm* was shot at the truck stop. Also today, a Red Banks restaurant is widely known to Memphians for its fine fish menu.

REMEMBRANCE. Red Banks is still this sleepy little town where time seems to come to a standstill. Many homes are occupied by people who work in Memphis and want the slower pace of life. The older generations are gone. Faces have changed, but, if you drive through, you get the feeling of peace and relaxation.

Yes, the thoughts and memories of Red Banks and the events of the past warm our hearts, and certainly they molded our character. These are the picture postcards of Red Banks that have been carefully posed and are tucked away.

Descendants of Coleman Shipp

27 Mar 2006

1. Coleman Shipp (b.1790-,North Carolina;d.1868)

sp: Jane W Ford (b.1795-,Virginia;m.16 Sep 1813)

2. Oliver William Shipp (b.9 Mar 1816-,Mississippi;d.16 Jul 1888-,Calhoun Mississippi)

sp: Ellifair Elizabeth Lusk (b.26 May 1820-,Mississippi;m.13 Jan 1839;d.1877)

3. Isabel Ann or Bell Shipp (b.23 Feb 1840;d.Jul 1919)

sp: George W. Pullen (d.1918)

4. Bob Pullen

sp: Lucy

4. Ben Pullen

sp: Daisey

4. Oscar Pullen

3. Coleman Shipp (b.13 Nov 1842-,Mississippi;d.Sep 1863-Rome,Georgia)

3. Robert Steen Shipp (b.30 Apr 1845-,Mississippi;d.1910)

sp: Isobel or Belle Parker

4. Sam Shipp

4. Ethel Shipp

3. Thomas Foster Shipp (b.26 Jan 1848-,Mississippi;d.4 Oct 1932)

sp: Lucretia Bell

3. John L Shipp (b.23 Dec 1849-,Mississippi;d.25 Feb 1888)

sp: Amanda Boland

4. Maude Shipp

4. Johnnie Shipp

4. Hattie Shipp

4. Blanche Shipp

4. Harper Shipp

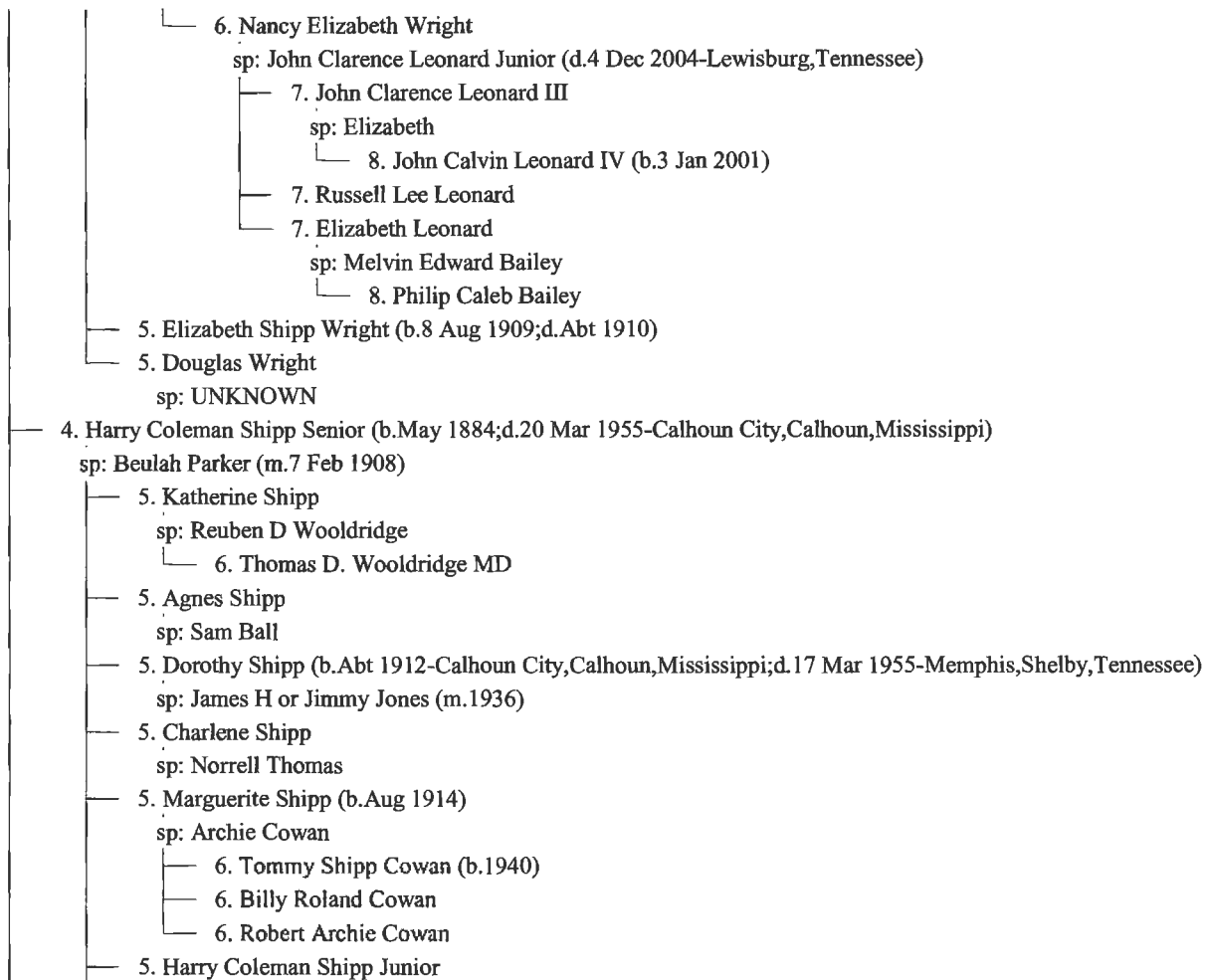
3. Andrew Ray or Andy Shipp (b.7 Nov 1852;d.15 Mar 1926-Big Creek,Mississippi)

sp: Tallulah Itasca or Lula Denley (b.Sep 1861;m.Mar 1876;d.31 Aug 1891)

GRANDPARENTS OF SHIPP LINE

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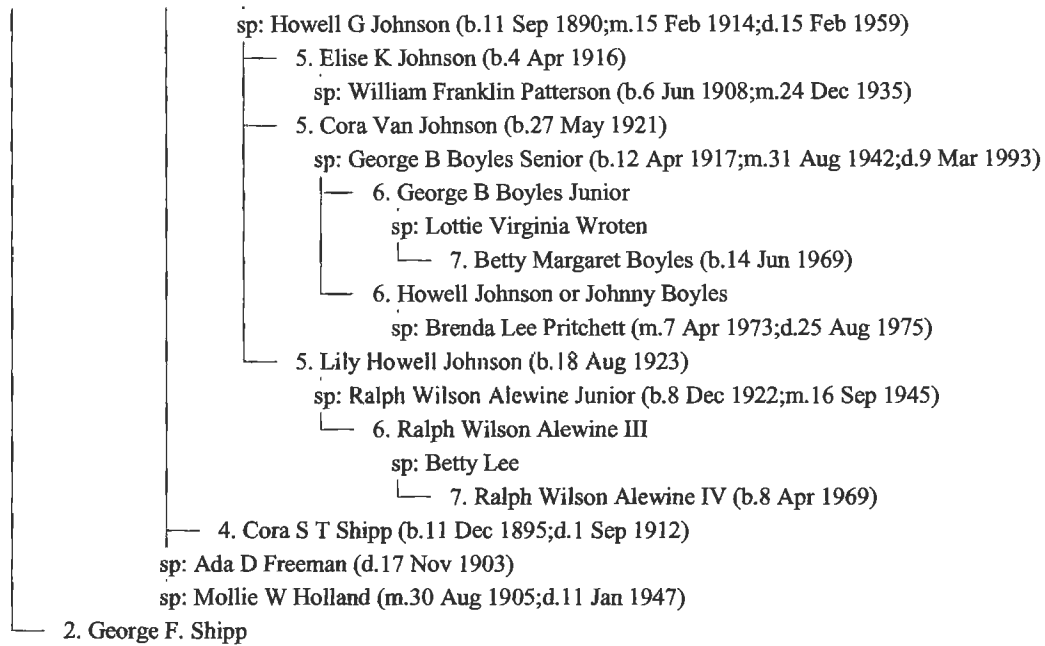
- 4. Green Berry Shipp (b.9 Nov 1877;d.12 Apr 1953)
 - sp: Mattie Irene Shaw (b.13 Jan 1884;m.15 Dec 1901)
 - 5. Myrtle Lula Shipp
 - sp: Grady Suggs
 - 6. Judith Berry Suggs
 - sp: Arnie Lavorn Massey
 - 5. Oliver Shipp
 - sp: Syble Allen
 - 5. James Ray Shipp
 - sp: Ioda Lott
 - 6. Bill Shipp
 - sp: UNKNOWN
 - 5. Martha Berry Shipp
 - sp: Winfred Carter
 - 5. Donald Gordon Shipp
 - sp: Dewey Bell Chapman
 - 6. Donald Gordon Shipp Jr.
 - 6. Pamela Ann Shipp
 - sp: _____ Lewis
 - 6. Mary Susan Shipp
 - sp: Greg Griffith
 - 6. David Ervin Shipp
 - sp: Candy _____
- 4. Ellifair Elizabeth Shipp (b.1880;d.1883)
- 4. Dorothy Edith or Dora Shipp (b.13 Jul 1882;d.3 Jul 1941)
 - sp: Russell Blair Wright (b.1880;m.Nov 1908;d.1921)
 - 5. Russell Blair Wright Junior (b.8 Aug 1909;d.9 May 2001-Lewisburg,Tennessee)
 - sp: Anna Fleming (d.Deceased)



- 5. Thomas W Shipp
- 5. Russell P Shipp
 - sp: UNKNOWN
 - sp: Gwin
- 5. Beulah John Shipp
 - sp: Charles Lovorn
- 4. Oliver William Shipp (b.7 Aug 1886;d.1905)
- 4. John Lusk Shipp Senior (b.10 Jan 1889-Calhoun City,Calhoun,Mississippi;d.6 Mar 1965-Glendale,Maricopa,Arizona)
 - sp: Pauline Freeman (m.May 1918;d.Bef Dec 1922)
 - 5. John Lusk Shipp Junior (b.Bef Dec 1922)
 - sp: Catherine
- 4. Ira Ervin Shipp Senior (b.7 Aug 1891-Big Creek,Calhoun,Mississippi;d.26 Nov 1978-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Frances Lucille Vick (b.29 Sep 1895-Red Banks,M,Mississippi;m.7 Aug 1917;d.2 Jul 1978-Memphis,S,Tennessee)
 - 5. Ira Ervin Shipp Junior (b.15 May 1918-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi)
 - sp: Mary Elizabeth Cochran (b.25 Sep 1919-Holly Springs,Marshall,Mississippi;m.12 Dec 1943;d.27 Nov 2002-)
 - 6. Charles Ervin Shipp (b.9 Aug 1945-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Cornelia or Nino Cargill Allen (b.20 Jan 1945-San Angelo,Tom Green,Texas;m.1973)
 - 7. Hester Stewart Shipp (b.23 Jul 1974-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Andrew Alexander Mathes (m.3 Oct 1998)
 - 8. Cornelia Jane Mathes (b.20 Feb 2003)
 - 8. Alexander Stewart Mathes (b.20 Jun 2005)
 - 7. Charles Cochran Shipp (b.23 Jun 1980-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 6. Frances Elizabeth Shipp (b.10 Jul 1947-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Roger Eliphalet Nott (b.28 Jan 1945-Pensacola,Escambia,Florida;m.25 Jun 1977)
 - 7. John Roger Nott (b.10 Apr 1984-Gainesville,Hall,Georgia)
 - 6. Kathryn Lynn Shipp (b.21 Apr 1949-Greenwood,Leflore,Mississippi)
 - sp: Gary Neal Smith (m.Aug 1969(Div))
 - sp: Perry Keith Hughes (b.22 Nov 1947-Selmer,McNairy,Tennessee;m.23 Dec 1973)

- 7. Kimberly Ann Hughes (b.7 Sep 1976-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: William Jason Essary (m.25 Nov 2000)
 - 8. Kimberly Elizabeth Essary
 - 8. William Jason Essary II (b.26 Nov 2003)
 - 7. Peyton Kyle Hughes (b.28 Aug 1979-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Allison Michelle Terry (b.27 Jan 1981-Victoria,Texas;m.4 Sep 2004)
 - 6. Helen Joy Shipp (b.19 Aug 1950-Greenwood,Leflore,Mississippi)
- 5. Lowry Ray Shipp (b.10 Jun 1921-Big Creek,Calhoun,Mississippi;d.3 Dec 1998-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Susie Ruth Williams (b.3 Sep 1928-Potts Camp,Marshall,Mississippi;m.31 Aug 1946)
 - 6. Betty Sue Shipp (b.15 Jul 1947-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: John Frederick or Jack Werne II (b.9 Apr 1943-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 7. Jay Wesley Werne (b.7 Dec 1981-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 7. Catherine Elizabeth Werne (b.3 Jan 1984-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - 6. Dorothy Lucille Shipp (b.21 Oct 1949)
 - sp: James Moore (m.Feb 1967(Div))
 - 7. Sherry Ann Moore (b.15 Jul 1968)
 - sp: UNKNOWN
 - 8. Aaron Bennefield
 - sp: Roy Billions
 - 8. Roy Billions
 - 7. Shawn Moore (b.1970;d.Deceased)
 - sp: Christy
 - 8. Kera Elane Moore (b.24 Sep 1988)
 - 8. Shawn Moore (b.16 Jul 1991)
 - sp: Phillip Millican Senior
 - 7. Phillip Millican Junior
 - 6. William Lowry or Bill Shipp (b.1 Oct 1955-Memphis,Shelby,Tennessee)
 - sp: Katherine

- 7. Lisa
sp: UNKNOWN
 - 8. Emily
 - 7. Michael Brian Shipp
sp: Tara Danelle Kilgore (m.23 Nov 2002)
 - 7. Heidi Michelle Shipp
sp: Brian Schaefer Strickland (m.18 Mar 2000)
 - 6. Kimberly Annette Shipp (b.3 Dec 1966)
sp: UNKNOWN
 - 5. Ruth Evelyn Shipp (b.13 Sep 1926-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi)
sp: Madison Simeon Yarbrough Junior (b.30 Jul 1926-Oxford,Granville,North Carolina;m.24 Nov 1946)
 - 6. Madison Simeon or Matt Yarbrough III (b.7 Dec 1947-Durham,Durham,North Carolina)
sp: Calista Jean or Cissy Everhart (b.18 Jun 1948-Winston-Salem,Forsyth,North Carolina;m.21 Nov 1971)
 - 7. Calista Victoria or Lista Yarbrough (b.1 Jul 1973-Durham,Durham,North Carolina)
sp: Kevin Paul Kryscio (b.13 Mar 1973-,De Kalb,Illinois;m.21 Dec 1996)
 - 7. Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough (b.16 Mar 1978-Durham,Durham,North Carolina)
sp: Christopher Todd Steele (b.1 Dec 1971;m.19 Jan 2003)
 - 8. Christopher Todd Steele Junior (b.16 Jun 2005-Durham,Durham,North Carolina)
 - 6. Janet Ruth Yarbrough (b.10 Feb 1956-Durham,Durham,North Carolina)
- 3. Madison H Shipp (b.7 Mar 1855-,Mississippi;d.11 Aug 1856)
- 3. Susan Margaret Shipp (b.1 Sep 1857;d.24 Oct 1861)
- 3. Mary Eliza Shipp (b.26 Oct 1860;d.16 Oct 1861)
- 3. Charles Daniel Shipp MD (b.16 Oct 1862;d.18 Feb 1930-Big Creek,Calhoun,Mississippi)
sp: Nannie Forest (m.1889;d.9 May 1923-Big Creek,Mississippi)
 - 4. Ida Shipp
 - 4. Neely Shipp
- 3. Swan Thompson Shipp (b.3 Feb 1865-,Mississippi;d.31 Mar 1940)
sp: Cora Amelia Bailey (b.9 May 1872;m.23 Dec 1891;d.24 Dec 1895)
 - 4. Olga Moss Shipp (b.24 Oct 1892;d.13 Dec 1974)



Births.

O. W. Shipp was
born March 9th 1816

Eliza Ann Elizabeth
Shipp was born
May 26th 1820

Isabel Ann Shipp
was born Feb 23rd
A. D. 1821

Leoteman Shipp
was Born Nov. the
13 A. D. 1822

Robert Steen Shipp
was Born April the
30 A. D. 1825

Thomas S. Shipp
was Born January
the 26 A. D. 1828

John L. Shipp was
born December 25th 1829

Andy Ray Shipp was
born Nov 1st 1833



*Restored Belle Shipp Pullen Home at Big Creek, MS
(Oldest child of Andrew Ray Shipp)*



*Andrew (Andy) Ray (Rhea) Shipp (1852–1926) and wife
Tallulah (Lula) Denley Shipp (Died in 1891)*



*Children of Andy and Lula Shipp
From left top: Berry, Dora, Harry. Bottom: Oliver, John, and Ervin*



Frances Vick (Shipp)—Age 6 months



Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr.—Age 3



*Lowry Vick Home—1917
Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr. (1891–1978) and
Frances Lucille Vick (1895–1978)*



World War II Memorabilia—Ration books and stamps, match books, poster



Actual size of Victory Letter



*Ira Ervin, Lowry and Ruth Evelyn Shipp
Year 1943-44*



Small portion of The Shipp Store—1956



Matt and "Man" playing checkers—1956



*Matt and Charles with Uncle John on Bobby Sox
(Harris Store in background)*



July 2, 1952—Temperature 105

*Adults: Lowry Shipp and wife Ruth, Frances and Ervin Shipp, Madison Yarbrough, Jr., and wife, Ruth Evelyn Shipp, Ira Ervin Shipp, Jr., and wife, Elizabeth.
Children: Betty and Lucille Shipp, Matt Yarbrough, Charles, Beth, Kathryn and Helen Shipp.*

≈ PART II ≈

GRANDPARENTS OF FLEMING/PATTERSON/CLARK/LEAVISTER LINE

The name of Fleming can be associated with the early clans of Scotland, and a friend who is working on genealogy has information that dates to at least 600 AD. According to her research, the first emigrant to come to America was Sir Thomas Fleming, who arrived in 1616 from England. He was married to Judith Tarleton. They were the parents of sons John, Tarleton, and Charles. Son John with his wife Mary had a grandson, John, who was married to Mary Bowling. Family legend gives credit to this younger John for writing the famous speech for Patrick Henry with the words, "Give me liberty or give me death."

A book referred to previously, *The Clans and Tartans of Scotland*,²⁶⁶ lists the family name of Fleming in the clan of Murray. Both share the same tartan.

I have not been able to tie the families together. Our documentation begins with one Peter Fleming, who was married to Martha Bailey.

≈ TEN GENERATIONS OF FLEMING DESCENDANTS ≈

Peter Fleming, married Martha Bailey, parents of
Charles Fleming, married Mary Stainback on July 17, 1798, in Warren County, North
Carolina, parents of
Martha (Patsy) Fleming, married Thomas Patterson on December 16, 1839, parents of
Mary Anna Patterson, married James Thomas Clark, parents of
Ella Green Clark, married Kenneth Raynor Leavister, parents of
Myrtle Raynor Leavister, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Sr., parents of
Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., married Ruth Evelyn Shipp, parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

²⁶⁶Robert Bain, *The Clans and Tartans of Scotland*, 5th ed. (London: William Collins Sons & Co. Ltd., 1976), p. 291.

Information on the first two generations was given to me by Mary Aura (Molly) Leavister Sims, my husband's aunt. She had numerous pages of genealogical records from cousins, and she gave me the name of Mrs. Mae Fowler²⁶⁷ as one of the contributors.

Charles Fleming and Mary Ann Stainback

From a paper in the handwriting of William Calvin Kennett dated August 13, 1918, we can trace the family of Charles Fleming, son of Peter Fleming and Martha Bailey. Charles married Mary Ann Stainback in 1798. Their children were:

1. Reuben Fleming, born near Dabney, North Carolina, August 5, 1800, married Elizabeth Jane Fleming, daughter of George Fleming and Elizabeth Riggan, November 12, 1836. The marriage was in the old home in Flemington, North Carolina. Reuben died February 24, 1875. The writer of the paper, William Calvin Kennett, had married Delilah Jane, daughter of Reuben and Elizabeth.
2. Charles Granderson Fleming
3. James Upshur Fleming, born 1804, married Elizabeth (Isabella) Wilkinson, December 24, 1842. James Upshur was not listed with the family in the 1860²⁶⁸ or 1870²⁶⁹ federal census, but Isabella's mother, Hannah Wilkinson, was living with them in 1870.
4. Nancy Fleming
5. Frances Stainback (Fannie) Fleming
6. Mary (Polly) Fleming, married Benjamin Thompson,²⁷⁰ November 5, 1839
7. Martha (Patsy) Fleming, married Thomas Patterson, the direct line
8. John Fleming
9. Lucy Fleming
10. Sarah (Sallie) Fleming, married Randolph (Randall) Hester, March 15, 1849. The federal census of 1860 records show that Sarah was living with her mother and family.
11. Jane Fleming
12. Peter Fleming

Please continue with the Patterson line.

²⁶⁷Rt. 3, Box 884, Henderson, NC 27536.

²⁶⁸Federal Census of Granville County, NC, 1860 Henderson Township, Item 186.

²⁶⁹Ibid., 1870 Henderson Township, Item 444.

²⁷⁰Ibid., August 8, 1860, Ledge of Rock District, Item 830.

GRANDPARENTS OF PATTERSON/CLARK/LEAVISTER LINE

“It is just a faded page, but I thought you might be interested in it.” What an absolute treasure in family research.

My husband’s aunt had been browsing through some papers after her mother’s death. What she had discovered was a page from a small family Bible with the birth record of all the children in the Patterson family. How fortunate that she did not discard it, thinking that it was junk.

The faded, yellowed page was the key to a generation of Pattersons, and that is where we start the genealogical journey with this family.

≈ EIGHT GENERATIONS OF PATTERSON DESCENDANTS ≈

Thomas Patterson, married Martha (Patsy) Fleming, parents of
Mary Anna Patterson, married James Thomas Clark, parents of
Ella Green Clark, married Kenneth Raynor Leavister, parents of
Myrtle Raynor Leavister, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Sr., parents of
Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., married Ruth Evelyn Shipp, parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

Thomas Patterson and Martha (Patsy) Fleming

In my files is an original page from a very old Bible listing births of the Thomas Patterson family. Thomas was born April 25, 1817, and lived until July 4, 1891. Martha Fleming was born November 30, 1809. They married December 16, 1839. Martha, like many in her generation, was given one name but called by another. Martha was known as Patsy.

The children of Thomas and Patsy were:

1. Charles G. Patterson,²⁷¹ born October 18, 1840, married Lucy Fleming, daughter of James Upshur Fleming and Isabella Wilkinson. James Upshur Fleming was a brother of Martha Fleming, so Charles and Lucy were first cousins. Charles was a blacksmith.
2. Reuben F. Patterson, born September 9, 1842, died in the Civil War
3. Elizabeth F. Patterson, born August 10, 1844, married James Thomas Clark after his first wife, her sister Mary Anna, died
4. Lucy A. Patterson, born September 17, 1846, married William H. Hester, April 28, 1870. William, born in 1850, was the son of Randolph Hester and Sarah Fleming.
5. John T. Patterson, born January 27, 1848
6. James M. Patterson, born October 2, 1849, married Susan E. T. Patterson, December 28, 1870. She was the daughter of John H. Patterson and Susan Roland, both born 1819. John Patterson²⁷² is believed to be Thomas Patterson's brother. If so, James M. and Susan were first cousins.
7. Mary Anna Patterson, born April 18, 1852, married James Thomas Clark, the direct line
8. William T. Patterson, born July 21, 1854, married Mary A. Tunstall, November 26, 1879

Daughter Mary Anna, our line, married James Thomas Clark. She died about 1899, and her sister Elizabeth then married James Thomas on April 2, 1905, at which time she was sixty and he was about fifty-seven.²⁷³

Reuben, the second child, served in the Confederate Army and wrote letters to his sister Elizabeth, of which we have three. (Copies of the letters are in the Rare Books, Manuscript and Special Collections Department of Perkins Library at Duke University.) In early November 1862, he was at Camp Washington with the 8th Infantry Regiment, and he asks for mail in care of Captain A. J. Rogers. In the letter of November 28, 1862, from Wilmington, North Carolina, he mentions the yellow fever outbreak of 1862 in Wilmington. The letter of August 2, 1863, from Sullivan's Island near Charleston,

²⁷¹Federal Census of Granville County, NC, Henderson Township, July 21, 1870, Item 447.

²⁷²Ibid., June 4, 1860, Ragland District, Item 45.

²⁷³Vance County Courthouse, Henderson, NC, Marriage Licenses, 1881-1994.

South Carolina, contains a rumor: "I heard that they had union flags on the State house at Raleigh and was supported by the 20th N. C. Regiment, but I don't believe no such myself." Reuben was killed in battle, some say as a flag bearer, on April 20, 1864, at Plymouth, North Carolina.

Please continue with the Clark line.

Letter From Dexter.

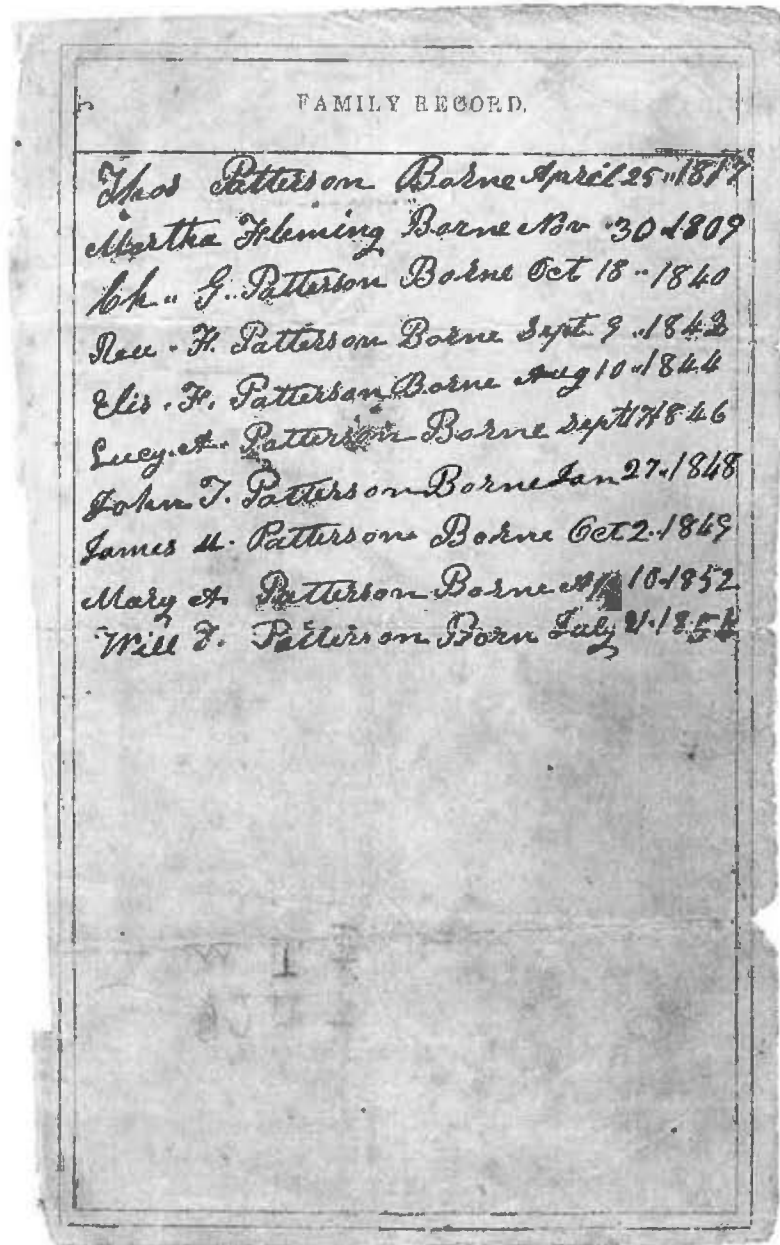
DEXTER, N. C., July 6, 1891.

EDITOR GOLD LEAF :—Crops are only ordinary in this section and have been suffering for rain.

I have to record the death of one of our estimable citizens after a long and painful illness. On the 4th inst., at the home of Mr. J. T. Clark, at 2 o'clock p. m., Mr Thomas Patterson passed away at the ripe age of 75 years. He was a good citizen, an honest, upright man, and a consistent member of the Baptist church for many years. All that his family and friends, aided by the skilful services of Dr. Wyche, of Dabney, could suggest was done for him but to no avail. After a well spent life, he is enjoying that sweet rest with the blessed Father above.

P.

Obituary of Thomas Patterson (1817-1891)



GRANDPARENTS OF CLARK/LEAVISTER LINE

I met Agnes Powell while exercising at the Duke Center for Living. Our conversation drifted toward genealogy, because she had visited with an elderly lady whom I had contacted concerning my family. I discovered that Agnes had written a book on the Clarks, one of my husband's ancestors, and this Clark branch was the one that I was searching. I bought the book.

The first two generations are taken from the work of Agnes Duncan Powell. I appreciate her sharing this information.

≈ TEN GENERATIONS OF CLARK DESCENDANTS ≈

John Clark, married Mary _____ , parents of
Reuben Clark, married Mary Folkner (Faulkner), parents of
Adam Clark, married Susan Thomasson, parents of
James Thomas Clark, married Mary Anna (Molly) Patterson, parents of
Ella Green Clark, married Kenneth Raynor Leavister, parents of
Myrtle Raynor Leavister, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Sr., parents of
Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., married Ruth Evelyn Shipp, parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

The Clark Family of John and Mary

Clark has been a familiar name in our country's history and is a somewhat difficult name to trace because there were many lines. According to Agnes Powell,²⁷⁴ there

²⁷⁴Agnes D. Powell, *The Clark Clan* (Baltimore, MD: Gateway Press, Inc., 1996), p. 1.

was a John Clark who was a resident of Warren County, North Carolina, whose will was probated and recorded in February 1815. He names his wife Mary but gives no information concerning her maiden name.

I have noted in several of the family stories that changes in North Carolina county lines occurred numerous times, and the land on which John Clark lived was in an area that underwent several changes. To quote Powell, "The part of Warren County in 1815 where he resided later became Vance County. Previously, it had also been Bute County, Granville County, Edgecombe County and Bertie County."²⁷⁵

John and Mary Clark had at least ten children, listed here with their spouses:

1. Reuben Clark, born about 1773, married Mary Folkner, March 15, 1800. He died after 1860. This is the direct ancestral line.
2. Thomas Clark, born about 1775, married Nancy Alexander, December 21, 1800
3. Timothy Clark, born about 1778, married Elizabeth Mangum, June 16, 1830. He died about 1867.
4. Sally Clark, born about 1782, married Bartholomew Fortner, July 7, 1802
5. John Clark, born about 1784
6. Polly Clark, born about 1787, married Hardy Fortner, January 5, 1807
7. William Clark, born about 1789, married Nancy Mangum, August 28, 1810
8. James Kearney Clark, born about 1791, married Fanny Wilson, March 30, 1810
9. Rebecca Clark, born about 1795, married William Lloyd, January 1, 1817
10. Benjamin Clark, born about 1797, married Sally Lloyd, January 1, 1817. (This was a double wedding with brother and sister marrying another brother and sister.)

TEST THE WILL. John Clark's will²⁷⁶ names only six of his children. It is through court petitions that we learn that he and Mary had others.

In May and in August 1815, his son Timothy petitioned the court to re-probate the will. At that time, the petitions were rejected. Son Reuben petitioned the court for a division of the estate in August and in November 1816 and again in February 1817. As a result, several hundred acres of land were divided among seven sons and three daughters.²⁷⁷

Lot No.

| | | |
|---|----------|---------------|
| 1 | 30 acres | Thomas Clark |
| 2 | 28 acres | William Clark |

²⁷⁵Ibid., p. 1.

²⁷⁶Warren County, NC, Will Book 19, p. 119.

²⁷⁷Powell, p. 1.

| | | |
|----|----------|--|
| 3 | 30 acres | Reuben Clark |
| 4 | 41 acres | John Clark |
| 5 | 32 acres | Rebecca Clark |
| 6 | 24 acres | Timothy Clark |
| 7 | 19 acres | Polly Fortner |
| 8 | 30 acres | Sally Fortner |
| 9 | 30 acres | J. W. Hawkins, guardian for Benjamin Clark |
| 10 | 30 acres | James K. Clark |

A dower for widow Mary Clark was laid off by a jury. She received "one third part of each tract of land aforesaid," to which she was entitled, and "also one other tract of land containing by estimation 43 acres."²⁷⁸ In other words, she was left with eleven separate little pieces of land. You have to wonder how she managed. In fact, you wonder whether anybody could have been pleased with the result of the court case.

Reuben Clark and Mary (Polly) Folkner

Reuben, the eldest son of John and Mary Clark, was born about 1773 in Bute County, North Carolina. Once again we find the division of counties confusing. Bute County was formed from Granville County in 1764 and abolished in 1779, when the northern part was renamed Warren and the southern part became Franklin County.²⁷⁹ In a span of fifteen years, one could live in the same house and reside in three different counties.

The marriage of Reuben and Mary Folkner Clark on March 15, 1800, occurred in Warren County. They moved to Granville County and owned several hundred acres of land in the Poplar Creek area of Granville County, which today is Vance County.²⁸⁰

Reuben Clark's will, signed November 14, 1850, was probated in Granville County in August Court 1851.²⁸¹ He names his wife and the eleven children of the union.

1. Alexander Clark, born about 1800, married Mary (Pattie) Hester, March 3, 1824. Their children were James, Betsy, Sally, Polly, Lucy Ann, Frances Amy, Emma, and Hargrove.
2. Simeon Clark, born about 1800 and possibly a twin of Alexander, married Christina _____. Their children were Maria, Sophronia, Elizabeth, Althea, Sarah, Simeon, and Pattie.

²⁷⁸Ibid.

²⁷⁹Ibid., p. 7.

²⁸⁰Ibid.

²⁸¹Granville County, NC, Will Book 18, p. 284.

3. Rhoda Clark, born in 1804, married Thomas Lloyd, September 7, 1822. Their children were Isaac, Nathaniel, Amelia, Marilla, Thomas Jr., Catherine, Malissa, Fanny, and Parthenia.
4. Joseph Clark, born about 1810, first married Betsy Smith, December 15, 1830, and their children were Cordelia, Cornelius, Mary E., Susan, Virginia, Joseph, and Sarah Jane. His second marriage, August 6, 1849, was to Mary Jane Mangum. Their children were Georgianna, Lucy, Zachariah, Betty, Hezekiah, William Whitfield, Robert G., Lewis Llewellyn, Roberta, Emma, and Otho. Eighteen in all!
5. David Clark, born about 1812, married Elizabeth Hawkins Faulkner, November 6, 1839. Their children were George C., Lucy A., Mary A., Mandy, Hugh, and Elizabeth.
6. John D. Clark, born about 1815, married Winifred Clark, December 3, 1842. Their children were Isabella, Levi, Archibald Douglas, McDonald, John Wesley, Margaret, and Samuel William.
7. Betsy Clark, born about 1818, married Isham Ball. Their children were Jane, Peter Cicero, Rebecca, Polly, Rosey, Isham, and Lucy.
8. Eleanor Clark, born about 1820, was listed in her father's will in 1850 but was not with the family in the census of 1850.
9. Adam Clark, born about 1824, married Susan Thomasson, September 22, 1842. This is the direct ancestral line. The children of this union were Althea, Charlotte, and James Thomas.
10. Marinda Clark, born about 1826, married George Roberson, November 8, 1859. There is a record of one son, Hunter Roberson.
11. Reuben Clark, Jr., born about 1828, married Nancy Ball, November 19, 1852. Reuben died in March 1854 but fathered two children, Junius Armstead and Virginia Caroline. Wife Nancy married a second time, to Lunsford Lloyd, December 7, 1858.

The will of Reuben Clark is in Granville County, but the information about the children with approximate birth dates, marriage records, and their children's names is all the work of Agnes D. Powell, to whom we are indebted.²⁸²

²⁸²Ibid., pp. 8-11.

Adam Clark and Susan Thomasson

Adam Clark, the ninth child of Reuben and Mary Folkner Clark, was about twenty-six years of age when his father made his will. Adam had married Susan Thomasson on September 22, 1842, and two daughters and one son had been born to the couple.

The words of his father's will are evidence that Adam was not well in November of 1850. "I give to my sons...and Adam and my daughters...two dollars each, having advanced to them previously what I intended for them." Item 9: "I will that the balance of my property I left or loaned to my wife be sold at her death and the proceeds equally divided between my son, Alexander, Simeon, Joseph, David, and *Adam's son James, or if Adam lives, to him during his life and my three daughters, Rhoda, Eleanor, and Betsy Ball.*"²⁸³

Adam's son was James Thomas Clark, and he was only two or three years of age in 1850. In the 1850 Granville County census, Adam was counted in Oxford, North Carolina, working as a cabinet maker, but he was not listed in the 1860 census. Wife Susan and the three children were listed in the household of her parents.

The children were:

1. Althea Clark, born about 1844
2. Charlotte Clark, born about 1847, married John Nuckles, February 6, 1868. In 1870 they were living in Warren County, but by 1880 Charlotte and children were living in Granville County.²⁸⁴
3. James Thomas Clark, born in March 1848, married Mary Anna Patterson, December 7, 1870. This is the direct ancestral line.

It is believed that widow Susan Thomasson Clark married George Fulcher in 1856.²⁸⁵

James Thomas Clark and Mary Anna Patterson

The Clark family of which James Thomas was a part, lived at Dabney, Dexter, and Williamsboro, North Carolina, at various times. Records in Granville County affirm that James Thomas Clark was the son of Adam Clark and Susan Thomasson, who were married in Granville County, September 22, 1842. James Thomas was born in March 1848. He lost his parents at an early age and is said to have been raised by relatives.

²⁸³Granville County, NC, Will Book 18, p. 284. Italics added.

²⁸⁴Powell, p. 231.

²⁸⁵Ibid.

FAMILY CONFUSION OVER JAMES THOMAS'S PARENTAGE. Ella Clark Leavister, one of James Thomas's daughters, and other family members said James Thomas's father was Tom Clark and his mother was Frances Ball. This is definitely not true, but it may be possible for us to arrive at the source of the confusion.

Members of the family remember that Frances Ball had a sister, Betsy. James Thomas Clark had an Aunt Betsy Clark who was married to Isham Ball.²⁸⁶ It could be that this was the Betsy the relatives thought was Frances Ball's sister and that this was the source of the confusion.

There is another possibility. Adam Clark's oldest brother, Alexander, who married Mary (Pattie) Hester, had daughters, Betsy and Frances Amy, who were close to the age of James Thomas Clark. We are told that James Thomas was brought up by relatives after the death of his parents. Could he have lived with his Uncle Alexander and Aunt Pattie, and could his cousins Betsy and Frances Amy be the relatives mistakenly thought by later generations to be his mother and aunt? We can surmise that Tom Clark and Frances Ball, whatever their actual relationship to James may have been, played a significant role in his life, since one of his daughters thought they were her own grandparents.

James Thomas Clark married Mary Anna (Molly) Patterson, December 7, 1870. The marriage license reads:

"State of North Carolina, Granville County. To any regular minister of the gospel, or justice of peace of said county: YOU, or any of you, are hereby authorized and licensed to celebrate and solemnize the RITES OF MATRIMONY, between James T. Clark, son of Adam Clark and Susan Clark, and Mary A. Patterson, daughter of Thomas Patterson and Patsy Patterson of said county, and join them ... as MAN and WIFE. Witness, Joseph Betts, Register of Deeds for said county. At office in Oxford this 3rd day of December in the ninety fifth year of American Independence, A. D., 1870.

"I, E. F. Beacham, hereby certify that I solemnized the Rites of Matrimony between James T. Clark and Mary A. Patterson on the 7th day of Dec. A. D., 1870 at 6 o'clock P. M."²⁸⁷

To this union were born:

1. Ella Green Clark, who married Kenneth Raynor Leavister, the direct line

²⁸⁶In the 1860 federal census of the Beaver Dam District of Granville County, NC, Ball families are listed just after the family of G. T. Leavister (see the Leavister section), numbers 870 and 871.

²⁸⁷Granville County, NC, Registrar of Deeds.

2. William Elbert (Eugene?) Clark, who married Ella Lee Williams, December 19, 1895. Their children were Zebulon William, Irma Ruth, Mary Frances, Myrtle Elizabeth, and Norman Eugene.
3. James (Jim) Thomas Clark, who married Lillian Coleman, June 21, 1900. Their children were Annie Maude and Mabel May.
4. Elizabeth (Lucy) Florence Clark, who married Crawford C. Williams. Their children include C. S. Williams, Lucretia Ellen, and Neri.
5. Eaton Broughton Clark, who married Flora Alice Knott, December 10, 1904. Flora may have married a second time because nieces remember her as Flora Strum. Their children were David Judson, Broughton Thomas, Margaret Eloise, Nancy Pauline, Robert Burroughs, Frank Thomas, and Willard Walker.
6. Harry Hunter Clark, who married Clide Vaughan on November 15, 1903. Their children were Kathryn Louise, Julia Alexzene, and Harry Hunter.

After James Thomas's wife Mary Anna (Molly) died, he married her sister, Elizabeth F., called Betty, April 2, 1905. The children remember her as "Aunt Bet."

A newspaper obituary of James Thomas Clark follows.

Myrtle Leavister Yarbrough was a floral bearer, as were Molly and Allie, her sisters. Please continue with the Leavister line.



*James Thomas Clark (1847-1927)
Tintype reproductions by John Elkins Photography*

Mr. Jas. T. Clark Dead

**Laid To Rest In the Sacred Ground
At Island Creek Church.**

On Thursday, the 14th of July, 1927, Mr. James T. Clark, age 81 years, died suddenly at the home of his son, James T. Clark, Jr. His health had been declining for some time, but for several weeks prior to his death his condition had seemed much improved, and his friends and loved ones hoped he would be fully restored to health.

Mr. Clark was born and reared and lived most of his life in Williamsboro Township, Vance County, where he reared a large family of sons and daughters. He was twice married and is survived by his last wife who is an invalid.

The funeral services were conducted from Island Creek Church, by his pastor, Rev. L. L. Hudson, and his remains were tenderly laid to rest by the side of his first wife in Island Creek Cemetery under a mound of lovely flowers.

The floral bearers were granddaughters of the deceased and two of his grand sons acted as pall-bearers.

Mr. Clark is survived by his wife, and the following sons and daughters—Mrs. K. R. Leavister and Mrs. C. C. Williams, sons, Willie, James T. Edith and Harry.

Obituary of James Thomas Clark

GRANDPARENTS OF LEAVISTER/YARBROUGH LINE

When you have a lifelong hobby like mine, you take advantage of every opportunity and fill every minute of spare time. My family and I were attending a funeral in a distant city but arrived early and found that we had an extra hour on our hands. I spotted a library and suggested that we could browse. My understanding family agreed.

Our browsing turned up books that supplied a number of leads on the early Leavister family. These books had copies of early marriage records and census records. We copied the information, stashed it in the car, and attended the funeral.

~ EIGHT GENERATIONS OF LEAVISTER DESCENDANTS ~

_____ Leavister, married _____ LeMay, parents of
G. Thomas Leavister, married Louisa Strother, parents of
Kenneth Raynor Leavister, married Ella Green Clark, parents of
Myrtle Raynor Leavister, married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Sr., parents of
Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., married Ruth Evelyn Shipp, parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

The Tom Leavister Family

When I married, I went to my husband's maternal grandmother, Ella Green Clark Leavister, with a pen in hand and gathered all of the information that she could recall. I also listened carefully to her daughter, my husband's Aunt Allie, who passed away at 103 in April 2004. Allie and her husband celebrated seventy-five years of marriage before he died. From the information they gave me, I could go back as far as Allie Leavister Currin's

grandparents, G. Thomas Leavister and Louisa Strother. Allie did not know the Christian names of her great-grandparents but knew that her great-grandmother was a Lemay.

Digging into the 1860 census records, we find G. T. Leavister, age fifty-three, a farmer born in North Carolina, listed in the Beaver Dam District of Granville County, North Carolina.²⁸⁸ The 1850 census lists George T. Leavister along with his wife, Louisa.²⁸⁹

Estimating from the census figures, the spouse, Louisa Strother, was seventeen years younger than G. T. Leavister, who went by the handle "Tom." Louisa Strother's parents' first names are unknown, but her mother was a Hunter.

The Tom Leavister family consists of:

1. Dave Leavister, who was unmarried
2. June T. Leavister, who married Emma Cook
3. Lorenza (Renn) Dowell Leavister, who married Sarah. Aunt Allie had Uncle Renn's picture in his Confederate uniform. He lived for a few years with Aunt Allie after she married.
4. Ida Mae Leavister, who married Mallie Perry
5. Kenneth Raynor Leavister, my husband's maternal grandfather, who married Ella Green Clark, the direct line
6. Walter Leavister, who we know moved to Georgia
7. Margaret Leavister, who married _____ Powell

The Leavisters lived at Youngsville at what was called the old home place, and they are buried at the cemetery there. Ida Mae and her husband cultivated the old family farm.

Kenneth Raynor Leavister and Ella Green Clark

Kenneth Raynor Leavister lived in Franklinton before he married Ella Green Clark on October 22, 1899. The family Bible that is owned by Allie Leavister Currin has the birth date of Kenneth as February 13, 1851, but it looks as if someone first placed 1852, then struck over the 2 with a 1. His notice of death states that he "died January 2, 1915, age 63." The question would be, was he already 63, or would he be 63 in February? The federal census records the age of Kenneth as five in 1860, which puts

²⁸⁸ Page 137, family number 869.

²⁸⁹In the same 1850 census John C. Lemay, the same age as G. T. Leavister, is listed with his family, and there is a Samuel Lemay, age 60 years, and wife, Temperance. We have found a Lewis Lemay's will of December 17, 1807, in Will Book A of Franklin County p. 28. I am drawing no conclusions, but the facts are interesting.

his birth date at 1855. His marriage record in Oxford, Granville County, states that he was forty-six in October of 1899, and since his birthday was the previous February, that would make his birth year 1853. Since he applied for his marriage license, does it not sound reasonable that he knew the correct age? This is the date that I have used. I remember that there was a controversy among the daughters about his tombstone engraving when his wife, Ella, died.

He was older than Ella, who was born July 23, 1871. The family always said she was twenty-eight and he was forty-eight years of age when they married. K. D. Holmes, a Methodist minister, performed the ceremony at James Patterson's home in Oxford, Granville County, North Carolina, with I. H. Stegall, L. Hunter, and J. W. Brown as witnesses.

A SECOND GRADE TEACHER. On December 18, 1878, Kenneth was authorized to teach second grade in Wake County, North Carolina. An examination on several branches of study included: reading, writing, sounds of marked letters, spelling and rules of spelling, mental arithmetic, written arithmetic, English grammar, geography, history, making and keeping a school register, and good moral character.

For second grade teaching in Franklin County, North Carolina, his certificate, citing Section 38, School Law of 1881, is signed by E. A. Conyers, County Superintendent of Public Instruction, July 10, 1883. The courses of study were similar to those of Wake County, with the addition of the history of North Carolina and the United States. Kenneth Leavister's oldest daughter, Allie Currin, had his school bell.

After their marriage, Kenneth and Ella lived in Oxford, then moved to Raleigh, to Weldon, back to Raleigh on North Salisbury Street, and then again to Oxford. Kenneth was a carpenter or woodworker, and we have pictures of buildings where he was employed to work at some type of construction. His daughter Molly said the woodwork at the altar of the First Methodist Church in Oxford, North Carolina, was one of his projects.

Four Leavister children were born to this union.

1. The oldest, Louisa Allie Leavister, who married Lonnie Irvin Currin
2. Frank Strother Leavister, who married Agnes Lenora Cooke
3. Mary (Molly) Aura Leavister, who married Andrew Clifton Sims
4. The youngest, Myrtle Raynor Leavister, who married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Sr., the direct line

Myrtle had just turned seven years, one month, when her father died Saturday, January 2, 1915, at his home on Penn Avenue, Oxford. He was a stroke victim and had been paralyzed for several preceding months. His newspaper obituary states, "He was a good and kindhearted man and when he was able ever ready to do a kind deed. He was a member of the Methodist church and had the respect and esteem of all who knew him. The funeral took place Monday morning at 10 o'clock from the Methodist church conducted by Dr. Tyor and the interment was in Elmwood Cemetery."

His wife, Ella, had to provide for a family, and in 1915 that was not an easy task. She went to work as a tailor in Oxford with Brame and Hlougik, and later with William Cherkas. She tailored men's suits. From what I heard she was a very upright lady, both spiritually and in stature. She walked to and from work daily, head held high, and she kept a firm grip on the home life of her children. For fifteen years she worked in the public, until all of her children were married or on their own.

This experience was evident in the lives of the children. Each and all were very independent and strong willed. A deep sense of moral values was instilled in them.

While Kenneth was a Methodist, Ella was a member of Oxford Baptist Church. Son Frank was the lone Methodist. The daughters followed their mother as Baptists. In early years, Ella worshiped at Island Creek Baptist Church along with her Clark family.

Ella moved to Henderson in 1930 with her daughter Molly. She died February 25, 1958, after a fall when she sustained a broken hip. The funeral was conducted at the First Baptist Church, Henderson, at 3 p.m. Thursday by Dr. W. W. Leathers assisted by the Rev. B. E. Dowd of Durham, and the Rev. Curtis M. Knowles of Stovall. These were the pastors of the three daughters.

Both Kenneth and Ella are buried at Elmwood Cemetery in Oxford, North Carolina.

The oldest child, Louisa Allie (Aunt Allie) Currin, is referred to in several places in the book. My husband as a youth spent many summer days with her family, which included Lonnie Irvin, Jr., Elizabeth Florence, James Thomas, and Minnie Ella. Lonnie Irvin Currin, Sr.'s parents were Crawford Christmas Currin and Minnie Belle Williamson, and their home was also one of the places my husband recalls. He remembers that at the C. C. Currin homeplace there was a spring house where some perishables were kept, guarded by a king snake. What really impressed him was the great celebration every Fourth of July, when kinfolks came and tables were loaded with food. The highlight of the day was the weighing of the family matriarch, Minnie Belle Williamson Currin, on the farm's cotton scales.

A son, Frank Leavister, and wife Agnes had one child, a daughter named Margaret Helen. They also raised a cousin, Donald Sizemore, from infancy to adulthood.

The third child, Mary Aura, called Molly, and her husband, Clifton Sims, had no children but spent many hours showering love on the nieces and nephews. Allie and Irvin Currin, and Molly and Clifton Sims are buried at Stovall North Carolina Cemetery.

The youngest of the four children was Myrtle. She married Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Sr., and her story is found in the Yarbrough section. But before we go there, a family story from Aunt Allie:

HOMEMADE ICE CREAM. One hot and humid summer day in 1926, newlyweds Madison and Myrtle were visiting in Stovall with Allie and Irvin. In the afternoon as the temperature continued to rise, they longed for a freezer of old-fashioned ice cream. How delicious it would be, a real treat, actually a celebration. Ice cream was not common in the home in those days.

Plans were in the making. Since Stovall did not have an ice factory where you could buy 25- or 50-pound blocks of ice, they knew they would have to go to Oxford, several miles down the road. They had enough gas to make the trip, but what about paying for the ice? Together they scraped up enough pennies for an ice purchase, perhaps ten cents.

Off they went to Oxford, where they bought the ice, put it on the floorboard of the car, and covered the valuable prize with burlap bags to keep it from melting.

Upon arriving home, they got the hand-cranked freezer from the attic. Each had a task to perform. The two women started in the kitchen, reminding each other of the salt needed for the freezing process. They laid out the sugar and other ingredients and waited for their husbands. Madison and Irvin had to milk the cow.

Neither young man was a stranger to the technique of milking a cow. Each, raised on a farm, had been swatted in the face with a cow's tail, and each knew that cows were not always the gentle animals portrayed in books. Even the name "Bossy," shared by many cows, conjured thoughts of stubbornness.

Allie and Myrtle were getting anxious and impatient. At last, in the doorway appeared Madison and Irvin. The two entered reluctantly, each waiting for the other to explain. The cow had kicked the full bucket of milk over, spilling its contents. All that was left was a block of melting ice and an empty pail.

In later years the family would tell this story and laugh and laugh about it.

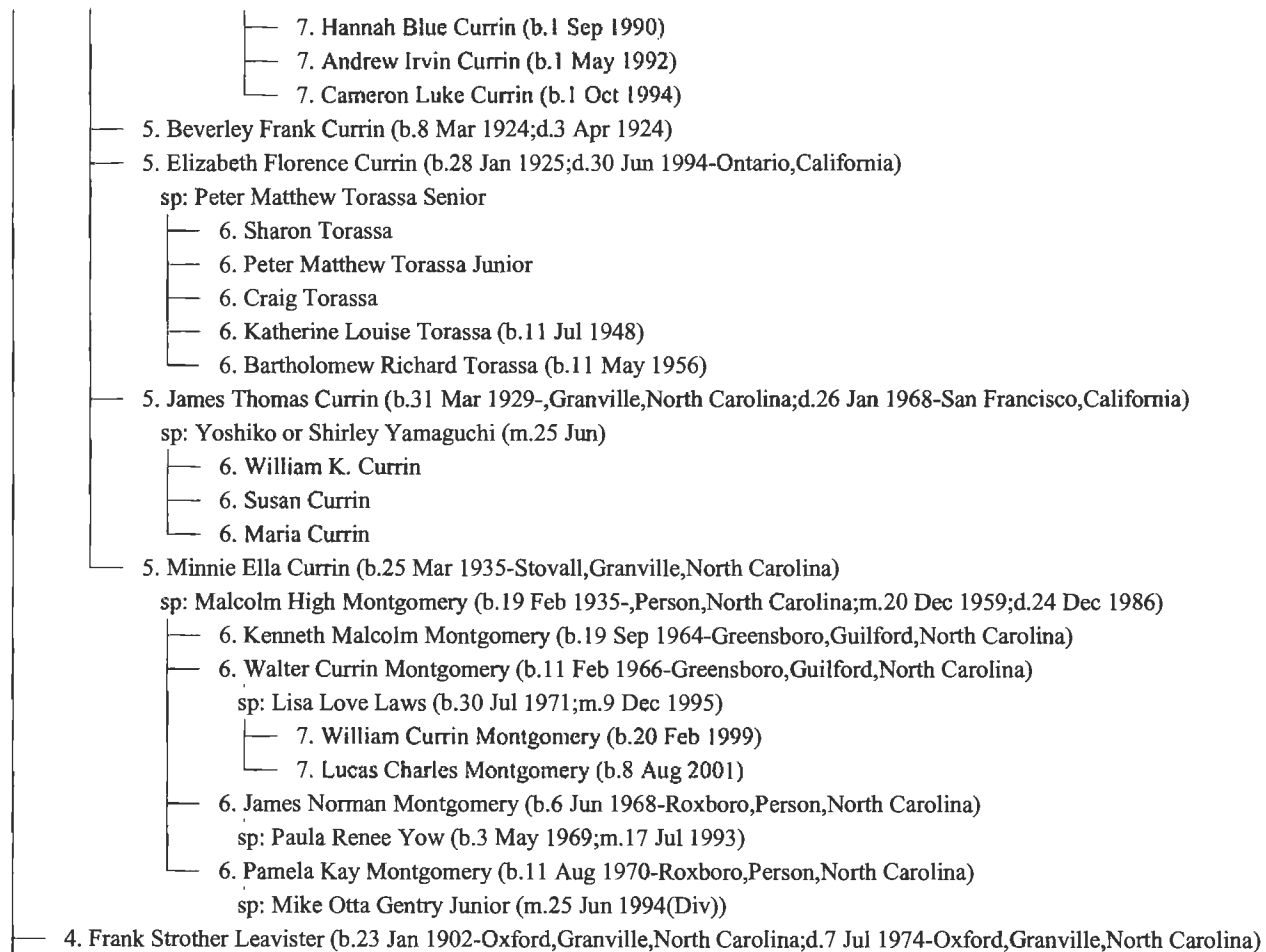
Descendants of Leavister

27 Mar 2006

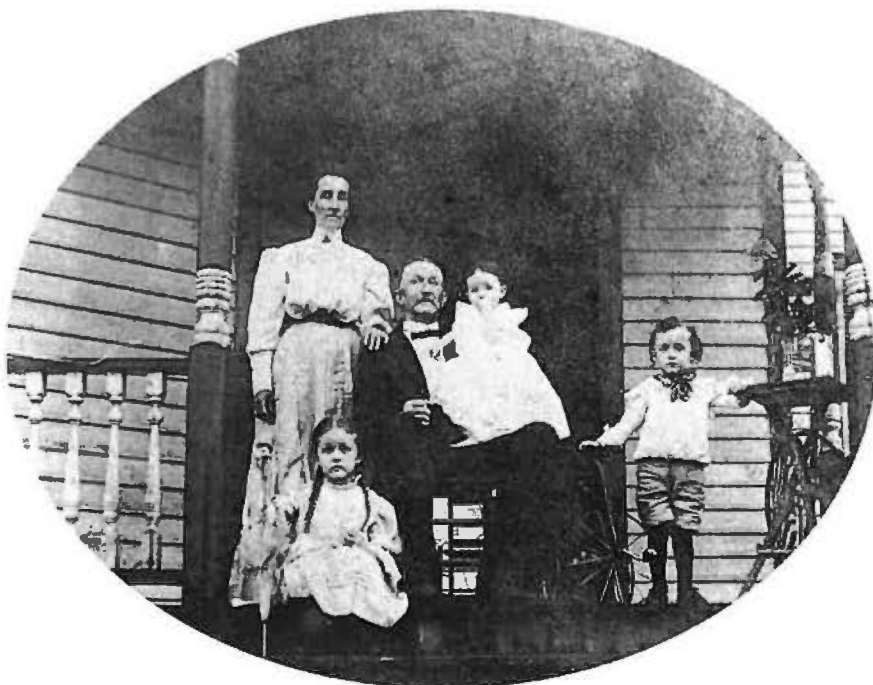
1. Leavister

sp: LeMay

- └─ 2. G Thomas Leavister (b.Ab. 1807-., North Carolina)
 - sp: Louisa Strother (b.Ab. 1824)
 - └─ 3. G Dave Leavister (b.Ab. 1847)
 - └─ 3. June T Leavister (b.Ab. 1849)
 - sp: Emma Cook
 - └─ 3. Lorenza or Renn Dowell Leavister (b.Ab. 1851)
 - sp: Sarah
 - └─ 3. Ida Mae Leavister (b.Ab. 1853)
 - sp: Mallie Perry
 - └─ 4. Mae Perry
 - sp: William
 - └─ 3. Kenneth Raynor Leavister (b.13 Feb 1853-Franklinton, Franklin, North Carolina; d.2 Jan 1915-Oxford, Granville, North Carolina)
 - sp: Ella Green Clark (b.23 Jul 1871-Dabney, Granville, North Carolina; m.22 Oct 1899; d.25 Feb 1958-H, Vance, North Carolina)
 - └─ 4. Louisa Allie Leavister (b.21 Nov 1900-, Granville, North Carolina; d.20 Apr 2004-Roxboro, Person, North Carolina)
 - sp: Lonnie Irvin Currin Senior (b.4 Jul 1901-, Granville, North Carolina; m.13 Feb 1921; d. Apr 1996)
 - └─ 5. Lonnie Irvin Currin Junior (b.25 Mar 1922)
 - sp: Lois Riggan
 - └─ 6. Wayne Currin
 - sp: Patrica Pulliam
 - └─ 6. Edna Louise Currin
 - sp: L. H. Greenway
 - └─ 7. Wendy Michelle Greenway
 - └─ 7. Gary Warren Greenway
 - └─ 6. Ronnie Irvin Currin (b.1975)
 - sp: Elizabeth Blue Cameron



- sp: Agnes Lenora Cooke (m.2 Sep 1922)
 - 5. Margaret Helen Leavister
 - sp: Marvin Pleasants (m.(Div))
 - 6. Ronald Pleasants
 - 6. Lewis Pleasants
 - 6. Susan Pleasants
 - sp: Knox Kerley (m.(Div))
 - sp: Hubert Frazier
 - 5. Donald L Sizemore
- 4. Leavister (b.Ab. 1903/1904-Oxford,Granville,North Carolina;d.Stillborn-Oxford,Granville,North Carolina)
- 4. Mary Aura or Mollie Leavister (b.15 Jun 1905-Oxford,Granville,North Carolina;d.20 Apr 1990-H,Vance,North Carolina)
 - sp: Andrew Clifton Sims (b.21 Nov 1900;m.14 Feb 1931;d.15 Oct 1965-Henderson,Vance,North Carolina)
- 4. Myrtle Raynor Leavister (b.1 Dec 1907-Raleigh,Wake,North Carolina;d.19 Jan 2002-Chapel Hill,Orange,North Carolina)
 - sp: Madison Simeon Yarbrough Senior (b.18 Jan 1901-nHM,Person,North Carolina;m.8 Nov 1925;d.28 Aug 1986-)
 - 5. Madison Simeon Yarbrough Junior (b.30 Jul 1926-Oxford,Granville,North Carolina)
 - sp: Ruth Evelyn Shipp (b.13 Sep 1926-Red Banks,Marshall,Mississippi;m.24 Nov 1946)
 - 6. Madison Simeon or Matt Yarbrough III (b.7 Dec 1947-Durham,Durham,North Carolina)
 - sp: Calista Jean or Cissy Everhart (b.18 Jun 1948-Winston-Salem,Forsy:h,North Carolina;m.21 Nov 1971)
 - 7. Calista Victoria or Lista Yarbrough (b.1 Jul 1973-Durham,Durham,North Carolina)
 - sp: Kevin Paul Kryscio (b.13 Mar 1973-,De Kalb,Illinois;m.21 Dec 1996)
 - 7. Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough (b.16 Mar 1978-Durham,Durham,North Carolina)
 - sp: Christopher Todd Steele (b.1 Dec 1971;m.19 Jan 2003)
 - 8. Christopher Todd Steele Junior (b.16 Jun 2005-Durham,Durham,North Carolina)
 - 6. Janet Ruth Yarbrough (b.10 Feb 1956-Durham,Durham,North Carolina)
 - 5. William Kenneth or Billy Yarbrough (b.25 Nov 1931-D,D,North Carolina;d.20 Apr 1951-,Gulf of Mexico)
 - 3. Walter Leavister (b.Ab. 1857)
 - 3. Margaret Leavister (b.Ab. Feb 1860)
 - sp: Powell



Kenneth Raynor Leavister with wife Ella Green Clark Allie (seated), Frank, and baby Molly (5 months). Weldon, NC—Year 1905



Kenneth Raynor Leavister (1853–1915)



Ella Green Clark Leavister (1871–1958)

The Leavister Siblings



Frank, Molly and Myrtle in 1930s



Allie at right in Roses Store in Oxford—1920. Age 100 in 2000.

GRANDPARENTS OF COZART/ROGERS/YARBROUGH LINE

Each time I mentioned that I was searching for Cozart family information, someone would tell me that Mary Ethel Tilley of Rougemont had written a book on the family. For the longest time I couldn't locate the book (though it would later turn out that there was a copy in the Duke University library about which I didn't know.) But then I discovered that one of our employees lived in Rougemont, and she suggested that I check with Mr. A. L. Tilley. Armed with her directions, I called and asked if I might come to his home since he did have the book.

When I arrived, he showed me the book, which was exactly what I needed. It was a self-published book printed on legal-size paper folded in half, with a few missing pages and no copyright notice. Mr. Tilley had only one copy and could not let it out of his possession. I asked if he would allow me to copy it, and he agreed.

Today, copying a book is no problem, but thirty or more years ago, there were no copy centers in Rougemont and only one or two in Durham, and the machines worked at a snail's pace. I spent most of the day copying the work and returned it to him before dark.

With the help of Miss Tilley, we start our story of the Cozart family.

≈ FIFTEEN GENERATIONS OF COZART DESCENDANTS ≈

Jacques Cossart, Sr., married Rachel Gelton, parents of
Jacques Cossart, Jr., married Lyda Williams, parents of
Anthony Cossart, Sr., married Elizabeth Valentine, parents of
Anthony Cossart, Jr., married Wilhelmina _____, parents of
Jacob Cossart IV, married _____ Williams, parents of
Williams Cozart I, married Holly Mangum, parents of
Hubbard Cozart II, married Mary Howard, parents of
Mary Ann Cozart, married John Jackson Rogers, parents of

Simeon Allen Rogers, married Julia A. Holeman, parents of
 Harriet Freeland Rogers, married Ora Wesley Yarbrough, parents of
 Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Sr., married Myrtle Raynor Leavister, parents of
 Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., married Ruth Evelyn Shipp, parents of
 Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
 Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
 Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
 Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
 Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

Cossart/Cozart

The name *Cozart*, though it can be traced back nine centuries, does not appear in our genealogy until John Jackson Rogers married Mary Ann Cozart in 1835 in Granville County, North Carolina. These are the grandparents of my husband's grandmother, Harriet Rogers Yarbrough, a fact I ascertained from Mrs. Yarbrough in the late 1940s. Grandmother Yarbrough gave one of her sons the middle name *Simeon*, which he gave to his son, my husband, and which we in turn gave to our son. Until I began to trace the Cozarts, I hadn't realized that the name was from the Cozart line. When I started tracing Mary Ann, I found that she had named a son Simeon Allen for two of her brothers, Simeon and Allen W. Cozart. And her brother Allen had named his daughter Mary Ann. As I began to look at the Cozart material, I found the same names used again and again. In fact, Mary Ethel Tilley in her book on the Cozart family used Roman numerals to distinguish the members with the same name, and I will follow that practice here.²⁹⁰

The Earlier Generations: Jacques Sr. and Jr.

The Cozart family originated in the duchy of Normandy in the northern part of France. In the records of Rouen, the family, which was ennobled in the fourteenth century, can be traced back to the twelfth century.

²⁹⁰Mary Ethel Tilley, *A Brief Historical and Genealogical Sketch of the Name and Family of Cossart or Cozart* (Rougemont, NC: no publisher, no copyright notice or date, but after November 1943 from internal evidence), p. 7. Miss Tilley based her writing on firsthand knowledge collected from her own kin and, for historical portions, on a genealogy prepared by Cortez Wright. She also utilized an article, "Cozarts," by B. M. Patrick published in the *Durham [NC] Sun* on April 17, 1942, as well as information in the newspapers of several counties. In the book Miss Tilley gives Evelyn M. Carrington, Ph.D., of Austin and Denton, Texas, and Mrs. W. M. Bacon of Rougemont special recognition for their help and acknowledges the contributions of thirteen other persons. Miss Tilley was born August 25, 1899, and died October 4, 1967. She is buried in Durham County, North Carolina. She also compiled a history of the Carrington family, with which some later generations of Cozarts intermarried. I refer to it later in this section.

The American line descended from the Cossarts of La Rochelle, France. At the outbreak of the Huguenot persecution in France, they moved to Lenden (or Leyden), Holland, where their worship as Protestants would not be interrupted. The family became prominent, and at one time the tomb of Jacob Cossart I, Burgomaster of Rotterdam, was one of the chief monuments in the city.

From this point there is an unbroken genealogical line. Jacques Cossart, Sr., born in 1595, married Rachel Gelton of Liege, and they moved to Amsterdam. In the Walloons Church records of Frankenthal, Bavaria, a village of the French Huguenots, we find a record of the marriage on August 14, 1656, of their son, Jacques Cossart, Jr., to Lea Villman (later called Lyda Willems.) Three children of Jacques Jr. and Lea were baptized while the family was in Bavaria, and the dates are recorded in the State House at Frankenthal.

The family joined a party of French Huguenots and Dutch Protestants and emigrated from Leyden on October 14, 1662, on the vessel *Purmerlander Kerck*. They settled in New Amsterdam on Manhattan Island.

Their children numbered seven, three born in Bavaria and four more after their arrival in America. The names were:

1. Lea Cossart
2. Rachel Cossart
3. Sussanna Cossart
4. Jannetje or Jannette Cossart, married Jacob Gollet
5. Jacob Cossart II, married Ann Maria Springster
6. David Cossart, married Stejutie Van Hoorn
7. Anthony Cossart, married Elizabeth Valentine, the direct line

COLLECTOR OF ASSESSMENTS FOR THE SOLDIERY. In 1662, when Jacques Jr. and his family arrived in America, New Amsterdam, the principal city of the Dutch colony of New Netherland, had been in existence for some forty years. The colony had been under the autocratic rule of director general Peter Stuyvesant since 1647. When in 1664 King Charles II of England gave to his brother James Stuart, the duke of York, lands that included the Dutch colony, war seemed inevitable. But the British sent a small armada to New Amsterdam under Colonel Richard Nicolls, and the Dutch surrendered without a shot having been fired. The British renamed the colony New York.

Unable to quarter all his English soldiers within the fort [that the Dutch had built in the center of New Amsterdam], Nicolls sought to billet them in private homes,

offering to pay householders for their food. However, some enlisted men and officers behaved so badly that they were turned out of respectable houses.irate citizens finally agreed to pay an assessment for feeding and lodging the soldiers elsewhere, rather than shelter them in private homes.²⁹¹

Jacques Cossart collected this assessment. An authoritative source on early New York City contains four references to him. On May 1, 1666: "The court then resolves to elect Jacques Cossaert... as collector of the weekly assessment for the use of the soldiery."²⁹² Jacques is mentioned again on May 8, 1666, and on October 9, 1666, where he is named as "collector of the monies promised by the inhabitants for the support of the Clergy." He was paid a commission of from 4 to 5 percent on the money he collected.

On April 5, 1667, there is a record of a conveyance of land to Jacques Cossart at what is now at about Whitehall Street and Bowling Green in Manhattan. Under Dutch grants: "April 5, 1667, Block D, Lot 1, Conf. Governor Nicolls to Jaques Cossart. (Pats. Alb., IV: 39). Recites transport Jacob Leendertsen vander Grift to Simon Jansen Romein, Aug. 26, 1666 [see Lib. B, N.Y. Co., 101]; and is by him since conveyed to Jaques Cossart."²⁹³

Later, joining a party of French Huguenots and a few Dutch, Jacques and his family moved from Manhattan to the village of Bushwick, Kings County, New York. (Bushwick was later to become a part of Brooklyn.)²⁹⁴

Anthony Sr. and Elizabeth Valentine

The fourth child born in America and the last of the seven children of Jacques Jr. and Lea is the ancestor of most Cozarts in North Carolina.

Anthony Cossart, Sr., was born November 19, 1673. On August 2, 1696, he married Elizabeth Temensen Valentine, daughter of Jan Tymensen Valentine and granddaughter of Timothy (Tymerson) Valentine of Schenectady, New York. This family was the first proprietors of Valentine Hill in Yonkers, New York, which was later to figure as a headquarters of General Washington during the Revolutionary War.

²⁹¹Edward Robb Ellis, *The Epic of New York City* (New York: Coward-McCann, Inc., 1966), p. 75. The information in the preceding paragraph also comes from this book, pp. 69-75.

²⁹²I. N. Phelps Stokes, *The Iconography of Manhattan Island, 1498-1909* (New York: Robert H. Dodd, 1928), Vol. 4, pp. 352-53.

²⁹³*Ibid.*, Vol. 2, p. 375.

²⁹⁴Another source for the earlier generations of the Cossart family was a typewritten text by Joseph Arthur Cossart, *The Cossart Family* (1936—copies in the Virginia State Library in Richmond and the Daughters of the American Revolution Library in Washington, DC), as reported by F. Claiborne Johnston, *Satterfield and Allied Families of Person County and Surrounding Counties* (7009 Lakewood Drive, Richmond, VA, December 1992), pp. 52-58. Johnston praises the "meticulous record-keeping by the Dutch Reformed Church, both here and abroad, as well as to the careful work" of Cossart.

The Cossairt book quotes from the records of the Reformed Dutch Church: "Anthony Cousart Ingeschreven July 17, 1696, j. m. Van N. Yorck, en Lysbeth Valentine, August 2, 1696, j. d. Van Schenecatde, beyde woonende alhier."

Anthony Cossart, Sr., with his wife Elizabeth and their children, left Bushwick and moved to Bound Brook, Somerset County, New Jersey, in 1703. Their children were:

1. Jacob Cossart III, married Anna—their children changed the spelling of their name to Cozad²⁹⁵
2. Lea Cossart II
3. Anthony Cossart, Jr., married Wilhelmina _____, the direct line

Anthony Cossart, Jr., and Wilhelmina

Anthony Cossart, Jr., was born in 1712 and was baptized February 4, 1749, into the Dutch Reformed Church at Raritan, New Jersey. Two different dates are given in the Tilley book for his death, 1781 and 1792. According to the Cossairt book, his first wife was Wilhelmina. Cossairt does not give her maiden name but says some have claimed that she was a Hendricksen while others say she was a Kenna or McKenna.

By Wilhelmina, Anthony had eight children. Their names were:

1. David Cossart II
2. Anthony Cossart III, a Revolutionary soldier, married Winnifred Bumpass
3. Jacob Cossart IV married _____ Williams, the direct line
4. James Cossart
5. John Cossart, a Revolutionary soldier
6. Simon Cossart
7. Peter Cossart
8. Elias Cossart

His second marriage, with Nancy, produced three more children: Jesse (Elizabeth), Joshua, and Jeremiah.

FROM NEW JERSEY TO NORTH CAROLINA. In 1753, Anthony Jr. migrated to Granville County, North Carolina, and settled on Hampton's Mill Creek. He was close to forty years of age at that time, but it is not recorded which wife accompanied him or the number of children who moved. He was one of the earliest settlers of the Tar River

²⁹⁵Tilley book, p. 11.

section that now forms the towns of Stem and Oxford. His home was in the northern part of what was to be the military reservation called Camp Butner during the World War II era. His widow, Nancy, remarried in 1792.²⁹⁶

Son Jacob IV is our ancestral line.

Jacob Cozart IV

The third son of Anthony Cossart and Wilhelmina was Jacob IV. He married a Miss Williams of Wake County, North Carolina. Around 1760, he was responsible for the change in spelling and adoption of the present family name, Cozart. Others in the families followed, and one member said he had found fifteen different spellings.²⁹⁷

Their children were:

1. Benjamin Cozart, married Sallie Reeves
2. Thomas Cozart, married Mary Goss
3. Williams Cozart I, married Holly Mangum, the direct line
4. James Cozart II, married Frances, called Peggy Howard
5. Hubbard Cozart I
6. Jemima Cozart married _____ Philpott

Son Williams I is our line.

Williams Cozart and Holly Mangum

Williams Cozart I was born in Granville County, North Carolina, in 1761 and died in 1838. He married Holly Mangum of Orange County, North Carolina, on March 8, 1792, with William Mangum as bondsman and A. Benton Bruce as witness.

AUNT TO JUDGE MANGUM. Holly's father was Arthur Mangum I, and she was one of six children: Arthur Jr.; Chaney; Clara, who married a Parker; Holly; William (Billy), who married Katherine Davis; and Sallie. Billy's son Judge Willie (pronounced "Wiley") P. Mangum lived at Walnut Hall Plantation, was a United States senator, and was president of the Senate from 1842 to 1845. Holly was his aunt.²⁹⁸

²⁹⁶Ibid., pp. 12-14.

²⁹⁷Ibid., p. 14.

²⁹⁸Mary Ethel Tilley, *Carrington* (Rougemont, NC: no publisher, no date or copyright notice.)

Eight children were born to Williams I and Holly Mangum:

1. David Cozart III, married Mary Carrington
2. Hubbard Cozart II, married Mary Howard, the direct line
3. Frances (Fanny) Cozart, married Williams Davis Carrington
4. Green Person Cozart, believed to have married Wilmouth Wilkerson
5. William Mangum Cozart
6. James Christmas Cozart, married Jane Harris
7. Clara Cozart
8. Wiley Cozart²⁹⁹

Hubbard II is our ancestral line.

Hubbard Cozart II and Mary Howard

Hubbard Cozart II married Mary Howard on August 23, 1802. He died during the Civil War siege of Atlanta, Georgia.

Hubbard II and Mary Howard were parents of eight children:

1. Clara Cozart, married Allen Walker, November 19, 1829, in Granville County, North Carolina
2. Marguerett, called Peggy, married Carter Walker in Granville County, August 25, 1829
3. Maria Cozart II, married Alex Lunsford, February 20, 1829
4. Jemima Cozart II, married Woodson Lyon, December 17, 1833
5. Simeon Cozart, died a young man
6. Nancy Cozart, married (1) Simon Clements, October 22, 1822, (2) "Deerhead" Bumpass
7. Mary Ann Cozart, married John Jackson Rogers, the direct line
8. Allen W. Cozart, married two Rogers first cousins. The first wife died, and the second wife was Sarah, called Sallie.³⁰⁰

Our ancestral line of Hubbard Cozart II and Mary Howard is the daughter, Mary Ann Cozart, who married John Jackson Rogers. Please refer to the Rogers section of the book.

²⁹⁹Ibid., pp. 15-17.

³⁰⁰Ibid., pp. 19-20.

GRANDPARENTS OF ROGERS/YARBROUGH LINE

My husband's paternal grandmother was Harriet Freeland Rogers before her marriage to Ora Wesley Yarbrough in 1895. *Rogers* is a name that has many branches, and I am surprised that we have been able to trace this particular line as far as we have. A number of relatives in the family searched, and as I talked to them, their tips led me to check and document the sources. Much of the early part of the family's history may be found in articles by Hazel B. Featherstone in the book *The Heritage of Person County*, on which I have drawn for this section.³⁰¹

We are thankful that the Peleg Stambre Rogers family erected a plaque to the honor of John Jackson Rogers, a member of our direct line, at Antioch Baptist Church cemetery in Roxboro, Person County, North Carolina. John Jackson Rogers gave the land for the church and was one of the founding members.

≈ ELEVEN GENERATIONS OF ROGERS DESCENDANTS ≈

Job Rogers, married Mary _____, parents of
Peleg Rogers, married Elizabeth Bailey, parents of
John L. Rogers, married Frances Jackson, parents of
John Jackson Rogers, married Mary Ann Cozart, parents of
Simeon Allen Rogers, married Julia Holeman, parents of
Harriet Freeland Rogers, married Ora Wesley Yarbrough, parents of
Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Sr., married Myrtle Raynor Leavister, parents of
Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., married Ruth Evelyn Shipp, parents of
Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of

³⁰¹Hazel B. Featherstone, "The Job Rogers Family," in Madeline Hall Eaker, ed., *The Heritage of Person County* (Winston-Salem, NC: Hunter Publishing Company, 1981).

Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

Job Rogers and Wife Mary

The Rogers family was well established in North Carolina in the 1700s. The family lived close to the Neuse River in Granville County, North Carolina.³⁰² Featherstone writes that Job Rogers and his wife, Mary, lived and were probably buried in the family cemetery on the farm in the Town Creek section on the Neuse River and that there were two sons of record, Thomas and Peleg. Job died in 1772.³⁰³

Son Peleg is our ancestral line.

Peleg Rogers and Elizabeth Bailey

Peleg's father, Job, has a familiar biblical name. The name *Peleg* is also biblical but less well known. In the Bible, Noah had three sons, Japheth, Ham, and Shem. Peleg is the grandson of Shem (Genesis 10:25).

In the Durham County Library, I found a map drawn by A. B. Markham in 1973 of the land grants to early settlers in the area. Peleg Rogers's land was close to the Neuse River between Little Lick Creek and Great Lick Creek, almost on the eastern border of Durham County with Wake County. His neighbors adjoining were Robert Belvin and David Brassfield to the north, Charity Jones to the west, Major Pollard to the south, and to the east, a plot labeled James Jones.

In the land grant office in Raleigh, records may be found that show a drawing on the south side of Great Lick Creek where Peleg had 100 acres in 1779.³⁰⁴ He added another 94 acres in 1787 on the south side of the Neuse River. In 1788, a tract of 15 acres in the fork of Neuse River and Great Lick Creek, part of Peleg's property, was surveyed. Henry Warren and John Humphries were the surveyors.

Peleg, who died about 1816, married Elizabeth Bailey, and their children were:

1. John L. Rogers, who married Frances Jackson, the direct line
2. Thomas Rogers

³⁰²When discussing North Carolina counties, one must keep in mind the date being referred to. Granville County was formed in 1746. In 1752, a part of it was split off (along with parts of Johnston and Bladen) to form Orange County. In 1771, Wake was formed from parts of Orange, Johnston, and Cumberland. And in 1881, Durham was formed from parts of Orange and Wake. So the same piece of property may have been in different counties at different times.

³⁰³Featherstone, "The Job Rogers Family," in Eaker, ed., p. 380.

³⁰⁴Grant 696, Book 36, p. 901.

3. Peleg Rogers, Jr.
4. Job Rogers
5. Benjamin Rogers
6. Eunice Rogers
7. Mary Rogers
8. _____ Rogers, married John Daniel
9. _____ Rogers, married George Brassfield
10. _____ Rogers, married Richard Bledsoe
11. _____ Rogers, married John Terrill ³⁰⁵

In the Wake County, North Carolina, Register of Deeds Office, there are numerous deeds of the Rogers family. In one of them, the grantor is Peleg Rogers, and his son Job the grantee.³⁰⁶ The indenture was made December 28, 1796. Two more deeds of Peleg Rogers may be found, these to the son John L.,³⁰⁷ to whom we trace our line.

John L. Rogers and Frances C. Jackson

John L. Rogers married Frances C. Jackson on May 11, 1802. Featherstone states that Frances was the second cousin of Andrew Jackson. They owned a farm of 372 acres on the north side of Big Lick Creek in the Neuse River section of Wake County. Sons John Jackson and Peleg S. sold this land in 1850.

Their children were:

1. John Jackson Rogers, the direct line
2. Peleg S. Rogers
3. Ann Rogers, married Young W. Allen
4. Eunice Rogers, married John Roberts
5. Doug Rogers, probably died as an infant
6. Louisa Rogers, married Albert G. Hunt
7. Mary Rogers, married David Justice³⁰⁸

I found the will of Frances C. Jackson Rogers³⁰⁹ and learned that her husband, John L., had died before the date of her will, which was October 10, 1834. The will was probated in the May term of Wake County Court in the year 1846. The children were named.

³⁰⁵Featherstone, p. 380. The Christian names of the last four children are not given.

³⁰⁶Book 502 of October 23, 1801.

³⁰⁷In Books Y54 and Y209.

³⁰⁸Featherstone, p. 380.

³⁰⁹Book 26, page 147 of Wake County, NC.

The record of the settlement of her estate in 1852³¹⁰ contains much information. Peleg S. was living in Wake County, North Carolina, at the time; John Jackson was in Person County; Ann Allen was in Carroll County, Tennessee; Eunice Roberts was in Weakley County, Tennessee; Louisa Hunt was in Marshall County, Mississippi; and Mary Justice was in Wake County, North Carolina.

AN OLD HOME PLACE. An old family home, built in 1791, was still standing in Durham County in October of 2002. If the first owner and builder was a Rogers, then it would probably be the Peleg Rogers who married Elizabeth Bailey. This information came to me from the owner of the house, Lukie Rogers Hall, who told me that the house would go to Thomas Clyde Rogers, a descendant of James Wesley Rogers and Calvin Job Rogers, upon her death.

Spud Miller, my neighbor, described an unusual setup he had observed when he had visited the house. Lying in the yard had been a tremendous tree trunk that had been hollowed out to be used like a smokehouse to hold hams, shoulders, and side meat. When my daughter and I stopped to view the home in 2002, this unusual storage had not survived the years, but there was a very old brick smokehouse standing. The dilapidated interior still contained vats for curing the meat.

At that time, I contacted the Historic Preservation Society of Durham and told them of this house, probably one of the oldest in the county. Jim Wise, one of the leading historians of Durham, confirmed in an email that he knew about the house, but he was not surprised that no action was taken on it, because it was not in the center of Durham. Sadly, by January 2006, the entire area — buildings, barns, smokehouse, everything — had been bulldozed and replaced with a subdivision called Ridgefield on Pebblestone Drive.

To reach the former location of the house, travel east on Cheek Road away from downtown Durham. Turn right on Fletchers Chapel Road. The house was on the right, one mile from the intersection of Cheek Road and Fletchers Chapel Road. It was close to the road, directly across from the spot where Rogers Road (formerly Jimmie Rogers Road) intersects with Fletchers Chapel Road. This house, a neighbor of Fletcher's Chapel United Methodist Church, lost the battle with urban sprawl.

John Jackson Rogers, the oldest child of John L. and Frances, is our ancestral line.

³¹⁰October 17, 1852, Book 19, p. 409.

John Jackson Rogers and Mary Ann Cozart

John Jackson Rogers was born January 25, 1816. (Note that his middle name was his mother's family name.) He married Mary Ann Cozart in 1835 and lived until May 31, 1876. My husband's grandmother, Harriet Rogers Yarbrough, remembered well the names of her grandparents, for Mary Ann Cozart, who was born June 21, 1818, lived until February 6, 1896, a year after Harriet's marriage.

GOLD RUSH FEVER. Featherstone, in her article, relates that the couple's first home was close to the home place of the other family members in the Wake/Durham County area. Then she describes how the California gold rush fever struck the entire family. John Jackson and Mary Ann packed their household goods in wagons, gathered the sons and daughter, joined other families, and headed west. The route chosen went through Kentucky and Tennessee. The families' hound dogs, Ralpho and Ringo, swam across the Tennessee River as the covered wagons crossed on the flat that carried them.

When they reached Memphis, Tennessee, they spent the winter on the banks of the Mississippi River. With the first signs of spring, instead of continuing on to California, they decided to return to North Carolina. The tremendous mountains made an everlasting impression on the children.³¹¹

Finding a new home in North Carolina was first on the agenda. According to the Featherstone article, John Jackson bought one of the Cameron plantations in Person County, 925 acres of land, from Paul Cameron in 1851. This land lay on both sides of the North Flat River.³¹²

Mary Ethel Tilley gives a somewhat different description of the home: "After living elsewhere in Person County for several years, they purchased a large farm on which stood an old homestead near Timberlake (or Helena as it is sometimes called). We are told this old house, which contained probably six or eight rooms, was built by a man named Jeffries (or Jeffreys) in about 1757. Jeffries and his family lived there for several years before he died. Then the widow married a Mr. Thompson and they lived in the house for a period of time and Thompson died. His widow, the former Mrs. Jeffries, married a Dr. Matissit. They resided at the homestead for a while and Dr. Matissit sold

³¹¹Featherstone, p. 380.

³¹²Ibid.

the farm to John Jackson Rogers and his wife and family moved to the old place when their youngest child was one month old, sometime in or around 1852."³¹³

The youngest child was Dewitt J. Rogers, and his date of birth was October 25, 1851. We know from John Jackson Rogers's will that the tract of land that he lived on was lying mainly between Flat River and Richland Creek. He mentioned Cothran Spring Branch, Rattlesnake Branch, and Hickory Spring Branch, and he referred to Cameron Mill Road and Cameron's line.

John Jackson Rogers's handwritten will³¹⁴ was produced in open court and admitted to record with witnesses J. A. Long and A. R. Foushee. Each child was willed a sizeable estate in the form of money or a farm. Mentioned were horses, saddles, cows, calves, sheep, sows and pigs, furniture, and household items. His bequest to his wife, Mary Ann, was the residence or "mansion" house and about 400 acres of land, and at her death, Dewitt J. Rogers would inherit it. He added, "I desire that they occupy this land in common so long as both live."

The children were:

1. The only daughter, Frances D. (Fannie) Rogers, who married William Alexander Barton. She inherited her father's interest in a mill known as Barton's Mill and the land attached, in addition to other items. More than 125 years later, the supermarkets still stock Barton's meal.

The seven Rogers sons, listed in the will, were given equal value in land and cash. They were:

2. William Clinton Rogers, married Rachel Stark Holeman
3. Simeon Allen Rogers, married Julia Holeman, the direct line
4. John Calvin Rogers, married Emily Elizabeth Satterfield
5. Benjamin E. Rogers, died at age forty-two
6. James Hubbard Rogers, married Delaney Ann Williams
7. Peleg Stambre Rogers, married Virginia Drucilla (Jennie) Satterfield
8. Dewitt J. Rogers, married Eaton White

Emily and Jennie Satterfield were sisters, but it is unclear whether Rachel and Julia Holeman were related.

³¹³Mary Ethel Tilley, *A Brief Historical and Genealogical Sketch of the Name and Family of Cossart or Cozart* (Rougemont, NC: no publisher, no copyright notice or date, but after November 1943 from internal evidence), p. 26.

³¹⁴Book 19, page 52, of Person County, on December 2, 1874.

BUILDING A CHURCH. The story would not be complete without telling of the efforts to establish a Baptist church. The source of the story is again the Featherstone article, along with an article on Antioch Baptist Church published in the same volume.³¹⁵

In 1853, just two years after the family's return from the gold rush and the purchase of a home, John Jackson Rogers and other organizers met in the log school building at Cross Roads, formerly called Ai (pronounced "A-I"). The building and subsequent structures no longer stand, but it was at the intersection of State Road No. 1708 and No. 1709. They wanted to organize a missionary Baptist church, and John Jackson was one of the six charter members. He and J. W. Hamlett were the first ordained deacons. The church was called Antioch Baptist Church.

By 1857, plans were made for the erection of a church, a place of worship. John Jackson Rogers gave a plot of land for the church, and he was appointed to the building committee along with William A. Barton (probably Rogers's son-in-law), George H. Daniel, Robert Daniel, Jesse Parker, Ruffin Rhew, Gilbert Moore, J. W. Hamlett, and J. W. Hunt.

The church must have been a member of the Flat River Baptist Association, for the minutes of that body considered a request of Antioch Baptist Church for financial aid in completing their house of worship. Contributions amounted to \$26.50. J. J. Rogers was a messenger (delegate.) The total membership was twelve.

The membership had increased to thirty-eight by 1864. Church services were scheduled for Thursday before the third Sunday of each month. In 1866, the services were changed to the second Saturday and Sunday.

This church continues to serve the community, and it is called the "mother church" of the Roxboro Baptist Church. A number of the older Rogers family members are buried in the cemetery at Antioch Baptist Church.

Stories retained from the history of the church have spurred interest in the past. In the early stages of the development of the church, there was a three-day debate on scriptural baptism. This debate was held in the road, using a buggy for the speaker's stand, and it was conducted by the second minister to pastor Antioch Church, Elder Purefoy. His debating partner was a Methodist minister, Elder Moore.

My husband and I traveled to Antioch Baptist Church in June of 2003, and we learned that the members were preparing to celebrate its 150th anniversary in the fall.

To reach the church and cemetery: Go north on Highway 501 from Durham toward

³¹⁵Featherstone, "The Job Rogers Family," p. 380; Nina Rogers, Jim Shelly, and Lawrence Rogers, "Antioch Baptist Church," pp. 64-65, in Eaker, ed., *The Heritage of Person County*.

Roxboro, North Carolina. Turn right on Antioch Church Road. The church is about one-half mile on the left.

Please refer to the Cozart chart for the lineage of Mary Ann Cozart Rogers.

Our direct line is son Simeon Allen Rogers.

Simeon Allen Rogers and Julia Holeman

A SOLDIER IN THE CONFEDERACY. Simeon Allen Rogers was born July 1, 1838, and he and Julia Holeman, who was born January 24, 1839, were married April 11, 1861, by F. M. Jordan in Orange County, North Carolina. The bondsman was H. R. Forbis, and the witness was L. W. Laws. Julia was the daughter of Samuel Holeman and Jane (Jenny) Hall, whose marriage record of April 29, 1818, also may be found in Orange County (with bondsman James Woods and witness W. J. Taylor, Jr.) I have used the spelling of Holeman as found in the Orange County records.

The Confederate Muster Roll of the 50th Regiment North Carolina Infantry of Camp Mangum, dated April 21, 1862, lists Simeon Allen Rogers's place of birth as Person County, North Carolina, his age as twenty-two, his height as six feet and one inch, and his occupation as farmer.

There were five girls and three boys born to this union:

1. Cora Rogers, married Jasper Yarbrough
2. Jenny Rogers, married Payton Tapp
3. Harriet Freeland Rogers, married Ora Wesley Yarbrough, the direct line
4. Sudie Rogers, married Cicero Tapp
5. Allie Rogers, married Joe Lunsford
6. John Rogers, married Ann Lunsford
7. James Rogers, married Venny Mooney
8. Samuel Rogers, died in his teens

Sisters Cora and Harriet married brothers, Jasper and Ora Wesley Yarbrough. Sisters Jenny and Sudie also married brothers, Payton and Cicero Tapp. Allie married Joe Lunsford, and her brother John married Joe's sister, Ann Lunsford.

Simeon Allen Rogers was named for his mother's brothers, Simeon and Allen W. Cozart. The family knew him by the nickname of Sim.

When his father, John Jackson Rogers, made his will in 1874, he left Sim one horse

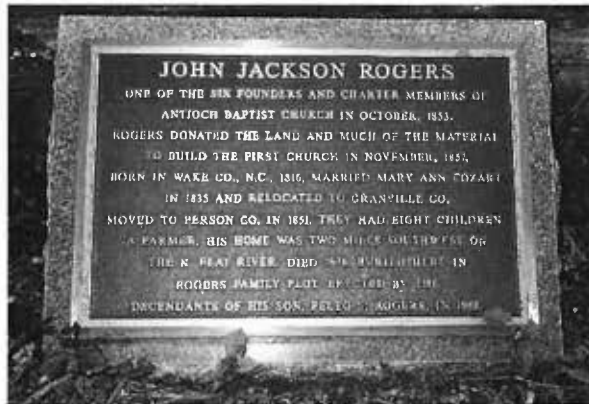
and saddle, one cow and calf, one sow and pigs, six sheep, two beds, some furniture and other household goods, and, "that part of my tract of land on which he now lives, bounded as follows: Beginning in the channel of Richland Creek on Gilbert Moore's line, running down the said creek, as it meanders to the mouth of Cothran Spring Branch, hence up said branch as it meanders to James H. Rogers' line; Hence with his line to Gilbert Moore's line, hence with Gilbert Moore's line to the beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less. I also give him two hundred (\$200) dollars in current money, to have and hold.... All of the above items, he has received except the last named item."

Sim Rogers died June 8, 1911, and Julia died June 29, 1918. Both were Baptists, and both were buried at Antioch Baptist Church. The grandchildren fondly remember going to Sim and Julia's home for Sunday dinner.

Daughter Harriet Freeland Rogers, who married Ora Wesley Yarbrough, is our line. We can make a good guess at how she got her name, for records show that Harriet N. Holeman married William J. Freeland on February 27, 1859. It's a sure bet that our Harriet was named for this relative, who was perhaps her aunt. Please refer to the Yarbrough section of the book for Grandmother Harriet.



Tombstone of John Jackson Rodgers



Plaque at Antioch Baptist Church Cemetery



Simeon Allen Rogers (1838–1911)
Julia Holeman Rogers (1839–1918)

GRANDPARENTS OF YARBROUGH LINE

A neighbor, Spud Miller, once informed me that the name *Yarbrough* would be easy to trace, unlike the more familiar names *Jones*, *Clark*, or *Miller*. Many Yarbrough researchers would not agree with him, but my task proved to be a genealogist's dream. Since 1760, ten generations have lived within fifty miles of the North Carolina land grant, and the will of Samuel Yarbrough, which made reference to his father in Amelia County, Virginia, is also available. I have presented the family history in chronological order starting with the earliest generation that I found, plus two earlier generations that are documented but about which I lack positive assurance that they are our particular line. In the text that follows, I have given reasons and some evidence for my belief that these earlier Yarbroughs are direct ancestors, and I challenge others to prove or disprove the findings. I have also included interesting stories of the English Yarbroughs, some of whom are likely our ancestors.

Much Yarbrough research has been done by a number of persons within the past years, and this documented research has been shared with all of the family members in the *Yarbrough Family Quarterly*. I am most indebted to the researchers for their efforts and especially for their willingness to write and share the stories. Without their work the earlier history in this section of the book couldn't have been written.

≈ ELEVEN GENERATIONS OF DOCUMENTED YARBROUGH DESCENDANTS ≈

[Thirteen generations are shown here, the first two with limited documentation but a probable connection to our line. Please read their history and decide for yourself.]

Richard Yarbrough, called Old Richard, was born in England; he died in 1702 and was buried at the site where Old Blandford Church, Petersburg, Virginia, would later be built. He was the father of Richard Yarbrough II, who married Sarah Holmes Bird Boesseau. This was his second marriage and her third. They are probably parents of

[There is documentation in my files starting with this generation.]

William Yarbrough, married Elliner _____, parents of
 Samuel Yarbrough, married Sarah _____, parents of
 John Yarbrough, married Sarah Satterfield, parents of
 John Yarbrough, married Sarah Brown, parents of
 James Madison Yarbrough, married Moriah L. Annanett Lunsford, parents of
 Ora Wesley Yarbrough, married Harriett Freeland Rogers, parents of
 Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Sr., married Myrtle Raynor Leavister, parents of
 Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., married Ruth Evelyn Shipp, parents of
 Janet Ruth Yarbrough and
 Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, married Calista Jean Everhart, parents of
 Calista Victoria Yarbrough, married Kevin Paul Kryscio, and
 Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough, married Christopher Todd Steele, parents of
 Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.

FORGET THE SPELLING The engraving on the original tombstone of Richard Yarbrough has one *o* in the name *Yarbrough*. A second tombstone, placed in 1982, follows the same spelling, as shown in the picture of the grave. Our forefathers came to this country from England, where the letter *o* appears twice in the name, as *Yarborough*. As you read this chapter, you will find different spellings of the family name as various sources are quoted.

In fact, when confronted with the various ways the name *Yarbrough* has been spelled over the centuries, most associated with the family would be amazed. One writer listed sixty-five different spellings.³¹⁶ Genealogist Karen Mazock reports that she has discovered over eighty-seven variations.³¹⁷ But no matter what the spelling, all of the Yarbroughs were first documented in England around 1086 in the Domesday Book, the survey of his realm commissioned by King William I, the Conqueror.

Peter C. Yerburch of Salisbury, Wilts, England has listed a few of the spellings, with dates and sources, that he has found:

³¹⁶*The Yarbrough Family Quarterly*, 3, No. 4 (June 1994), 33. Hereafter this journal will be referred to as *YFQ*. *The Yarbrough Family Quarterly* was begun in 1966 by Charles D. Yarborough as *The Yarborough Family Magazine*, which will hereafter be referred to in these notes as *YFM*. Over the years, under different editors, different methods of dating and numbering the issues of the journal have been employed, and the family name has been spelled *Yarborough* and *Yarbrough* in the journal's name. Visit the website www.yarbroughfamily.org for more information.

³¹⁷ *YFQ*, 14, No. 1 (Jan. 2004), 19.

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|-----------------------------|--|
| 1085 GEREBURGH | The village Yarburgh in Domesday Book |
| 1195 IERBORC | Pipe Rolls 1 st series Vol. 17, pp. 26–27 |
| 1200 JERDBURG Robert de | Lincoln Muniment D ii 38.3.54 |
| 1200 JERDEBURCH Hamelin de | Kirkstead Chartulary |
| 1242 JERDEBURGH Richard de | Patent Rolls |
| 1345 YERDEBURGH Robert de | Patent Rolls |
| 1400 YERBERGH Sir Thomas de | Lincoln Assize Roll |
| 1401 ZERBURGH John Z de | John Z de Zerburgh. Feudal Aids III |
| 1431 YARBURGH Richard de | gentleman. Feudal Aids III |
| 1447 YERBURGHT John | Court Rolls of Edlyngton |
| 1490 YERBURGHE William | Court Rolls of Edlyngton |
| 1495 YERBOROWE Richard | Inquisition P.M. of John Iwardby |
| 1541 YARBRUGHE John | Will of |
| 1541 YERBURGHE Roger | Will of |
| 1545 YARBROUGH Richard | Will of |
| 1552 YERBURGH Thomas | Inventory of ³¹⁸ |

Many are puzzled, Yerburgh writes, as to why the earliest spellings begin with the letters *g*, *i*, *j*, and *z*. “The answer is that those letters in an initial position represented the same consonantal sound as was later represented by *y*.” In other words, they would have sounded the same. But, of course, the pronunciation of the name, like its spelling, has varied over time and by country, region, and even by section in our own United States.

Peter Yerburgh also explains that in England the letters *-er* have long been pronounced as *-ar* in certain words. “In England I am a Clerk in Holy Orders but *clerk* is pronounced *clark*.” Yerburgh explains that he knew when he started to school that his surname was pronounced *Yarbra*.

A Little Colonial History

The first Yarbroughs to come to America arrived from Lincolnshire, England, in the first half of the seventeenth century and settled in Virginia. Before we look at their lives, we should take a brief look at some early colonial history.

In 1606 King James I granted a charter to the Virginia Company, which organized an expedition that settled Jamestown, about sixty miles from the mouth of the Chesapeake

³¹⁸YFQ, 4, No.4 (June 1995), 80-81.

Bay. The first years were terribly difficult for the colony. The native Algonquian Indians engaged in sporadic attacks, and the colonists were not well prepared for wilderness life. Only sixty of the original settlers survived the "starving time" winter of 1609–10. Relations with the Indians improved after the tobacco entrepreneur John Rolfe married Pocahontas, daughter of Algonquian chief Powhatan, and trade, mostly in furs, increased. In 1619, Virginia settlements became the first legislative assembly in America. Twenty-two representatives, known as "burgesses," met in a church in Jamestown to establish a uniform government over all Virginia.

But in 1622, fierce Indian attacks on the plantations surrounding Jamestown led by Opechancanough, the brother of Powhatan, who had died in 1618, accounted for more than 300 colonists' deaths, and in 1624, King James revoked the Virginia Company's charter and made Virginia a crown colony.

As the colony continued to expand, with outlying plantations being settled and devoted to the raising of tobacco, relations with the Indians varied from peaceful to warlike. A massacre in 1644 led to the establishment of Fort Henry (Petersburg) the following year. By this time Sir William Berkeley had been appointed governor of the colony by King Charles I, who had succeeded James I. As governor, Berkeley limited and controlled the trade with the Indians. Loyal to the king, he did not recognize the Puritan-controlled English Commonwealth that was formed under Oliver Cromwell in 1649 at the end of the English Civil War. In 1652, a Parliamentary fleet compelled Virginia's submission to the Commonwealth and Berkeley's retirement. During the years of Berkeley's absence, exploration of the wilderness and trade with the Indians opened up.

After the restoration of the monarchy in England in 1660, Berkeley again became governor, and this time he gained personal control after placing favorites in all positions of power.³¹⁹ In the following years, economic difficulties arose: declining tobacco prices, the rising prices of English manufactured goods, and crop losses due to bad weather. The Berkeley government's lack of protection against continuing Indian raids alienated the outlying planters. All of this came to a head in 1676 when Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., a hotheaded young plantation owner who had suffered losses

³¹⁹"Virginia," *American People's Encyclopedia*, 1955, Vol. 19, p. 678; Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, "History of Jamestown," <http://www.apva.org/history>; A. J. Morrison, "The Virginia Indian Trade to 1673," *William and Mary College Quarterly Historical Magazine*, Series 2, 1 (October 1921), 217-36.

from an Indian raid, defied the government and led raids on the Indians, provoking a series of events that have come to be known as Bacon's Rebellion. Bacon died in the midst of the revolt, and Berkeley hanged the ringleaders and seized their property. His treatment of the rebellion's leaders led to his recall, and a royal commission settled the immediate grievances of the colonists.³²⁰

In the following sections we will see how the first American Yarbroughs were involved in this history.

The First Yarbrough Immigrants

Researchers believe that Richard Yarbrough (1615–1702), referred to as Old Richard, may have been the original Yarbrough immigrant to America.³²¹ He is probably our direct ancestor, and I have devoted several pages of this book to a description of his life and times. But there are other candidates for the first Yarbrough to emigrate from England to Virginia.

One researcher, Gayle Ord, writes that Edward Yarborough, Sr., came to Virginia in 1635–37 and was a fur merchant and entrepreneur. He was possibly among the 500 slaughtered during the Indian massacre on Holy Thursday, April 18, 1644, under Opechancanough. We know little of him except a reference to him as an associate of Colonel Richard Lee, who arrived in Virginia in 1640.³²² A deed of gift by Colonel Lee reads, "Edward Yarrow son of Edward Yarrow dec'd. A brown cow & calf," with a provision that if Edward dies the gift is to revert to Colonel Lee.³²³ There is a reference to a son on May 25, 1646, through a gift from Richard Pasmuch. "In consideration of ye natureall love and affective which I do bear unto Edward Yarborough some of Edward Yarborough dec'd... one black and white calf."³²⁴

Gayle Ord reported that another Richard Yarbrough, also a merchant and entrepreneur, arrived in Virginia in 1635 and died around 1671 in Carolina, according to records now in Raleigh, North Carolina. We call this Richard "the Elder" for clarification.

³²⁰"Bacon's Rebellion," *American People's Encyclopedia*, 1955, Vol. 2, p. 795; National Park Service, "Bacon's Rebellion," <http://www.nps.gov/colo/jthanout/BacRebel.html>.

³²¹In 1999, the *Yarbrough Family Quarterly* published a tentative grouping of the families of the earliest Yarbroughs to settle American soil (YFQ, 8, No. 3 [March 1999], 5). Many who study these families agree that these listings fit with the later activities of children and grandchildren.

³²²Research by Gayle Ord as reported in YFQ, 9, No. 3 (2000), 10.

³²³From Beverly Fleet, *Virginia Colonial Abstracts York County*, Vol. XXIV (Richmond, VA, 1945), pp. 15, 66, 91, as reported in YFQ, 9, No 3 (2000), 10.

³²⁴From *York County Va. Deeds, Wills, Orders, etc., 1645-1649*, Book 2, p. 142, as reported in YFQ, 9, No. 4 (2000), 15. Also YFQ, 9, No. 3 (2000), 7.

He is believed to have been the uncle of Old Richard, but at present almost nothing is known of him.³²⁵

Richard Yarbrough (1615–1702) and Son Richard II (born 1653)

Richard Yarbrough (“Old Richard”) was born in England in 1615. We don’t know exactly when he came to America. The Bristol Parish, Virginia, records state that “Richard Yarborough, an Englishman, was a founder of Bristol Parish.”³²⁶ Since the parish was established in 1642, we know that he was in Virginia by that time. Another source, Claiborne Johnston, states that “records of an English passage list show Richard Yarborough booked passage to Virginia in 1635,”³²⁷ but it is not certain that this was Old Richard.

We know that he had two sons, John and Richard, and a daughter, Sarah, but we don’t know the name of his wife or whether he married before or after he emigrated from England. (For a number of years, there was a cherished family belief that he was married to a Frances Proctor, but research by Peter Yerburch of Salisbury, England, and the finding of a will of a Richard married to Frances Proctor and buried in England canceled the belief.)

As to his own ancestry, he is believed to be the son of Thomas Yarborowe of Saltfleetby, a village in Lincolnshire, England, and a great-grandson of Thomas Yarburch of Alvingham, a nearby village.³²⁸ We will see later in this book the reasons for thinking that this is so.

Old Richard lived to be eighty-seven years of age in the early days of colonization of Virginia, which in itself was an achievement. Was his life full of adventure? How did he earn his livelihood? What contribution did he make to our family’s and the nation’s history?

Within the last thirty years, documents have been searched and efforts have been made to find facts concerning his life. He remains a man of mystery except for a few

³²⁵This information is reported by Gayle Ord in *YFQ*, 8, No.3 (March 1999), 8.

³²⁶Robert Price Yarbrough, a historical audiovisual presentation of Old Blandford Church using Bristol Parish records, from his book, *Yarbrough* (Davidson, NC: Era Press, 1988), as recorded in *YFQ*, 8, No.1 (1998), 22.

³²⁷F. Claiborne Johnston Jr., *Satterfield and Allied Families of Person County, North Carolina and Surrounding Counties* (7009 Lakewood Drive, Richmond, Virginia 23229, December 1992), p. 20. This is a spiral-ring-bound mimeographed book of 170 pages plus charts and wills.

³²⁸In the year 2000 researcher Peter Yerburch wrote that he was gradually clearing the “complications about Thomas Y. of Alvingham [in Lincolnshire, England] whose great grandson (Richard), I think, went to Virginia. I have recently received the copy of a Will of a man living in Cockerington in 1535, which tends to confirm that Thomas Y. of A. was a brother of my ancestor, Richard ... Y. of Cockerington.” *YFQ*, 9, No. 2 (2000), 9.

clues that have been analyzed and put in the context of the history of his friends and the history of the area. I have arranged a time line that includes laws passed during Richard's lifetime that influenced the settlers' activities. Without knowledge of these laws, we cannot have a snapshot of Old Richard and his family. I have chosen stories of Indian history and some accounts of home life in the colonies. Then I have documented evidence that points to Old Richard and his sons.

Time Line of Old Richard

1615. Richard was born in England.

1636. He witnessed a will and was left an inheritance by his brother a few years later.³²⁹

1641–42. All male adults in England had to take an oath of loyalty to King Charles I and to the Anglican faith. "Their names were recorded on rolls . . . , the local clergyman was responsible for carrying out the oath taking. It was taken after the Sunday morning service, which every parishioner had to attend under penalty of a fine for absence." In the Lincolnshire Protestation (public announcement) roll, Richard's name is missing, and since he is not recorded as having died in Saltfleetby, this indicates that he had emigrated to America.³³⁰

1642. He was a founder of Bristol Parish in the area that is now Petersburg, Virginia. The exact date of his arrival from England is uncertain, but he was in Virginia when Bristol Parish was established in 1642. The church was operational by 1643.

1642–43. A legislative act forbade Indian trade or barter "for peece [firearms], powder and shott and [anyone] being thereof lawfully convicted, shall forfeit his whole estate."³³¹ The statute prohibited barter or trade of any other commodities, and it levied penalties of not only the person's entire estate, but imprisonment.

1652. The Puritans came to power, and it became possible to freely explore the Virginia wilderness. Old Richard was named one of the first explorers allowed to visit the interior of the continent.³³²

1652–53. Son Richard II was born.

³²⁹Peter Yerburch, "Yarboroughs in the Lincolnshire Protestation Return 1641/2," *YFQ*, 15, No. 3 (2005), 10-12.

³³⁰*Ibid.*

³³¹William Waller Hening, *Statutes at Large; being a Collection of all the Laws of Virginia*, Vol. I (New York: R. & W. & G. Bartow, 1823), pp. 255-56. All Hening references, with pages photocopied from a copy of this book in the New York Public Library, are in my files.

³³²Robert Price Yarbrough, *op. cit.*

1653. A legislative act opened exploration and Indian trade. "Whereas diverse gentlemen have a voluntarie desire to discover the Mountains and supplicated for lycence to this Assembly, It is ordered by this Assembly, That order be granted vnto any for soe doing, Provided they go with a considerable partie and strength both of men and amunition."³³³ We know that Old Richard took advantage of this opportunity. So did another man, Abraham Wood, the first to open a trail into North Carolina, my home. This trail became known as the Ocooneechee Trail, and we will hear more about it at the end of this section of the book.

1655–60. At the headwaters of the Mattopony River, Richard built a ferry that was to bear his name until long after his death. At some point he leased land from the Pamunkey Indians.

1655 ONWARD. Old Richard (or his son Richard) was employed at times by the Virginia government in the capacity of interpreter for the Indians, working with Colonel William Byrd, a neighbor.

1674. Old Richard was employed by the government to return to his tribe an Indian boy who had been held hostage for training in an English home. Later I quote a fascinating letter that describes this event.

1674–76. A fort for defense against the Indians was built near Old Richard's home. Sir William Berkeley was governor at this time. "At a Grand Assemblie held att James Cittie By prorogation from the one and twentieth day of September, in the yeare of our Lord 1674, to the seaventh day of March, in the eight and twentieth yeare of the reigne of our Sovereigne Lord Charles the Second. Act I. An act for the safeguard and defence of the country against the Indians." War was declared against the Indians and the cost of the war was to be borne by the whole country. The act specified the number of men needed, where they were stationed, and from which counties they would be drawn, as well as who would command them. From the description of the arrangements for New Kent County we find: "forty-one men out of the lower parts of New Kent county to be garrisoned at one ffort or place of defence between Yerburies house and Chickahominy Indian Towne Landing on Mattapony river, whereof Coll. Will. Claighborne, junr. be captain or cheife commander."³³⁴ The "Yerburies house" referred to here is Old Richard's home.

1684–5. Richard Yarbrough or his son Richard was a paid Indian interpreter as

³³³Hening, *Statutes at Large of Virginia*, Vol. I, p. 381.

³³⁴*Ibid.*, Vol. II, pp. 326-28.

northern and southern Indian delegates met to “treaty” in New York. The Virginia Council Minutes of 1684 state that a meeting was “absolutely necessary” for the Indian delegates to negotiate peace. Colonel Byrd was sent to “treaty” in Albany, New York, with the Indian tribes. The minutes state “that some able and fit persons be appointed to goe with ye aforesaid Indians...to proceed on a voyage to New Yorke by water, with an Interpreter.” The peace treaty meeting took place in July of 1684 among the Indians. Again on June 12, 1685, the same Indians and the same agents went to Albany to ratify the articles of peace.³³⁵ I include supporting details, showing that Richard was paid for his work as interpreter, later in this section.

1699. A governing committee of the colony met to examine claims to land in Pamunkey Neck and on the south side of Blackwater Swamp, and to consider the “most proper meanes” to settle the northern and southern bounds of Virginia. Paraphrasing: The Queen of the Pamunkey Indians with “the great men belonging to the said Nation” were granted a considerable quantity of land in Pamunkey Neck which they had for a long time possessed. The Articles of Peace of May 29, 1677, following on Bacon’s Rebellion, had confirmed the land to the Indians with a clause that a patent should be granted to them, although twenty-two years later the patents had never been obtained. The Pamunkeys’ complaint also detailed English breach of the Articles of Peace provision that “noe English shall seat, or plant nearer than within three miles of any Indian Town.” The committee confirmed their rights.

The next item of business of the committee was to determine what claims to Pamunkey land by the colonists should be upheld. Here we find evidence of Old Richard’s land holdings. The committee report states, “And whereas severall parcellls of Land were by the Pamunkey Indians for good & valuable consideration leased for Ninety Nine yeares to these severall persons hereafter named which Lands by an Order of Assembly held at James City the 25th April 1679 was granted to be confirmed unto them, and that they should have the priority and first grant thereof when the same came to the King’s hands. Provided always that it should not be construed and taken to give them right to any Lands granted by patent or patents before the making of 136 Act of Assemby.” Thomas Bell, John Langston, Cornelius Dabney, John Sexton, Peter Adams, Ambrose Lipscome, George Smith are listed with “Richard Yarborow, a tract, quantity not mentioned.” Concerning these eight persons, the next paragraph stated:

³³⁵From H. R. McIlwaine, ed., *Executive Journal of the Council of Colonial Virginia*, Vol. 1, pp. 71, 72, 90, 506 (Richmond: Virginia State Library, 1925), as reported in *YFQ*, 9, No. 3 (2000), 14.

"Upon due consideration whereof this Committee doe conceive that the severall persons before named and all claimeing under them whose names are so many of them as appeared to lay their claims before this Committee, hereafter are expressed pursuant to the P. Order of Assembly ought to be preferred before any others." The next list consist of over thirty names. Among them are: "John Yarborow for himselfe and the children and the devisees of Richard Yarborow" — "William Morris 300 acres purchased of Rich'd Yarborow" — "John Oakes 550 acres conveyed from Richard Yarborow" — "William Rawlins 800 acres purchased of Richard Yarborow" — "Henry Dilling in behalf of George & Douglas, orphan and heir of Robert Douglas dec'd. 200 acres purchased of Richard Yarborow" — "Thomas (?) Hendrick 300 acres purchased of Richard Yarborow & John Ascough" — "James Edwards, Lewis Davis and Stephen Terry 1300 acres conveyed from Rich'd Yarborow."³³⁶ We do not know how much land Old Richard had in total, but it had to be substantial. We see here that he had disposed of 3,450 acres and still had "a tract, quantity not mentioned."

1702. Old Richard died and was buried atop Well's Hill in what would be known as Blandford Cemetery in Petersburg, Virginia, where his grave may be visited today.³³⁷

A Glimpse of Life in Colonial Virginia

COLONISTS AND INDIANS. Combined research of Peter Yerburch and Gayle G. Ord gives us a description of the type of Indians who lived in the area before and during Old Richard's life in Virginia. Quoting:

Appomattoc tribal members of the Great Powhatan Confederacy lived on banks of the falls that led their Appomattox River into the James. Their chief priests, temples and burial yehawkens were on the west bank of their river just south of the mouth of Swift Creek. Authority over this tribe was under Queen Oppussoquionuske..., an aunt of Pocahontas. Under her direct command were 20 fighting men while her brother, Powhatan, held 60 to 100 in the area [and he appointed his son as a chieftain in a village nearby]. It has been estimated there were about 400 to 500 Indians in the area. The Queen maintained her village, the chief area of 'Apamatuk' on the south bank of the James north of the mouth

³³⁶Louis des Cognets Jr., *English Duplicates of Lost Virginia Records* (Princeton, NJ, 1958), pp. 57-63, 235-36. All references by Cognets used are from the original source with photocopied pages in my file.

³³⁷Johnston, *Satterfield and Allied Families*, cites the *William & Mary Quarterly* (1st ser.), Vol. 5 (1897), p. 233, as the source for the statement that Richard Yarborough was buried in the original enclosure of old Blandford Church yard near Petersburg, Virginia.

of the Appomattox River, which was above the Point of the Rocks, or the Big Rock that the ships used for sighting as they came up to that point.

Captain Newport and others visited her chief Village on May 8th and May 26th 1607; Robert Tindall came in 1608. Later in the year of 1608 Captains John Smith and Ralph Waldo explored the country, pushing up the river to Halstead Island, near the mouth of Puddledock creek in present-day Prince George [County]. They probably visited Chief Coquonasum (Powhatan's son). His village, up to 1623, was on the Swift Creek about a mile up from its mouth.

About Christmas 1611 Sir Thomas Dale [the acting governor of the Virginia colony]...sacked Apamatuk. His men slaughtered all not fortunate enough to escape, even wounding the queen as she fled into the forest. He appropriated the town-site and its commodious fields to found Bermuda Hundreds. This area fronted the James and the Appomattox from river mouth to 'Buzzard Island above the Point of Rocks.' It is recorded that Dale went 'sailing up the James past the village of Apamatuks, which was governed by Queen Oppussoquionuske, sister of Powhatan.' [Previous to his arrival, however, this wily old woman had invited a group of Dale's men, who were coming overland, to a feast and overnight frolic. None of the young men made it out of the long-houses of their young female hosts.]

In 1623, after the 1622 Massacre supported by these same Indians, Captain Nathaniel West again destroyed the chief village Apamatuk, which had been rebuilt on Swift Creek. Again, the Indians rebuilt—as Appomattocks Indian Towne—'on the south side of the river above the Narrow Falls near the mouth of the Indian Towne Creek.'

It is here that the main group was encamped when Richard Yarborough came, and it was here the tribe remained 'almost literally within bow-shot of Fort Henry' [present-day Petersburg] until about 1691'....

From circa 1636 on, these Indians lived in comparative amity with the whites, furnishing guides for many explorers who set out from Fort Henry to the southwest prior to 1700; helping to kill off wolves; and patrolling the frontier with Rangers for [other] marauding Indians. But constant warfare with their hereditary enemies to the west, white-men's diseases and intermarriage with Negroes caused them to lose their tribal identity and to be counted extinct by 1723.

These were the Indians and Indian scouts with whom Old Richard Yarborough was to deal during his stay in Bristol Parish. Whether he lived on land near the Blackwater River or on the 600 acres of Fort Henry, there is little doubt that the Indians described above were part of his Indian training for later years.³³⁸

³³⁸Researched by Peter Yerburch and written by Gayle G. Ord, *YFQ*, 7, No. 2 (1997), 19.

AT HOME WITH OLD RICHARD. I have included the material in the preceding paragraphs to give a feeling for what it was like to live in the area Old Richard inhabited more than three and a half centuries ago. Based on what is known about how the early colonists lived, Gayle Ord gives a glance into how Old Richard and his family may have dwelled in this new land. I quote:

Much planning had gone into his supplies. Historically we know he brought certain things.... We know food stores at this time consisted of what had become standard goods: wheat, oatmeal, dried peas, vinegar, salt, oil, and brandy. Recommended, but not necessary, were sugar, dried fruit, root vegetables and spices. We also know basic cargo consisted of rock-bottom essentials for the period in which he came: guns, saws and axes, fruit trees, poultry and farm animals, etc. for Bristol plantation, also glass beads, bells, brass pans, cooking pots, hatchets and knives for trade with the Indians.

...Most ships arrived in the Spring, giving Colonists time to plant a garden (which all Colonials did). Among the usual packets of seeds of this time were carrots, parsnips, turnips, cabbages, radishes, asparagus, peas, green beans, spinach, etc. Thus, we know his first vegetable garden in Virginia (the part that escaped the ever-present varmints of various kinds and sizes) was very English in nature as were the gardens of all of the other settlers. What Yarborough traded for, from local Indians, were furs, Indian corn, squash, and pumpkins, etc. The Indians had tobacco to trade; however, English tobacco came from stolen and improved Spanish seeds.

Yet, men like Yarborough, who dealt in trade, handled gardens as little as possible. They did it only when there were no women or servants present to work at it. And, as soon as it was practical it is certain Yarborough took, or went out with, parties of seven or more men to hunt for food and acquaint himself with the lay of the land. Settlers close to the sea gathered shellfish, lobsters, crabs, clams, oysters, scallops, terrapin, etc. Men on plantations hunted geese, pigeons, turkey, swans, partridge, etc. Trappers hunted the game that abounded in the forest, including venison, beaver, bear, panthers (painters), squirrel and rabbit, etc.

ON THE TRAIL WITH OLD RICHARD. Ord continues:

[A]t home, Yarborough ate game meat with newly-grown 'sallat' (greens tossed with olive oil and vinegar); or he combined meat and vegetables to make up a 'mess.' Later when... on the trail he dressed like an Indian, ate like an Indian, and learned to use Indian ways to survive.... [A]t the head of the Mattaponi, his Indian training was a great boon.³³⁹

³³⁹Gayle G. Ord, *YFQ*, 7, No. 2 (1997), 18.

At the time Old Richard Yarborough appeared in Virginia, in this vicinity, Governor Berkeley held tight reins over the Indian trade, of which he was a great and an integral part. There was little exploration outside of the legal limits.... Thus to hunt, range, and scout out Indian enemies Yarborough had to be part of the system, or be accused of illegal Indian trading and have his land taken away.... In their party of several men and the Indian scouts, the white men were not as adept as the Indians, 'but they learned to use Indian ways to remain alive.... When acting as Rangers,' they marched a wide distance from each other, an Indian custom, with scouts on the flanks to report surprise attack and with no talking or smoking allowed.³⁴⁰

These men were encumbered by muskets and thirty pound back-packs which usually held blankets, field provisions [possibly hard-tack (flour and water sea biscuits) and jerkin], extra moccasins, buck-skin shirts, and breeches. Sometimes jackets finished their gear.³⁴¹

Old Richard and his sons were survivors. It is hard for us to imagine the rigors of existence during these pioneering times. And there is still one more element to take into account: the weather. During the time of their expeditions, their trade, the work as interpreters, their struggle to keep their land and possessions, they were living in what is now referred to as "the Little Ice Age,"³⁴² when temperatures were much colder than at present.

Factual Evidence

How do we know or surmise these events? Evidence must be pieced together from widely scattered sources, and discovery of new documents often depends as much on luck, or happenstance, as on hard work. As an example, here is a sample of documents related to Yarbrough's Ferry, "Yerburyes house," and the land around it:

- New Kent County, Virginia, records state that Yarbrough's Ferry was between "Yerburyes house and Chickahominy Indian Towne Landing on Mattapony River."³⁴³ (The river is pronounced "Matt-a-po-ni")
- An entry in "A Journall of a Journey from Nanjemy in Charles County Maryland to James Town in Virginia by Thoms Tench Esqr and William Dent being sent by his Exncy the Governr & Councill of Maryland to his Exncy Sr Edmund

³⁴⁰Ibid., pp. 21-22.

³⁴¹Ibid., p. 22.

³⁴²From "Predicting the Weather for the 21st Century" by Clifford Nielson, in *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, 1998, pp. 116-18, as reported in *YFQ*, 11, No. 1 (2001), 6-9.

³⁴³From Malcolm Hart Harris, ed., *Old New Kent County, Some Accounts of the Planters, Plantations and Places in King William County, St. John's Parish*, Vol. II (West Point, VA, 1977), p. 809, as reported in *YFQ*, 3, No.4 (June 1994), p. 13.

Andros Governor of Virginia on express about the Indians & ca 1697” records a visit to Yarborough’s Ferry: “Wednesday 3d Novemr We passed Rappahannock fferry at Whitings and so to Yarboroughs fferry on the ffreshes Pomunkey River and there ledged that night.”³⁴⁴ Peter Yerburch, after reading these excerpts, obtained the journal and tracked this trip on a map.

- After Old Richard’s death: “23 October 1703. To William Byrd, 1200 acres new land, King William County, between the Herring Creek, beginning on the north side of Mattapony River between Yarbrough’s Ferry and Byrd’s quarter to just below mouth of Little Branch; by William’s plantation, to an old field near White’s house by run of Middle Herring Creek Swamp for transportation of twenty-four persons.”³⁴⁵
- From a deed some years after Old Richard’s death, we find evidence of an unrecorded Pamunkey lease for Old Richard. “Andrew MacCallister 86 acs., K. & Q. In Pamunkey Neck; beg. On Mattapony River cor. Of old Richard Yarabrough’s whole tract leased of the Pamunkey Indians.”³⁴⁶ Note the use of the word *old* with reference to Richard. Also note the words “*leased of* the Pamunkey Indians.”
- In a book by Elizabeth Hawes Ryland, we find that Benjamin Arnold owned the family ferry at one time. His daughter Ann Arnold had married Joseph Temple, who probably acquired the land by marriage. Arnold’s Ferry, sometimes called Yarborough’s ferry, was for many years the only crossing-place in this part of the country over the river to King and Queen [County].³⁴⁷ This is an editorial note written by Ms. Ryland. She gives a description of the area where Joseph Temple lived, stating that the “tract of land is formed into an ‘almost island’ by the Mattapony River and a small stream known by the name of ‘Spirit Run.’ ... After feeding Aylett’s mill pond Spirit Run flows into the river just above Pointer’s

³⁴⁴From *Proceedings of the Council of Maryland, 1696/7-98*, p. 295, Archives of Maryland, Vol. 23 (975.2 B4M), as reported in *YFQ*, 3, No. 4 (June 1994), 13.

³⁴⁵King William County, VA Patent Book 9, p. 554, as reported in *YFQ*, *ibid.*, 14.

³⁴⁶From Nell Marion Nugent, *Cavaliers and Pioneers*, Vol. III (Richmond: Virginia State Library, 1977), p. 50, as reported in *YFQ*, 7, No. 4 (1998), 14.

³⁴⁷*King William County Virginia, from Old Newspapers & Files*, compiled and annotated by Elizabeth Hawes Ryland (Richmond: Dietz Press, Inc., 1955), pp. 3- 4. Photocopied pages in my file.

Landing, thus cutting off a deep bend in the Mattapony and enclosing one of the most fertile farms on the north side of the county.”

- The Quit Rent Roll of King William County 1704 has the names of John Yarborough, 150 acres, and Richard Yarborough, 300 acres.³⁴⁸
- Excerpts of a deed of record, 20 May 1704: John Yarbrough to William Aylett, 200 acres on the bank of Mattapony River adjoining Herrin Creek, “being part of a great quantity of land formerly leased, sold or exchanged by the Chickahomney Indians with Arnold; by Arnold conveyed to John Hurt by deed acknowledged in King and Queen County Court 12 November 1692; by Hurt sold unto Richard Yarbrough, father of the said John Yarbrough, by deed acknowledged in court records for King and Queen County 12 February 1695 and is now in possession of John Yarbrough, one-half by virtue of a deed from his brother Richard Yarbrough, and the other half as heir to his, the said John Yarbrough’s, said father.”³⁴⁹ Here is the evidence that Old Richard had two sons, namely, John and Richard. They were also entitled to land that belonged to him.
- In the same deed, John is referred to as “John Yarbrough of the parish of St. John in King William Co. Planter.”³⁵⁰
- A letter of 1674 from Colonel William Byrd to Governor William Berkeley identifies *Yarborough*, our Old Richard, as not only an interpreter to the Indians but a mediator with them in the matter of the taking of Indian boys to re-educate them in English homes. In this letter, you will find Old Richard returning one such boy to his Toter Indian family. Also note in the letter that Byrd doesn’t feel it necessary to identify Yarborough to the governor, from which one can surmise that the two were not strangers to each another.

“May it please yor Exlncy[:] Last night Yarborough came to my house and gave mee an accot that pursuant to the orders they had re’d they went to the Toteros but comeing to ye Nottaway river they found the waaters so high they could not pass wherefore they sent Pansioela to the Toter’os to acquaint that others were there w’th the Boy [tribal hostage

³⁴⁸Cognets, *English Duplicates of Lost Virginia Records*, pp. 157-60.

³⁴⁹King William County, VA, Deed Book 1, p. 170, as reported in *YFQ*, 3, No. 4 (June 1994), 14.

³⁵⁰Johnston, *Satterfield and Allied Families*, pp. 22-23. Johnston also records “Abigail Yarbrough [John’s wife] to relinquish her dower” from Beverly Fleet. *Virginia Colonial Abstracts*, Vol. I, p. 292.

held by the English]. & on Friday night (the Kings son of ye Toteros) One Saponee, with Nomteracola ye great man of ye Toteros came to them and rec'd the Boy with great Satisfaction, they pretend they would come in & pd their tribute at Towne but they were uncertain of ye time, but promise to bring it in that next gene'l court; Nantucola seams to speake Suspiciously of them, if they had not speedily rec'd their boy, Some mischief would have follow'd, but affirms that neither Saponees nor Toteros had lately been near the English they having been considerable time all at till Tuesday last, when most of the Toteros went (as they said) a hunting on the South side of Maherin river, neither Saponees nor Toteros have of late years planted any corne, till this year, & now they have a considerable quantity of rar ripe corne growing. So that on the whol matter what to guesse I know not unless the Senecas have been sculking about ye English plantations to look for ye Appomattocks, If so I suppose they are gone out of sight of our rangers, shall not trouble your ExIncy farther, but humbly take leave and remain. My Ld. Yor Exlany's homble and Obedient Serv't"³⁵¹

- The Virginia Council Minutes give evidence of a Richard Yarbrough's having been paid in 1685 to act as interpreter for a conference in Albany, New York, and then to make a return trip a year later to ratify a peace treaty among various Indian tribes. There is a possibility that he supplied the vessel that traveled to and from the conference. Starting with 1685: "May: Discussion continued on Indian problems as 'Francis Lord Howard Goven'r on ye behalf of this Colony,' [selected] Honble. Ralph Wormeley Esq., Coll. Richard Lee, Coll.Wm. Byrd, John Lear, & Coll. Christopher Wormeley, to New York by water, with an Indian Interpreter, two Indians from Appomattocks, two Indians from Nanzatier [Nanzimond], two from Chickahomeny and two from Pomunkey by the tenth day of July next to confirme ye aforesaid articles." In June, Colonel Byrd and Edmund Jennings were selected as agents. "Xber 7th 1685: The Report as come from ye Committee of Claimes, relating to ye New York and Albany Charge is by ye house allowed off and Mr. Auditor [Nathaniel] Bacon is desired to pay... To Richd Yarborough Interpreter for his voyage & services £.20S.00d.00"³⁵²

³⁵¹From *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, Vol. 29, p. 35, E.H.L. S.L.C. as reported in *YFQ*, 9, No. 3 (2000), 16.

³⁵²From H. R. McIlwaine, ed., *Executive Journal of the Council of Colonial Virginia*, Vol. 1 (Richmond: Virginia State Library, 1925), pp. 71, 72, 90, 506, as reported in *YFQ*, 9, No. 3 (2000), 14, and *YFQ*, 13, No. 3 (2003), 4.

- “At a Grand Assembly begun at Green Spring, the 20th day of February 1676, these following orders of Public charge were made and allowed, vis... to Richard Yarberry 6,000 lbs. Of Tobacco.” It is not obvious what government services had been rendered.³⁵³
- Richard II's age is mentioned in two documents, one of which gives evidence that he was employed as a ranger. By November 1682, the forts were ordered dismantled. To provide new protection, Henrico, New Kent, Rappahannock, and Stafford counties were to furnish twenty mounted men to patrol the frontier. Here we find young Richard II as Yarboro, Richard, 28 March 1683, 30 [years old]. His name may be found in a report section called *Ages Given by Deposition in County Records*.³⁵⁴ If we subtract thirty from 1683, we find that young Richard was born in 1653. He worked with Colonel William Byrd, and he served as a frontier ranger. On November 22, 1683, he went with Colonel Byrd to finalize treaties with the Senecas in their “implacable” hatred against the Virginians. “Att a Generall Assembly Begun att James Citty the 16 day of Aprill in the Thirty-sixth yeare of His Majties Raigne And in the yeare of our Lord 1684. These following Orders of Publique Charge and Levy were made.... New Kent County ... To Richd Yarburgh for his service severall tymes in discovering the Senerca Indians and other publique service with Coll Byrd.”³⁵⁵
- In October of 1690, Richard II gave a deposition in the trial of Captain Jacob Lumpkin in New Kent County. The transcript of the deposition has his age as “38 years or thereabouts.” At the same time, another deposition was given by “Elizabeth Yarborough, wife of Richard Yarborough, aged 34 years or thereabouts.”³⁵⁶ We do not know the date of Old Richard's son John's birth, but we know his wife was named Abigail.

We know little of Old Richard's final years, but from his tombstone we know that he died in 1702. His marked grave stands as a testament to his life.

³⁵³From H. R. McIlwaine, *Journal of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1659-1693* (Richmond: Virginia State Library, 1914), p.81, as reported in YFQ, 7, No. 4 (1998), 17.

³⁵⁴From Benjamin B. Weisiger III, comp., *Henrico County Virginia Deeds* (Richmond, VA, 1986), p. 240, as reported in YFQ, 10, No. 2 (2001), 17.

³⁵⁵From McIlwaine, *Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1659-1693*, p. 81, as reported in YFQ, 10, No. 2 (2001), 20.

³⁵⁶“Jacobitism in Virginia,” *Virginia Magazine, History, and Biography* Vol. XI (1899), pp. 389-96. Based on research by Johnston, *Satterfield and Allied Families*, p. 21.

Thirty-three years after he was laid to rest, in 1735, Bristol Parish built a brick church at the site of his grave in Petersburg, Virginia. Fifty years later a brick wall enclosed the churchyard. In 1819, the town of Petersburg purchased the church and the surrounding four acres of land for a municipal burying ground. The total acreage comes to 189. Blandford is the final resting place of the highest-ranking British general buried in American soil during the Revolutionary War and of two governors of Virginia, three Confederate generals, and 30,000 Confederate soldiers (of whom only about 2,000 are identified.)

Bristol Parish, important to us for its Yarbrough connection, is today a landmark known as Old Blandford Church, a historic eighteenth-century parish church that is now a Civil War memorial honoring the Confederate dead buried in the cemetery. The states that composed the Confederacy financed all fifteen original stained glass windows in the church, which were designed by Louis Comfort Tiffany. Tiffany donated the window over the door, which is a cross of faceted glass, with the famous quotation from Luke's nativity narration: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." The other windows depict some of the apostles of Jesus. Besides Blandford Church in Petersburg, Virginia, there are only five other buildings in which every window is an original Tiffany creation.³⁵⁷

It is interesting to note that on this site the first Memorial Day was observed in June 1866. Schoolchildren, in commemoration, decorated the Confederate soldiers' graves with flowers, and this inspired the wife of General John A. Logan of the Grand Army of the Republic with the idea for a nationwide observance. General Logan chose the original date, May 30. (The fact that the May 30 date was chosen by a northerner may account for the fact that few southerners in years past celebrated on May 30.)

A brochure available to all who tour the site of Old Blandford Church points out that the oldest headstone in the cemetery surrounding the church dates to 1702. This grave, close to the entrance facing the church on the left, is Richard's, a founder of Bristol Parish. The weathered tombstones date to the early 1700s, and Richard Yarbrough's headstone is the oldest. The late U.S. Senator Ralph Yarborough of Texas remarked that the location of grave was seen in the 1940s, with its original inscription.

Hear what Kenneth and Evelyn Goble wrote: "A copy of the original record of Yarbrough's death was found in the L.D.S. Family History Library, by Evelyn Goble

³⁵⁷The Presbyterian Church, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York. Baker United Methodist Church, East Aurora, New York. St. John's Episcopal Church, Franklin, Pennsylvania. First Congregational United Church of Christ, Elyria, Ohio. St. Luke's United Methodist Church, Dubuque, Iowa.

prior to April 6, 1977. Evelyn and her husband, Kenneth Goble, joined her sister, Muriel Griffith, and her husband, Bryon, in mid-April, to visit Virginia.... A rubbing of the tombstone was promised to these two women...but when the two sisters and their husbands arrived in Virginia, they found the stone was fragmented. One corner of the stone had been broken off and the surname restored as Scarbrough. Contacting the caretaker and vicar, church records were checked. The ancient settler was Richard Yarbrough."³⁵⁸ My husband and I were in attendance when a new marker was dedicated in 1982 during the first Annual Yarbrough Conference in Petersburg, Virginia.

REENACTMENT OF BURIAL OF OLD RICHARD. Twenty years later, in 2002, the present-day Yarbrough Conference with about one hundred members met in Petersburg to celebrate with the Blandford Cemetery Foundation the Tercentenary of Richard's burial. The activities included a re-enactment of the Order for the Burial of the Dead from the Book of Common Prayer as would have been in use by the Church of England from 1662 onward. A wooden coffin was present, bedecked with wildflowers. The priest, dressed in attire of 1702, presided using the old English verses, leading a psalm by singing a line which the congregation repeated and continuing line by line to the end. Services ended at the grave.

LOCATION OF CHURCH AND CEMETERY. Blandford Church, dating from 1735, and its famous cemetery are located in Petersburg, Virginia, on Crater Road, which is U.S. 301, and it is clearly marked for tourists.

Guides to the Old Blandford Church in the present day do not miss the opportunity to tell the tourist that Richard Yarborough was eighty-seven years old when he died and that in itself was no small feat. Most men of that era were gone by the age of forty. "It was common practice in those days...to site churches on grounds already hallowed for the dead."³⁵⁹ Old Richard died in the area, and he was buried in the Old Virginia tradition, which consisted of family plots, usually on the first land or farm settled by the family in the area.

To pinpoint the location on present-day maps, enter the Chesapeake Bay and travel up the York River. (This river was previously called the Charles River, but was renamed the York River in 1642.) Close to West Point, Virginia, both the Mattaponi

³⁵⁸YFQ, 8, No. 1 (1998), 22.

³⁵⁹Jim Wise, "Graveyard Tells History of Civil War," *The Herald Sun*, June 13, 1999.

and the Pamunkey rivers empty into the York River. The Mattaponi Indian Reservation is twelve or fifteen miles out of West Point on State Road 30 going north. About six to ten miles to the west is the Pamunkey Indian Reservation along the Pamunkey River. Southwest of this area is the city of Petersburg, where we first learned of Richard Yarborough as the founder of the Bristol Parish in Petersburg. What a tale he could have told before his death in 1702!

Let's Go Back to England

Before we continue with the family in America, let's journey to England and enjoy some of the work that researchers have uncovered and shared. I have included some interesting information and stories that deserve our attention.

The Origin of the Family Name

According to several accounts,³⁶⁰ the word Yarborough is derived from eorpburg, the Anglo-Saxon name for the old earth fortifications in Britain. The word eorpburg contains two elements, both of Teutonic origin: eorpe, which is Old English for "earth," and burg or burh, which meant "fortification." The sites of these old earth fortifications in England often became hamlets, villages, and towns. By early modern times these were referred to as burroughs (later boroughs) in England, the Scottish form being burgh.

We have already seen that the village of Yarburch in Lincolnshire is listed in the Domesday Book, the record of the survey of the lands in England made by order of William the Conqueror in 1086. (King William wanted to see what type of property belonged to him and to his tenants, from princes down to the lowest subtenants. The Domesday Book gives the value of each area, including the livestock, and the dues owed to the crown.)

From Peter Yerburch we learn that the earthwork fort, or Yarburch, from which the family gets its name still exists in Lincolnshire near the River Humber, twenty-two miles northwest of Yarburch village (see the map). "It is some six feet high and about 80 meters square. Originally the fort would have had a palisade of strong wooden

³⁶⁰From J. C. Downing, "Know Your Name," The [Raleigh, NC] News and Observer, February 8, 1970, p. 6-V, as reported in Yarborough Family Magazine, p. 67 of the original issues sent to me by David Yarborough, founder and editor. See also the definitions of borough and earth in the Oxford English Dictionary, and Peter Yerburch, "Yarborough Fort," YFQ, 9, No. 1 (1999), 28-29.

stakes.... The area of the fort has been excavated, and the results show that it is much older than the Danish invasions (ca. A.D. 800.) Some Roman remains have been found, and there is evidence that it was a fort even in the Iron Age. It was probably not called Yarburgh until King Alfred's time (849-899).... [It] must have been used by many races at different times. The Anglo-Saxons could have used it to defend themselves from invading Vikings and Norsemen. By the eleventh century the Vikings were holding it. (In their language it was called 'Jar borg.') Our family name comes from this title." Today the fort "is in the middle of a small Victorian wood owned by the Earl of Yarborough and used as a fox covert. Before the wood was grown, the fort would have been in a good defensive position, being on the scarp of a hill.

"The whole area around Yarborough Fort (20 miles by 20 miles) was known as the Wapentake of Yarborough. What was a wapentake? In his book *Anglo-Saxon Lincolnshire*, Peter Sawyer writes that the word was a Scandinavian word—*vapnatac*—meaning 'the flourishing of weapons at an assembly.' The word came to be used for the district that [its] warriors controlled. At the Yarburgh, [the warriors of] the Wapentake of Yarborough would assemble to decide matters like defense, the imposing of tribute, and the choice of leaders."³⁶¹

The First Yarbroughs

The first recorded ancestor of the Yarbroughs is Germund, or Cermund. Born around 1020, he must have come to live in England during the time of the Danish king Canute, who ruled England from 1016 to 1035. "The name Cermund comes from the Old Norse first name Ceirmundr, which means 'ceir (falcon) handler.' The cyr falcon

³⁶¹Peter Yerburgh, "Yarborough Fort," *ibid.* In a personal communication in answer to a question I asked him about the Earl of Yarborough, the present owner of the fort, Peter Yerburgh wrote that the Earl of Yarborough's family "has not got the surname Yarborough but Anderson-Pelham. They are descended from Charles Anderson-Pelham, a member of Parliament who was created a baron in 1794, taking as his title 'Lord Yarborough.' He took the name 'Yarborough' from the wapentake of Yarborough, which area had many of his farms. The present earl lives near Grimsby in a fine house called Brocklesby Park, Harbrough, Lincolnshire." The second earl of Yarborough, interestingly, is the man for whom the yarborough bridge hand is named. According to Alan Truscott, the bridge columnist for *The New York Times*: "In the days of whist in England, Charles Anderson Worsley Anderson-Pelham, the second Earl of Yarborough [1809-1862], used to offer 1000 to 1 against a player's picking up a hand with no card higher than a nine. There were few takers, perhaps because the true odds are 1827 to 1. But such a hand is still called a yarborough." (Alan Truscott, "Good Yarbroughs and Bad: This One Took Three Tricks," *The New York Times*, May 29, 2004, p. B2.)

comes from Iceland and Scandinavia. So possibly our first recorded ancestor was a Scandinavian warrior."³⁶²

Germund's village of Grainthorpe was about twenty miles to the southeast of the Yarburgh Fort. At the time he lived, people did not use surnames. But the proximity to the fort may explain why the name "de Jerdeburgh" (= of the yarburh) came to be added on to their first names. It may also explain why the village in which Germund's descendants settled came to be named after "the Yarburh," as Yarburgh. "When the Normans took over England, the Duke of Brittany gave, or more likely reinstated, Germund's family with two churches with land, salt-pans, and appurtenances in Alvingham and Grainthrope, near Yarburgh village."³⁶³

Germund's son Alveric had a son named Kettelcroc. Kettelcroc's son Osbert had twin sons, both of whom were named Hameline. Some descendants of the younger twin, named Yerburgh, moved to Cockerington and Alvingham villages (four miles from Yarburgh village) sometime after 1350.³⁶⁴

Peter Yerburgh reminds us that "we must remember that there was not just one family called 'from Yarborough' or 'de Jerdeburgh.' We read of 'Robert Carpenter fil de Robt de Jerbur' and 'Jueta filia Thome ferraunt de Jerbc.' These were the carpenter and the daughter of the blacksmith of Yarburgh.

"Some would have carried the name of the village with them, if they went from the village to a new area. In Louth (a town near Yarburgh) we have three Yarboroughs. One, Thomas Yarborough, was a fletcher (arrow maker). Another, also named Thomas Yarborough, was a mercer (fabric dealer), another was a victualer (inn-keeper).

"A few 'from Yarburgh' went away into the church or a religious order. One or two went away to study law. Most stayed in the village and farmed.

"In time, surnames became established. The more important families took the

³⁶²See Peter Yerburgh, "The Yarborough Coat of Arms," YFQ, 8, No. 1 (1998), 5-7. Documentation of the early centuries of the Yerburgh (and its other spellings) pedigree chart, based on the charters of Alvingham and Kirkstead and data of medieval lawsuits, wills, and court rolls, is supplied by Peter Yerburgh in YFQ, 9, No. 1 (1999), 36. Part of the information used is found in the Bodleian Library, Oxford (MS. Laud Misc. 642 folio 96-98). "One of the most important sources for the Yerburgh pedigree is in a note at the bottom of 96v. The note is in Latin. It was written about 1275 but refers the people living in the 11th century." The list counts nine generations to about 1275. Another chart, naming people identified in "other mediaeval law suits and later in the Court Rolls... was worked out by Sir Arthur Cochrane and the College of Arms." It lists about five more generations. The pedigree chart shows Germundus (Germund) as the first person who has been identified in the family line.

³⁶³Peter Yerburgh, "Yarborough Fort," YFQ, 9, No. 1 (1999), 29.

³⁶⁴Peter Yerburgh, "Yerburgh Pedigree After the Hamelines," YFQ, 9, No. 4 (2000), 23-25.

name of the village. The rest were identified by names connected with their trade, their father, or even their appearance."³⁶⁵

The Cockerington branch of the family is of particular interest to us. A later descendant of the Cockerington line was Thomas Yerburgh of Alvingham. Thomas was a yeoman land owner and farmer who went to Lincoln and volunteered to lead his neighboring countrymen in defending their rights against the Statute of Uses curbing the power of English landowners. "The Statute of Uses was brought in by King Henry VIII to prevent handing on land to sons without paying tax to him (as the supreme tenant in chief)."³⁶⁶ In 1537 Thomas Yerburgh of Alvingham and John Yerburgh of Louth were sentenced to death but were reprieved in the Lincolnshire rebellion.³⁶⁷

"Thomas and his son, William, were of sufficient stature in their community to direct in their wills that their bodies be buried in Alvingham Church." William was married to Ellen Allot, and they had four sons, one of whom was Thomas II. This young Thomas II wed Elizabeth. He became a church warden in Saltfleetby, a town to the east of Alvingham, from 1601 to 1610. He and Elizabeth had seven children.

"In January 1642 Richard Yerburgh, apparently the youngest son of this highly religious couple, was left 70 pounds by a brother, Charles, who was christened in 1615. A letter of young Charles to his parents, through which we learn of the existence of Richard, states:

Loving Father My duty to you & my mother. I have a will in my trunk I suppose, if not I will Matthias my brother to be my executor. To John Yerburgh my brother forty pounds. I gift to Richard Yerburgh my brother three score and ten pounds, to Thos. Yarbor, my Nephew three acres and half close called Berrie lands after the decease of Matthias, my brother."

Peter Yerburgh writes, "Richard's name is missing from the Baptismal Register, but he was the son of Thomas Yarborowe of Saltfleetby, whose children were born between 1594 and 1616. Richard Yarborough the Virginia pioneer died in 1702. His gravestone records that his age was then 87. That means that he was born in 1615."³⁶⁸

³⁶⁵Ibid.

³⁶⁶Personal correspondence of August 5, 2004, with Peter Yerburgh. He states, "This Thomas Y. involved in the Lincolnshire uprising was the great-grandfather of the Richard Y. who I believe went to Virginia."

³⁶⁷Peter Yerburgh, "The Yarboroughs of Alvingham and Panton," *YFQ*, Vol. 9, No. 1 (1999), 35.

³⁶⁸"Richard's Family Background in England," written by Gayle G. Ord and researched by Peter Yerburgh, *YFQ*, 10, No. 1 (2000), 8-9. See also "Yerburgh Pedigree After the Hamelines," *ibid.*, 30, where Peter Yerburgh states his belief that the Richard Yarbrough who sailed to Virginia around 1642 was probably Richard Yarborough of Saltfleetby.

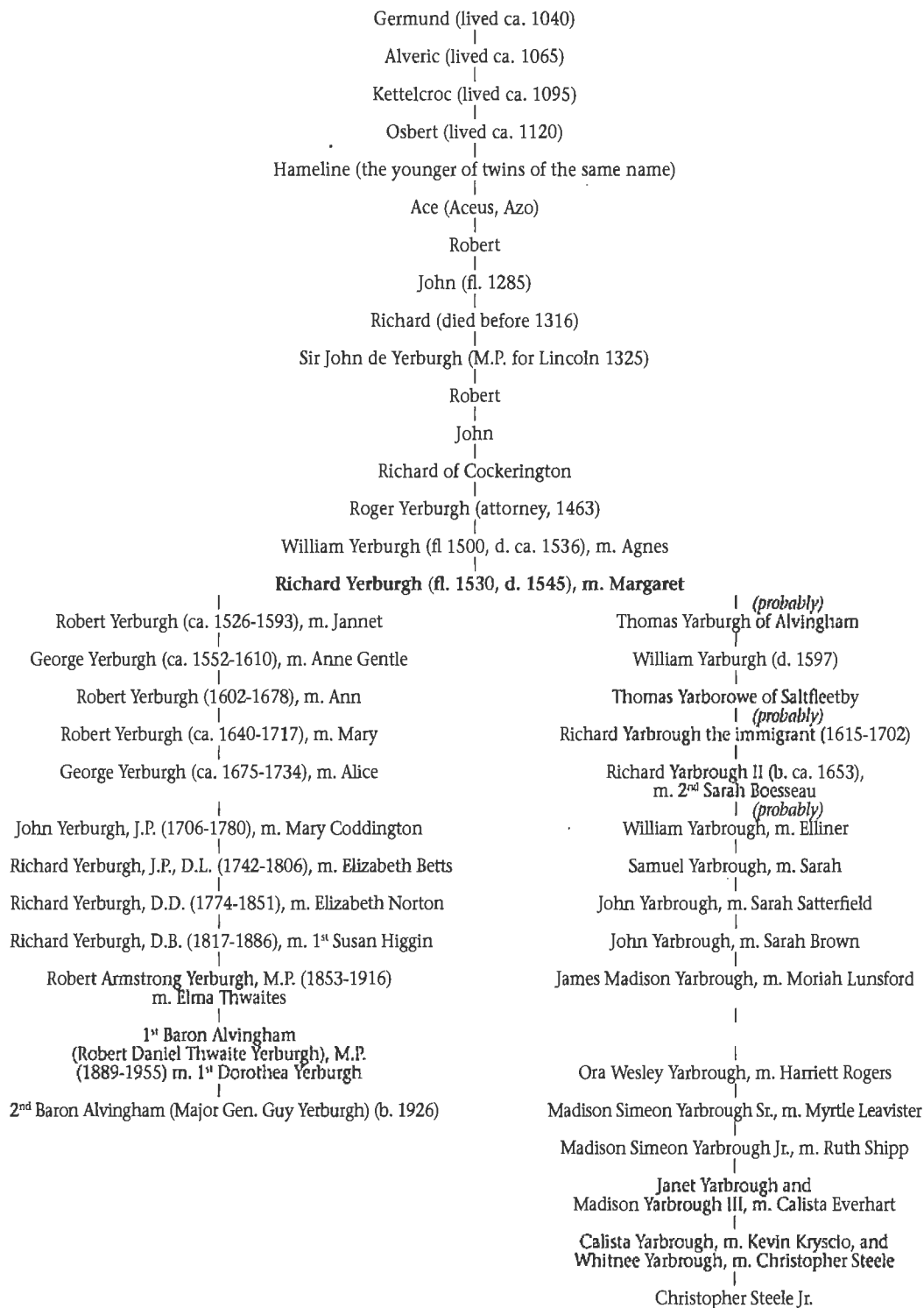
If this Richard, son of Thomas Yarborowe of Saltfleetby, is our Old Richard (and the evidence of birth dates supports this), and if, as we think, our family is descended from Old Richard, then we can trace the family history as shown in the chart on the following page (with the English line at the left, the American line at the right). Today this branch of the Yarborough family in England is headed by Major General Guy Yerburch C.B.E., O.B.E. He holds the title Baron Alvingham.

As you examine the chart, keep in mind that not everything on it is 100 percent certain. Peter Yerburch reminds us of this when he writes, "For genealogists there is a risk that we take all the 'best' ones and say, 'These were MY ancestors!!'" The truth is that we do not know for certain.... My own [Cockerington] branch of the Yarboroughs (which retained the 'old' spelling, Yerburch) has a pedigree which has been 'accepted' by the College of Heralds. It goes back to Germund and naturally includes the fourteenth-century Lincolnshire M.P. [Sir John de Yerbergh]. But ... it may have to be revised in the light of further research."³⁶⁹

Using Peter Yerburch's information and charts, I have taken the Cockerington branch of the Yarbrough family that starts with Germund, and I have added his research starting with the branch of Thomas Yerburch of Alvingham to Richard Yarbrough, the immigrant. I have continued the chart to the present day in our particular branch of the family. Please note that there are probabilities stated in two places. At the present until more research is done this seems a reasonable conclusion.

Due to a limited space, the chart on the following page is scaled down to minimum information. Check the manuscript and chart at the end of this particular chapter for full names and dates.

³⁶⁹Peter Yerburch, "Yerburch Pedigree After the Hamclines," *YFQ*, 9, No. 4, (2000), 24-27.



The Landric Line

We have followed one branch of the Yarbroughs from Germund, in 1020, to Baron Alvingham, the present head of the family in England. But there is another ancestral line, also dating from the eleventh century. It goes back to Landric, who lived about 1080. Landric's grandson Brian, a knight of Breton, was given land and the church of Yarburgh by another Count of Brittany. From this line sprang the branch of the Yarboroughs headed today by Baron Deramore.

Landric's descendants are sometimes referred to as the Heslington Yarboroughs, from the Elizabethan country house Heslington Hall, near York, where they lived from 1708, when James Yarburgh's wife, Ann, inherited it. Later in this section I include some information about the later generations of this family and Heslington Hall.³⁷⁰

An interesting story about an early member of this branch of the family was published in the *Yarburgh Family Quarterly*, and it is worth repeating here. It is the story of a jilted lover.

Matilda Matilda (Or, She Took Him to the Cleaners)

In the year 1195, the Archbishop of Canterbury's Court at Westminster, London, heard the breach-of-promise case of Matilda. It was brought against Robert, the son of Gikell de Yerdeburgh, a grandson of Landric.³⁷¹

It seems that Robert had broken a marriage proposal to Matilda of Lissington, some eighteen miles from Yarburgh village. A dowry had been promised, assurance money or land, to Matilda. The engagement was broken, and Matilda married William, son of Hemer, perhaps on the rebound, but Matilda was not going to let Robert off the hook.

This case was recorded in the Pipe Rolls, written in shorthand Latin. "It was heard before: Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury; Richard Fitz Neal, Bishop of London; the Archdeacon of Hereford; the Archdeacon of Ely and six laymen with other barons. It must have been considered an important case to have been heard by such people."

Representing Robert was his brother, John, son of Gikell de Yerdeburgh. The fact that John was a knight would have carried some weight with the Court. Matilda's new husband represented her.

The dispute was "soothed," according to the text, when Robert agreed to pay

³⁷⁰A pedigree chart of the Heslington Yarboroughs is published in *YFQ*, 9, No. 2 (2000), 10. An article titled "Landric's Descendants," by Peter Yerburgh, from which this information on Heslington Hall is drawn, appeared in *YFQ*, 9, No. 4 (2000), 29-32.

³⁷¹This story was researched by Peter Yerburgh, "Archbishop Presides Over Yarborough Case," *YFQ*, 10, No. 1 (2000), 20. I am giving a synopsis, quoting the text at times.

twenty silver shillings annually to Matilda. "In the 12th century, when a year's rent was about one shilling, this was a large sum. Robert had to arrange that rents in the villages of Yarburgh and Grainthrope, which had been coming to him, should now go to Matilda." Case settled!

This certainly was a high price to pay for a breach of promise. We could say that Robert was taken to the cleaners.

When Knighthood Was in Flower

We have seen that John de Yerdeburgh, who represented his brother Robert in the case brought by Matilda, was a knight. Who were the knights in medieval England? "In the 12th and 13th centuries, if you possessed 5 hides (600 acres) or had income above 40 pounds (a large sum in those days) you had to 'owe a Knight's fee.' This entailed either military or financial obligations to the local overlord or the King. In return you were known as Sir John (or whatever your name) de Yerdeburgh (or whatever village). If you were too old to go yourself or had good reason for not going, you might pay a 'fine' for a mercenary to fight instead of you!

"To find out who 'owed' him a knight's fee or fees, the King sent out Norman officials (often monks) to every part of the land. Their findings were recorded in the Domesday Book (1086), the Lindsey Survey (1115), and the Book of Fees (1242.) From this information the taxation could be assessed and the number of knights reckoned. The number of knights which could be summoned was well over 5000."³⁷²

The Chaucer Connection

Another Sir John de Yerdeburgh was an important man in the time of Geoffrey Chaucer (ca. 1343–1400.) I first heard of him from U.S. Senator Ralph Yarborough of Texas, who spoke at the first National Yarbrough Conference in 1982 at Petersburg, Virginia. Senator Yarborough was proud of his family name and had been to England and visited the keeper of the family scroll. My husband and I were present and listened intently to the stories that he told at that time. He returned to the sixth annual meeting in 1988 and again fascinated those present with details of the family.

Senator Yarborough said that in 1960 he discovered in some books about Geoffrey Chaucer that the only records found by historians trying to figure out where Chaucer got his backing were vouchers payable to Chaucer signed by John Yarbrough on behalf of the Duke of Lancaster, who was John of Gaunt. Philippa, Chaucer's wife, was a sister-

³⁷²Peter Yerburgh, "Landric/Yarborough Pedigrees," *YFQ*, 10, No. 1 (2000), 27.

in-law of John of Gaunt. We don't know exactly how this Sir John de Jordeburgh fits into the Yarbrough family tree, but what we know of him is worth repeating here.

To set the stage, let us look at the cast of characters. It is equally important that we know the conditions of the times in which this ancestor lived. John of Gaunt was the fourth son of King Edward III of England (reigned 1327–77.)³⁷³ The Hundred Years' War between England and France began in 1337. It was in 1349 when the terrible Black Death carried off one-third of the population of England. The eldest son of the King Edward III was known as Edward, the Black Prince. He died before his father, the king. The son of the Black Prince, though a boy of ten, became King Richard II when his grandfather, King Edward III, died. The custom was that if this happened, the child was strangled and an adult in the line took the kingship. John of Gaunt refused to kill his nephew and swore a fealty to the young king. This act gained him great privileges from the crown, but only for a few years.³⁷⁴

John of Gaunt married his cousin Blanche, daughter of Henry of Lancaster, and became Duke of Lancaster. After Blanche died, he married Constance, daughter of Peter the Cruel of Castile. Spain at that time was divided into two kingdoms, Castile and Leon. When Constance's father died, John of Gaunt went to Castile to try to put his wife on the throne, to which she was entitled. The Spanish would not allow this, as John would have become king, and he was an Englishman. He ran three unsuccessful campaigns trying to attain the crown. But in 1387, he resigned all claims in favor of his daughter, Catherine.³⁷⁵ John of Gaunt received a large pension for not pressing his claim to the throne of Castile.³⁷⁶

So who was the John Yarbrough who signed vouchers for Geoffrey Chaucer on behalf of John of Gaunt? "Two John de Jordeburghs lived near Grimsby in the early 1300s. One was married to Elizabeth. He and Elizabeth gave land to Grimsby Abbey in 1314. The other Sir John was married to Joanna. He was Coroner for Lincolnshire (ca. 1315) and Assessor of Lindsey (1322.) This man was probably the Sir John de Yerdeburgh, one of the two Lincolnshire knights who attended Parliament in 1325. He is mentioned in the Feudal Fees (1346) as holding lands in Thorgamby.

³⁷³"John of Gaunt," *American People's Encyclopedia*, 1955, Vol. 11, p. 679.

³⁷⁴Ralph Yarborough, "Three Yarborough Myths," *YFQ*, 1, No. 4 (June 1992), 15.

³⁷⁵"John of Gaunt," *American People's Encyclopedia*, 1955, Vol. 11, 679.

³⁷⁶George Holmes, *The Later Middle Ages, 1272-1485* (London: W. W. Norton, 1966), p. 163.

"A Sir John de Yerdeburgh, probably the Coroner's son, became linked to the Court of John, Duke of Lancaster. Sir John de Yerdeburgh was, first, Keeper of the Royal Wardrobe. As such, he signed vouchers to famous men like Geoffrey Chaucer. In 1379 he became Chancellor to the Duke. The Register of John of Gaunt (Camden Society Vol. LVI & LVII) records that Sir John de Yerdeburgh was the Duke's first Chancellor. This would have been a very important position, because John of Gaunt was virtually in charge of the country, being an uncle to the young King—Richard II. The Duke was also involved in European affairs. While the Duke was fighting his campaigns, Sir John de Yerdeburgh was one of five given the control of the Duke's castles. His duties as Keeper of the Royal Seal meant that Sir John had to travel a great deal. He became unwell. In 1383 Sir John wrote a letter to the Duke asking acceptance to his resignation. The Duke wrote a personal letter to him, accepting his resignation, calling him 'Nostre trsame clerk, sire Johan de Yerdeburgh, notre chancellor.' ... It is not known exactly how the Chancellor ... [was] related to the traditional family."³⁷⁷

Richard II reigned from 1367 to 1400. John of Gaunt became famous for his defense of John Wycliff, the great religious reformer. Gaunt not only sided with John Wycliff, but he accompanied Wycliff and broke up his trial with armed men. About 1374, "John Wycliffe entered service of John of Gaunt as an anti-clerical propagandist." Wycliffe died in 1384.³⁷⁸

John of Gaunt may have been one of the most important single individuals in English politics at that time. He exercised great influence over England, though he failed to win the confidence of the House of Commons. In 1389, he was the peacemaker between Richard II and the nobles.³⁷⁹ In 1396, he married the third time to Catherine Swynford, by whom he already had three sons and one daughter. The children were legitimized by Richard II.³⁸⁰

After some victories, Richard II banished Bolingbroke and Mowbray, two of the children of John of Gaunt. In 1399, on the death of John of Gaunt, Richard II seized his estates.

While Richard II was on a trip to Ireland, Henry Bolingbroke, eldest son of John of Gaunt, returned and captured the king, deposed him, and became king as Henry IV. It is said that Richard II was murdered in Pontefract Castle.³⁸¹

³⁷⁷Peter Yerburch, "The Chancellor's Family" *YFQ*, 9, No. 1 (1999), 34.

³⁷⁸Hoimes, *The Later Middle Ages*, pp. 170-76.

³⁷⁹"John of Gaunt," *American People's Encyclopedia*, 1955, Vol. 11, p. 679.

³⁸⁰*Ibid.*

³⁸¹*Ibid.*, Vol. 16, p. 762.

John de Jerdeburgh, the Keeper of the Royal Seal, lived in a time frame of unrest in England. It would have been interesting to have learned more about his family life. Although Peter Yerburgh stated, "It is not known exactly how the Chancellor... [was] related to the traditional family," in another article, he writes about the "Old Stock of Yarboroughs." He points to Burke's Peerage for the list of ancestors and provides a chart. He attributes old ancestors with supplying the genes "that resulted in the Yerburghs and Yarbroughs who remained in the Cockerington and Alvingham area for about three centuries—eventually migrating to other parts of the county, and one branch immigrating to Virginia."³⁸²

The Coat of Arms

Families recognized by the Royal College of Arms have the right to display an escutcheon (a shield with armorial bearings). In olden days, the Royal Herald checked on the families with visitations; if the family was accepted, its pedigree was lodged at the Royal College.

Peter Yerburgh states that the Yarborough family has been on the accepted list since the fifteenth century.³⁸³ But like other families, it could trace its tree back to the Norman Conquest of 1066.

"In ancient warfare it was important to recognize your own side in a battle. A knight could not be distinguished from the enemy when dressed in full armour. However, the shield and the helmet could be painted and ornamented to show who the mailed rider was.

"The first 'official' recording of a Yarborough having a coat of arms is on a 15th century seal (British Museum Seals, Vol. III, page 698) when Richard Yerburghe co. Lincs AD 1420 used 'Per fess a Lion rampant queue forchee' [a raging double tailed lion].

"The Yarborough Arms are shown in the Visitation of Lincolnshire, in 1562, as Per pale Argent and Azure three Chaplets counter changed. For the Crest there is a Falcon preying upon a Duck."

Over the years parts of the coat of arms have changed. For instance, "when a Yarborough married a lady of another gentle family the arms of the shield would be divided into two." The husband's arms would be on the right side (left to a viewer) and the wife's on the left. The husband's side was called the "dexter" side and the wife's was

³⁸²Peter Yerburgh, "The Yarborough Branches," *YFQ*, 15, No. 1 (2005), 7-10.

³⁸³This section is based on Peter Yerburgh, "The Yarborough Coat of Arms," *YFQ*, 8, No. 1 (1998), 5-7.

called the "sinister" side. You can imagine how complicated this can get with descending generations marrying and combining coats of arms. The same applies to the hyphenated names we see today.

There was always a motto inserted in a scroll, and this differed as the family lines divided.

The Yarborough shield is blue and silver (azure and argent), with wreaths of laurel or oak with four red roses in three circles, and a chevron superimposed on the shield. The chevron (an upside-down V) is the shape of the gable of a house.

Above the shield is a closed helmet, to indicate the mark of esquires and gentlemen. For the crest, there is a falcon preying upon a duck.

"At the end of the 12th century Dean Hameline de Jerdeburgh (Yarborough) was accustomed to give a hawk and falcon, each year, to the royal exchequer. This gift apparently freed the Yarboroughs from any further royal taxes."

The Heslington Yarboroughs

Though the Heslington Yarboroughs are not our line, I thought it interesting to include some information about the family and about their home for more than two hundred years, Heslington Hall.³⁸⁴

The original house was built for Thomas Eynns and his wife Elizabeth. It was completed in about 1568. It was sold to the Hesketh family in 1601. "On the death of Thomas Hesketh III in 1708, the Hall passed by marriage into the ownership of the Yarburgh family."

Charles Yarburgh, who owned the house in the mid-eighteenth century, added a series of fifty-seven heraldic panels "commemorating the Yarburgh marriages since the eleventh century. They were all eventually painted over but rediscovered later, and a few still remain."

In the middle of the nineteenth century, the Heslington Yarburgh name passed through the female line to Sarah Yerburgh, who married John Greame. He enlarged the manor house into a Victorian mansion of 109 rooms.

Sarah's daughter, Alicia Greame, married George Lloyd. In 1810 George Lloyd assumed the name and arms of the Yarburghs. In 1852 Mary, a granddaughter of this couple, heiress to the estate, married George Bateson, who succeeded to the title second baron Deramore

³⁸⁴The information in this section is drawn and paraphrased from Peter Yerburgh, "Landric's Descendants," *YFQ*, 9, No. 4 (2000), 29-32, and the University of York Communications Office, "Heslington Hall: Introductory Notes on the Building and Its Owners," <http://www.york.ac.uk/admin/presspr/40thanniversary/heshall.htm>. Direct quotations are from the university publication.

in 1892. "Their two sons, Robert Wilfred (third baron Deramore) and George Nicholas (fourth baron Deramore) occupied the Hall during the twentieth century."

"The family had left the Hall at the outbreak of the Second World War, during which time the Hall became the Headquarters of 64 Group, Bomber Command. After the war, the Hall stood empty for almost twenty years until it was converted for use by Lincoln University." Many changes were made by the university, but there are still remnants of the original building, including in particular "a pendant stucco ceiling over the great hall." Several rooms from the nineteenth century are little changed, while "above the main entrance, the University's principal administrative building still carries the Yarburgh achievement with its motto 'Non es sine purvere palma'" (it takes effort to win the palm.)

Yarburgh Village Today

Before we leave this discussion of the English family and return to Virginia and the eighteenth century, let's look at a description of two churches and a hotel in Yarburgh village and nearby places.

In Yarburgh village stands a church known as St. John the Baptist of Yarburgh. Architecturally the church is very important, according to Edward Boyd Yarbrough of Michigan. This church was rebuilt in 1405 in the Perpendicular Style using brown sandstone. It has a massive square tower with battlements which are large in comparison to the nave. The church was restored in 1853-55 with a new slate roof, new windows, porch, vestry, pews, and heads carved into the piers' simple capitals. The fifteenth-century rood screen stands near the tower entrance, and in the church is the piscina (a sink to drain sacred vessels) which predates 1405. Two of the church's bells are from the fifteenth century and two from the nineteenth. The setting is in the watery meadows in the heart of what was once England's Danelaw, only a few miles from the North Sea.³⁸⁵

St. John the Baptist Church has no regular services and has been declared "pastorally redundant" by the Church of England. A vacant school is across from the church.

Used in the church in Yarburgh was a "Coconut Cup" mounted in silver and dating

³⁸⁵YFQ, 6, No. 2 (Dec. 1996), 16-20.

to the days of King Charles I.³⁸⁶ The cup was used as a communion cup or chalice. This Yarborough Coconut Cup is now in the Lincoln Cathedral Treasury.³⁸⁷

The nearest train station to Yarburgh is Grimsby, about twelve miles to the north. At 29 Bethlehem Street, Grimsby Town, stands the Hotel Yarborough. In 1988 it was identified on the front as Hotel Yarborough; on the rear, the sign read Yarbrow Hotel. And, to add a final instance of multiple spellings of the family name, the current village of Yarburgh was spelled "Yarborough" on a Saxton map of 1576.³⁸⁸

The town of Alvingham is three or four miles south of Yarburgh. In the church in Alvingham we learn that Richard of Yarburgh was rector in 1335. The Yarborough arms are on a plaque inside the church.

William of Amelia County, Virginia

The earliest ancestor in our line whom I have been able to document with undisputed evidence is William Yarbrough of Amelia County, Virginia. Amelia County was created in a second split of Prince George and Brunswick counties. In 1702, Prince George was an area with no definite boundary extending to present-day North Carolina. Brunswick County was created in 1720, and Amelia in 1734. Many other counties or parishes were the offshoots, being created as the need arose. The original area of Amelia County comprised the three counties that today are Nottoway, Prince Edward, and Amelia, the latter named for Amelia Sophia Eleanor, who was the daughter of King Edward II of England.

William Yarbrough had extensive holdings of land in the vicinity of the Little Nottoway River and Mallory's Creek. Other Yarbroughs owned land close by. The Amelia County Historical Society has land plat maps that clearly show the early Yarbrough land patents. A small parcel of one map shows the Yarbrough holdings in the area of the Little Nottoway River merging with South Fork Little Nottoway. Mallory's Creek is to the north. A sketch is included.

Numerous records establish William and his sons as owning the land:

- On February 21, 1722, William Yarbrough and his wife, Elliner, conveyed property to Martin Chandler in a deed.³⁸⁹

³⁸⁶YFM, 2, No. 6 (Feb. 1988), 99-100.

³⁸⁷James T. Yarbrough of Atlanta, Georgia, sharing information about his travels in Lincolnshire, Letter to Editor, YFM, 2, No. 5 (Jan. 1988), 89-93.

³⁸⁸Ibid.

³⁸⁹Ryland, *Abstracts of King William County, Virginia Record Books*, Vol. I, p. 62 (Richmond: Virginia State Library). As reported in Johnston, *Satterfield and Allied Families*, p. 26. A description of this book is found in the earlier part of this section on the Yarbroughs.

- On June 10, 1740, William Yarbrough recorded 400 acres (description in poles) in Amelia County.³⁹⁰
- On the same date, Henry and Thomas Yarbrough (probably cousins) recorded 800 acres on the south side of Little Nottoway River.
- On June 5, 1746, Samuel, William, Hezekiah, and Moses Yarbrough (William's sons) recorded 1,372 acres in Amelia County, both sides of Little Nottoway River and Mallory's Creek, beginning in their father's line on a south side of Mallory's Creek; along his line west 25 poles to his corner in a branch, south 117 poles to Henry Yarbrough's corner....³⁹¹

William's will names Elliner as his wife. F. Claiborne Johnston, researcher, believes she was a Thompson, but this has not been proven. Johnston writes that in 1690 at age twenty-two in New Kent County, "Ellinor" Thompson gave a deposition, having been in the company of Richard Yarborough and others at the home of Benjamin Arnold.

William and Elliner gave biblical names to a number of their children. His will lists three daughters and five sons:

1. Priscilla Yarbrough
2. Anne Yarbrough, married _____ Higgons
3. Caryinhapuch Yarbrough, married _____ Anderson
4. Samuel Yarbrough, married Sarah—the direct line
5. William Yarbrough, married Diana Carey Smith
6. Hezekiah Yarbrough, died March 4, 1754; his will was probated June 27, 1754³⁹²
7. Moses Yarbrough, died March 3, 1756; his will was probated April 22, 1756³⁹³
8. Micajah Yarbrough

Note the similarity in spelling of *Caryinhapuch*, the name of William's third daughter, and *Kerenhappuch*, the name of the third daughter of Job in the Bible (see Job 42:14.) Perhaps William had in mind the following verse when he named her: "And in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job" (Job 42: 15.) Again, the name *Micajah* is similar to *Micaiah*, the Old Testament prophet, son of Imlah (I Kings and II Chronicles.)

³⁹⁰Amelia County, VA Patent B 19, p. 680, reported in *YFQ*, 4, No. 1 (Sept. 1994), 22-23.

³⁹¹Amelia County, VA Patent B 25, pp. 54-56, reported *ibid*.

³⁹²Amelia County, VA, Will Book 1, p. 107. Copy of index in my files.

³⁹³Amelia County, VA, Will Book 1, p. 119, *ibid*.

William's will was written July 19, 1748, and proved December 16, 1748. A copy of the will was obtained from the Amelia County Courthouse,³⁹⁴ and a transcript is in this book. Throughout the document, the family name is spelled *Yarbrough*, with one *o*.

Grandson of Old Richard?

We have already been introduced to Old Richard Yarbrough, who is buried at Old Blandford Church, Petersburg, Virginia. I am in agreement with Karen Mazock,³⁹⁵ Yarbrough archivist, who believes that William was a grandson of Old Richard. William's will of 1748 was witnessed by Richard Yarbrough and Richard Yarbrough, Jr., and neither could have been the immigrant Old Richard, for his tombstone gives his death date as 1702. Below is a tentative list of the children and grandchildren of Old Richard. The groups seem to fit in a pattern of later activities of the Yarbrough family, but it is impossible to label this as a final arrangement.

Old Richard Yarborough had three known children:

1. John, married Abigail Whitehead around 1695, died in 1747. Their children were Thomas, Henry, James, Charles, and John, Jr.
2. Sarah, married John Hurt around 1679. Their children were William, John, Joseph, and James.
3. Richard II, born 1653, married twice. By Elizabeth, he had sons Richard III, Robert, and Edward. Our William, born around 1699/1701, who was married to Elliner of Amelia County, was possibly the son of Richard II by his second wife, Sarah Holmes Bird Boesseau. This was Sarah's third marriage.³⁹⁶

"The earliest Boesseaus were of New Kent and King William [Counties].... William Yarborough [whose wife was Ellinor] and Richard Yarborough, Jr. [widower whose second or third wife was Sarah Holmes Bird Boesseau] on June 10, 1720 were both on the land of Robert Holmes in King William."³⁹⁷ On this date, "King William List of surveys of Jas. Taylor:

William Yarbrough 400 acres Rob't. Holmes

Richard Yarbrough 400 acres Rob't. Holmes

³⁹⁴Will probated at court in Amelia County, VA, on December 16, 1748, in Will Book 1, p. 50.

³⁹⁵Personal letter of June 16, 1997.

³⁹⁶YFQ, 8, No. 3 (March 1999), 5-6.

³⁹⁷YFQ, 9, No. 2 (2000), 29.

John Collier Jr. 400 acres Rob't. Holmes
 Thomas Evans 200 acres Rob't. Holmes"³⁹⁸

There are a few land records and a number of governmental references to Robert Holmes in the early years. We found evidence that Sarah was a Holmes in the will of Robert Bird, July 11, 1694, proved December 14, 1696. Robert Bird was Sarah's first husband's father. His will names: "Son William plantation of John Richards from Joseph Cockeram plus land of Thomas Tarpley where he now lives between Benjamin Arnold and John Hurt.... Son Robert land by Thomas Holmes and Gabriel Hill deceased ... [D]aughter Ann ... daughter Mary ... Wife Catherine Bird, daughter-in-law Sarah Holmes 'now wife of James Boesseau,' etc."³⁹⁹

Daughter-in-law Sarah must have held a portion of the Cockerham land of her deceased husband, because in 1704 in King William County, Richard Yarbrough and Sarah sold the Jos. Cooperham [Cockerham] estate to Robert Abbot.⁴⁰⁰ In the years that follow, brothers John Yarbrough and Richard Yarbrough, Jr. decided to petition for more land in Reedy Swamp on the upper Mattaponi River. Petitions by Christopher Smith, William Cockerham, and others to stop the patents of the Yarbroughs are a matter of record.⁴⁰¹ Notice that William Cockerham is one of the petitioners. It is my belief that the early settlers considered that the land should stay within their own families. I wonder if the sale of the Robert Bird inheritance by Richard and Sarah caused the conflicts. We have probable evidence that Sarah Holmes Bird Boesseau is the mother of William Yarbrough, husband of Elliner. He and Richard were living on the Robert Holmes land when the survey was made in 1720.

William's son Samuel is our line.

Samuel Yarbrough and Wife Sarah

When I first began the search for the Yarbrough ancestors, I utilized every avenue. In Hillsborough, Orange County, North Carolina, for a garden club meeting, I had some spare time and decided to browse in the courthouse. There I found the will of

³⁹⁸Cognets, *English Duplicates of Lost Virginia Records*, p. 160, as reported in *YFQ*, 7, No. 2, (1997), 10.

³⁹⁹William Lindsay Hopkins, *Some Wills from the Burned Counties of Virginia, 1632-1800*, p. 73 (self-published in 1987 by W. L. Hopkins, P. O. Box 7254, Richmond, VA 23221, as reported in *YFQ*, 7, No. 2 (1997), 10.

⁴⁰⁰Nell Marion Nugent, *Cavaliers and Pioneers*, Vol. III (Richmond: Virginia State Library, 1972), pp. 74-76, as reported in *YFQ*, 7, No. 2 (1997), 6.

⁴⁰¹H. R. McIlwaine, *Executive Journal of the Council of Colonial Virginia* (Richmond: Virginia State Library, 1928), pp. 354, 370, 377, 394, as reported in *YFQ*, 7, No. 2 (1997), 11.

Samuel Yarbrough. I had no idea that he was an ancestor, but I made a copy of the will and filed it away.

In the Archives in Raleigh, North Carolina, I discovered a land grant of August 26, 1760, to Samuel Yarbrough registered in Granville County. A copy of Samuel's signature is in this book. Remember that this is sixteen years before the Declaration of Independence, before Norfolk, Virginia, was burned by the British, before Nathan Hale was hanged in New York. And our ancestor Samuel Yarbrough is in North Carolina.

Let's recall something of the history of Carolina: On April 3, 1663, King Charles II gave Carolina to eight lords proprietors. In 1729 North Carolina became a royal colony, when King George II bought out seven of the eight proprietors. The Granville district remained in the possession of Lord Carteret, who was also Earl of Granville until the Revolution, and one half of northern North Carolina remained with him.

"The Earl also decreed that all rents must be paid in gold and silver...to be paid on 'Outlaws Landing' on the Chowan River...some 300 miles from frontier lands and 90 miles from the nearest Edgecomb border. This caused extreme hardship as men traveled each year on poor footpaths in Indian, outlaw, and beast infested forest to pay their taxes. The Earl required a fee when he issued a land grant and quit rent for the land as it went under cultivation, as well as taxes."

Granville and his agents employed fraudulent schemes to increase their income. They would give several persons documents assuring ownership to the same land, and they declared all patents granted before 1752 to be void, forcing men to reapply and pay again for their land.

Because of this corrupt tax base, it is little wonder that North Carolina was the first colony to propose independence formally (in the Halifax Resolves, April 12, 1776,) just three months after Thomas Paine had demanded independence in his incendiary best-selling pamphlet, "Common Sense."⁴⁰²

The Samuel Yarbrough grant is between the Right Honorable John Earl Granville, Viscount Carteret, and Baron Carteret of Hawnes in the county of Bedford in the Kingdom of Great Britain and His Most Excellent Majesty King George, the second, in the eighteenth year of his reign, and Samuel Yarbrough. Again, note the spelling Yarbrough with one o. At home, while rereading the grant, I discovered that the

⁴⁰²A summary of YFQ, 8, No. 4 (June 1999), 4-6.

surveyed land was located on the northern tip of the Tar River in North Carolina, where I knew our ancestors had lived.

Other great news was discovered in Samuel's will. It would be the answer to all genealogists' prayers if all wills contained such leads. Samuel's will read, "I give and bequeath to my beloved son, William Yarborough that Tract of Land Lying in Amelia County whereon his grand Father formerly lived lying between Cold and Notoway and Likewise a certain Tract of Land Lying on the Tarr River Joyning to Robert Bumpass..."⁴⁰³

Samuel and his brothers all owned land in Amelia County, Virginia. All the sons were named in their father William's will, and in 1749 Samuel had given a £100 bond as administrator of the estate of his father, who had died the previous year. There are other land transactions by Samuel and his wife, Sarah:

- 250 acres in Nottoway Parish, North side of Little Nottoway River, upper part of 400 acres granted to William Yarbrough, the deceased, by patent June 10, 1740, selling to a brother, Moses. This deed was not in the court records until after Moses was deceased in 1756.⁴⁰⁴
- On April 20, 1758, they deeded to Hugh Chambers of Raleigh Parish, Amelia County, 150 acres on the north side of Little Nottoway River, being part of 400 acres granted by his father, William.⁴⁰⁵

These two deeds and other transactions describe some of his holdings in Amelia County.⁴⁰⁶

Since Samuel Yarbrough's North Carolina land grant is dated August 26, 1760, he probably moved close to that time with his family from Virginia and made North Carolina his home. There were new lands being opened. The land in Virginia had been cultivated for so long that it had lost its productivity. North Carolina was one of three colonies at the time of the Revolution that had religious freedom. In the ten other colonies, the churches were tied to the state, and citizens paid taxes to support the church.

Samuel and his family were not the only Yarbroughs to migrate to this state about this time. North Carolina became the home of many different Yarbrough families, before they journeyed onto the other parts of the south and west into Texas.

⁴⁰³Orange County, NC, Will Book A, p. 107. Copy in personal file.

⁴⁰⁴Amelia County, VA, Deed Book 5, p. 433.

⁴⁰⁵Amelia County, VA, Deed Book 6, p. 275.

⁴⁰⁶Research by Karen Mazock, St. Louis, MO.

Samuel's brother William, for instance, has descendants in our hometown of Durham, North Carolina. Our son, Madison S. Yarbrough III, was born the same week that Edwin S. Yarbrough III was born. The E. S. Yarbrough family has been traced back to William and his wife, Elliner Yarbrough, through their son William, married to Diana Carey Smith. There is a probability that William (married to Diana) was the church clerk of Bristol Parish. The vestry book contains references for William's services, some paid in tobacco in the years 1757-1771. That year of 1771 is the year of his death, and according to the E. S. Yarbrough research, William and Diana's six children are recorded in the Old Vestry Book of St. Paul's Church, Bristol Parish, Petersburg, Virginia.

Samuel was married to Sarah. It is believed that she was the daughter of Robert Bumpass, because the families had adjoining land in Amelia County and Robert Bumpass witnessed Samuel's land grant in 1760 in North Carolina. Robert Bumpass had already secured a grant in 1753. Samuel's land was next to the Bumpass land in North Carolina. In his will, Samuel named John Bumpass, son of Robert, as a coexecutor. If this supposition is true, that Samuel's wife was Robert Bumpass's daughter, then we have added another Sarah to the long lists of Sarahs in the family, because Robert Bumpass's wife was also named Sarah.

Samuel was true to tradition, for he named his sons:

1. William Yarbrough
2. Samuel Yarbrough, married Ailcey Winstead
3. John Yarbrough, married Sarah Satterfield, the direct line

His daughters were:

4. Elizabeth Yarbrough
5. Sarah Yarbrough, married Isaac Satterfield
6. Lewcey (Lucy)

Samuel may have been sick when he wrote his will, for he signed it with a mark, whereas the land grant clearly shows his signature. Samuel's son William received the Amelia County land plus another tract on the Tar River in North Carolina adjoining Robert Bumpass's line; son Samuel received half a tract at the lower end of the property where his father resided at the time of his death; son John, half a tract at the upper end of the same property. John and the three daughters were considered minors, as stated in the will of November 5, 1769.

The son of Samuel and Sarah named John is our ancestral line.

John Yarbrough and Sarah Satterfield

To understand just where the Yarbrough family lived, we need to identify several North Carolina counties. The family actually stayed in the same vicinity, but the names of the counties changed. Father Samuel received a land grant in Granville County. Many counties were formed from Granville, including Orange County in 1752. Then Caswell County was formed from Orange in 1777, and Person was formed from Caswell in 1791. The family always resided in the area of the upper tip of the Tar River which lies in the northeast corner of present-day Person County, close to the Virginia line.

THE SATTERFIELD FAMILY. John Yarbrough was married to Sarah Satterfield, the daughter of John I. Satterfield and his wife, also named Sarah. The will of John Satterfield and inventory for probate⁴⁰⁷ documents the fact that John was the husband of Satterfield's daughter Sarah. John I. Satterfield received a land grant of 150 acres on January 9, 1761. John and Sarah Satterfield's children were:

1. Mary Satterfield, married John Cothran
2. Sarah Satterfield, married John Yarbrough
3. Rachel Satterfield, married Matthew Daniel
4. Isaac Satterfield, married Sarah Yarbrough (Sarah is John Yarbrough's sister)
5. Jesse Satterfield
6. John Satterfield
7. William Satterfield
8. James Satterfield, married Elizabeth Trotter

Earl Satterfield, a fifth generation from John Satterfield, still owned a portion of the original estate of 1761, when I was corresponding with him. It was located in the vicinity of Antioch Baptist Church.⁴⁰⁸ Earl Satterfield stated that a John Yarbrough was a member of Flat River Baptist Church, but because there are almost as many Johns as there are Sarahs, I would not hazard a guess as to which John this was, unless I could find the family unit in its entirety.

⁴⁰⁷Copies of both the will recorded December Term 1802 in Person County, NC, Book 5, p. 139, and the final March Term 1805 estate inventory are in my files. The second page of the latter contains "John Yarbrough for his wife Sarah" (John Satterfield's daughter.)

⁴⁰⁸Personal letter of January 20, 1982.

THE FAMILY OF JOHN YARBROUGH. John Yarbrough was probably born after 1748; his wife, Sarah Satterfield, was born between 1750 and 1760. The federal census of Person County of 1840 (frame 60) lists her age between 80–90. She was alone in the household.

Named in John Yarbrough's will⁴⁰⁹ were:

1. William Yarbrough
2. Elizabeth Yarbrough, married John Daniel⁴¹⁰
3. Catherine Yarbrough, married Nathanel Smith⁴¹¹
4. Mary Yarbrough
5. John Yarbrough, married Sarah Brown, the direct line
6. James Yarbrough

We have several records pertaining to John Yarbrough's life:

One reference states that John Day, an orphan of seven years January 9, was adopted by John Yarbrough, December 5, 1796.⁴¹² I can only assume that John Day was seven years of age on the previous January before his adoption on December 5, 1796. John Yarbrough does not mention him in his will. The boundary line description⁴¹³ for the part of Orange County that became Person County in 1792 (for the Thirteenth District) depicts the line "running west including Widow Day and Samuel Yarbrough on the North through Doctor Payns yard." The Day and Yarbrough families were neighbors. It was a common practice for a neighbor to raise a child when one parent died. Most of the time they did not adopt, but perhaps Widow Day was deceased by 1796.

John Yarbrough is listed as a soldier from North Carolina in the American Revolution.⁴¹⁴

⁴⁰⁹Person County, NC, Book 7, p. 12, presented in August Court of 1811, names Henry Day as a witness along with James Paine and William Yarbrough.

⁴¹⁰Person County, NC, Marriage Book, Dec. 5, 1806, p. 43.

⁴¹¹Ibid., Mar. 2, 1808, p. 142.

⁴¹²Katherine Kerr Kendall, *Person County, North Carolina Compilations: Land Grants; 1794, 1805 and 1823 Tax Lists; Record Books Abstracts, 1792-1820; Letters of Attorney* (Clearfield Company, 1997), p. 278.

⁴¹³Miscellaneous Orange County Records at the State Archives, Raleigh, North Carolina, File number C.R.073.928.18.

⁴¹⁴*Roster of Soldiers from North Carolina in the American Revolution* (Baltimore: Genealogical Publishing Company, 1967). We find John Yarbrough's name on page 187, and under his name: a soldier from page 26-Folio page 1 from North Carolina Revolutionary Army Accounts, Vol. II, Old Series, Vol. I, No. 6, Vol. II, No. 7-10, Book AA, Vol. II, page 1-44: Inclusive Journal of the proceedings of the Commissioners appointed by the Act of Assembly passed in May 1783 to liquidate and finally settle the accounts of the officers and soldiers of the Continental Line of the State of North Carolina. This book appears to be a listing from other sources and the information cites additional volumes.

The National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution issued membership to Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., by descent from John Yarbrough on October 11, 1982.⁴¹⁵

In the Land Grant Office in Raleigh, North Carolina, I found several land grants to John Yarbrough. I copied two that were close to the vicinity of the land area that I had found earlier. One describes land near waters of Mayo Creek and Deep Creek in the part of Caswell County that became Person County in 1791.⁴¹⁶ That land grant contained 672 acres. Chain carriers for surveying and plotting the acreage were William Paine and Samuel Yarbrough. It is interesting to note that the location was next to John's own line according to the document. The other land grant, for 832 acres, was also in Person County.

The 1777 tax list of Caswell County names the following from Nash District: John Yarbrough, £493 16s; Lucey Yarbrough, £100; Sarah Yarbrough, £120; Samuel Yarbrough, £917 4s 6d. William Yarbrough was listed in the St. James District, £910 14s. Sarah is the widow of Samuel, and the others named are their children.

We need to take note of one of the children, James. From census data, we know that this James M. was born around 1798. He received a land grant, April 22, 1818. His will was probated on January 19, 1891. He was married to Margaret and had fourteen or fifteen children.⁴¹⁷ We point out this son who lived into his nineties because he was named James Madison Yarbrough, but we should not confuse him with his brother's son, James Madison Yarbrough, our line, who was probably the uncle's namesake.

Son John was our ancestral line.

Another John and Another Sarah

John, son of John Yarbrough and Sarah Satterfield, was married to Sarah Brown on February 23, 1819, with Alexander Winstead as bondsman and William McKissack as witness, according to Person County marriage records.⁴¹⁸ This was the year when

⁴¹⁵His national number is 120997, and his state number is 1669. Madison's father's number was 122166, and his North Carolina number was 1697. Madison III's national number is 122167, and his state number is 1698.

⁴¹⁶Grant 788 issued November 10, 1784, in Caswell County, entered July 20, 1779, in Book 56, p. 88.

⁴¹⁷1850 Person County, NC, Census, p. 455, Family 600. Person County Will Book 19, p. 281. The census of 1850 names 14 children. The will probated in January of 1891 names 10 children. One child in the will was not in the census. Many of the adult sons had moved to South Carolina and Kentucky. The census of 1870 of Webster County, KY, lists several of the sons. Some returned to North Carolina and were present in later census records.

⁴¹⁸Person County, NC, Marriage Bond, Book 2, p. 30. Wife's name listed as Sary.

the first person was to parachute from a balloon in New York City, the first American steamboat crossed the Atlantic, and corsets came into use by women.

From 1850 Person County census records,⁴¹⁹ we know that John was born about 1792 and his wife around 1796.

John and Sarah were certainly popular names for grandfathers and grandmothers. Samuel was married to Sarah. John married Sarah Satterfield, whose mother was also named Sarah. And now we have John and Sarah Brown. And to complicate matters, they named the sons after their father and brothers and the daughters for the mothers and sisters.

The children of John and Sarah were:

1. Marion Yarbrough
2. Sarah Manerva Yarbrough, married (1) Joshua Cozart, (2) Thomas D. Clayton
3. John William Yarbrough
4. James Madison Yarbrough, married Moriah L. Annanett (Netty) Lunsford, the direct line

John Yarbrough's will⁴²⁰ was written on June 17, 1847, and it stipulates that he is making equal provisions of value for his children. He names son Marion, daughter Manerva, and sons John W. and James Madison.

On April 12, 1852, a codicil is written concerning son John W. He replaces one provision in the will with money that he has already given him and revokes the provision in regard to the use of any portion of the land during his mother's life. In this same codicil the father states that he has given James Madison a tract of land.

Another addition to the will is dated June 20, 1857, and he states that "in consequence of the marriage" of his daughter Manerva, he is altering the will and that whatever is willed to her shall be "given to her alone or be equally divided among her and all the children that she may have living at the time of his death by her first marriage with Joshua Cozart." Joshua had died in 1854, and Manerva married Thomas D. Clayton on May 13, 1857. Manerva may be found listed as Sarah M. Clayton in later years. Please note that Manerva's first name was Sarah. My father-in-law remembered this aunt, perhaps through family conversations.

According to family stories, Marion and John W. traveled to Kentucky, as did

⁴¹⁹Family 890 of October 3, 1850.

⁴²⁰Person County, NC, Wills Book 17, p. 471.

many groups at that time. The will and codicils support this idea. Marion's part was one horse, bridle, and saddle valued at \$86; one cow, heifer, and calf valued at \$20; one good feather bed and furniture with no value established; one rifle gun valued at \$12; and \$250 in cash, making the gift total of \$368. No land is involved in Marion's part. Manerva's part is listed and is of equal value. He directs that John W. and James Madison upon arriving at twenty years or marriage shall be made equal. Previously, we learned that five years later, John Yarbrough writes a codicil revoking parts of his will to John W. concerning land use. His estate was probated in the September term 1857. That means he died after June 20, 1857, and before "the September term 1857."

There was a migration from North Carolina to Kentucky, and according to family stories, many groups went to Hopkins County, Kentucky. The descendants of John and Sarah recall that all three of the boys at one time did go to Kentucky. Only James Madison returned to his native Person County. They also remember that Marion and John W. were "hard-shell Baptist preachers," but I have no evidence. In fact, I am very skeptical that they were preachers.

We aren't sure what became of Marion, but there is an intriguing possibility. In the book *A Memorial and Biographical History of McLennan, Falls, Bell and Coryell Counties, Texas*,⁴²¹ we learn:

"J. C. Yarbrough was born in Hopkins County, Kentucky, in 1841, a son of Marion and Minerva A. (Morrow) Yarbrough. Marion Yarbrough moved with his family to Arkansas when J.C. was a small boy, and settled in Pike County, where he engaged in farming and lived ten years. His death occurred in that State. To him and his wife were born seven children, viz: John C. whose name heads this biography; Thomas, a resident of Coraicans; Alice, wife of J. W. Morrow, of Mason County, Texas; Robert of Colorado, Texas; Mollie, wife of Dr. Arnett Boston, of New Orleans; Newton J. of Colorado, Texas; Susan, wife of Ben Gooch of Liano County, Texas. Mr. Yarbrough was the first magistrate of his section of Pike County. In his farming operations he was successful, and as a citizen he was held in high esteem by all who knew him."

The article continues that J. C. Yarbrough was attending school in Kentucky when the War between the States broke out, and in January 1861, he joined the Confederate forces, becoming a member of Company D, Fourth Kentucky Regiment. He was a

⁴²¹Publication date in 1893, p. 791. A photographic reproduction of the page is printed in *YFQ*, 7, No. 5 (March 1991), 332.

Baptist, and he was twice married, the second time to Loretta Burton, whose parents went from North Carolina to Kentucky in 1854.⁴²²

I make no positive claim that this Marion was the brother of James Madison Yarbrough, but the dates and places justify thinking that it is at least possible. To further confirm this, the will of his father, written in 1847, states that he had already given Marion his portion of the estate, most of which was in cash with no provision for transfer of land. Could Marion already be in another state? His father first made provisions for his other sons, John W. and James Madison, in the form of land.

Son John William Yarbrough married Louisa Bumpass on January 15, 1848, and Joshua Cozart, his brother-in-law, was named on the bond.⁴²³ The fact that his father changed John W.'s inheritance to money instead of land leads us to wonder if John W. had left Person County. I did not find him in the Person County 1850 census records.

The 1860 census records of Allenville, Person County, list Louisa Yarbrough with the Bumpass family. Also listed were Monroe, age three, and Desdamona (age unreadable.) All were born in North Carolina. (Desdamona was to marry George Watson on March 21, 1867.) The same census lists our James Madison.⁴²⁴

In 1870, the census lists Louisa Y. and Monroe B., age fourteen, in Flat River.⁴²⁵ No listing for them is found in 1880 Person County census.

My father-in-law spoke of these two brothers, Marion and John W., but knew very little about them. Today it is hard to understand how someone could move away to a place as close as Kentucky or even Texas and be completely lost to their family, but these people were pioneers in the surest sense of the word.

In July 1982, a letter came to me from Jack D. and Beth Yarbrough of Houston, Texas, asking for help in locating his ancestors. On his personal chart, he names John W. Yarbrough as his great-grandfather. The name could be a coincidence, but he also lists Louisa Bumpass, born in North Carolina, as John's first wife and adds Camelia Rachel, born in Tennessee, as his second wife.

A subsequent letter tells of seeing a tintype of John W.'s son, John Brackenridge Yarbrough, born in 1864 in Alabama, with other siblings and half-brother Monroe Bumpass Yarbrough. An old newspaper obituary shows that Monroe died in Oklahoma in 1929, a Baptist and approximately seventy-three years old.

⁴²²Ibid.

⁴²³Person County, NC, marriage records, p. 153.

⁴²⁴Louisa is record #1041, page 514; James Madison is record #1042.

⁴²⁵Page 584, record #13.

From the 1870 census records, we know that Monroe was with his mother, Louisa. We assume that he must have joined his father after that time, because we know of the tintype showing him with his half-brother John Brackenridge Yarbrough.

We suspect that John W. spent much of his youth traveling, perhaps to Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, then to Texas or New Mexico, for that is where John Brackenridge Yarbrough died in 1920.

John and Sarah Brown Yarbrough are listed as #890 in the 1850 census of Person County.⁴²⁶ A family with William Brown as head is on the same census page, but I have no evidence to link the two families. In the 1860 census, Sarah was alone as household #1045.⁴²⁷ Her neighbors were the Bumpass family (#1041;) Sarah's son, James Madison (#1042;) her brother-in-law, James Madison, and his wife Margaret (#1043;) and David Yarbrough, who married Julia Satterfield (#1044.)

We do not know the exact location of the burial grounds for John and Sarah. There is one Yarbrough family cemetery located southeast of Roxboro on the old Allensville Road about four and one-half miles and 200 yards on the left of the road. But since the family divided the land—including cemeteries—they may not be found in this one.

In the family of John and Sarah Brown Yarbrough was James Madison, our line.

James Madison Yarbrough and Moriah L. Anmanett Lunsford

The youngest son of John and Sarah Brown Yarbrough was James Madison. Without a doubt, he was named for his uncle, James Madison, born around 1798, who married Margaret and fathered fourteen or fifteen children. To be repetitive, let's not confuse these two, for it is easy to do when searching records.

When one has the same name as a president or some other notable, many assume he was named for that person. James Madison didn't become president of the United States until 1809, years after the elder James Madison Yarbrough was born. But James Madison was very popular for his stand on religious freedom in Virginia, and he was called the "Father of the Constitution." So it's possible that James Madison Yarbrough was named for him. Another possibility is a cousin of the Founding Father, a Bishop James Madison, who is entombed in a crypt in the Sir Christopher Wren Building at the College of William and Mary. We can only speculate on the choice of name.

In the 1750 Person County census records, our James Madison Yarbrough was

⁴²⁶P. 475.

⁴²⁷P. 514 in Allensville Township.

nineteen years of age, attended school during the year, and lived at home with his parents and helped with the farm—the only child left at home.⁴²⁸

We saw that James Madison Yarbrough's father, in his will written in 1847, directed portions to sons John W. and James Madison "upon their arriving at the age of twenty years or marriage." And we saw that in a codicil of 1852, he revoked a portion of his bequest to John W. in the form of land. The codicil also states, "I have given to my son, James M. a tract of land..." I found a deed registered December 27, 1851, that names James Madison Yarbrough as receiving land on Mayo's Creek from his father, John.

A certificate of marriage from the Register of Deeds of Person County⁴²⁹ certifies that James M. Yarbrough and M. L. A. Lunsford were married on February 13, 1854. The bondsman was Jordan Yarbrough, his cousin, son of Uncle James Madison Yarbrough. The witness was Charles Mason.

At some point, James Madison also journeyed to Kentucky, but he returned and settled in Person County for the balance of his life.

He had three sons who survived him:

1. Jasper L. Yarbrough, married (1) Cora Rogers,⁴³⁰ (2) Susie Snipes
2. John Quinten Yarbrough, married Ida Lunsford⁴³¹
3. Ora Wesley Yarbrough, married Harriet Freeland Rogers, the direct line

There were girls born to this union, but they did not survive. A daughter of John Quinten, Effie Yarbrough, told me that two girls, named Minnie and Laura, were born and also buried in Kentucky. Then after the return to North Carolina, two more girls, again named Minnie and Laura, were born and buried in North Carolina. This is an example of the custom of using necronyms. In the 1860 census of Person County,⁴³² the parents are listed with Laura, age two. I did not find the family in the 1870 census, but found them again in Person County in the 1880 census. Laura is not listed, but all three sons are named. Jasper, age seventeen, is recorded as having been born in Kentucky. That puts James Madison and family in Kentucky in 1863. John W., age twelve, was born in North Carolina, which means the family had returned by 1868. In 1860 they lived in Allensville Township. In 1880 they are recorded in Flat River Township. The Ora Wesley Yarbrough family remembers this family home.

⁴²⁸Dwelling 890, p. 475.

⁴²⁹Person County, NC, Marriage Bonds, p. 176.

⁴³⁰Person County, NC, Marriage Record of June 8, 1890.

⁴³¹Person County, NC, Marriage Record of November 28, 1888.

⁴³²P. 514, #1042.

My husband's father, Madison Yarbrough, Sr., told us that his father said when his parents left Kentucky, possibly close to Louisville, their little dog followed along the covered wagon for the first day. When the family stopped for the night to rest, the dog disappeared. A letter from relatives in Kentucky reported that the dog returned to the home in Kentucky, went to the corner of the chimney, and died.

James Madison's will was handwritten on January 9, 1892, and recorded in Person County on May 24, 1902.⁴³³ He list his three sons as receiving equal shares, then adds, "I also give to my wife, Netty, the balance of my land and other property to do as she pleases with." This is the first time a Yarbrough did not restrict the gift to his wife in case she married again. I smiled and gave a nod of approval to James Madison.

James Madison's wife was called Netty. The initials in her name, M. L. A., stood for Moriah L. Annanett. If I were betting on a name for the L, I'd choose Laura. Consider the name of the little girls who died.

THE LUNSFORD FAMILY. Netty was the daughter of John Lunsford, born February 27, 1799, and Sarah (Sally) Ann Davey (Davie), born May 9, 1805. They were married on April 28, 1821, with Solomon Griffin and Jesse Dickens as witnesses. John Lunsford died March 10, 1872, and Sally died November 11, 1868. Records indicate that John Lunsford was the son of Jesse Lunsford, born approximately 1779.⁴³⁴ John Lunsford was a chain carrier for William Waite and John Parker to measure land grants.

In census records of 1850,⁴³⁵ we find the John Lunsford family, son of Jesse. John was fifty-seven, and wife Sarah (Sally) A. was forty-five years old. Their children are listed as:

1. Wesley Lunsford, age 17
2. Moriah L. A. Lunsford, age 16, married James Madison Yarbrough
3. Mary F. Lunsford, age 15
4. David C. Lunsford, age 13
5. Sarah (?) Lunsford, age 11
6. Nathan Lunsford, age 9
7. Valeri (?) Lunsford, age 7

We know from my husband's grandparents that one of the daughters was called

⁴³³Person County, NC, Wills, Book 19, p. 538.

⁴³⁴Madeline Hall Eaker, ed., "Jesse Lunsford Family," *The Heritage of Person County* (Winston-Salem, NC: Person County Historical Society Hunter Publishing Company, 1981), p. 303.

⁴³⁵Person County, NC, 1850, Family 982.

Ann. She married Sidney Carter Moore. The son David Crockett Lunsford married Nancy (Nannie) Jane Cozart.

There is an interesting description of David's home in the Surl community of Person County. "The home consisted of a log and frame house, connected by a breezeway with a kitchen apart from the main house, heated then only by wood, with candles and kerosene lamps for lighting. Cooking was done on a wood stove and fireplace. The bed mattresses were of wheat straw topped by a feather bed. Bolsters were used as pillows. Brooms were of broom sedge. To clean a yard, a brush broom was made of young dogwood and maple limbs tied together. Practically everything to eat or use was raised on the plantation. Soap was made from grease, lye and ashes. Molasses was made and bees were kept for honey. The washing was done by washboard and then boiled in a pot. Tobacco was the main money crop."⁴³⁶

From studying the history of this type of home, I learned that it was called a dog-trot house, because the "breezeway" was a place to provide shelter for the animals. I chose to quote this paragraph, not that it was unusual, but because typified the average home life.

ONE O OR TWO? Before going to the next generation, I must repeat a story concerning use of the name Yarbrough or Yarborough. Two brothers quarreled. One chose land on one side of the road and the name Yarborough, while the other chose land on the other side of the road and the name Yarbrough, with just one o. Assuming that this story is true, the brothers couldn't have been Marion, John W., and this James Madison, because only James Madison lived in North Carolina. It's more likely to have been Uncle James Madison Yarborough, whose descendants still use the o, and his brother John, our ancestral line, who do not use it. We do encounter clerks for documents in hospitals, courthouses, schools, etc., who spell the name as they wish, even when we correct them. I know of two brothers, one of whom spells the name with two o's, the other of whom does not.

I have not researched in detail the family of Uncle James Madison Yarborough or other branches of the families, yet I have found some interesting facts. The Yarborough House, a noted hotel in Raleigh, North Carolina, served as the unofficial residence for several North Carolina governors from 1871 to 1891. General Lafayette was a visitor in 1825, and the sessions of the General Assembly were held there for a period of time

⁴³⁶"Jesse Lunsford Family," *The Heritage of Person County*, p. 603.

after the burning of the State House. Ironically, the name is misspelled as Yarboro on an old engraving on brochures of the State of North Carolina.

Two separate sources gave the information concerning the family rift. One was Cecil Yarbrough, Sr., of the John Yarbrough lineage, and the other was Melba Yarborough Coates, a descendant of Uncle James Madison Yarborough.

The older grandchildren of John Yarbrough whom I interviewed remembered James Madison and Netty. After James Madison's death, Netty stayed with her son Jasper most of the time but visited with Ora Wesley and Harriet, even though the household was cramped with an expanding family. Granddaughter Virginia also recalled the day when her grandmother died and the loneliness she experienced sitting under a tree in the yard; in fact, she recalled the death of both grandparents. She, like others, was impressed by the black horse pulling the hearse.

Ora Wesley Yarbrough and Harriet Freeland Rogers

The youngest son, called Wesley, of James Madison Yarbrough and Moriah L. Annanett Lunsford was born in Person County, North Carolina. His mother had a brother named Wesley. Was Ora Wesley named for him?

He lived in the Flat River Township of Person County referred to as Hurdle Mills. There he farmed, as his father and grandfathers had in Person County since first they arrived from Virginia.

On October 13, 1895, he married Harriet (Hattie) Freeland Rogers, with G. L. Wadklins, Baptist minister, officiating. L. L. Lunsford, W. B. Newton, and J. L. Boles were listed as witnesses.⁴³⁷

Later in life, Harriet would often speak of their courtship and especially of the time the buggy in which they were riding overturned. She was not concerned with the fact that they could have been injured, but was embarrassed because her dress and hair were rumpled. She remained the dignified, upright lady, very pretty even in the later years of her life.

Wesley was of slender build, with a long oval face and dark hair, but when I first met him in 1946, he had already lost his hair to male pattern baldness. He was always the gentleman, and his children called him "Father" with the greatest respect.

His comment to my husband upon meeting his first granddaughter-in-law was,

⁴³⁷Certified copy of marriage record from Person County, NC, in my files. It lists Flat River after the date of the marriage.

"You picked a healthy one." Health was very important to that generation who had grown up on farms with the nearest doctor miles away and medication left to the parents. On the whole the nine children enjoyed good health.

There are stories in the family that always invoked the name of Aunt Ann Moore. She was responsible for suggesting the names *Sidney* and *Moore*, used for two sons, Sidney Wesley and Cecil Moore. She sent various sums of money upon their birth, which I am sure helped with the expenses of the large family.

Just who was Ann Moore? A Webster County, Kentucky, publication written in the latter part of nineteenth century⁴³⁸ contains biographical sketches of prominent citizens. In it I found the name of Sidney Carter Moore, born September 25, 1826, in Person County, North Carolina. On October 21, 1847, he married Ann J. Lunsford, daughter of John and Sarah Davies Lunsford. So Ann was the sister of Ora Wesley's mother. Aunt Ann had no children: she must have favored young Wesley.

Wesley's father died in 1902, and his mother in 1904. When the time came to settle the estate, Aunt Ann wrote and asked how much money Wesley needed to purchase his brothers' share of the homeplace. He responded with an estimate, and Aunt Ann told him to go to the post office on a specified day. He did, and found a letter with three one-hundred-dollar bills. Now, Wesley did not tell his brothers where he got the money—he just produced it to buy their portion. We are told they wondered how little brother who had so many children could raise that sum of money. I have recently learned that the women kept pressing Wesley's wife, Harriet, for the answer. She told one of them, the word got back to Aunt Ann, and that was the end of the money flow.

One more question: Where did Aunt Ann get the three hundred dollars, a substantial sum at that time? The biographical sketch states that Sidney Carter Moore "followed farming successfully until 1863, since that time he has found profitable employment as merchant, broker, general trader and real estate agent, all of which have contributed to a handsome competency."

PRIMITIVE BAPTIST ROOTS. My father-in-law remembered going with the family to the Primitive Baptist services, held outdoors, known as brush or bush arbors. They would cook their food there and spend the night. At the services his family always sat on the first row. His father, Wesley, would sit on the platform called the pulpit with

⁴³⁸Copied page in my files.

the ministers. He recalled that his father carried a long black snap pocketbook, and he would watch as Father Wesley opened it when the plate or hat was passed.

In 1918, Wesley and Harriet left Person County for Alamance County. With their own wagon and mules and also teams borrowed from Dr. Joseph Coleman, they moved forty-three loads of household goods, farm equipment, and feed. To hear my father-in-law describe the situation, it must have taken days. They would stop at Prospect Hill, North Carolina, to rest the stock, and "Father would cook a batch of country ham and eggs" and afterwards move along.

A new venture began when "Wes Yarbrough General Merchandise" was opened. A return address on an October 16, 1925, envelope was Route 9, Burlington, North Carolina: Shipping point, Graham, North Carolina. A picture, viewing the front, shows a café to the right and a barber shop on the left. From family accounts, the family first moved to Graham and lived there. There was a streetcar to Burlington that may have gone past the store, which was between Burlington and Graham. My husband remembers a second store in Burlington on Rainey Street within walking distance of the Ireland Street home in Burlington that most of the grandchildren remember visiting. He has fond memories of receiving pieces of candy from his grandfather at that location. In latter years, Ora Wesley sold greeting cards.

AND THEN THERE WERE NINE. There were nine children born to this union.

1. *Ruth Ora Yarbrough*. The oldest child received part of her father's name. She married Robert Earl Tillman, and they had one son, Robert Earl Tillman Jr. They farmed and lived close to Mebane. Aunt Ruthie, known for her good cooking, often invited family members to her home and also to dinner on the grounds at Cross Roads Presbyterian Church, where they were members. They are buried in Mebane, North Carolina.

2. *Virginia Wright Yarbrough*. Second in this family was a stately lady with an unusually lovely complexion, who was a schoolteacher and loved the challenge of the students. Aunt Virginia liked to travel, but her first duty was to family. She cared for her aged parents without one thought of the sacrifice she was giving. I remember the pleasant visits with her in Burlington when we could sit and talk of the family members.

3. *Clyde Bryan Yarbrough*. The first son and third child, Uncle Clyde married Mary Coates. They had one living daughter, Rose Marie. His candy business endeared him to the children in the family. The couple was always so thoughtful of the other family

members, and I enjoyed their company. Uncle Clyde and Aunt Mary also made their home in Burlington.

4. The fourth child was my father-in-law, *Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Sr.* He was named for his two grandfathers, James Madison Yarbrough and Simeon Allen Rogers. He married Myrtle Leavister and lived in Durham most of his life. (Madison's story comes later.)

5. *Sidney Wesley Yarbrough.* This young man came into the family as the fifth child. He was named for his father and Sidney Carter Moore, husband of Aunt Ann. Wesley married Carrie Ingle, and of this union three children were born: Sidney Wesley II, Betty Jo, and Clara Jane. I remember that Uncle Wesley liked to joke and kid the brothers in particular. He too lived in Burlington.

6. *Julia Allen Yarbrough.* She was named for her maternal grandmother, Julia Holeman, wife of Simeon Allen Rogers. Julia married Harry Buchanan. They had two sons, Baird Lee and James Wesley. Aunt Julia lived to be ninety-three years old and during her earlier years was a schoolteacher. She died in Boone, North Carolina.

Military service of Grandson Baird. Julia's son Baird Lee Buchanan volunteered for the United States Marine Corps and served for one year in 1946-47. His basic training was at Parris Island, South Carolina. After discharge he attended college but volunteered for the U.S. Army in April of 1951. His training included Officer Candidate School at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and Airborne Division Junior Grade Officer's School at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. For his service, he received the Combat Infantry Badge, the Purple Heart, the Korean Service Medal with bronze battle stars, the United Nations Service Medal, and the National Defense Medal.

I have found that a number of veterans who saw real combat are reluctant to detail their experiences, and Baird, a highly decorated war veteran, was no different. At my insistent prodding, he wrote, "The fiftieth anniversary of the night I was wounded has just passed and I, more than ever, have been thinking about the two men who were killed in action. On the night of February 20, 1953, we waited, with our burnt-cork-blackened faces, grenades clipped to our armored vests and full ammunition magazines." His patrol was waiting for dark in order to slip out of the 4x4 double apron barbed wire into what would have been called no-man's-land in World War I. Both the United States and the Chinese were there every night in this Korean conflict.

"I led a combat patrol (my reinforced platoon) out of our lines to destroy a Chinese

light machine gun that was being set up almost every night, and was firing on our reconnaissance patrols as they traversed the area in front of our battalion's main line of reconnaissance or front. The details are mostly with me but no need to go on with them except to say that at approximately 1:20 on the morning of February 21, 1953 we were attacked by the Chinese and two of my soldiers were killed, Doug House and Robert Shoulders.... I don't know why but the 50th seemed special. I am afraid that no one remembers them, so I do and often."

Baird was wounded along with two more. After the usual medical routine—medics, battalion aid stations, MASH unit, evacuation hospital—he was still in an army hospital in Yokohama on his birthday in March. He had served with the 2nd Infantry Division, and he was discharged in September of 1953. His rank was 1st Lieutenant.

Continuing with the children of Wesley and Harriet:

7. *Cecil Moore Yarbrough*. He was the seventh child and fourth son. I have already commented on how he received his name. I knew Uncle Cecil better than any of the other children with the exception of my father-in-law. Uncle Cecil was a quiet man but always in control. He had just bought the printing business where he had worked so many years, when I received a call from him. It was tax time, and he had discovered that the very trusted but aged bookkeeper for the firm was not able to balance the books. He said, "Mother said to call Ruth." That is how our almost-fifteen-year business relationship began. He made regular trips from Burlington to Durham, and even though he had a bookkeeper I checked the work, posted from the cash receipts and cash disbursements journal to the general ledger, and at the end of the year filed the tax reports.

You get to know a person when you know his finances. Uncle Cecil was not afraid of the powers that be, but he was afraid of the Internal Revenue Service, and he was to be audited. He had not done anything wrong. He was most honest in his dealings with everyone. His books and taxes were in order, and I assured him I would be with him. The audit of May 15, 1961, was routine, and they found nothing to assess. No fines. No penalties. No additional taxes. But Uncle Cecil's stomach probably never got over the turmoil.

He had one talent that is a lost gift today. He could add a long column of three-digit numbers in his head as quickly as an adding machine. He had no need for a calculator.

In the course of conversation, I found that he was paying a nursing home bill for someone regularly. I said, "That is so nice of you." Rejecting the idea of his being responsible for a very good deed, he quickly replied, "Don't give me any credit for it. I am doing it for Lucile." Now, Lucile Ward was his wife, and even though she may

have been the one who normally found the less fortunate to help, she knew she had a partner in Uncle Cecil. At Aunt Lucile's death, Uncle Cecil established a scholarship in her name at Meredith College in Raleigh, North Carolina, her alma mater.

Their two sons, Cecil Moore, Jr., and John Ward, were their pride and joy. One afternoon Uncle Cecil arrived at my house with a handful of papers, papers that John had given him to make application for a scholarship to Bowman Gray Medical School in Winston-Salem.

We worked hours on the financial report. He left toward dark, and I was satisfied that we had accomplished the task satisfactorily.

The next morning, bright and early, Uncle Cecil called. He said, "Ruth, I tore up that financial report, and on the front page of the application I wrote, 'I am willing and able to send my son to medical school, but he wants this scholarship because of the honor that goes with it.'"

Uncle Cecil went on to say, "I know John will be upset." John could not have been too upset, because he received the scholarship. Bowman Gray certainly did not make a mistake in awarding it to John, because he finished first in his class.

8. *Joseph Coleman Yarbrough*. Number eight of this family was named for the Dr. Joseph Ira Coleman, who delivered all nine of the babies of the family and who, as we have seen, was to lend the family a team of mules for the move to Alamance County in 1918.

This doctor's life⁴³⁹ was certainly rich and unusual. He was married twice, fathered nineteen children, was jovial and a practical joker. Numerous stories surround this man, one of which involved the time he was being sued by a patient. When he testified using medical terms, the opposing lawyers objected and insisted that he use laymen's language. The doctor abruptly stated, "I'm not responsible for your damn ignorance." He won the case.

After marriage, Uncle Joe lived in Anderson, South Carolina, with his wife, the former Helen Oldham. The surviving children were, Joseph Coleman, Jr., and Ann. He was active in civic affairs and his church.

The year 2000 marked his ninetieth birthday. Family gathered to honor this remarkable man. The only remaining sibling was Christine, and because of a health problem, she could not ride in a car the distance required to be with him. So her three sons found a better way: they chartered a plane. Uncle Joe's son, daughter, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren arrived, as did many nieces, nephews, other relatives, and friends.

⁴³⁹Eaker, ed., *The Heritage of Person County*, p. 206.

A few speeches had been made acknowledging the long life, and as the festivities were coming to an end, son Joe Jr. was kidding his dad with a tale or two. Uncle Joe, never at a loss for words, thanked everyone and confessed that daughter Ann and son Joe just thought they were looking after him. He explained that there are two neighbor widow ladies who came over really often. One said, "Call me if you need anything." The other said, "Call if you want me."

9. *Christine Yarbrough*. As the baby of the family, she was known by the family members as Teeny. She married Clyde Wilson Robinson, and they had three sons, Clyde Wilson, Jr., Wesley Eugene, and Daniel Yarbrough. Aunt Teeny was an optimistic person, and when writing to family members, she always included a "smile for the day." Perhaps it was a funny joke or a thought, but it was her way of spreading happy thoughts. She made a difference in the lives of others because of her positive attitude.

It was not until she was ninety years of age that I corrected her date of birth in my files. Aunt Virginia, her sister, had given the year as 1914. When I received an invitation to her party in 2003 for the big ninetieth celebration, I questioned whether the children had the correct date. It seems she only discovered the mistake "several years ago." Many states did not begin to keep birth records until about 1912, close to her birth. And in some cases, home births may not have been officially recorded.

The children of Wesley and Harriet did exceedingly well as they entered adulthood. Virginia, Julia, and Christine were teachers. All the boys chose some type of salesmanship: Clyde, the candy business; Madison, furniture; Wesley, sales in various fields; Cecil, printing; Joe, manager of a J. C. Penney Co. store. Many in the extended families attended college and received their degrees.

As for physical characteristics, most were above average in height, and none were considered fat. Just tall and thin.

The family gathered for reunions on different occasions, and the grandchildren tell tales of the mouthwatering food. The family was extremely close. They continued to be very concerned for each other, and perhaps it was with a touch of realism that the in-laws of the family labeled themselves "the outlaws."

Grandfather Wesley passed away on July 21, 1948, but he did have the opportunity to see his first great-grandson, Madison Simeon Yarbrough III, who was born December 7, 1947. While undergoing tests at Duke Hospital in Durham, Grandfather Wesley spent two days with me. He enjoyed the new baby so much, and I felt the warmth of this true gentleman.

Grandfather Wesley did not leave a will. At least, it was not found at his death. The children assigned their part to Virginia, who had the care of their mother. (On her death Virginia willed portions of her estate to the remaining brothers and sisters or, if they were deceased, to their heirs.)

Grandmother Harriet continued to be an active part of the family after her husband's death. She always launched projects that involved her handiwork. In earlier years, she sewed for the entire family and even surprised some of the in-laws with dresses. From later years we remember the "Popeye" dolls she made for young Madison and her first great-granddaughter, Janet.

On one occasion, she was a patient in Duke Hospital. She refused to remove her black stockings while in bed, and the doctors teased that she was flirting with them. Being the prissy proper lady at age seventy-eight, she was highly indignant.

She celebrated her ninetieth birthday in May of 1961, had a stroke in September, and passed away in October.

She and her husband belonged to the First Baptist Church in Burlington, and both are buried at Pine Hill Cemetery, also in Burlington. Virginia, Clyde, Wesley, and Cecil are also buried there.

Madison Simeon Yarbrough

The year was 1901. President William McKinley was inaugurated, shot the same year, and Theodore Roosevelt became the twenty-sixth president of the United States. I would not have been surprised to learn the atomic bomb was formulated at that time, because another burst of energy appeared on the scene on January 19, 1901.

Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Sr., was surely that bundle of energy as a child, and that zest for living continued throughout his life. With the nine mouths to feed in his parents' family, his childhood was probably short on material objects, but to be sure there was never a dull moment. He told me that one year before Christmas while "Mother and Father" went to town, he and his brothers found their presents in "Mother's trunk." There were pocket knives for each, but one knife had a pearl handle. The boys argued and fought over which one would get the pearl-handled knife. On Christmas morning, he received the knife. He confessed, "It was broken before the day was gone."

His early years were spent helping his father with farming. He would tell me that "Father and I" did this and that. I gathered they were very close. He learned the value of hard work and was willing to sacrifice in order to achieve a goal.

In his early twenties, he decided to become a barber and bought a train ticket to Atlanta to attend a barber school. A druggist told him he was wasting his time, paid him for the ticket, and put him to work. He also earned a certificate for working as a conductor of a street car.

After about a year with the drugstore, where he earned a salary of \$15 a week, and a ten-percent commission on sales of all Rexall drugs, he went to work as a clothing salesman. The clothing store burned, and he needed a job. Pender Grocery Stores had an opening in Oxford, North Carolina. He applied and was appointed an assistant superintendent of the stores from Southern Pines to Elizabeth City, although when he married he was working at Pender Store #107 on Salisbury Street in Raleigh. He brought his new wife to 218 Halifax Street, close to the Capitol.

TRUE LOVE. But Oxford was the place where he met Myrtle Leavister, whom he married November 8, 1925,⁴⁴⁰ and Oxford was the place where he began a lifetime love affair with furniture.

He eventually went to work for the Taylor Buggy Company in Oxford, which had converted from buggies to furniture. Always looking for opportunities, he moved his family to Durham, North Carolina, in October of 1929. He commented that Duke University dedicated the new football stadium, called Duke Stadium, on October 5, 1929. He attended the opening game, which Duke lost to Pittsburgh. He failed to tell me that the score was 52 to 7, because he was such an ardent fan of Duke.

From 1929 to 1946, he worked for the Durham Furniture Company, and from what I have heard some of his customers say, the company received good value for his salary. He was a born salesman and loved people and furniture.

During that time he and Myrtle raised two sons, Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr., and William Kenneth Yarbrough. Their home was on the southwest corner of Morris and Morgan streets, at 204 Morris Street. Sometime after the end of World War II, he built a home at 2503 Joyner Road. They moved in January of 1946.

In September of 1946, he went into partnership with J. E. Johnson, each borrowing \$250 from the bank. The Y and J Upholstering Company was started.

On April 20, 1951, his younger son, William Kenneth (Billy), was killed when the ships U.S.S. *Greensboro* and U.S.S. *Suez* collided in fog in the Gulf of Mexico.⁴⁴¹ Billy

⁴⁴⁰Copy of Granville County NC marriage record in my files.

⁴⁴¹Death recorded in State of Texas, City of Galveston, Registrar's File No. 13. Place of death "Out Cont. Limits of U.S.A., Gulf of Mexico" in name of William K. Yarborough.

was in the Merchant Marines, and the tankers were loaded with oil, which burst into flame upon impact. It was at the height of the Korean conflict.⁴⁴²

This tragedy brought an outpouring of support and love from all over Durham. While looking through old boxes, I found about 700 sympathy cards that had been saved. Also preserved were cards that had been attached to seventy-seven floral designs with photos taken at the gravesite. Friends were important to the family.

Following that disaster, Madison Sr. borrowed \$30,000 and bought J. E. Johnson's share of the company. His remaining son, Madison Jr., was living and working in Memphis, and Madison petitioned him to come and join the company. Their partnership began January 1, 1953.

In May of 1967, he became ill with a heart problem. After much testing and consultation with various doctors, Dr. Walter Floyd of Duke made a diagnosis: he had a tumor in his heart. Dr. William Seeley operated in November 1967. Madison Sr. was the oldest patient at that time to undergo open heart surgery at Duke Hospital. I heard Dr. Seeley tell the family that he had one tumor the size of an orange and another the size of a fifty-cent piece in his heart.

He was no stranger to operations, since he had a ruptured appendix, two operations for back disks, several for hernias, gall bladder, prostate, and a lumbar sympathectomy. He was bitten by a black widow spider and had a broken leg. He was subject to bronchitis and had pneumonia several times.

Although he retired from the operation of the company at the end of 1967, by choice, he continued to work in sales until 1980. Madison Jr. changed the company's legal name to Y and J Furniture Company, because for many years its activities encompassed much more than the operation of an upholstering shop.

Madison Sr. was a man who had a hobby that turned out to be his business. He was proud of handcrafted furniture. Wood was his life. Many people responded to him and thanked him for showing them the difference between factory-built and handcrafted furniture. Homes within the region house with pride the furniture of the Y and J Furniture Company, and Madison Sr. was the founder and lover of the product.

He once said, "I love the grain in a piece of wood. You destroy the beauty of the wood if you discolor the grain. A tree is God-given. Wood perpetuates something fine, and I have been happy in this business."

⁴⁴²The *Durham Morning Herald* and the *Durham Sun* published articles about this tragedy as well as *The Commercial Appeal* in Memphis and other newspapers.

His customers loved him. One day when my son, Matt, was returning to the office after lunch, he spotted an ambulance parked at the front door. Matt's heart raced as he rushed inside, only to find that a customer on her way home from the hospital in the ambulance had asked to stop in and speak with "Mr. Yarbrough."

We often laughed at him concerning his sales technique. He called the women "young ladies" and made them feel they were so young and he was much older. After years had passed, several older women would come in or call and inquire, "Is old Mr. Yarbrough dead?" We laughed and told him his sales technique had caught up with him.

He always longed for a noiseless typewriter. He did not like the clatter of either the typewriter or the adding machine. It wasn't as if he was using either, for he always had someone take care of the details. He just sold furniture. But how happy he would have been with the silence of the computer!

A PASSION FOR PEOPLE. Another place where he was happy was the church. He and Myrtle attended Gorman Baptist Church of Durham, NC. He served on several committees, was finance chairman for a time, and served several years as an ordained deacon.

He enjoyed the fellowship of the Sertoma Club, of which he was a lifetime member and in which he worked faithfully.

In 1980, as his own health and Myrtle's health were failing, he moved to Carol Woods in Chapel Hill. In this retirement complex, they lived in an independent apartment until his death on August 26, 1986. He is buried in Maplewood Cemetery,⁴⁴³ in Durham, North Carolina.

While residing at Carol Woods, he enjoyed the company of those from all walks of life, with many of whom he had had business dealings. While he did die of congestive heart failure nineteen years after his unusual operation, for many years he was free from heart disease. It was fitting that his body was placed in a coffin made of mahogany, a wood he had worked with for so many years.

The Yarbrough family always appreciated the value of education. In his will, he made provisions for an educational investment to be used for his two great-granddaughters, Lista and Whitnee. He would be pleased to know that both earned those degrees.

He had great respect for doctors and their knowledge. About a year before his death, he had an imbalance of potassium and was disoriented one night. The doctor

⁴⁴³Both Madison and wife Myrtle are buried in Annex B, Section 6.

wanted to make sure that he had not had a stroke and was asking the usual questions of patients under those circumstances. When the question "Who is the president of the United States?" was put to him, not believing what he heard, Madison reacted with, "Hell, don't *you* know?"

The saying "Blood is thicker than water" would apply to him. He never forgot his family roots.

He was of the old school where the husband was the breadwinner and man of the house, but he met his match in Myrtle, his wife of more than sixty years. I also had heated conversations with him over the role of women. Can't say that I ever won a bout, but he highly respected me and in his latter years trusted me with his business dealings, a rarity for him. He was not beholden to anyone. I can't ever remember him saying, "I'm sorry." You know the saying, "I may not be right, but I'm never wrong."

Looking back, he was a man of passionate zeal for whatever project he was engaged in. Whether work or play, his aim was to win. From playing bridge to church activities or entertaining his friends, his every effort was wholeheartedly enthusiastic. Perhaps a more descriptive phrase for him would be "Great Gusto."

Myrtle Leavister Yarbrough

Myrtle Raynor Leavister, whom Madison married, was born in Wake County to Kenneth Raynor Leavister and Ella Green Clark. She was the youngest child. Her father died after a long illness from a stroke when she was seven years of age, and she had few memories of him.

Myrtle had an incredible determination that did not weaken with age. This force that drove her is probably the reason she fought some health battles and won despite the odds.

Her sister Allie told this story of Myrtle's elopement with Madison. She would have turned eighteen in less than a month, but to obtain a marriage license, North Carolina law required the parties to be twenty-one years old or have parental consent. Knowing her mother would object, Myrtle telephoned the clerk at the marriage license office, identified herself as "Mrs. Leavister," and gave approval. There was no problem when Madison applied for the license, because he was past twenty-four. Myrtle packed to spend the weekend with her sister Allie. On Sunday, Madison and his brother Wesley arrived in Stovall. All of the family went to Allie's in-laws, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Currin of Sassafras Fork Township, and in their home the wedding ceremony was performed

on November 8, 1925, by Paul Hartsell, the Baptist minister. Afterward, the family sat down to a country Sunday dinner.

Myrtle had an unusually strong blood tie with her sisters, Allie and Mollie, and depended upon them for emotional stability. She was not very trusting of others. This probably stems from her mother who, early in life, was forced to work in a man's world, tailoring men's suits.

Myrtle was independent and never yielding in her views. She was prim and proper in her dress. In her mind, she never aged past thirty-nine years. In the Bible and even on war ration stamps, Myrtle had erased her birth date and age. Thirty-nine became the family joke. Janet, her only granddaughter, believed her until one year she discovered her father was reaching thirty-five years, and it was not possible that her grandmother was thirty-nine.

Both Madison and Myrtle were Duke fans, and in their younger years attended the football games, going on buses to the out-of-town games. They enjoyed visiting with friends and family.

Myrtle liked to tell of the time when they were going to camp out in the mountains with Madison's sister Julia and her husband, Harry Buchanan. They were getting ready to settle in for the night when someone mentioned that bears were known to prowl around. Myrtle gathered her bedding and headed for the car to spend the night. They laughed at her. Madison was to be in charge of the fire for the first part of the night. When she awoke the next morning, all the campers were in the car asleep and the fire had burned out.

She, like her husband, was a member of Gorman Baptist Church, and she taught Sunday school for several years. She served in various positions in the LaSertoma Club, including president, and was voted Woman of the Year in 1968.

She never discarded anything, even if it had no value. She would say, "Somebody can use it." She kept old clothes but wore the latest fashions.

In 1980, when she and Madison moved to Carol Woods, my daughter Janet and I spent one week in the attic separating trash, going through every piece to make sure that nothing valuable was thrown away. It required three truck loads to cart the trash to the landfill. Husband Madison had warned us to do this after Myrtle had moved.

Myrtle loved to entertain and cook meals for family and friends. She loved crowds and sales, never missed a parade or any unusual event, even the 1948 Queen of the Gypsies' funeral held in Durham. She enjoyed the live broadcast of Art Linkletter or Ray Anthony. She was like a child at Christmastime.

The announcements on the news broadcasts in August 2003 that the planet Mars would be closer to earth than it had been in 60,000 years caused the family to smile and remember an episode between Madison and Myrtle. In 1971 there was a similar announcement about Mars, but only that Mars was close to our earth and it might be the only time many living at that time could view it that close. One night, Myrtle was awake around midnight and went out on the walk at her back door to look at Mars. She was so impressed that she awakened Madison from a dead sleep and inquired, "Do you want to go see Mars?" The incident might have been lost, except the next day at work Madison confided in his son, my husband, that he was worried about his mother. "You know what she did? She woke me and asked if I wanted to go see Mars." We have laughed, for Madison Sr. was not one to interrupt a night's sleep with something he considered to be the "foolishness of Myrtle."

Working with flowers gave her the greatest pleasure, potting and repotting. She enjoyed the fashions of the day, always wanting new clothes. In her nineties, she asked me what styles were the latest. I told her the dress length was several inches above the knee. She reluctantly decided to "wear what I have."

Her taste in food was limited to what she knew she liked. She liked pork as in sausage, bacon, country ham, and barbecue. She was a big eater but was never fat. She particularly liked fried foods, real butter, and a lot of salt. I mention this because of all the health warnings with which we are bombarded each day. She lived past 94 years, and her sister, Allie, at 101 attended the funeral. It was in their genes.

There is a lot to be said for a positive attitude concerning health. She had a place removed from her lower leg, and the doctor told her it was a skin cancer. She said, "I don't pay any attention to anything he says. He doesn't know what he is talking about."

Poor hearing and poor vision caused by macular degeneration late in life caused her to withdraw, but she never lost that unyielding competitive spirit. She would not allow herself to submit to the ravages of age or become disheartened by her afflictions. If there was only one adjective that I could use to describe Myrtle, it would be *resilient*. She had the ability to spring back in strength and in spirit.⁴⁴⁴

⁴⁴⁴My files include a certified record of the Social Security Administration's acceptance of the 1910 census record of Madison Sr. for his birth, the Wake County NC delayed birth record of Myrtle, the Granville County NC marriage record, and the certificates of death and wills of both in Orange County, NC.

Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr.

BRIGHT BEGINNINGS. Writing about the person you have known and loved for more than sixty years should be easy, but I do have reservations about whether I can be fair and realistic. My husband is as realistic as they come.

He was born to Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Sr., and Myrtle Raynor Leavister on July 30, 1926,⁴⁴⁵ a “Leo” in every respect. From his accounts of his childhood, he must have enjoyed every minute of every day. Part of his father’s energy surely rubbed off.

Until he was three, he and his family lived with his maternal grandmother in Oxford. Moving to Durham in 1929, he still loved going to be with Grandma Leavister and “Butchie” (Molly Sims,) who had moved to Henderson, and he could not wait for summer to come to visit a few weeks in Stovall with Aunt Allie (Currin.) He and his cousin James Thomas would go to the summer revivals at the Baptist Church, get on the back seat, and sleep until they were awakened at the end of the service. They needed the rest from all the day’s activities of searching every hayloft and visiting every fishing hole. There was a tree-swing where the boys tried to swing to the topmost branches. One summer the chain broke and Madison Jr. landed on the ground with the breath knocked out of him. Aunt Allie in later years would recall how frightened she was. Molly’s husband was sure he was part monkey when he climbed the pole in the barber shop.

Reunions of the Yarbrough family in Burlington, at Aunt Ruth Tillman’s at Cross Roads Presbyterian Church in Mebane were joys to attend. He and his cousin Baird reminisce about the tables laden with the bounty. It seems impossible that they could hold the amount of food that they remember consuming. I also believe the ladies of the family competed to see which could cook the finest. Each deserved a medal. After I came into the family, I remember tables loaded with fine food, much of it from original recipes.

Christmas was magic in Durham for young Madison Jr. Early in the day the family left for Christmas dinner in Burlington with the Yarbroughs. Highway 70 was a fair route in good weather, but come rain, sleet, or snow, they embarked on the journey and, according to the tales, they slid part of the way.

After dinner and goodbyes, they retraced the route to Durham but continued on to Henderson to Grandma Leavister and family for the meal that night and another

⁴⁴⁵Granville County, NC record of birth certificate in my files.

Christmas tree. Fireworks were waiting, compliments of his aunt. Naturally, there were accidents, and young Madison did not escape. Fortunately, he kept his fingers.

In the meantime, he managed to find time for school and was quite proud of his attendance record because he rarely missed a day. Once he was sent home with measles and was angry. No, not just angry, but hopping mad, for he didn't believe anything was wrong, until his mother proved it with a mirror. To make matters worse, the health nurse placed a quarantine sign on the front door.

He enjoyed movies, skating, games, football, and especially books. In the 1930s the "Big Little" books were popular, and he read as many as he could find, with Tarzan being the most coveted. He loved birds and animals, and he still does. He had bantam hens and roosters that Grandmother Harriet Yarbrough gave him. Besides an assortment of cats and dogs, his father added a billy goat, which allowed itself to be led anywhere and would even let Madison ride him. The goat had other ideas about Myrtle: he would not allow her in the yard, chasing her into the house, even up steep steps. Clearly the goat had to go, and they thought they had found a good home for him, only to learn a few months later that the adoptive family had held a goat barbeque.

Young Madison detested corduroy knickers. (What young man did not?) He had a paper route. He arose in the wee hours, completed his route on his bike, then stopped by the bakery on the way home. He would watch the sun rise, while he sat on the back steps eating doughnuts or freshly baked bread with milk.

THE RACE IS ON. While in junior high, he started running track. Training for track became an obsession during his waking hours. He enjoyed the competition of the sport, and he wanted to be the best. Today his friends remember his track records at Durham High School.

During his years in high school, he was a lifeguard at the pools in the summer. In his spare time, he worked at the post office. His independence and reliability continue to this day.

SAILOR BOY. When Madison graduated from high school in June 1944, the world was at war. He was seventeen, and he had already volunteered for service in the U.S. Navy.⁴⁴⁶ He went on active duty June 6, 1944. The world remembers that date as D-Day.

⁴⁴⁶U S Naval Service, May 4, 1944 to July 2, 1946. Number 264-13-41. Honorable Discharge C2714628-Series B.

His basic training was at Camp Peary close to Norfolk and Williamsburg, Virginia. I found a letter dated July 16, 1944, written by him to his Grandmother Leavister: "You say that you don't want me overseas. Well, I don't want to go, but when things like that happen I have one little thing that I remember. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of death, I shall fear no evil, for thou art with me.'"

From Camp Peary, he was sent to Otis Field at Edwards Air Base on Cape Cod, Massachusetts. While at the air base, one of his jobs was to fly with a pilot to deliver and pick up mail on the mainland. He tells of one flight, when the plane was icing over and the pilot was sure they would have to jump; and Madison was just as sure that he was not going to leave the plane.

Most of his assignments were office work, and he made Yeoman, 2nd Class. Even though he had lived in North Carolina all his life, he experienced his first hurricane while in Massachusetts.

His next assignment was at Farrugut Naval Training Station on Lake Pend Oreille in Idaho. The closest town was Spokane. Most of his buddies were shipped out to places in the Pacific. Seven men, however, were chosen for Naval Officer Training School.

Madison's first choice was the University of North Carolina. The navy, true to form, sent him to the University of Mississippi. The group arrived in a train of reconditioned cattle cars, with bars instead of glass for windows, that meandered from the northwest to the south, destination Grenada, Mississippi. They had only the clothes on their backs. Clothing would arrive later. Then they rode buses to the University of Mississippi at Oxford. Madison said all of the sailors hit the showers, washing their clothes at the same time, and played cards while the clothes dried. That was before coeducational barracks or dormitories. When the clothes finally arrived, they were winter uniforms, and Mississippi was sweltering in 90-plus-degree heat.

WILL YOU MARRY ME? It was a week or ten days after his arrival that Madison and I met. A friend introduced us. I was in the Student Union Building waiting for the rain to cease in order to go to Sunday night supper with my roommate, Mary Frances Smith. The rain continued, and Madison removed my jacket from my chair and ran to call a cab. At that point in his life, he never walked. Four of us did go to the College Inn for the meal. Madison was seated across the table from me, and he picked up a cigar band that had been left on the table. Mary Frances commented that he had a beautiful ring. With that, Madison reached across the table and said to me, "Will you marry me?" We

all laughed and I replied, "But of course I will." He put the paper band on my finger. I never thought that he would remember that night, but he presented me with a silver cigar-band ring on one of our wedding anniversaries more than forty years later.

After I graduated and Madison left the navy, he returned to Durham, where he became employed with James O. Cobb and Company, insurance underwriters.

We had a quiet family wedding. If you have read the section on the Shipps, you would be surprised when I say, "Believe it or not, my father purchased the marriage license." Papa (my grandfather) and the relatives came. Sarah, the colored lady,⁴⁴⁷ gave us her blessing and made a point of telling Madison that I was spoiled. Later the aunt whom I called Annie wrote that her small children, Charlotte and Carol, had earlier marched and worn terry bath towels pretending to graduate after attending my high school graduation. Now they were marching in towels again and having a wedding ceremony.

We were married in Mississippi on November 24, 1946,⁴⁴⁸ at Holly Springs Methodist Church by the Reverend C. T. Floyd, minister, before and after Thanksgiving! That is the truth. President Franklin Roosevelt had declared Thanksgiving a week earlier than the usual day. Mississippi abided by the decision. I had Thanksgiving on the Thursday before we married. North Carolina was one of the twenty-six states that ignored FDR. Again, we celebrated Thanksgiving when we came back to North Carolina.

FROM PEABODY'S LOBBY. Madison and I spent our honeymoon at the Peabody Hotel in Memphis. The Peabody symbolized the Deep South. William Faulkner said that the Mississippi Delta began in the lobby of the Peabody. The students of Ole Miss held their pep rallies in the lobby when a game was played in Memphis. One pep song summed up the significance of the place with the words, "From Peabody's lobby to Whitey's saloon..." That was the 1940s, and times have changed. Ole Miss no longer is dependent on Memphis as a home base. Some things never change, though. Today, you may find that the live ducks, a trademark of the Peabody, are still marching in rows and swimming in the Peabody fountain, and precisely at five o'clock in the afternoon, they waddle on a red carpet to an elevator and go up to the penthouse.

THE BEST APPLE PIE. In our first home, in Durham, Madison taught me to cook. I had always thought anyone could do that, so why bother? His mother told me there was no need to prepare desserts, for he would not eat them. After about two or three

⁴⁴⁷See the Vick section on the usage of this term.

⁴⁴⁸Marriage License, Marshall County, MS.

weeks, I grew tired of no sweets, so I made an apple pie. I served each of us a piece. Madison finished the entire pie. From that time on my apple pies have always been compared to my first pie made from scratch, both crust and filling without a recipe, and I have never been able to make another as tasty.

My culinary attempts were sometimes questionable. I had cooked one meal before we married, with help from my mother's bedside. I simply refused to take a home economics course, saying, "Any idiot can learn to cook."

Actually over the years the family has liked my cooking, even though I still do not relish the idea of the daily routine. My secret for all grandmothers is this: When grandchildren are going to be present, prepare only dishes they like. I do not indulge them with sweets or junk. My green beans are tops on the list, with fruit dishes and macaroni and cheese in pursuit. My granddaughter made a CARE package of green beans to take to her college dorm.

We still laugh over my first Thanksgiving turkey. When Madison was carving this beautiful presentation, his knife struck a foreign object. I had no idea what it could be. My mother-in-law, Myrtle, immediately took the platter, went to the kitchen, and very shortly returned and indicated everything was fine. She had removed the paper containing the giblets. I had scrubbed and picked every removable part from the main cavity of the bird but had no idea the neck cavity contained those parts.

Once I also removed the strings from a rolled roast and wondered what had happened when it collapsed into a heap when cooked. There are some things not recorded in cookbooks.

Mama did not encourage my cooking attempts. When I was about eight and she was absent from the house for an hour or two, I found a recipe and made a cake, a very successful one, and it was cooking nicely when Mama returned to prepare the evening meal. There was one drawback. The cake, similar to a fruit cake, had to be cooked for hours at a very low temperature, and we had a wood stove. Neither the surface nor the oven could be heated more for fear of ruining the cake.

I am a very organized person, and Madison is helpful and likes a clean, neat house also. I remember that while in college, if I was studying for an exam or had a particular assignment or test, I would first clean or at least straighten the room before settling down to study.

My secret for housekeeping is this: Keep everything picked up and have a place for everything. Do not be a pack rat. Throw or give away excess. If a house is straight, no one notices whether the windows are spotless.

An afterthought to not being a pack rat: That doesn't include genealogy! I have been accused of not having a place to sit in my office while writing this book, but it is organized in order for me to have access to the material.

WHY DID YOU CHOOSE AUDITING AND ACCOUNTING? Shortly after we married and returned to Durham, I wanted to start working. I applied to the only CPA firm in town. There were other individuals who practiced, but the only larger firm, Ashlin and Hutchings, was my choice.

Norwood Thomas, one of the partners, interviewed me. One question has stuck in my mind. "Ruth," he said, "Why did you choose accounting?"

I answered, "Because I like it, and I am good at it." It had never occurred to me that I was in a man's world, and it did not faze me that day. Come to think of it now, most of my accounting classmates were male.

I recall saying that I would work for two weeks for no pay just to prove that I could do the work. I always felt a person should be hired for his or her ability. Mr. Thomas told me I had the job and could come to work after the holidays. He did not accept my offer of free work. Then he added, "You might be asked to help Miss Effie some." Miss Effie ran the office, and she and Anna Coletta did all the typing. That night I did not sleep much, and the next day I went to a neighbor's phone and called Mr. Thomas. I told him, "I have agreed to do something that I am not qualified to do. I am not a secretary. I can't accept the job." He thanked me, and I went home with the thought of looking for another job.

Madison and I had put in an order for telephone service, but after the war there was a waiting list of almost a year. It did not take Mr. Thomas that long to call Madison at work. After Christmas, Madison came to lunch and told me that Mr. Thomas wanted me to call him. I completed the dishes, again went to a neighbor's phone, and made the call.

He said, "I want you to come to work."

"When?" was my question.

"This afternoon." That started a very good experience in the world of accounting, and I did not have to type for Miss Effie. The office was located at 123 Main Street in Durham.

In 1947 and for a number of years thereafter, income taxes were due on March 15. An epidemic of flu hit the firm around that particular first week of March. Phillip Hutchings, the other partner, and Clyde Knight, another CPA, were out. The senior

accountants, Tony Ricca and Clyde Walker, fell by the wayside. Mr. Thomas called me in and said, "Do you think we can handle it?" A twenty-year-old can do anything, and I assured him we could. That night the flu put me to bed. There were many IRS extensions applied for by the firm that year. I never felt any discrimination because of sex except from Miss Effie, who could not get used to a female being hired as an accountant.

There is a possibility that I would have been career bound. I often tell people that instead of a CPA, I received an MA, meaning I became a mother. Our son, Madison III (Matt), came into the world and I was not willing to let someone else raise my children, a decision I have never regretted. Looking back, I believe I put my accounting knowledge to a very good use. Each year for a while I helped with income taxes for Mr. Thomas. Mr. Hutchings died. Mr. Knight became a partner, and the name changed to Ashlin, Thomas & Knight. Mr. Ashlin was Mr. Thomas's father-in-law. The firm is now known as Thomas, Knight, Trent & King.

We moved from Durham in the fall of 1949, but when we returned in November 1952, Mr. Thomas again made a job offer and so did two other CPAs. We were hoping we would be fortunate enough to have another child, so I declined.

FROM COLUMBIA TO MEMPHIS. In 1949, we moved to Columbia, South Carolina, and lived on Wheat Street. Madison was with the same company, but this was a promotion to the office in Columbia. He traveled the state of South Carolina a great deal. I worked for an accounting firm at home.

Madison was always looking for improvement in the workforce. While we were vacationing at my parents' home in Mississippi, he applied for a job with E. H. Crump and Company in Memphis. On the day of the application, they asked him, "When do you want to start?"

This was an insurance firm located at the corner of Main and Adams and owned by politically involved "Boss Ed Crump" and his family. Mr. Edward Hull Crump, a native Marshall County Mississippian, was a dominant figure in Shelby County, Tennessee, politics for fifty years. He was elected to office twenty-five times. His statue is standing in Overton Park in Memphis as a tribute to his unchallenged integrity. We do know that he did not let the insurance company that bore his name handle any city or county government business.

For two years, we lived in Memphis. Madison was placed in charge of the forty employees who handled detailed work. He resigned from the company to return to

Durham, after his father petitioned for his help in his business. The Crump Company made very tempting offers of position and financial gain, but Madison was a duty-oriented person and had to decline.

Our home while in Memphis was on the corner of Shirlwood and Sevier streets. During the stay, we had an opportunity not only to see my people regularly, but to make many friends and enjoy our home.

My brother Ervin had been called back into service as a member of the Army Reserve. Shortly after his last daughter was born, he had orders to go to Germany, and he left on December 7, Matt's birthday. This was 1950, the time of the Korean conflict. He and Elizabeth had four children, Charles, Beth, Kathryn, and Helen, all less than six years of age. If I remember correctly, Madison was summoned to pull Charles's first loose tooth.

My other brother, Lowry, and his wife Ruth lived in Memphis with their two daughters, Betty and Lucille. Later they added a son, Bill, and another daughter, Kim.

Louanna and Edna Earl's families, my aunts, were living in Memphis also. Madison and I made regular trips to Red Banks, Mississippi, where we saw my parents, Papa (my grandfather), and Uncle John. Many weekends Mamie, another aunt who was a school principal, would visit in Red Banks. Madison particularly liked the fishing in Mississippi.

TRAGEDY IN THE GULF. The tragedy of Madison's brother's death in April 1951 eventually led us back to Durham. Madison's parents were devastated and shortly made offers for him to come home to Durham and join the company that his father had started in 1946. Duty to family has always been Madison's priority. After six years in insurance, he returned to Durham in September 1952.

Madison became a partner with his father in the furniture business in January of 1953 and remained until his father left in 1967. Madison began January 1, 1968, as sole proprietor and continued until 1981, when he incorporated. He was president. Son Matt, who started regular work with the company in 1972, was vice-president, and I was treasurer. Madison (Jr.) was a very good businessman, who had control of the operations. His father had started the business and had grown with it, but the times changed drastically, and Madison had to deal with an entirely different element of customers and government regulations.

In 1992, Madison placed the leadership of Y and J Furniture Company, Inc., in the hands of his son but continued to work in the business until retirement in June of 1997.

Because of the nature of the business and the fine furniture that the company made, Mrs. Patricia Phillips Marshall, the curator of Furnishings and Decorative Arts of the North Carolina Museum of History in Raleigh, asked me to write the company's history for the museum's files. The following is the article.

The Y and J Furniture Company, Inc., of Durham, North Carolina

The Y and J Furniture Company is a custom house producing top-quality authentic reproductions of solid wood. Early American, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and Chippendale styles make up the bulk of the reproductions, although orders have been filled in more contemporary styles. Unusual, one-of-a-kind pieces are designed for the discerning customer.

In addition to manufacturing, the company does restoration work on antique furniture and all types of refinishing and re-upholstering. It has one of the largest selections of fabric samples in the Southeast, representing the outstanding and leading fabric wholesale houses in the nation. The popularity of the Y and J's operation led *Town and Country* magazine in the 1980s to list it as the only recommended refinishing business between Florida and Washington, D.C.

*The New York Times*⁴⁴⁹ spoke of the company as investing in quality work and used the Y and J as an exception to other manufacturers who seem to be less concerned with style and more concerned with quantity.

An article in the *Employment Security Commission Quarterly*⁴⁵⁰ described the unique operation of the Y and J, especially in the finishing department, which could match any feasible finish that a customer could desire. This service continues to the present day.

Three generations of the family have spent a large portion of their lives at the company. The founder, Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Sr., began his tenure in 1946 and retired at the end of 1967, but continued to be present daily until 1980. He had been in the fine furniture business since 1928. Madison S. Yarbrough, Jr., joined his father in 1952 and retired in 1997. His son, Madison S. Yarbrough III, came on board in 1972 and in the year 2002, he will have completed thirty years. Actually the experience, when measured in years, of those three alone would exceed 125 years.

Others in the family performed secondary roles. The elder Madison's wife Myrtle handled the telephone for a number of years. Madison Jr.'s wife Ruth worked in the

⁴⁴⁹The New York Times, Feb. 20, 1983.

⁴⁵⁰Employment Security Commission Quarterly, Summer-Fall 1960, p. 16.

capacity of accountant for thirty-one years and, after incorporation, was treasurer from 1981 to 1992. Daughter Janet was part-time office worker in her early teens through high school; then between undergraduate and graduate work, she was employed again. Madison III's wife Cissy spent a few years in the office before she began her real estate business. His daughter Whitnee has shared her time during vacations.

THE Y & J: A BRIEF HISTORY. World War II had ended. The birth of the company was very humble, when the elder Yarbrough and James Elwood Johnson borrowed \$250 each and established an upholstery business called the Y and J Upholstering Co. The signed agreement was executed on July 29, 1946. Both were experienced businessmen, and as Johnson took care of the upholstering work, Yarbrough used his natural talents as a true salesman. He loved people, and they loved him; many were former customers who had known him for years.

At first, a small space was rented on the corner of East Geer Street and East Club Boulevard in Durham. Workers were hired as the company grew. In less than a year, they purchased a plot of land⁴⁵¹ at 1612 East Geer Street on Highway 15 (which was called the Durham-Oxford Highway.) A tavern or roadhouse had been in the space, and the neighbors were delighted with the new owners. This site is the present location. Time and again, there were renovations to suit the needs for expansion.

Durham, North Carolina, had a "Tobacco Land Jubilee" in October 1947. In the parade, Madison and Myrtle Yarbrough, attired in period clothing, rode in a 1899 Cadillac advertising the company and its services of refinishing, upholstering, and reproductions.

On April 5, 1950, Yarbrough and Johnson borrowed \$15,000, and on June 21, 1950, an open house was held for the newly constructed showroom. A guest book with the signatures of over 300 guests and flower arrangements from banks, insurance companies, neighbors, business dealers, and acquaintances marked the successful opening.

The loss in April 1951 of Yarbrough's son, William Kenneth Yarbrough, who was serving in the Merchant Marines during the Korean conflict, caused him to rethink his priorities. His written contract with Johnson stipulated that each could offer to buy or sell to the other with due notice. Around February of 1952, Johnson sold his part for \$30,000 to Yarbrough, yet Johnson continued to work in the company.

At this point, Yarbrough wanted his only living son to come in as a partner.

⁴⁵¹The site on the Durham County NC tax map included part or all of Lots 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, and 54.

Madison Yarbrough, Jr., was established in Memphis, Tennessee, with E. H. Crump & Company. After about six months of deliberations and a proper resignation with the company, he moved his family to Durham in the fall of 1952.

There was a great difference in the style of leadership of the two men. The previous six years had seen the company develop gradually, and it was a time when a man's word was his bond. There was a growing mountain of paperwork. Yarbrough Sr. paid little attention to the office duties, only making sure that every bill was paid on Friday. He was interested in the quality and quantity of work, and true to his nature, he loved every minute with satisfied customers.

Yarbrough Jr. brought with him a new dimension. While he did deal with customers, he put the firm on a more businesslike basis. He attended to the details of the everyday operation and sought to be more productive by carefully putting things in order. He was talented in freehand drawings, which was a great help.

The operation continued to expand, and by 1960 an additional showroom was located in Greenville, North Carolina. Yarbrough Jr. spent much time and effort with the orders from the eastern part of the state.

When heart problems caused the retirement of Yarbrough Sr. at the end of 1967, the partnership agreement of father and son was voided, and Madison Yarbrough Jr. became sole proprietor on January 1, 1968. The word *upholstering* in the business name was changed to *furniture*, because in reality, the production of reproductions had become the principal facet of operation. The Greenville showroom was phased out as a result of pressing duties of operating the business in Durham.

Young Madison III studied furniture manufacturing and management in the Engineering School of North Carolina State University. Upon graduation, he was employed by Burlington Industries of Lexington, North Carolina. There he helped convert an old doubleknit textile mill into a furniture factory. This was a great success in term of dollars, and as he describes it, "We were throwing a bedroom set every two minutes. The Japanese and the Germans came to observe and copy."

Since he was "born and bred" in the fine furniture line, he was continually making suggestions for better store-bought stock. It never happened on the assembly lines. He made a decision to come back to the type of furniture he could be proud of. He joined his father in the fall of 1972. He said that he could only go up the ladder at the Y and J, since he started at the bottom in his teens, when his first assignment was the painting of rest rooms.

With Yarbrough III, a new direction for the business took shape. He began to professionally design and draw to scale many orders. With every reproduction that the company made, he had a plywood pattern made of each part. Because of this step, new workers under supervision could cut the wood by the patterns and relieve the very skilled craftsman to attend the major part of the job.

In 1981, the business was incorporated with Madison Yarbrough, Jr., as president, Madison Yarbrough III as vice-president, and Ruth Shipp Yarbrough as treasurer.

Madison Jr. turned over the operation of the company to his son, Madison III, in 1992, but continued to give a helping hand until his retirement in 1997.

For forty years, there was little turnover in employment. A job was for life, and individuals could be proud of the quality of work that was accomplished. The employee began his/her work when young, raised a family, and sent the children to college. About 1987, that particular group began to retire, and the company felt the pains of training new and younger workers.

From the inception of the business, many excellent workers were employed. A few names come to mind:

Cabinetmakers: Thurman George, J. O. Stainback, Gene Hoke

Wood Workers: Alex Lesperance, Coy Franklin, Clayborn Elliott

Finishers: Paul Newton, William Burnett, Aubry Gooch

Upholsterer: A. V. Neems

Truck Driver: R. D. Timberlake

Superintendent: Richard Delionbach

Office Manager: Ruth Harris

A few workers apprenticed at the Y and J and then left to venture into a business on their own, often times in a garage. The most successful was Nick Strange, who owns Century Guild. Each one used the Y and J experience on their advertising or resumes, proud to have been a part of a quality firm. Not everyone can become accomplished in woodworking, because it requires a special natural talent.

FURNITURE OF DISTINCTION. Numerous churches have altar furniture, cabinets, communion tables, etc., that were built at the Y and J. One example is Gorman Baptist Church in Durham, North Carolina. An interior designer, Dan Addison, visualized the requirements; Madison Yarbrough III designed and drafted the patterns; and J. O. Stainback was in charge of building the entire set-up at the altar and front of the

church. The cross over the altar at Calvary United Methodist Church, also in Durham, was specially made, plus the communion table, flower stands, chapel lectern, and most of the furniture in the parsonage.

The very finest pieces are in the locations for which the furniture was designed, whether it was a home or a public building. A wine display cabinet in the Fairview Restaurant at the Washington Duke Inn, in Durham, North Carolina, is just one example.

From Duke University's chapel to many departments in both the university and the medical center, you will find the handiwork of Y and J.

The restoration process receives high praise. When the Old Capitol Building of the State of North Carolina in Raleigh was renovated in the early eighties, Y and J was called to refinish the woodwork and furniture, just one of the many responsible tasks that the craftsmen have completed.

Y and J furniture has been known to be erroneously sold at auction as antiques. The first pieces made by Y and J had no markings as to origin. Then, a 3x5 yellow adhesive label with green lettering, with company logo, and worded "Custom Built by Y and J Upholstering Company," with space for the customer's name, was placed on the back or drawers of pieces. Later, a smaller 2x3 oval emblem in two colors was used. In October 1972, the company began to brand the logo onto the wood furniture. However, all Y and J furniture is recognizable to the Yarbroughs, just as parents know their children.

As the years have passed, more red tape keeps the operation busier than ever. More paperwork and huge fees are forced upon all business owners. A new breed of customer has replaced the old southern-born family who were sending their children to the Y and J. An ever-mobile workforce caused some prospective craftsmen to forsake the trade and seek other opportunities. The company has adjusted to the changes and continues to serve, and serve well.

The operation is small, dealing directly with the client. No furniture is pre-built or mass-produced; all chemicals are recycled. Everything is first quality, hand built, and faithfully reproduced in material, size, and finish to the buyer's specifications.

The ticking of time by the old Seth Thomas clock that has graced the walls of the company for many years continues to remind us of its founder. The previous owner of the clock was the Oxford Buggy Works, later the Oxford Furniture Company, and this is where Yarbrough Sr. became acquainted with furniture and began a lifetime of infatuation with fine furniture.

The Y and J relies upon a satisfied clientele—the very best advertising. Quality materials and craftsmanship, excellent service, and old-world charm may best describe its day-to-day operations.

THE REAL MADISON. The Methodist Church has received its share of Madison Jr.'s time. At Calvary United Methodist, a member beginning in November of 1952, he served on committees such as finance, and he was an usher. He was chairman of the Board of Trustees and was chairman of the Administrative Board on three different occasions. We haven't counted the years. In 1976, he was appointed by the trustees to be a permanent trustee of the Hettie Parr Memorial Fund, with duties to invest and oversee the portfolio of the fund. He was very successful in its handling.

He is a man who assumes his responsibilities without thought of personal gain. Characteristic of him was his loyalty to his aging mother after his father's death in 1986. I witnessed a son who looked after her welfare, not a casual visitor.

He earns respect. He is reserved, but for those who know him best, he has a dry wit that is spontaneous. He has the ability to keep your attention, for you never know what he will say next. Patience is not one of his virtues. Procrastination is not in his vocabulary. As a result, he gets things done. He truly lives by the adage, "Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today."

Madison has wavy hair. He was a towhead (blond) as a child, but it turned almost black as a teenager. He is graying with the years, but he doesn't have male pattern baldness as his father and grandfather Yarbrough had. His eyes are blue, and he has a ruddy complexion with a long oval face. With a slender build, he stands very erect. A member of the church commented that he looks as if he stepped out of a band box. His clothes are on the conservative side, and at every phase of his life, he was neat, hair combed and shoes polished.

For many years his hobbies were fishing and hunting, but very recently he said, "If I had my life to live over, I'd choose horticulture as my vocation." For years he enjoyed working in his vegetable garden, and when he brought in an abundance of his harvest, sometimes I was not too kind. The amount overwhelmed me, and I could never keep ahead of the job. One morning when I went in the bathroom, there was a cut-out piece of paper taped on the mirror with these words of Francis Bacon, "Almighty God planted a garden. And indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures." In recent years his interest has been in shrubs and flowers, more my speed.

Healthwise he was blessed. He had the normal childhood diseases, removal of tonsils, an appendectomy. As he matures, he encounters arthritis. In 1995 he had a knee replacement, which was successful due mainly to his healthy condition. In 1997 he had arthroscopic surgery on the other knee. It may be of interest that in both of our families as a whole, there are no genetic diseases, such as diabetes, but there are allergies, some hearing and eye problems.

Madison usually found the words to produce the humor in most situations, but there was a notable exception. He had been out of town on business and returned home about seven o'clock and mentioned that in the events of the day, an upholstery needle had pierced his thigh and it was sore. I took one look and insisted that we go to a doctor. Our private doctor was out of town, but I agreed to meet the substitute at his office that night. I drove, and soon Madison returned to the car, saying the doctor gave him a tetanus shot. The next afternoon, he called, saying he had to go by the hospital for a tetanus shot before he could come home. "Didn't you get one last night? Are they going to give you two?" The answer to my question was, "No, the doctor gave me a shot for nausea during pregnancy."

One story will give a better insight into the character of Madison. While making a business appointment to the home of a customer and having already rung the doorbell, he heard a whizzing sound and glanced up to see a neighbor's car with no driver, only a small boy inside, racing down a steep drive heading for the street. He leaped off the porch, opened the door, and stopped the car before it entered the street. The door hit a brick wall and was mangled, but the child was unharmed. I did not learn of this until mother and son came to the company to thank him. He had not identified himself, but the mother saw the company logo and telephoned the company office to inquire who had saved her son. For many years, on that anniversary, the young son of Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Rice came with his mother and brought gifts of thanks. Madison was embarrassed with the attention. He always assumed responsibility and never hesitated to take action. He certainly believed, "Be ye doers of the Word and not hearers only."

A paper came to my attention recently, and I share it because it is in Madison's own words written more than twenty-five years ago.

"When thinking of the Church, and what it means to me, several thoughts come to mind.

"To me, the church is my never-failing source of Calm, Spiritual Comfort and Peace.

In life we face ever-changing ideas and concepts of living. But in the Church, we always find the one absolute Truth, always right, on going and eternal.

“The Church also is a forum for teaching me the values for living a life of productivity and service. Being at the source of all wisdom with the opportunity to learn is a wonderful privilege for me.

“Thirdly, the church is the means for providing a meeting with others in which there are no social, financial, educational or racial differences in the eyes of God.

“Provider of the sweet peace of Forgiveness, domicile of Saving Grace, creator of the Truth, Teacher of Life, are a few ideas of what the Church means to me.

“I thank God for the Church.”

Madison Simeon Yarbrough III (Matt)

A long slender baby came into the world in Watts Hospital in Durham, North Carolina, on December 7, 1947,⁴⁵² six years to the Sunday after the bombing of Pearl Harbor by the Japanese. He weighed seven pounds and eleven ounces and had the darkest eyes, never blue like most babies. They remained brown. Quite unusually, this child had four living grandmothers and four living grandfathers, and he was the first great-grandchild for the Yarbroughs. On Christmas Day we showed him off in Burlington. Great-grandfather and great-grandmother Yarbrough were living at 403 Ireland Street. His great-grandfather Yarbrough died the following July.

Since there was confusion with so many Madisons, the family called him “Matt.” My mother said, “Little Madison” and great-grandmother Yarbrough called him “Little Mattie.” Since he was Madison III, my Aunt Mamie commented, “Well, she has started numbering already.”

Matt was a good traveler. My parents came to North Carolina to see him, and we returned with them to Mississippi for a visit, all of this before he was five months old. Now, that doesn't sound like a big feat today, but there were no interstates, and by car the trip took two days. Trains were on strike, so we returned to Durham by plane.

Matt took his first steps on October 11, 1948, and he talked early and has not stopped since. At two years, he noticed clouds at night partly covering the moon and he stated that the moon needed sewing.

He had an abundance of golden brown curls that sprang into place when touched. He used to show his picture and explain, “That's me when I was a girl.”

⁴⁵²Certificate of Birth No. 3398, Durham County, NC.

The first home was Durham. Then we moved to Columbia, South Carolina, and then Memphis, Tennessee. We moved back to Durham, and he started first grade at North Durham School. He was taller than other children for his age and that was a problem, for boys in higher grades harassed him. A wonderful teacher told the teachers in the upper grades that this was a first-grader and asked them to control their older children.

Polio was prevalent in the fifties, so very much that swimming pools and movie theaters closed in the summer in many cities. While in Memphis, the next-door playmate contracted it, and when we left Memphis she was still on crutches. When the first experimental polio vaccines were given, Matt was in the group chosen.

SNAKES AND SNAILS AND PUPPY-DOG TAILS. Matt was the ever inquisitive little boy. He played with snakes, lizards, and frogs, built forts in the woods (snow forts in the winter,) watched the stars and bats at night, and kept himself and everyone around busy.

The same age as Matt, our neighbor, Mary Dee Brown, came and went just as if it were her own home. One day she entered with a jar full of grasshoppers, and I yelled, "Mary Dee, get those grasshoppers out of the house!" Calmly she said, "Well, they are for the frog."

I will admit that I hesitated to clean Matt's pockets for laundering, though I never found anything to equal what happened one day when I was preparing to clean my husband's hunting jacket. I reached into its pocket, and my finger touched something fuzzy which pricked my finger. I threw the jacket on the floor and stomped it, carefully took a stick and carried it outside, and with the stick I poked into the pocket. There was a lovely cotton boll, all white, that Madison had picked from a cotton row on a farm while hunting. Because I was from cotton country, Madison had intended to bring it for me to see. He had just failed to remember to show it to me.

Matt was a Boy Scout, and was also on the school patrol. For two years, every day, rain or shine, he watched as children safely crossed the street at his assigned corner.

The Christmas just before daughter Janet was born, Matt received a basketball to replace one that he had lost, but with the instructions that he alone would be responsible for its safekeeping, and no other ball would be purchased if he lost it. One day he ran in and inquired if I knew the whereabouts of his basketball. Reminding him of the forewarning, I asked, "Why are you asking me about your ball?" He replied, "Oh, I thought you swallowed it."

Janet Ruth Yarbrough

His sister, Janet Ruth, was born February 10, 1956.⁴⁵³ Matt was eight years old and had his heart set on a boy, so the news of a girl was overwhelming. His grandfather Yarbrough found him with tears streaming and asked, "Don't you want a girl?" Matt exclaimed, "I don't know how to raise a girl!" Things certainly changed, for he took her for his own and undoubtedly he learned "how to raise a girl," for he was a responsible babysitter for us. And he became the father of two fine daughters.

Matt had the normal childhood diseases for that time. There were no inoculations for maladies such as measles, which made him extremely ill. He contacted mumps in high school. It appeared to me, as his mother, that I was forever going to the emergency room with him for broken arms, a dislocated knee, a bicycle wreck, or whatever. As an active boy enjoying sports, especially basketball and track, he did get his share of bumps.

IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL. When Janet was born, I knew that it would be impossible to keep the house quiet for her naps, and I did not think it was fair to tell a lively boy to be quiet all the time. We had a small record player. For her naps, I put on several classical music records, the long-playing 33-1/3s. Perhaps the notion of the 1990s is correct that providing classical music at the early stages of life can increase a child's intelligence. She has always loved classical music. At nine months, she would try to dance to tunes. At fifteen months, she could distinguish tunes and sing "bye-bye" to the music.

She developed rapidly in other areas. At twenty months, I went to a PTA meeting and left her with her father. She cried before going to sleep. The next morning, I shamed her, saying, "Did you cry for Daddy last night?" Her comment was, "Daddy makes me nervous."

Janet had an incredible memory. By the time she was three, she knew the Lord's Prayer, Psalm 23, Psalm 100, and the Apostle's Creed. She loved books, and not reading to her was the only punishment ever needed.

On the first day of school, upon returning home she wanted to know if report cards were given in the first grade. I told her that they were. She said, "Well, I didn't get one today."

As a child, she possessed great insight to life. When Janet was eight years old, I told her the mother of one of her friends had called and told me that Robert, who had

⁴⁵³Birth Certificate No. 346, Durham County, NC.

been sick, was crying, because he couldn't go sledding in the snow. Janet said, "Mama, you wouldn't put up with that a minute." I asked, "How do you know?" Her answer: "I haven't lived eight years for nothing."

One morning she brought a drawing to me and asked if it was good. I was busy and nodded yes. "Well, what is it?" she questioned. "A butterfly," I said. As she walked off, she declared, "If you hadn't known what it was, it wouldn't be good."

Janet was a Brownie and a Girl Scout, and even spoke to adults in the Civitan Club about the activities, especially the cookie sales. The school principal invited her to do so. She was a leader and dependable. The teachers always picked her for chores, some not to her liking. As early as the first grade, she would come home annoyed that once again the teacher had sent her to the office for dry clothes for another first grader who wet his pants.

When Janet was in the second grade, the teacher called me for a conference and asked if I could explain how Janet could test in math at the eighth-grade level. I said it was very easy to understand. "What would you do if your brother was older by eight years and you wanted to play games with him?" She could multiply and divide and keep a score for games far beyond her years. She and Matt were very close, and he should receive credit.

Shortly after we moved to Shoccoree Drive when Janet was five, I was busy opening boxes and putting articles in place. I missed Janet. I knew she was in the house, but everything was quiet. I walked through the front hall and heard sounds from the large closet which I thought was empty. I peeped in. Janet was in her little rocker with her record player listening to Rubenstein playing Beethoven's Fifth Piano Concerto. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. I asked, "What's wrong, Baby?" "It's so beautiful," was all she said. And that summed up her feeling for music.

Arthur Rubenstein gave one of his performances toward the end of his life at Duke University. The weather could not have been worse, snow and slush, but we attended. After the concert, many gathered at the back of the hall to get a glimpse of the great pianist as he left. Janet knew her way around the building very well, and even though she was dressed in formal attire, she slipped through a narrow window beside one of the doors that could not have measured more than thirteen inches in width. Here was this sixteen-year-old standing by a door, and when Rubenstein opened the door he spoke and shook hands with her. That was a moment that she will never forget.

HAPPY MISSISSIPPI MEMORIES. Matt and Janet loved our vacations in Mississippi. The travel time was long, but we arranged surprises of new books, quiet games, interesting snacks, and always a picnic lunch composed of fried chicken, country ham biscuits, tomatoes, celery stuffed with cream cheese, and other goodies. Long before there were public rest stops and interstate highways, I made a list of the location of every picnic table between North Carolina and Mississippi, and some became our favorites. We would try to reach Rome, Georgia, on the trip down because of a good restaurant there. A swim at the motel, then a shower, and off we would go for a meal. Back at the motel, other swimming games lasted until we called it a day.

Even though we chose various routes, we encountered very few problems—with one exception. On one Fourth of July weekend, we were stopped on the only public road through Murphy, North Carolina, because a wagon train was coming through. We were told the road would be blocked for an hour or more. Janet was a baby, and we were eager to continue. After ten or fifteen minutes of waiting, a local passerby told us to use a road to the right to bypass the bridge and main road. We could even see where the road reentered the highway. This was a great idea, but a short distance down the road all vehicles began to stop, and people rolled out of the trucks, cars, and all sorts of other vehicles and started spreading blankets, chairs, and coolers, with grandpas and babies settling in for the balance of the festivities, which would last several days. They had turned that road into a campground for the duration. We were blocked in.

Madison left to speak to a policeman and to ask for help. I enlisted the aid of some men, explained our situation of traveling with a baby in a hot car. Those wonderful mountain folks literally picked cars up and moved them inch by inch, guiding me through a maze of small openings, stopping here and there to move another vehicle. I emerged in the clearing as Madison was returning.

The children thought Mama and Daddy's store in Red Banks was the greatest. They even said it smelled like Mississippi. In no time they were off to see all the relatives and friends in Red Banks, probably to announce, "We are here!"

Being eight years younger than Matt, Janet chose the quieter pursuits that fascinated her. She found the brown wrapping paper, the kind that came in large rolls placed in an old-fashioned cutter rack. She would draw and color and make neat things. One year, she placed her feet on the paper and drew outlines, then cut them out. The next morning, there was a new pair of red Keds in the place of the outlines. Surely the store was filled with elves.

There were many quaint items in the store. Since I had worked with them, they seemed old hat, but the years had passed and the children were so interested. There was the round cheese box with the knife attached, to slice the large hoop of cheese. It was covered by a wooden round top when not in use. There were paper cutters that held rolls of brown paper and the string to tie up packages. Every country general merchandise store had twenty-five- and fifty-pound bags of flour, and sugar in bags up to 100 pounds. There was a gas pump that held only ten gallons of gas, and if twenty gallons was sold, another ten gallons of gas had to be manually pumped before being put into the awaiting vehicle. There were wooden benches for sitting or playing checkers. During one visit, one of Matt's black buddies taught him to "ham-bone."

Matt and his cousin Charles Shipp were inseparable during that two-week period. Also, they were the most daring. They would report after horseback rides and relate how they were walking and managed to evade water moccasins that blocked their path at a pond.

Hamlet and Kathryn Yarbrough would call and offer their horses for riding, which Matt enjoyed until another horse decided to kick his mount. The horseshoe landed on Matt's shin bone and made a deep wound that lasted all of that particular summer.

The boys knew every part of that little town, including how to raise the window of the old Red Banks Presbyterian Church, crawl through the opening, and contentedly look and play the pump organ, a curiosity. If Janet was along, she would read from the pulpit Bible. The church was organized in 1844 but wasn't used at that time on a regular schedule. Maybe Matt felt a need to stand and survey what had once been Philadelphia Presbyterian Church, so named because earlier members came from a church of the same name in Clear Creek, North Carolina. The ancestors of the first members from Cabarrus County of the Carolinas had migrated from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The church had literally been moved to the present location in 1888 by mule train. The intriguing legends from past generations seemed more real, since the church was directly across from the cemetery. Did the bell in the tower really fall on a bride or did the vestibule floor just collapse? They would slip away, put the window down, and place the stick in the proper place awaiting a similar visit next year.

Off they would go to see Mrs. Murchison, and just across the road was Miss Octie's house. It was time to write messages to place in the post of her four-poster bed. Miss Octie, who was Mrs. Reeves Power, was Charles's great-aunt by marriage, and she exhibited an enthusiastic zeal for living. The boys knew that they were welcome.

At times they would sit and daydream, something every child should be allowed to do. Charles could envision a tea room to be built on the remaining concrete portion of an old store.

They would check in at Papa's, my grandfather's house, all during the day, but toward the end of the day we could expect to see them stroll along the road around supper time. Years later, they admitted to having a meal with Papa, Mamie, and Uncle John, and returning in time to eat another meal with my mother and father.

THE DAY THE TRAINS STOOD STILL. One summer with the vacation coming to a close, we had packed to leave early the next morning. Matt was probably ten and Charles about twelve. A railroad inspector stopped at the store, and I heard him say that all of the Frisco railroad trains had been stopped from Memphis to Holly Springs, and to New Albany. This was the result of a piece of wire stretched from one rail of the track to the rail on the other side of the track. But by now, he said, everything was back to normal.

I waited for the boys to return for the evening meal. Calmly, I asked them if they knew about the wire. With absolutely no reluctance, they said, "Sure, the train flattens pennies, and we wanted to know if it would flatten the wire."

There was some serious conversation. It was the last day of our vacation, and Charles's mother and father were there.

We had to start our trip back to North Carolina early the next morning to return to our jobs. We knew that my brother was taking Charles to the railroad headquarters to talk to the Frisco inspectors.

Charles knew I was writing this book, and he said, "Yes, write about it, but tell that I went alone to the inspectors." I can also tell that Matt did not get off lightly.

Looking back, I wonder if a lot of good didn't come from that one event. For every action, there is a reaction, and results are not always the expected.

Charles and Matt are two fine fathers, outstanding men in their fields. Charles is an architect in Memphis who has designed houses, churches, and all sorts of other buildings, including restorations. He is a visionary.

Matt has designed furniture for homes and offices and engineered projects for custom-built items in North Carolina as he handled the business. He has also been a city councilman.

One instance stands out in my mind. A few summers ago, the employees in the upholstering department of our company noticed that, on two occasions, someone

had slipped into the building after closing and had stolen a box holding money, an honor-basis container for snacks. A police report was filed.

Then within a week, a mother came in with an eight-year-old boy and said, "He has something to tell you." This little eight-year-old was visiting from Maryland, had spotted the money, and had slipped in after work hours and taken it. With the mother's approval, a policeman arrived and questioned the child. The policeman was sure that he did not do this alone and asked the child if someone helped him. He said, "Yes, my cousin." The next question was "How old is he?" The answer was, "Four and a half."

Matt was to decide the punishment, so he told the boy to come in work clothes the next morning at 8:30 a.m. With proper safety equipment, he was taken to the upholstering department and told to pick up anything on the floor and put it in the trash container. At one point, he picked up a dime and handed it to one of our employees, who said, "Finders keepers." The small boy rejected the offer with, "I don't want anything to do with that." After about fifteen minutes of work, he and his mother returned to talk to Matt, who told the boy that he didn't realize it now, but in later years he would remember him as the best friend he ever had. He probably will remember the consequences of his act. I hasten to say that Matt and Charles did not steal, but they remembered the consequences of a piece of wire in the wrong place.

The adults, Madison and I, enjoyed the visits to Mississippi as much as the children did. My father and Madison had fishing trips to keep them busy. There were some tall tales, but most of the time they brought home the evidence. I would take pictures to show the unbelievers back in Durham.

Once a local fisherman drove by with a twenty-seven-pound catfish. Matt was small, and we made a photo of Matt standing by this monster.

I had an opportunity to continue conversations from the previous visit. In the South, we did not need an excuse to visit. The hometown was family. Relatives and friends from various locations came, and just to be sure everyone had time to chat, Peg White Yarbrough would have a Coke party. Peg was my college roommate, and she had later married my second cousin, George Yarbrough. George was kin on my mother's aunt's side.

We would always attend the Red Banks Methodist Church of my early years. Before air conditioners, one Sunday the weather was unusually hot, and Madison had not completed dressing for the service. Mama inquired of Madison if he was going. He

said, "It is too hot." "I know a hotter place," was Mama's reply. We all headed for church, including Madison.

MUSIC AND SPORTS. While Janet's life revolved around music, Matt's involved sports. Matt did play the French horn through the ninth grade in a school band, but he did not continue because of basketball and track.

He played basketball at Brogden Junior High School, and we never missed a game. He ran track, and I soon became accustomed to fitting my time into his many activities. He played for the YMCA on the Trinity Avenue Presbyterian Church's basketball team that won the city championship.

Track took most of his time in high school. He trained for the high jump, but primarily the high hurdles. He earned an excellent record. Matt was a good student, with mostly A's in all subjects. He would study for a week and coast for three. The only comment on a report card was "Talks too much." While having a conference with the teacher, I happened to comment, "I suppose he comes by his talking naturally." She quickly replied, "That's what he said." Perhaps so, but Matt won the race against me as an adult.

Matt was forever dipping water out of the lake to examine under a microscope, or taking a Civil War gun to school for a project. What would happen to him now for showing up with a broken antique gun that had belonged to his great-great-grandfather, James Madison Yarbrough?

He was rather outspoken on certain issues. There was a young northern teacher in high school who had much to learn about teaching, but more importantly much to learn about manners and human nature. Matt became tired of her saying she thought southern-born people didn't wear shoes and making other derogatory remarks about the South, which he reported to us periodically. She really hit the wrong nerve when she declared that Mississippi was the one place that she would never want to go. Matt shot back, "They don't want damn Yankees down there anyway." I did not have to go and straighten that out. I only scolded him for using profanity.

Matt entered North Carolina State University in Raleigh after his graduation from Durham High School in 1966. I will never forget the day that he came home *with* money *for* us. We had paid all fees in advance, but as a walk-on, he had earned a track scholarship, and he was proud of that accomplishment. His event was high hurdles, and his height of six feet five inches was an advantage. He continued with track for the four years and chalked up an impressive record for the books, breaking several

records and getting his name on a plaque in the field house. During his senior year, he was honored with the Paul Duer Award. Each year one person was chosen to receive the award for outstanding performance in track.

He received a degree in engineering in 1970. His Yarbrough grandparents attended the graduation with us.

Janet started school at Hillandale Elementary School, had two years at Brogden Junior High, but due to the city's new rules, completed the ninth grade at Carrington Junior High. She then entered Northern High School, where she graduated in 1974.

She has an unusually high IQ, and she chose friends who were also smart. In high school she made only one grade that was not an A. For a term paper, she selected a subject concerning music techniques that was beyond the teacher's comprehension. This fact the teacher admitted. It was beyond mine, too.

Janet pursued music with a passion. I never urged her to practice the piano. Her teacher entered her in a master class with Professor Loren Withers of Duke University when she was in the ninth grade. Immediately, Janet was aware of his talent and ability, and she asked me to make an appointment for a consultation. The result was that she studied under Professor Withers for the remaining three years of high school.

Her high school band needed a tuba player, and she taught herself to play. The next year she played French horn and progressed to first chair. No instruction on either.

She won many and varied piano competitions while in high school, from the Woman's Club Music Awards to the Piano Teachers' Competition. Both of these groups held their auditions in universities, and the ratings would begin on the local level. The winner would again compete in the district, where that winner entered the state auditions. With superior ratings, one of her most significant honors was first place in the state of North Carolina in the Piano Teachers' Competition.

In 1974, she entered Duke University, the only college to which she applied, and she received an honorary A. J. Fletcher scholarship. To my surprise, Dr. Paul Bryan recruited her for the Duke Wind Symphony to play the tuba. He tutored her in tuba, and she continued with piano with Professor Withers. With all of the various activities and concerts and tours, she kept busy. When her senior recital came, one-half was in piano and one-half in tuba. She also conducted and was a guest soloist and guest conductor on several occasions.

Music has been a fountain of memories for the family. I particularly liked it from an early age, and so did Janet. In December of 1977, I was visiting my mother, who

was hospitalized and close to a coma. Janet had made a tape of piano pieces that she thought her grandmother would enjoy. I stayed at the hospital because of Mama's condition, and as the night grew weary and long, Mama was restless. I began to play the tape. Each time the tape ended, Mama would say, "Play Janet's music," and that is all she would say. Over and over, the music acted as a soothing balm to her soul, if not to her feeble body.

This experience reminded me of the commentary of Martin Luther, who wanted music and art to be used to the glory of God. He said, "Singers are never sorrowful, but are merry and smile through their troubles in song." He concluded that no art can be placed on the level with music, and that music is the only art capable of affording peace and joy of the heart. He added, "The devil flees before the sound of music almost as much as before the word of God."

In 1978, Janet graduated magna cum laude from Duke University and earned another monetary honor. In the summer of 1978, she attended Chautauqua Institution in New York on a scholarship⁴⁵⁴ for six weeks and then went to Vienna, Austria, for a semester with students from Duke University.

In Vienna there was an opera every night, and she took advantage of the standing room rates. While there, she conducted the Wind Symphony in the famous Town Hall.

Matt was always ready for adventure, and Janet was also. In the year 1978, the world was in the midst of the Cold War. Nevertheless, during a break, she went to Prague, Czechoslovakia, to the famous opera house. Alone she boarded the train, and soldiers with drawn guns and bayonets entered, demanded passports, and stood with her passport picture trying to identify her with it. We think their purpose was simply to harass the passengers. The underside of the train was probably examined with mirrors or dogs, both known to have been used at the time.

Janet stayed with a family whose father operated the opera house. There were two teenage daughters, and the husband and his wife were very nice. It struck her as strange that she was served her meals alone, except for the last night, when they said they were having turkey. She thought she would be invited to eat with the family. She was invited but ate with only the father. I suppose we have quaint customs that they cannot understand.

While in Vienna, she was hospitalized for five days with salmonella poisoning. She

⁴⁵⁴Scholarship sponsored by the King's Daughters and Sons of North Carolina.

had no problem with the usual German language but found that medical terms could be tricky.

While living there, she realized that some of our living conditions were luxuries to the Austrians. The apartment where she lived belonged to a lady who lived there and who had practiced medicine, and as a doctor her standard of living was higher than most. The bathtub was in the kitchen, and the hot water had to be turned on and off with every bath. The tub was the size of an old model bathtub with feet that made it sit high from the floor. There was a seat at one end, and in the middle at the bottom was a small basin to be used for bathing, similar to what we use for sponge baths. No one ever filled the entire tub with water. The faucet, very close to the side of the tub, had a small opening no larger than your little finger. She found it difficult to shampoo her hair and rinse it.

She told the lady about clothes washers and dryers in the homes in the United States, but she was sure the lady could not believe that homes actually had these machines.

For the students of Duke who made the trip, I feel sure that there is one event that remains in their memory. On a trip going into Budapest for a concert, they were stopped. Communist officials boarded the bus, asked many questions, and checked passports. On this cold, bleak December night, the delay continued, with more searching of passports. In the midst of this quiet suspense, there was a faint whistle coming from the back of the bus. Before the sixth note, the entire group picked up the tune and began to sing. "The Star-Spangled Banner" rang out as each person felt the need to make a statement. At this checkpoint, outside guards opened the windows of their stations to listen to the singing, and when the group finished, the guards signaled for more. The Duke students obliged them with Christmas carols. All of the students were musicians, and I would have been thrilled to listen to their renditions.

Janet entered the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor and received her master's degree with a major in brass instruments. Her recital was with the tuba.

While I did not feel discrimination when working thirty years earlier in an environment of mostly males in accounting, I know that it certainly existed in many areas of life. Janet made the appropriate steps to proceed with a double major in her graduate work at the University of Michigan. She ran into a roadblock with the head of the music conducting department. Dean Robert Reynolds refused to grant permission for her to seek a second major in conducting. She had straight A's and had taken all courses in preparation for it, but all he would say when asked for a reason

for the rejection was, "It won't work." That was 1980. A year later the first woman, Sandra Day O'Connor, was appointed to the Supreme Court. Twenty-five years later, the Baltimore Symphony became the first major American orchestra to appoint a woman, Marin Alsop, as music director. So there is progress.

Music has afforded Janet some interesting experiences. Before it was common to use a computer for copying or the software for writing musical compositions, she was in demand by local composers to put their work in order and on paper. She helped Dr. Stuart Henry with his anthem. She got a kick out of working with a composer of country music who did not know one music note from another, and he certainly could not put it on paper. But he would sing the song, and he recorded it on a tape. From the tape, she was able to transcribe it into a written piece of music.

When the great jazz composer Mary Lou Williams died of cancer in 1981, Janet was asked to take her unpublished work and put it in readable form. (In 1977 Ms. Williams had signed a three-year contract with Duke University as artist-in-residence to teach introductory jazz courses and perform.)

Arranging music for bands has also been one of Janet's talents. The Triangle Brass Band located in the Research Triangle recently used one of her arrangements in their Christmas album, *A Holiday Reminiscence*. The cover, with their picture and an insert of Janet's picture, has this commentary: "Janet Yarbrough was a long-standing member and served as tubist, librarian, and board member. During her tenure she composed a lovely arrangement of 'God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen' that she titled 'Reminiscence on an English Carol.' That piece, and its title, had provided the inspiration for this recording."

Janet enjoyed the younger talents in music as they progressed to higher levels. She worked with the Duke Wind Symphony for a number of years.

She has taught brass instruments and was on the faculty of Campbell University at one time. Upon several occasions, she was a guest conductor for the Duke Symphony Orchestra and the Duke Wind Symphony. She arranged "Concerto for Tuba and Chamber Wind Ensemble" from the composition by Johann Vanhal for concerto for contrabass and orchestra. Janet was the tuba soloist, and at that particular concert, Jan Meyerowitz conducted his own composition, "Four Romantic Movements," commissioned by Duke University

During her college years, she gained experience with Dr. Paul Bryan, and she worked off and on for about twenty years helping him with his book *Johann Wanhal, Viennese Symphonist: His Life and His Musical Environment* (1997.)

Janet has played with notables and met notables. She just happened to be in the right place at the right time. To name a few, she played for Les Brown, who conducted his "Sentimental Journey," guided Vladimir Horowitz when he was guest concert pianist, and supplied a mouthpiece for Governor Jim Martin of North Carolina when he played the tuba.

Leonard Bernstein asked the members of the Duke Wind Symphony, while they were performing at the Kennedy Center in Washington, to come to his quarters.

For many years, she helped Professor Loren Withers with his workshop for music teachers. Again, Janet had the opportunity to meet with well-known performers, such as the likes of Emanuel Ax. As a drawing card, Professor Withers would invite well-known pianists to give a concert.

Janet is a very devoted member of the Episcopal Church.

OUR FIRSTBORN WEDS. When Matt left North Carolina State University, he had a job waiting, and he was employed with Burlington Industries in the furniture division for about two years. While living in Lexington, North Carolina, he met Calista (Cissy) Jean Everhart, and they married on November 21, 1971.⁴⁵⁵

The wedding turned out to be a beautiful affair—after we had solved a few minor problems. Matt's great aunt Louanna had become ill at the rehearsal dinner the night before. Her sinuses did not tolerate the plane trip from Memphis. She did attend the wedding.

My Aunt Mamie and I worked several hours seeing that the flowers at the rehearsal dinner were in perfect order. Since I was a garden club member, how could I let someone else do the honors?

Three hours before the time for the wedding, the phone rang, and a panic sound of "Mama" came from Matt. His pants were much too short, at least four inches. I assured him that everything would work out all right. How did I know? At that moment, I was getting ready to take his father's pants up in length. Father and son had the same name, and the same waist size at that time, but Matt's legs were about four inches longer than his father's. Switch pants. Problem solved.

The weather on that particular Sunday was cold and windy. Madison left to take Matt to the church. I was in charge of Matt's paternal grandparents and three great aunts. We were on our way, when Grandmother Myrtle discovered that she had lost

⁴⁵⁵Marriage Certificate, Davidson County, NC.

her little fur hat. Older ladies did not feel comfortable in church without some type of head covering. I retraced our steps. The wind had blown it off her head, and a maid had retrieved it and placed it in her room. Another problem solved.

Cissy was a beautiful bride—tall, willowy, and very elegant. Our fifteen-year-old Janet rather shocked Matt because she looked so grown-up. After the reception and after we said our good-byes, Madison said, "Let's get this show on the road before everyone falls to pieces."

Matt and Cissy moved to Durham in September of 1972, and Matt joined his father in the furniture business, the Y and J Furniture Company.

He and his family are Presbyterians. We have an ecumenical family: Madison's parents were Baptist, we are Methodist, Matt and family are Presbyterian, and Janet is Episcopalian.

From 1984 to 1988, Matt was on the Durham City Council. He likes to dabble in politics. He has been president of the Kiwanis Club and works in various civic programs. The most recent pursuit as president of Business Men Against Crime has led him to other towns to give support and instructions on how to "get started." In 1992, he became president of the Y and J Furniture Company, Inc.

He and Cissy have given us two granddaughters, Calista (Lista) Victoria and Virginia Whitnee.

GRANDDAUGHTERS ARE WONDERFUL. Lista, the older, provided us with a whole new vocabulary. She could talk at an early age. At seven months she would call "Granddaddy" as she entered our house. My father, her great-grandfather, was visiting, and he was flattered, thinking she was calling him. We let him think that, but Lista definitely had her sights on Granddaddy Madison.

One Sunday when Lista was five, we were leaving church. Children were in the middle of the street playing, much to the distress of Lista. She knew that playing in the street was wrong and she said, "Hit 'em, Granddaddy. Hit 'em." "Now that would not be Christian," Madison said. To have the last word, Lista came back with, "I am not a Christian. I'm a Presbyterian."

She remembers vividly the night we picked her up, when her parents were on the way to the hospital when Whitnee was born. It was not so much that a baby was coming, but she was captivated by a rabbit that skedaddled along the road. Because it was close to Easter, she was absolutely sure it was the Easter bunny.

We enjoyed both of the girls' visits with us. Lista was a brunette, and Whitnee was a blonde. After Whitnee was born, Cissy called my husband one night and said, "We finally have a blue-eyed baby." Cissy has blue eyes, as does Madison. Both of our children were brunettes, with not a hint of blue eyes. Whitnee was christened in my mother's baby dress of 1895 just two weeks after my mother passed away in 1978. Mama knew that her dress would be used by Whitnee, and I find comfort in that.

THOSE NEW INVENTIONS. Matt and Cissy had left the girls with us, and they were to be picked up around 10 p.m. I had a meeting, so I left Madison to put Whitnee to bed. The children were not a problem, never fussing about going to bed.

But this one night, things were not so cozy. Whitnee was fretting, standing in her bed with the diaper around her ankles. Since Madison had previously put it on her, he solved the problem and everything was quiet upon my return. Shortly thereafter, Matt and Cissy came in the door. They went to the bedroom to get the girls. Whitnee had never been to sleep, and she instantly pointed to the diaper. It was on her, and so was the masking tape that Madison had used to hold it up, placed on her skin like suspenders. Things had certainly changed since our babies, and he couldn't make the sticky tabs work.

Whitnee was always one to get to the heart of a situation. Matt carried both girls to a Durham Bulls baseball game, and they stuffed themselves with all the food available at such games. When almost home, Whitnee said, "Don't let Mama know we ate all that garbage."

She also insisted that she sit by her granddaddy when we ate with them "so we can cut up and fool around."

Lista was a cheerleader, and she also lettered in track during her high school days. Whitnee participated in many sports. She ran track and was a member of the Riverside basketball team in high school, lettering from the ninth grade on through the twelfth. As a senior she was nominated as the outstanding sports person from the school. It was rather amazing that she could be a part of sports, because when she was an infant, she was placed in a harness of Velcro to allow her hip to grow in a normal position. She never crawled but would do a little leap on her knees in order to maneuver about.

The girls talk about the instructions I gave them when they were visiting in Memphis with cousins Charles and Nino. Lista and Whitnee's parents were in Houston, Texas, for a few days, and the girls had been left with the cousins. I took

them aside and cautioned them to be nice, and if they had to argue, to go in the bathroom and whisper. It must have worked, because I heard no bad reports. Like all grandparents, I found it a pleasure to share their childhood days.

The Passing Years

Lista graduated from North Carolina State University in 1995 and married Kevin Paul Kryscio, son of Richard and Karen Edford Kryscio, in 1996.

When Lista married, she wanted to make certain that her aged great-grandmother would attend her wedding ceremony. Grandmother Myrtle had sustained several falls, and at that time had a broken arm. We made all the necessary arrangements well in advance, because she was not able to wait at the church for a long period of time. But when the time for the ceremony arrived, she was not present. The wedding had to go to forth. I was seated, and I sat there holding back tears, because I had worked so diligently, making appointments and careful preparation far in advance. The bridesmaids were ready to come down, but Kevin had not entered the church. Where was the groom? He realized that Grandmother Myrtle had arrived, and he was seeing that she was being helped in. Then he entered, and I saw a door open on the side and Grandmother Myrtle's wheelchair was rolled to a place where she could view the ceremony. My daughter, Janet, slipped from her seat, went around the church, and sat close so her grandmother would not be alone. Lista said that when she saw her, she knew everything would be fine. It also speaks well for Kevin.

Lista and Kevin married on December 21, the anniversary of her deceased maternal grandparents, Cleo and Lois Everhart. We celebrated our fiftieth anniversary on November 24, and Kevin's mother and father celebrated thirty years of marriage on the same day. Cissy and Matt had reached the twenty-five-year mark on November 21. All of this happened in the year 1996.

AN M-16 WEDDING. Whitnee graduated from North Carolina State University in the year 2000. Her engagement to Christopher Todd Steele, son of Ralph and JoAnn Willis Steele, was announced in the newspaper on Sunday, January 5, 2003, with wedding plans for April. Within forty-eight hours, Chris was called for active duty with the North Carolina National Guard, 1st Battalion, 130th Aviation Regiment, a unit of AH-64A Apache attack helicopters.

Whitnee and Chris decided to marry before he left, and within a few days, a

beautiful wedding was planned for the family. On January 19, 2003, they married at Trinity Avenue Presbyterian Church in Durham. Whitnee wore her wedding dress, and Chris was in formal attire. The bridesmaids' dresses had not arrived, but when they heard the news, they said, "We are coming and standing with you." They wore short black dresses, and the groomsmen wore dark suits.

College students do not like to spend money on clothes that they will not wear often. One of the groomsmen told Whitnee that he only had sport coats, and she said that was fine. On the day of the wedding, he appeared in a nice dark suit. Whitnee commented that he looked great, and how did he borrow a suit that fit him so well? He said, "I paid \$11 at Goodwill."

Whitnee's aunt in South Carolina, a florist, made the flower arrangements for the church and brought them in vans along with the candelabras. The members of the church helped with restoring order to the church after the Sunday service. Whitnee's sister, Lista, successfully made a tiered, decorated wedding cake, her first attempt, with only the help of a book on the subject.

Chris was to receive his Ph.D. at the end of April, and I thought he needed a deferment for that length of time. But Chris said, "No, they need me." He was an instructor for nuclear, biological, and chemical weapons with the unit, and yes, they needed him and so did we. We are very proud to have such a fine young man added to our family.

Chris was sent to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, for training, and Whitnee was allowed to visit, sometimes on very short notice. The first time she left Durham, she was within ten miles of Fort Bragg, when she realized she had a shotgun in her trunk. She called friends in Fayetteville, home of Fort Bragg, and asked if they would babysit the gun while she visited Chris.

Why did she have a shotgun in her car? Chris had borrowed the gun from her father for hunting. He had to pack quickly to leave and had asked Whitnee to return the gun. In all the turmoil, she had forgotten to take it out of the car.

When Whitnee married Chris, she continued a tradition in the family. She carried a dainty white linen handkerchief edged in lace, the one my mother, Frances Vick, held when she married my father, Ira Ervin Shipp, Sr., on August 7, 1917, in Red Banks, Mississippi. I carried the handkerchief when I married on November 24, 1946. My daughter-in-law used the same handkerchief when she married our son, on November 21, 1971. Our other granddaughter, Calista, carried it in her wedding on December 21, 1996.

Yes, the wedding was a hurried affair. At the close of the ceremony, the minister said, "This is the first wedding I have ever performed without a rehearsal, and Matt is not sitting out there with a shotgun." We have labeled it an "M16 Wedding," since Chris was being deployed for service with the National Guard.

MILITARY SERVICE RECORD OF CHRISTOPHER TODD STEELE. In 1990, Chris joined the U.S. Army, was deployed to Saudi Arabia in August of that year, and served in Desert Storm as a Multiple Launch Rocket System crew member until March of 1991. After an honorable discharge he joined the Army National Guard as a nuclear, biological, and chemical operations sergeant. He went on active duty from January 2003 to August 2004. During this time he became an emergency medical technician-basic in 2003 (National Registry) and served in Afghanistan during Operation Enduring Freedom IV as a staff sergeant in charge of intelligence and force protection for Task Force Panther. This task force consisted of six aviation companies, two active and four reserve component units, comprising approximately 450 soldiers. Chris returned to his doctoral studies in August 2004, and upon completion of his Ph.D., on September 8, 2005, he accepted a position as a commissioned officer and research physiologist in the U.S. Navy at the Naval Submarine Medical Research Laboratory in Groton, Connecticut. He will direct studies that seek to understand and alleviate disrupted circadian rhythms in submarine crews.

NINE POUNDS OF JOY. A much anticipated bundle of joy arrived in June 2005. Whitnee and Chris presented us with our first great-grandson, Christopher Todd Steele, Jr. All the family was present for his baptism on September 18, 2005, at Trinity Avenue Presbyterian Church in Durham.

THE WORLD OF GARDENING. In 1961 I joined the Woodland Garden Club in Durham. Hoping for just a quiet little outing of friends and neighbors, I never dreamed the results would be so far-reaching. We were affiliated with the Durham Council of Garden Clubs, and shortly I found myself involved on that level.

In 1966 the clubs of the council made a survey to identify the needs in the business community for cleanup and beautification. Some businesses received the results reluctantly, others appreciatively. But they were aware that people were indeed watching. In 1966 I traveled to Jackson, Mississippi, to a HANDS convention, where

the Durham Council of Garden Clubs placed second in the nation. HANDS stood for Home and Neighborhood Development Sponsors, a program that Sears Roebuck & Company established to aid cities with beautification.

In 1969 Helen Floyd and I instigated and co-chaired a civic project, "Pride in Durham." We worked equally hard on one of the most successful campaigns to rid Durham of littered landscapes. We dreamed litter. We talked litter. We even reached the point where one of us would reach for the phone and without dialing would find the other on the line. Because of the success of the project, Helen and I, with Juanita Daber, the president of the Durham Council of Garden Clubs, traveled to New York to receive an award. In attendance from Durham were Helen Tyree, Martha Wilson, Jean Mosley, and Emma Randolph along with the mayor of Durham, Wensell Grabarek; head of the Chamber of Commerce, Robert Booth; city councilwoman Pat Griffin; conservationist Margaret Nygard; and a delegation of other citizens. Dillard Teer sent his plane for one event. We received first place in the nation from the Keep America Beautiful organization. I had to speak at the breakfast and was concerned about my very southern accent. When it was over, a dear lady came to me and commented, "I could understand every word that you said."

Helen and I were given awards by the City of Durham for our efforts. It is true we did make a difference. After the project had ended and we were reporting to the garden council, one lady announced to the members that the most remarkable thing after all was the fact that we were still married.

I kept in touch with the Sanitation Department constantly, so consistently that they offered me a job. Helen and I mobilized civic organizations, churches, as many influential persons as possible, radio and television stations, newspapers, and schools, and each played a part in the campaign that culminated in the award to the city. Both of us wonder today how we did it.

All of this happened, remember, when no one except garden clubs spoke of the need to beautify. This was before Walter Cronkite gave a television news story on the environment. There were no fines for littering.

In 1975, I was asked to be director of District Nine for The Garden Club of North Carolina, Inc., the state organization. Then I became involved with the financial part, going from finance chairman to treasurer. I established the first set of permanent books for the organization, which was used for twenty-five years. At this writing, I am a member of the Finance Committee, and we are trying to iron out the kinks of complete computerization.

Without wanting to toot my own horn, I will list my more important state jobs for the record. I served for six years on the Board of Governors for Scholarships, twelve non-consecutive years on Trustees, and six years as state parliamentarian. Two years of my life were devoted to The Garden Club of North Carolina, Inc., when I was president from 1983 to 1985. Membership was around 14,000 at that time. I traveled the entire state of North Carolina and was the representative to the South Atlantic Region, composed of five states. I attended every National Council of State Garden Clubs meeting ranging from New Hampshire to New Mexico. The 1985 Yearbook was dedicated to me, and in 1987 I received the Maslin Award, the highest honor bestowed on anyone in the state garden club.

At the South Atlantic Regional level, my jobs ranged from treasurer to secretary plus various chairmanships. I was on the National Board due to the fact that all state presidents are board members, and I was vice-chairman of one of the most successful national conventions, held at the Grove Park Inn in Asheville in 1993. The chairman was Jackie Rodgers, who is now deceased.

In 1980 I started taking courses to become a national flower show judge of both horticulture and flower design. It required years of study and experience, and there are different levels of certification. First there was Student Judge, then Accredited Judge, Life Judge, and after seventeen years and passing thirty-four examinations, in addition to the required experience, I finally became a Master Judge. To keep accreditation, we must continue to enter the required number of shows in design and horticulture and attend instructive symposiums at least every three years.

I am a life member of The Garden Club of North Carolina, Inc., the South Atlantic Region, and National Council of State Garden Clubs, Inc., which is now called National Garden Clubs, Inc.

What was the most important part of all this? The people! I loved the wonderful host of friends that I made across this country.

Long after I left the office of president, I experienced what I call garden club fallout. One summer day, a reporter from a television station, WTVD of Durham, called my son Matt, who was then on the City Council, and read a letter from the Durham Rescue Mission. Matt said, "You don't want me. You want my mother." Within thirty minutes, Matt and I were at the Rescue Mission listening to a wish list for landscaping the grounds of the mission. The cameras were rolling, and I heard myself saying, "We can get it done, but we need a plan." I was asked how long it would take, and I said, "A year."

Then I did take a long look. There were tremendous tree stumps, and the balance of the land was packed rock, where vehicles had driven. The mission assured me that it could remove the stumps and that the men would do the work of planting; they just needed guidance. I contacted a landscape architect, Mick Bailey, who had helped me, and I told him the story. He agreed to "volunteer," and the Durham Council of Garden Clubs took the project for its own. In less than a year, there was an open house. Drainage problems had been solved, and the men had built a small patio with the plantings around it. Today the men who live at the mission take great pride in their surroundings and continue to add to the landscape by removing some unsightly buildings. They have even terraced some of the banks. When people are willing to work, miracles can become reality.

LOVE OF EDUCATION. On the state level, the scholarship program was one of my favorite projects. In 1985 I was asked to speak at the commencement of the Design School at North Carolina State University in Raleigh. Just to see the grateful eyes of the recipients of the scholarships was heart warming.

The Arboretum on the campus of North Carolina State University has been a delight to see grow. I have served on various committees to promote this, and I had the great privilege of knowing the late J. C. Raulston, for whom the arboretum is now named. After his death, I along with many other interested persons served on the board for the Arboretum's "Raise the Roof" campaign. Groundbreaking for a new educational building which houses the permanent headquarters for The Garden Club of North Carolina, Inc., was held on December 20, 2000, and the dedication was September 21, 2002. The university began the dreaming and planning stages for the building in 1988 with our organization, at which time I was a trustee of the state garden club. We pledged money and became the second largest benefactor. No taxpayer's money was used.

The national and state garden clubs are always endeavoring to stay alert and learn about environmental issues. On a trip to Washington, D.C., to a workshop on legislation in 1981, the North Carolina group toured the Capitol with Senator John East's top aide, Rick Miller, my former neighbor. While seated in the Senate dining room, Rick said, "That boarded-up window is where the bomb hit." We were there lobbying about upcoming energy bills. (The National Garden Club does not take a position. It only provides the pros and cons of legislation, and members act independently.)

Another year, after attending workshops on clean air bills, again we hoped to bring

the issue up when we visited North Carolina's Senator Jesse Helms. That afternoon we stopped by the office of Representative Tim Valentine, who was a classmate of Eleanor Yates. Eleanor later became president of the national organization.

While I was in Nashville, Tennessee, with the National Convention, Minnie Pearl of the Grand Ole Opry spoke on opportunities associated with volunteer services. Nothing was unusual about her presence unless one knew she had just left the hospital after breast cancer surgery. There are numerous brave women working for causes.

Charles Kuralt, CBS news correspondent, came to the 1993 National Council of State Garden Clubs Convention, and more than a thousand members were impressed with his rendition of "North Carolina Is My Home." Many had seen the video, but this was a stage version, accompanied by the Loonis McGlohon Trio, Jim Campbell, and Marilyn VerPlanck. Afterwards at a small reception, I had the privilege of introducing Mr. Kuralt to the other North Carolinians. He was a most gracious person but very nervous. He was a chain smoker, excusing himself to the balcony regularly. He never complained about posing for pictures and truly knew every little nook and cranny of North Carolina. "Oh yes," he said, "I know where your husband's business is located."

Five years later, I learned he had led a double life. It does put a shadow on a memory, but what a command of the English language and an ability to articulate simple everyday situations!

SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE IN MIAMI. I have had many unusual experiences while traveling with the garden clubs. While in Stone Mountain, Georgia, there were reports of tornadoes all around. That night we were to go to the top of the mountain via a cable car. The wind was so strong that the cable car literally turned sideways, and due to the strong wind, we had to be helped getting off the car when we landed. The meeting room was filled with talking, with no one noticing the weather outside, until we quieted for the blessing before the meal. I am sure there were more prayers said for safety than for the food we were preparing to eat.

In 1984, en route to a National Board of Directors Meeting, I followed Hurricane Diana to New York with a plane ride so rough that a stewardess spilled coffee on the person seated next to me. I carried very little in my hands, so my umbrella was in my luggage. Upon arriving in New York City, I had to find the Bar Harbor Airlines to board for New Hampshire. Each person sent me to someone else, and on the third try I pointed to my ticket rather than trying to make them understand my southern

dialect. I was told to go out of the station and take the Port Authority bus, and the man added, "Oh, that bus is not running today." Then he said, "Take the blue bus." Well, I asked the drivers of the green bus and the red bus or any bus if they were headed for the Bar Harbor airlines. Finally, I was on the right bus and the driver told me he would tell me when to get off. Being the last person on the bus, he stopped and said, "This is your stop." There was nothing that looked like an airline, but he pointed to a little trail at the back of the building and said, "Follow that." It led me into what I was told was the old LaGuardia Airport. It may have been the Marine Air Terminal, which was the original building. I just know as I entered, I noticed the stuffing coming out of the cut blue plastic seats, every one of them. When I went to the ladies' rest room, there were holes in the walls, large ones and many. I had not eaten, but I knew I would never eat anything in that dilapidated place; I did find a factory-wrapped pastry and a bottled drink. Surely, I thought, there must be something on the positive side to see. Instead of the surroundings, I focused on the people, and they were all nice-looking, intelligent travelers, probably going home. It was still raining when I departed for New Hampshire, and I slept the last leg of the trip.

The year of 1987 found me in Miami at a national convention. Juanita Daber and I arrived on Saturday. Sunday was spent on a tour of famous gardens, and a group of us North Carolinians dressed to go to a nice meal on Sunday night before the business started on Monday. "Sunday by the Bay" had been recommended. We had to wait for a table, and as we were being led through the group that was watching the show on the bay, Juanita slipped and fell. Instantly, we knew she had a broken bone. The ambulance was called, and a tablecloth was used to cover her as the paramedics stabilized her knee. As Juanita puts it, "I was the floor show."

I went with her to the hospital in the ambulance, holding her purse and mine. Juanita was admitted, and I was allowed to go with her into the hospital, but not to her room, which she had to share with someone else. I sat in the waiting room of the floor and waited for dawn.

DO YOU THINK HE CAN DO IT? Club members from all parts of North Carolina have shared unusual stories. A lady from Laurinburg once told me that Senator Terry Sanford's mother was a neighbor. Senator Sanford had been governor of North Carolina for eight years, was president of Duke University while my daughter, Janet, attended, and served six years in the U.S. Senate.

It seems that Senator Sanford thought it was time that his aged mother stopped driving, so he took her car back to his home in Durham. Don't know why, but his mother, Miss Betsy, thought he was having something fixed. One day she expressed concern to her Laurinburg neighbor that possibly he was not going to return her car. So she went out and bought another car.

Elsie Miller, a member of my church, was a friend of Betsy Sanford, Senator Sanford's mother. Elsie and Herbert Miller were invited to the inauguration when her son first became governor. As they were going down the receiving line, Miss Betsy said, "Elsie, do you think he can do it?"

A BATHTUB INVENTION. Another garden club friend, Arlene Thurstone, shared a story while we were attending a regional meeting in Virginia Beach, Virginia. It concerned her pregnancy with her last child, a daughter. She would sit for hours, perhaps daily, in the bathtub filled with water, while her husband worked on an idea for an invention. Luckily for us, she was a guinea pig for what we know as ultrasound. Dr. Fredrick L. Thurstone died March 17, 2005, and his obituary stated that he was one of the pioneers of diagnostic ultrasound and the "father" of the research activity of ultrasound holography at Duke University. Duke voted to honor him with the title "Professor Emeritus."

A ROYAL GARDEN PARTY. In July of 1984, North Carolina was celebrating the 400th anniversary of the arrival of the first English settlement to the new land, the one with Sir Walter Raleigh. The Elizabethan Gardens on Roanoke Island, which are owned and operated by The Garden Club of North Carolina, Inc., were the planned site for the tea in honor of Princess Anne of Great Britain, who was representing the royal family. Because I was president at that time, my husband and I were invited. Even the invitations were quite elaborate. The tea turned out to be a full-course meal. Visualize an outdoor meal under canopies with sterling silver, china, linen tablecloths, and napkins. Quite impressive! The massive flower arrangements for the tables were yellow and white, and of course we used Queen Anne's lace in them. At that time I was a student judge, and I remarked to a judge that I could not believe I was working on an arrangement for the princess. She remarked, "Good training."

The security was tight, with frogmen in the water of the sound along the bridge and in all waters on the route. The gatehouse of the gardens was searched extensively. Secret Service men and women were everywhere, because not only the princess was

on hand, but a great majority of the North Carolina governmental officials, both federal and state, past and present, came to the festivities.

As everyone entered the gardens, we were assigned to greet each and every one. Governor James Hunt escorted Princess Anne. He stopped and introduced the first female in line as the president of the garden clubs (meaning of the state organization.) Who was going to make a correction? Not I. When she came to me, someone said, "This is Mrs. Yarbrough, the president of the garden club." Princess Anne stood completely still, and glancing back to where the first introduction was made, she questioned, "She's not the president?"

Somewhat shocked, I answered, "She is the chairman of these lovely gardens." And then I added, "We are a member of the National Council of State Garden Clubs and have affiliates in Great Britain." She mentioned several outstanding flower shows and gardens, but I was thinking, don't detain her, because we had been told that her time schedule must be kept.

Princess Anne was a knowledgeable emissary of her country. She knew exactly what her mission was to be, and she was most gracious. In fact, no photograph could do her justice, especially with her lovely complexion. She was willowy and graceful, and stood very erect. One little comment: Her voice, high-pitched like that of Queen Elizabeth, was hard to understand, and she surely had trouble with our southern accents.

At one point after the meal, she came by our particular group again, and someone was introducing the other garden club members. One member said, "I hear you have two lovely children." "You don't have to live with them," was her reply. Someone mentioned the possibility of rain. She said, "I'm used to rain."

I had stepped aside because the other members had not been introduced, but another introduction was made, "This is Mrs. Yarbrough." Princess Anne said, "I've already met Mrs. Yarbrough."

Several inquired if we were to curtsy to Princess Anne. No, this was the United States, and we were just to be polite and treat her just as we would any other person. We did wear hats to make her feel welcome, and we were honored that a member of the royal family came to North Carolina to help the state celebrate.

That day was filled with dignitaries entering the garden gates for the festive celebration. Senator Jesse Helms came, and when I thanked him for supplying our members with a guide in the Capital one summer, he asked me to return and "we will go out for a hamburger." He was and is a down-to-earth person. Some people do not

agree with all his beliefs, but you can always count on him to be honest and quick in his response to all citizens. His office was filled with every cartoon about him, and there was a plaque on the wall with the caption, "Doctor No." Senator Helms was famous for taking his stand and blocking legislation for which he did not agree.

There was a sailboat regatta during that weekend celebration in Manteo. Walter Cronkite led the other sailboats into the sound. He also attended the events in the gardens. His wife said, "Walter, this is Mrs. Yarbrough." She sounded very southern, but I've never learned if that was the case.

British Ambassador Oliver Wright was present, as were Lord and Lady Clinton of Bickton Park, Devon, England. The lord mayor and his wife of Plymouth, England, were on hand for the celebration. He told me, "I was at Buckingham Palace last week, and their gardens cannot compare to these."

Geoffrey Gilbert and his wife, Angela, were a part of the festivities. Geoffrey is the ninth-generation line from Sir Walter Raleigh's half brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert. (Sir Walter Raleigh had no heirs.)

The Gilberts stayed at the Elizabethan Inn, where we had rooms. On Sunday after all the events were closing, my family was packed in the car ready to depart for home. Geoffrey stood at the car door in the driveway inviting us to his home in England. He said, "My mother is moving to a flat in London, and my wife and I are moving into her house." He spoke of restoring the gardens and seemed very excited about his new home. When we were on the way home, I asked Madison if he knew what home we were invited to visit. Then I told him it was the Compton Castle of Devon, England, and that it dates back to the time of Sir Walter Raleigh. I am sure that if we had made ourselves known at a later date, we would have been most welcome.

Andy Griffith makes his home in Manteo, and before we arrived, we received an invitation to a meal from him, with several other hosts. We declined the offer, since all garden club members were gathering at the home of Alice Wicker, a member of our group. It rained, and I wondered what happened to the event that was held outside.

The Elizabethan Gardens is a priceless endeavor of the garden club members of North Carolina. It is ten acres on Roanoke Island near Manteo and adjacent to the Lost Colony. The gardens were designed and executed by two landscape architects, M. Umberto Innocenti and Richard Webel, who are considered foremost in our nation. Beside the breathtaking plantings in a coastal area that defies the rules of nature, there are antique statuary, period furniture in the gate house, an Italian marble fountain, a

thatched gazebo, and a sunken garden. A nineteenth-century Carrara marble statue of Virginia Dare, the first white child of English parents to be born in America, in 1587, is in the gardens. The statue depicts her as an adult, though, of course, she was lost with the rest of the colony as a young child, and no one knows what happened to her or any of the other settlers.

The Garden Club of North Carolina also owns the Daniel Boone Native Gardens in Boone, North Carolina. I was a part of this board while president. We are fortunate to have this large expanse of peaceful landscape in the Blue Ridge Mountains dedicated to be a plant sanctuary of the native species of our region. It adjoins the Horn of the West outdoor drama. A reflecting pond, Squire Boone cabin, a gazebo, a meditation garden, a wishing well, a seventeenth-century gatehouse, and other features add to this educational pursuit of plant conservation. A pickin' porch provides for summertime concerts, workshops, and lectures, producing a truly mountain atmosphere—with fiddle music, of course.

A CIVIC AFFAIR. As I look back on certain aspects of my involvement in community work, I realize that I was an activist, maybe sometime radical. Two situations come to mind.

In 1976, most of the voters of Durham endured a three-hour wait just to cast a ballot in the November election. I was a member of the Durham Woman's Club, and I volunteered in the name of the club to try to ensure that such a situation did not occur again at another important election.

Dilapidated voting machines were being used. My first stop was the board of elections, and from the information I got from them, I made six-foot charts and graphs using percentages of eligible voters, actual voters, as opposed to the distribution of the machines in precincts and where the long lines had occurred. I presented the board members with the research.

I called the Institute of Government in Chapel Hill and made inquiries concerning what other forms of ballot could be used. We obtained speakers from them for our club meetings, which turned into question-and-answer sessions. Maybe it was the pressure on the election board from many interested persons, or perhaps it was the newer personnel of the election board, but the paper ballot was brought into use and the old machines were phased out. Since that time one can usually vote within fifteen or twenty minutes in crowded elections.

For that work I received the award for "Civic Involvement" from the Durham

Woman's Club, but it does not hold a candle to my next soap-box concern. The *Durham Morning Herald* was a part of my ritual at breakfast. My first glance was front-page headlines at the top of page 1, stating that a serial rapist had been caught. *What a relief*, I thought. As I continued to read, my good thoughts turned to disdain. One-third of the article told of the capture, and the remaining two-thirds was devoted to the names of the rape victims and, would you believe, the addresses of each victim.

Forgetting my coffee, I made a phone call to the president of the Durham Woman's Club, where we each pledged that something would be done to eliminate that type of reporting in Durham. Immediately we used every avenue available. Having lived in Durham, I either knew who the editors and owners were, or I had good contacts to call for the information. Every editor of the paper and also the afternoon paper received a call. (Durham had two papers at that time.) The owners of the two were called at home, not just once. We set up face-to-face meetings with their representative. Never once did we receive any hope that other names would not be printed.

We kept up the pressure. We knew that some of the victims moved from Durham, because the stigma of being named in the press caused them more suffering. The Durham Junior Woman's Club began a picket line at the paper's headquarters. Still no reasoning on the change of policy.

Other cities' papers were contacted and asked of their policy. Different states were contacted to determine their laws on this issue. I remember well that when my mother died in 1978, I telephoned the *Commercial Appeal* while in Memphis for her funeral.

After many months, we were prepared to go to the state legislature of North Carolina to correct this policy. Strange as this sounds, all of a sudden we noticed that when someone else was raped, the victim's name was not printed. We waited, and to this day we don't know how it happened or what caused the change, but the paper had a change of heart.

The editor with whom we had personal face-to-face contact left Durham. I will never forget his answer when he was asked, "If in ten years, your little girl was raped, would you print her name?" He replied, "I would have to." I wonder.

Another policy that was an issue in our discussion concerning the papers was the absence of the names of editors and news reporters who had written their published articles or stories. In the late 1970s, there was not a masthead or telephone number for any responsible editor. We asked, "Why are you hiding behind the news?" That too has changed, and I feel that the press in Durham today is trying to be a responsible

citizen of the community. I also believe that one or two people can and should bring about change if they truly believe in what is right.

CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE WRONG KIND. In 1979, there had been a great deal of unrest between various groups, particularly the Communist Workers' Party and the Ku Klux Klan. Four deaths on November 3, 1979, of CWP marchers, now called the Greensboro Massacre, had occurred as they gathered for a "Death to the Klan" rally, and this type of situation made for an uneasy feeling among the general population.

The next year, when the announcement was made that the KKK was to parade in Durham, I certainly knew I would not be close to the unwelcome event. The newspaper had an article stating that at three o'clock on that Sunday afternoon, the Klan would go to the town of Chapel Hill and march as it had in Durham.

We were planning to go to Madison's parents in Chapel Hill, so we left home early, around 1:30, in order to avoid the march.

On the way, I commented that the route was unusually busy, and probably everyone was getting out of the way before the KKK invaded Chapel Hill.

As we were approaching the outskirts of the town, we noticed the cars slowing down, and, in the span of a moment, as if it had been choreographed, people with large flags and banners came out of the cars in front of us and the cars behind us. We were in the midst of a KKK parade.

We could not believe our eyes. Madison pulled to the side and eased over to the first street for an exit.

FBI INFORMANT WITH A TWIST. Vacation time rolled around, and a neighbor, Vernon Maynor, asked that we check on his house while he and his wife were away. One day as I passed, a stranger was walking in his yard. I stopped, wrote the license number down, and made sure the person knew that I was watching him. When Vernon returned, I gave him the number and told him that the man looked all right. He put the number in his shirt pocket. A week passed, and Vernon told me that one of his friends from the FBI had stopped by while Vernon was away. Everything at his house was fine, but he saw a woman who appeared to be a suspicious character, so he checked her out and found she was a neighbor. Vernon pulled the license number I had given him out of his pocket, handed it to the FBI agent, and said, "This is the number she gave me." After one look, the agent said, "Damn, that's my number."

FRAN, 9-6-96. When I was young, a natural disaster would have been a thunderstorm that kept me from a ball game or somewhere else that I wanted to go. I remember all the talk of Tupelo, Mississippi, and the tornado in 1935, when many died. I was cautioned to be silent about the details and not upset my Aunt Mamie, who was bedridden with a heart condition.

Hurricane Hazel swept through Durham in October of 1954, and that was definitely the most powerful wind that I had endured. But on the next day, life was back to normal, and we attended the Duke-Army football game.

Durham is in the Piedmont of North Carolina, miles from the coast, but on September 5, 1996, Durham was again making preparation for a hurricane. I really did not think it would reach us with any sizeable damage. Was I wrong!

Around one o'clock on the morning of September 6 the electricity shut down, and Fran poured her fury on Durham as well as most of the inland cities and towns in her path. We waited until daylight to determine what was happening. We were blessed. Fortunately the house survived.

At first glance, the outside was unbelievable. Downed trees filled our backyard. Madison used his chainsaw and I pulled limbs out of the path, and it still took both of us working four hours to clear the walk to the steps, which had been dislodged by tree roots.

I knew the family had survived. Matt had gone to the office and showroom and swept water most of the night. As the storm subsided, he was exhausted and lay down on one of the beds in the showroom. Sleep came quickly, and when he awoke in the blackness, he was in a daze for a moment or so as to his surroundings.

We walked to Janet's house on our street. No one could travel by car because of downed trees on all the streets. We crawled under trees and climbed over trees going up Janet's drive, and found her house completely blocked. We maneuvered far around and came in the side. The house was intact except for a corner of a porch. It looked as if the hand of God had shielded the house, for trees were grouped around all sides. Janet packed a few items and stayed with us because she had no water. We were without electricity for five days.

Our dilemma was no different from that of anyone else around. Many had problems worse than ours. Ice was at a premium. Almost everyone lost all refrigerator and freezer contents. Most streets were impassable. I still feel that we were most fortunate to have weathered Fran.

Our landscape will never be the same after the loss of twenty-five shade trees in the back. We believe a tornado accompanied the hurricane and swept through our back as it went through the property that Janet was on, for more than 500 trees were down.

MORE BAD WEATHER. In January of 2000 came the worst snowstorm Durham ever experienced: a record of twenty inches on January 24-25. Some papers labeled it the White Hurricane that clobbered North Carolina.

In December of 2002 a massive ice storm covered the city. Power was lost, and the temperature barely reached the freezing mark for days. Six paralyzing days with only a small fireplace in the den! Candles were pulled out of storage, and after two days, I found an oil lamp. I was raised in the country, but I have never been so cold. Instead of the beginning of the twenty-first century, I felt that we had reverted to the beginning of the twentieth.

For comparison, the power company printed a chart of customer outages from major storms. In 1996, Hurricane Fran caused lost power for 450,000 customers; Hurricane Hugo of 1989 had 650,000. The 2002 ice storm resulted in 1,368,300 outages.

No yard escaped downed trees. Debris was piled high for months. Visitors from other towns were amazed at the sight.

I write this only to relay that this type of weather is very unusual for Durham, North Carolina. I am not comparing it to the devastation that has swept parts of our land and the world, where people have endured hardships, lost everything and lives, due to hurricanes, tornadoes, and other disasters. In comparison, we have been blessed.

A CHANGING WORLD. I have lived to see many events in the life of our country, events that changed the direction for the citizens. I'll never forget the convention, when John F. Kennedy was nominated for president, and his reluctant choice of Lyndon Johnson as his running mate. The country was already in the Vietnam War when LBJ took office after the assassination of President Kennedy. I was listening to the television when, after a speech, he declared he would not run again.

The 1969 moonwalk by Neil Armstrong and the space flights that preceded it seemed to be a soothing comparison to the news of terrible and disturbing events of the assassinations of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr., in 1968. Four years later came the wounding of George Wallace in 1972. Let's not forget that in 1969 Senator Edward Kennedy drove his car off the bridge at Chappaquiddick Bay and

a young woman lost her life and he did not help. And in California, there were the murders of Sharon Tate and four others by the Charles Manson groupies. During that decade, both Spiro Agnew resigned as vice-president and Richard Nixon resigned as the president of the United States. Then later came the hostage crisis of the 1980s.

Can you guess what I was in the process of doing when I heard that President Ronald Reagan had been shot? I had spent the day researching families in the North Carolina Archives in Raleigh. That was March 30, 1981.

Life goes on. These memories linger.

JUST LONG ENOUGH. December 3, 1998, marked the death of my brother Lowry. Loss of a sibling presents a special kind of emotion. You are jolted into realizing how brief life is and how precious are the days with loved ones. We had just enough time to say, "I love you." No one can take away loving memories.

With his daughter, Betty, he had spoken of his early childhood home, how Mama had read the Bible, devotions, and the family prayer every night.

Lowry loved his family, and I remember in early years how babies were attracted to him. He had a quiet, unruffled spirit, and it was proven in his home as he dealt with his grandchildren and great-grandchildren. All were welcomed with open arms, which endeared him to the in-laws also. He was a charter member of Colonial Park United Methodist Church of Memphis.

THE BEST BAD NEWS IN THE WORLD. "What do you mean? Why can't you sleep on your left side? What hurts?" These were my mother's questions the last of September of 1945 when we were having a conversation concerning my sleeping habits. I acknowledged that there was a lump in my right breast, adding, "Don't you tell, or I won't tell you anything else."

I did not think it was a problem, since it had been there since I was fifteen, and now I had just had my nineteenth birthday and was headed for my senior year at Ole Miss. Anyway, people just did not talk about private parts of the body. I was surviving asthma. Wasn't that enough?

On my next weekend visit home, the entire family, including my extended family, was there, and as usual, we all met at my grandfather's on Sunday. It was about time to head back to school, when both of my brothers motioned for me to come.

We stepped into one of the bedrooms, and they closed the door. Ervin was the first to

speak and went straight to the point. "We have always considered you to be reasonably smart, but it is time for you to go to a doctor. If you won't go, we will take you."

I was mortified. "Oh, I'll go." I just wanted to leave, and I started for the door.

In a gentler tone, Lowry said, "We want what is best for you, and you need to see a doctor." His hand was still glued to the closed door.

"I'll go."

"Is that a promise?"

"Yes."

When I arrived at Ole Miss, I asked my roommate, Mary Frances, if she would go with me to a doctor. I chose Dr. Cully in Oxford and made an appointment. He was the only doctor I knew, because he had operated on Daddy at one time. I hadn't even considered that he was a surgeon.

On Monday afternoon we were in his office, which was in the hospital. All of the football players were there having their routine checkups. It was a good thing they didn't know why I was there.

Dr. Cully, with no hesitation, said, "Go to the football game this weekend, and then we will cut it out next week." Some bedside manner.

When I have something to do, the best time to do it is now. On Tuesday, I called Dr. Cully and asked if I could come on Wednesday after classes. I considered that I had only one class on Thursday, and there was no school on Friday due to the big game.

He told me to call my parents, and I protested, "I have enough money to pay the bill." He said, "If they are not here, I will not operate."

The operating room was held open until I finished my classes that October 24. I think the anesthetic was ether. Mama relayed that the mass removed was as large as two hen eggs. About two weeks later, the dean of women asked me to come to her office. They had called her with the results of the tissue exams, which had been sent to Johns Hopkins and the Mayo Clinic. The mass was not cancerous. The words "benign" or "non-malignant" were not used. I was really naive. I had never thought about its being cancer, but I did write my parents that night to tell them.

Life went on until twenty years later I discovered another lump. By this time, I had become educated to the cancer facts of life.

In the next nine years, I discovered the same problems several times, sometimes in both breasts, and immediately attended to them. By 1987, the surgery could be done on an outpatient basis. While writing this family book, once again I spotted trouble.

My surgeon in Durham had died, and I went to my gynecologist, who immediately sent me to a surgeon. This was my eleventh biopsy, and some of them had kept me in the hospital for several days.

During the procedure, the surgeon said, "This is the largest tumor I have ever seen in a gland." You would think that could be cancer, but it was not, but it is what got me to the doctor's office.

The surgeon found a small place that he thought was scar tissue and sent it to the pathologist, who also thought it was scar tissue. It was cancer.

I am not writing to bore you with my operations. Far from that! But if only one person who reads this will go immediately to a doctor at the first signs of cancer, I'll have accomplished what I intended.

God took care of me, and because I listened to warning symptoms, I did not have to go through chemotherapy or radiation. None of the lymph nodes or any other organs that were tested had cancer. Please don't act like the stupid nineteen-year-old. Be educated! One out of ten women will have breast cancer. Age increases the risk.

I recently found the bill for that first breast operation in 1945. Hospital rooms cost \$4.00 per day, the operating room fee was \$10.00, as was the anesthetic. A tissue exam was \$10.00, the laboratory fee \$1.00. The surgeon's bill was \$25.00, making a total of \$60.00. That is hard to believe!

But believe that cancer is a fact of life for many. Some people contend that their outlook of life after being diagnosed is different. I personally do not feel a big change. I have always known that life may not be fair according to my standard, but my life's philosophy is backed with a faith in God, one of long standing. Certainly, I do not welcome trials. I believe perseverance is the answer for any test.

No, I would not have chosen cancer in my life. I was too busy. A friend often tells me, "Life happens when you have made other plans."

The support that I received from my family, friends, and relatives was heartfelt, and I cannot end this article, until I share with you the words written to my husband on Father's Day of that year.

"Dear Daddy, In a recent conversation, a friend from church asked how Mother had been doing during the last couple of months. After I had filled her in, she then asked about you—how you had managed and what kind of support you had been for Mother. I told her that if I were to devise a perfect companion, I could not imagine anyone better for the job than you—that you had been helpful, competent, and

compassionate. She commented about how lucky we had been, and told me that I should be sure to tell you exactly what I had told her. So I'm taking her advice. For all that you do, and especially for all that you are, thank you. Love Janet"

A favorite Bible verse sums up my feelings. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose" (Romans 8:28.)

BROKEN BUTTERFLY. Our twenty-nine-year-old granddaughter was being wheeled out of the hospital to our waiting car. My husband lowered his head to the steering wheel and whispered under his breath, "Broken butterfly."

The beautiful, happy, youthful love of our lives, Lista, had undergone an operation for breast cancer. The stage changed. I was not the victim, but one of many who felt the pain of a loved one having to face the disease.

Nothing prepared me for this. I was emotionally paralyzed. This healthy, vivacious, sparkling person was now advised to undergo chemotherapy. We knew the toll it would take on her, but we also weighed the statistics of doing nothing.

Lista completed six rounds of chemotherapy and thirty radiation treatments. While she received the best of care, she unfortunately had adverse reactions that the latest medical discoveries did not help. With determination and a wonderful outlook on life, she faced each day with the thought that she would complete this ordeal. She had the support of a good husband and a loving family. The prayers of so many persons and churches were comforting to them.

Lista stayed focused on finishing the routine and completing it before her thirtieth birthday on July 1. As was their custom, she and her husband held a Fourth of July celebration. The year of 2003 had a special meaning. Life was beginning anew.

On the day of Lista's last chemotherapy, she informed the oncology specialists that she had to speak to the Durham Association of Realtors, of which she is a member. As a result of that talk, the *Herald Sun* on July 5, 2003, reported the following:

"In June members of the [Realtors] Community Service Committee assembled and delivered 500 "DAR Care Packets" to the Duke University Medical Center Volunteer Services for the Oncology Breast Cancer Dept. and also to the Regional Oncology Center. The packets, which contained personal care items needed by new breast cancer patients, will be distributed by the centers to individuals beginning their oncology

treatments. The DAR Care Packet idea was inspired by REALTOR Lista Yarbrough, who recently experienced the unfamiliar and unexpected needs of an oncology patient.”

The Realtors were involved in the Susan Komen Race for the Cure, the annual national race held each spring to bring awareness and to help fund research for breast cancer. Lista had not finished radiation at that point. When she called telling me that she had participated, I was amazed that she had run a mile and a half and walked the rest of the distance.

I have faith that when we face trials in our walk through life, the testing will develop perseverance in us. When all of this is just a bad memory, our Lista will have mended those butterfly wings and become like the monarch, the fragile beautiful butterfly that has the patience, the endurance, and the determination to fly the thousands of miles south in the fall and return north in the spring, an awe-inspiring annual migration. Lista is our monarch.

A METHODIST BY BIRTH AND CHOICE. I am a Methodist by birth and by choice. My great-great-grandmother, Margaret Comer Richmond Malone, according to her obituary, “was happily converted to God in her sixteenth year at a camp meeting near Leasburg [NC], joined the Methodist Episcopal Church a short time later [1830].” The obituary of her son, James Daniel Malone, records that he “professed faith in Christ in 1874.” My grandmother, whom I called Mama Lutie, was a charter member in 1886 of the Red Bank Methodist Episcopal Church South. My mother joined this church, and at a very early age I too became a member. I practically grew up there, as did my two brothers, who remained Methodist. The church was involved in so many of my family’s activities. I’ll recount a few of them here.

During the Great Depression, there was a debt on the building of the Sunday school rooms for an addition to the church, and I remember the ladies actually paying off this debt with bake sales.

A lesson learned quite early was never to put a minister on a pedestal. A minister from Memphis was the guest speaker at the Baptist summer revival. He and his wife had a meal in our home, and what really impressed me was they told me that their daughter who had passed away some years earlier was named Ruth Evelyn, the same as my name. I felt kinship.

Fall came, and as usual I read the papers to keep up with everything. The front-page

news of the Memphis newspaper, and remember this is the 1930s, had a long article about this pastor. The congregation had fired him because of a scandalous affair with his secretary.

Madison joined the Methodist Church with me. When we lived in Columbia, South Carolina, we were members of Shannon Methodist on Divine Street. We were in attendance at the first service in their new sanctuary while we were members in 1950.

In November of 1952, we became members of Calvary United Methodist Church located in Durham, North Carolina. I was the treasurer of the church for seven years, and I felt at times that it had been seventy times seven that I served on the Finance Committee. I was not a yes-person, so the route was rocky at times.

I handled the records of the Hettye Parr Memorial Fund from 1976 to the end of 1999. Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be left an oil well in Texas? Well, the church did not exactly get an oil well but drilling rights, and the widow, who willed them to the church, did not know she owned them. In 1966, the church received a \$25,000 legacy from the estate of Mrs. Hettye Parr. In the following years, the trustees of the church were approached to lease the drilling rights. A lawyer was sent to Texas to determine the ownership. It seems Mrs. Parr received these rights in a divorce settlement but was under the impression that they would revert to her ex-husband upon her death. He said he didn't need them. Her will stated that the church was to sell any property and convert the property into cash. In 1976 the congregation voted to sell the rights for around \$118,500. The interest on invested funds was to be used for capital improvements. In 1999 the fund was valued at about \$400,000, but more than that figure had been spent for capital improvements over the years. My husband took care of the investing, and I kept the records.

Among the jobs that I had was that of church historian, and I tried to document as much of the history as possible. I was a trustee for several different terms.

I taught Sunday school continuously from 1958 to the end of 1999. I definitely gained more in the knowledge of God and the Bible than any of my students.

At first, I taught ten- and eleven-year-old children, and their comments are priceless. I wish I had collected them, for I could surely have written a book.

One boy asked me to explain adultery. I did. Then young Artie in a reference to King David said, "Oh, you mean that old playboy."

Doomsday predictions were sweeping the television and radio, and one Sunday, the children were all aflutter when they entered the classroom. Did I believe the world

would end at the predicted time? Amid the questions, I asked Eugene Tyson, whose father was our minister, "What does your father have to say about this, Eugene?"

"He says that even the angels and the archangels don't know when the end of time will come," explained Eugene.

With eyes widening and leaning forward, Mike asked, "How does he know that?" I replied, "Mike, it is in the Bible."

A look of fallen expectations came over Mike's face. "Oh," and he paused, "I thought he had an inside track."

My teaching techniques were not always conventional. A son of minister Rod Randolph was disturbing the entire group with his antics. I had asked him to calm down, to no avail. I rounded the table and stood by him, and he continued to be a show-off. I looked him in the face and said, "You need to be punished, but we are in Sunday school and we are supposed to love each other, so I will just kiss you." That did it. I never had any more trouble from him.

Just as soon as Sunday school was over, the boys went directly to my husband with the news. "You know what our teacher did? She kissed a boy." To be kissed was unthinkable. I guess it was my secret weapon.

Some children and their responses touched my heart. Such was the case of the little girl, a visitor, who remained after a session was over to quietly thank me for explaining to her that she was not the reason her parents had separated. She had been under the impression that she was the cause. Thankfully, that day's lesson had been on family problems.

In 1972, on the Sunday immediately following the day when the last of America's ground troops departed from Vietnam, my entire class went to the altar for prayer and to give thanks. I never asked anyone to pray if he or she did not feel inclined to. On that day, I told them if they would like to just say a thank-you in their heart, that would be sufficient. Each child spoke softly their humble expressions to God. I was touched. My hope was that when the Vietnam War was mentioned in years to come, they would remember being on their knees in God's house giving thanks when it ended.

I vividly recall that my grandmother never failed to tell me that when World War I ended on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, she was in church when the news came. She said spontaneously the members rose and sang the Doxology.

July 4, 1976, found us in church. What better place could there be to celebrate the bicentennial of our nation? Janet and I dressed in long old-fashioned dresses. Later

that afternoon we attended a musical presentation at Duke, and in the evening there were fireworks at Wallace Wade Stadium.

At one time, I taught the teenagers' Sunday school class. You might say I was enlisted. The young people asked for me to come to their group, and someone took my younger class.

Later I migrated to the adults, Madison's class, as teacher. One milestone that we reached after several years was studying every book of the Bible in detail. To be repetitive, I learned much more than they, and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

In March 2000, we moved our membership to McMannen United Methodist Church on Neal Road in Durham. This is a wide-awake congregation with children and young adults, a missing ingredient at Calvary. An inner-city church has many problems. Some grow, some stand still, others die, but rigor mortis has not set in.

SEPTEMBER 11, 2001. I never dreamed I would write these words. I never wanted to, but I must. September 11, 2001, came as a shock to all citizens of our nation. Sometimes I wonder if we will ever think clearly again. Without realizing it, I did not touch this book from September 2001 until May of 2002. It was not entirely the aftermath of terrorism in our nation that kept me away—other areas were complicated—but in the back of my mind, I knew I would eventually put words on paper that tried to sum up some of our thoughts. Even today, it is difficult to describe in writing the depth of my feelings.

On Pearl Harbor Day of 1941, I asked "Why?" Today, my heart again cries out, "Why? How can anyone hate that much? How can any group live with such hate?"

On the second Tuesday of September, my garden club was meeting. The youngest member came in as we were ready to begin the business and said she heard on the radio that a tower of the World Trade Center had been hit by a plane. I had been asked to read the Collect of the Garden Club to begin the meeting. Before the official Collect, I asked for a silent prayer for our nation, knowing that lives would be in jeopardy with any kind of impact into a building. Little did we know what was happening. After the meeting, while riding home with Kay Goad, we listened to the radio and could not believe, could not fathom what was in progress.

All day we were in a state of shock, stunned from a nightmare of terror, and as the day wore on we knew this nightmare was stark reality. We wanted to curl up and sob, as a friend's two-year-old son did after viewing repeated scenes of smoke billowing

from the buildings. Joey put his head on his mother's lap, shielding his eyes, and sobbed, "Mommy, Mommy, no mo' mok." Yes, September 11, 2001, was one of the darkest days in the history of our nation.

But in the aftermath before the dust had settled, the reality of faith came to me. Is it strong enough? The answer is a resounding affirmation.

Besides our faith in a supreme being, the God of love, there is a faith that we have in our nation, a faith in our fellow citizens. We will unite, and we will overcome this evil terror that has been thrust upon us.

The very thought that those who are planning our demise are doing it in the name of a god has shaken all of us. Are they worshipping a god of hate?

None of us will ever be the same. Distrust of people and events will creep into our thoughts, yet we must try to keep a normal mode of living with caution. I wonder if in my lifetime it will end. Probably not, because children have been schooled to hate, to despise us.

One day while I was exercising on a treadmill at the Duke Center for Living, I watched other exercisers in a "balance class." One lady caught my attention. She was trying to walk a straight line with the aid of a walker, one foot directly in front of the other. She kept her eyes glued on her feet and was unable to maneuver a straight course. If she had lifted her head and looked beyond her own feet, she could have steered straight as an arrow.

I believe that in our lives we must always look at the whole picture, hold our head high, lift our eyes, and steer the course as citizens of a wonderful country. We must never become bogged down with a heavy heart and bowed head, visualizing only the dark moment at hand. We may be sad, but we are strong.

There is a big difference between this war of terror and World War II. The battle has come to us on our soil, and we will not fail to respond. We probably will not be called to make bandages or have blackout drills as in the 1940s, but we will support our servicemen and women and thank God every day for our country.

Whenever and for whatever reason we are needed, we will serve our country. This country will succeed. We will live by faith, hoping for a better tomorrow. I pray that God will strengthen us and sustain us.

Our hope lies in our unwavering faith that we have in our God. He is in charge and will continue to guide us.

Durham, North Carolina

Many books and articles have been written about Durham and its tobacco beginnings. In 2005, there are no tobacco auctions in Durham, no filled tobacco warehouses. Liggett and Myers headquarters is gone. The American Tobacco Company, once the world's largest tobacco conglomerate, closed many years ago. Even the sounds of "Lucky Strike Green has gone to war" faded as quickly as the long-forgotten Durham Tobacco Festival that I remember so well in October of 1947. "Bull Durham" has a familiar ring to the nation only because of a popular movie.

Tobacco has taken a back seat in the scheme of things in Durham, but the city's citizens should never forget what tobacco money did for them. Without the smell of the tobacco, we would never have had Duke University or its national championship basketball teams. We would not have had the pleasure of walking on the beautiful campus and in the Sara P. Duke Gardens or attending events held in the magnificent Duke Chapel. The Duke family of Durham made all of this possible with gifts and endowments for Duke University, for the building of numerous Methodist churches in the city and county, and for hospitals and other institutions. The tobacco business directly and indirectly provided jobs to most of the people in Durham for decades.

We know now that the use of tobacco has caused millions of deaths from cancer and heart disease. We tend to forget the role it played in our nation's economy.

The use of tobacco appeared in every form in North, South, and Central America. It actually was big business with the natives before Europeans arrived. It was used for trade by the Aztecs in what is now Mexico City and as far north as Lake Huron by tribes there.⁴⁵⁶

From the days of Powhatan to the presidency of Washington, tobacco played a vital role in our nation's history. Lest we forget, our own Richard Yarbrough was paid in tobacco for services.

When George Washington first leased Mount Vernon from his brother's widow in 1754, he paid 15,000 pounds of tobacco per year.⁴⁵⁷ Thomas Jefferson grew it, as did many others. The American Revolution was sparked by the tax on tobacco as well as that on tea and other commodities.

The British Redcoats ravaged the fields in Virginia and destroyed 10,000 hogsheads,

⁴⁵⁶*The American Tobacco Story* (The American Tobacco Company, 1964), pp.7-8.

⁴⁵⁷Marsha Kranes, *365 Amazing Trivia Facts: Calendar for the Year 2001* (New York: Workman Publishing Co., 2000), on the date of Aug. 10, 2001.

including leaf stores owned by Thomas Jefferson. The Virginia General Assembly, toward the end of the Revolutionary War, paid salaries in tobacco because the Continental currency had lost its value.⁴⁵⁸

A NEGOTIATED PEACE IN DURHAM. Almost a century later the terrible ordeal, the Civil War, ended right here in Durham. I know that Lee surrendered on April 9 to Grant at Appomattox. But that didn't bring peace. There were two more armies with troops under General Joseph E. Johnston and a larger group under General W. T. Sherman, who met, after Appomattox, within a mile of my present home. There were nine days of negotiations that began on April 17, 1865. The generals met three times during this period.

Other national news overshadowed these events. Lincoln was assassinated on April 14, and the search for his conspirators dominated the news during that time.

These two generals used a small farmhouse for those nine days. General Johnston laid down his arms despite orders to the contrary from Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, because he knew the end was inevitable and he certainly spared the South more bloodshed. Finally, on April 26, 1865, seventeen days after Lee's surrender, peace came for the remaining Southern troops as 38,817 Confederates in North Carolina and another 52,453 in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida laid down their arms.⁴⁵⁹ This was more than three times the number of soldiers involved than the surrender at Appomattox. The farmhouse that was used was labeled "the Bennett Place," and today it is open to the public. As a footnote to history, undoubtedly these two generals became friends. When Sherman died from the effects of asthma shortly after his next birthday in February, Johnston was an honorary pallbearer. He too died the following month from pneumonia, which was attributed to standing hatless in the cold New York weather at Sherman's funeral.

It was in this time frame that Washington Duke returned home to Durham after fighting for the Southern cause. He had been captured and sent to Libby Prison. It is said that when he reached the freedom of Durham Station, he had fifty cents in cash.

With his very young sons Brodie, Ben, and Buck, he began curing and selling brightleaf tobacco. W. Duke, Sons & Co. grew into an empire. The economy of Durham as well as many other cities across the nation flourished.⁴⁶⁰ Washington Duke's home is now a state historical site and a museum.

⁴⁵⁸*The American Tobacco Story*, p. 12.

⁴⁵⁹Official Souvenir Program of Ceremony Commemorating "The One Hundredth Anniversary of the End of the Civil War" April 25, 1965.

⁴⁶⁰*The American Tobacco Story*, pp. 18-22.

A small school known as Trinity College was moved to Durham in 1887 because of the donations and efforts of Washington Duke and Julian Carr. A generation later, a Duke endowment of \$40 million laid the groundwork for the institution today. Duke University and its medical center are the largest employers in the city today. The university's medical center is, in fact, one of the nation's finest health-care institutions, with its long reach into other establishments of health care. Madison and I exercise three days a week at one of the facilities.

THE RESEARCH TRIANGLE. Durham County is now the home of the world-famous Research Triangle. Are we becoming the Silicon Valley of the South? Is growth a smart choice? Actually there is no choice. People flock to the Triangle because of the prospects of employment, the usually wonderful weather, and the hope of living a dream.

We recall well the planning stages of the Research Triangle under the able supervision of ex-Governor Luther Hodges. If he were to come back today, I wonder if he would not be overwhelmed to see the result of his efforts.

My husband's association with Governor Hodges was the result of a fire at the governor's retirement home in Chapel Hill, where his wife lost her life. The Y and J Furniture Company, our company, was called to render services through the ordeal and to restore much of the governor's furniture. Madison made inventories of salvageable items, those to be disposed of, and new orders. The Christmas of 1969, Governor Hodges came with gifts to Madison. He had most assuredly wrapped the gifts himself, a job that he probably had never before encountered, which made the gifts all the more special.

A PLACE CALLED HOME. Our home in northwestern Durham is located in what is known as the Akenatzey settlement,⁴⁶¹ an Indian name. Our street is called Shoccoree, the name of an Indian tribe. Ellerbe Creek runs through the parcels of land in this area and meanders on to the east. Eno River is a few miles to the north. Neighbors Louise Gibson and Spud and Laura Miller have related stories of a picturesque Indian dam on Ellerbe Creek close to the bridge on Shoccoree that spans Ellerbe. They remember taking their children for Sunday afternoon walks to this unusual spot. The dam was

⁴⁶¹P B 31 P 1. On 1967 map #755, we owned Lots 47, 47A, 48 B, 48A, and part of 48C. In 1990, we divided the lots into three parcels, references #755-01-047, #755-01-048A, and #755-01-048B.

probably destroyed by the highway department in the 1950s when Shoccoree Drive was built, before Interstate 85 skirted this section of the town.

The present dam on Ellerbe was built by the highway department in 1963. That summer, our teenage son, Matt, and the owner of the land, Mr. A. H. Maynard, who was in his sixties, cleared the land of stumps and brush. The bulldozers came in and dug out that portion of Ellerbe Creek. The dam completed the project. When the rains came that fall, we watched the lake fill. Mr. Maynard named the lake for his wife, Swannanoa.

Small streams and tributaries that make up the headwaters of Ellerbe Creek flow directly into Lake Swannanoa and trickle onto wooded areas. Our greatest concern has been the encroachment of highway construction and development that causes polluted runoff. We fear that such contamination will seriously affect the entire watershed of Ellerbe Creek that empties into the Neuse River. Restoration is planned by the Ellerbe Creek Watershed Association.

The area is alive with wildlife. Some are invited; others just appear. The regulars include raccoons, opossums, foxes, groundhogs, squirrels, rabbits, and beavers. Neighbors have sighted black bears and bobcats. For twenty minutes, I watched a gray hawk carefully prepare his prey, a squirrel, by removing every hair before he had his Saturday lunch. Deer come periodically to my yard, and I have counted up to ten at times. There is a curve in the road, a crossing used by deer. We can proceed only with caution. The lake has numerous fishes and turtles, but the "King of Lake Swannanoa" is a Great Blue Heron that has reigned there for many years. Ducks and geese frequent the lake, but we do not want them to linger, so we don't feed them. Many species of birds are in abundance. Only the bobwhites have disappeared. All are welcome to our feeder and bath. The neighborhood is definitely not a subdivision. Very few homes are located in it, and we have tried to maintain the wooded atmosphere.

Not only does the area represent a secluded and calm hideaway for the residents, but it is steeped in history. Directly back of our property is a sunken roadbed that once extended to Hillsborough and beyond. Clearly visible grooves or tracks left ruts that slope to a deeply entrenched impression in the earth. Our neighbor Spud Miller, who grew up in Durham and lived in the area, knew that the road was used for transporting supplies during the Civil War and that it was a buffalo trail much earlier. Helen Smith and her sister, Frances Turner, remembered that the road led to Hillsborough. There is an effort to locate the Indian trading paths that weave through the northern area

of Durham. In December 2005, a conversation with Tom Magnuson, president of the Trading Path Association, confirmed that the path did exist. He used maps designed to read land use below the ground surface and determine where old trails lay. The one back of our home met the criterion.

Our home area is said to be the third-highest elevation in Durham County. The earth is full of rock, and bubbling springs of water surface in various areas, some that were used earlier in our history, and especially during the Civil War. About thirty years ago, one homeowner utilized the springs for his entire water consumption. Until recently the landscape was wooded with hard and soft woods. Hurricane Fran and the December 2002 ice storm claimed hundreds of trees. So far we have managed to stay the hand of progress, but we know that the time will come.

I have said that our neighborhood is steeped in history. John Lawson, the second European to write of the area of Durham and Orange County, traveled through the area where we live. Lawson had left Charles Town and was proceeding to the vicinity of present-day Charlotte and then east toward Washington, North Carolina. His trip was recorded in his journal as of February 10, 1701.

As soon as it was day, we set out for the *Achonechy*-Town, it being, by Estimation, 20 Miles off, which, I believe, is pretty exact. We were got about half way, (meeting great Gangs of Turkeys) when we saw, at a Distance, 30 loaded Horses, coming on the Road, with four or five Men, on other Jades, driving them. We charg'd our Piece, and went up to them: Enquiring, whence they came from? They told us, from *Virginia*. The leading Man's Name was *Massey*, who was born about *Leeds* in *Yorkshire*. He ask'd, from whence we came? We told him. Then he ask'd again, Whether we wanted any thing that he had? telling us, we should be welcome to it. We accepted of Two Wheaten Biskets, and a little Ammunition. He advised us, by all means, to strike down the Country for *Ronoack*, and not think of *Virginia*, because of the *Sinnagers*, of whom they were afraid, tho' so well arm'd, and numerous. They persuaded us also, to call upon one *Enoe Will*, as we went to *Adshusheer*, for that he would conduct us safe among the *English*, giving him the Character of a very faithful *Indian*, which we afterwards found true by Experience. The *Virginia*-Men asking our Opinion of the Country we were then in? we told them, it was a very pleasant one. They were all of the same Opinion, and affirm'd, That they had never seen 20 Miles of such extraordinary rich Land, lying all together, like that betwixt *Hau*-River and the *Achonechy* Town. Having taken our Leaves of each other, we set forward; and the Country, thro' which we pass'd, was so delightful, that it gave us a great deal of Satisfaction. About

Three a Clock, we reach'd the Town, and the *Indians* presently brought us good fat Bear, and Venison, which was very acceptable at that time.

The next Morning, we set out, with *Enoe-Will*, towards *Adshusheer*, leaving the *Virginia* Path, and striking more to the Eastward, for *Ronoack*. Several *Indians* were in our Company belonging to *Will's* Nation, who are the *Shoccories*, mixt with the *Enoe-Indians*, and those of the Nation of *Adshusheer*. *Enoe-Will* is their chief Man, and rules as far as the Banks of *Reatkin*. It was a sad stony Way to *Adshusheer*. We went over a small River by *Achonechy*, and in this 14 Miles, through several other Streams, which empty themselves into the Branches of *Cape-Fair*.⁴⁶²

Lawson was headed to the town of the Achonechy Indians—surely the Akenatzey Settlement. It is within this land, labeled “Akenatzey Settlement” on our deed, that my family has lived for more than forty-five years.

Here is a final coincidence. At the beginning of this section on the Yarbrough family, I included stories of Richard Yarbrough, and we learned that Abraham Wood was the first man to open the trail called Occoneechee from Virginia into the Carolinas. Surely *Occoneechee* is also the same as John Lawson's *Achonechy*.

⁴⁶²John Lawson, *A New Voyage to Carolina; Containing the Exact Description and Natural History of That Country: Together with the Present State Thereof. And a Journal of a Thousand Miles, Travel'd Thro' Several Nations of Indians. Giving a Particular Account of Their Customs, Manners, &c.*, Electronic Edition (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina, 2001), pp. 55, 56. Originally published in London in 1709. These quotations are drawn from the University of North Carolina's web site: <http://docsouth.unc.edu/nc/lawson/lawson.html>.

Descendants of William Yarbrough

27 Mar 2006

1. William Yarbrough (d.13 May 1748-,Amelia, Virginia)

sp: Elliner (m.Bef 1722;d.Aft 1748)

— 2. Anne Yarbrough

sp: Higgins

— 2. Samuel Yarbrough (d.Ab. 1770-,Orange, North Carolina)

sp: Sarah Bumpass?

— 3. William Yarbrough (b.Ab. 1749;d.1820)

sp: Sarah

— 3. Samuel Yarbrough (b.Ab. 1758-,Amelia, Virginia;d.1820)

sp: Alice or Alsey Winstead

— 3. John Yarbrough (b.Aft 1748-,Orange, North Carolina;d.6 Feb 1811-,Person, North Carolina)

sp: Sarah Satterfield (b.Ab. 1750/1760)

— 4. William Yarbrough (b.Ab. 1780)

— 4. Elizabeth Yarbrough

sp: Daniel

— 4. Catharine Yarbrough

sp: Nathaniel Smith (m.2 Mar 1808)

— 4. Mary Yarbrough

— 4. John Yarbrough (b.Ab. 1792-,Person, North Carolina;d.Ab. 1857-,Person, North Carolina)

sp: Sarah Brown (b.Ab. 1796-,North Carolina;m.23 Feb 1819;d.Aft 1857)

— 5. Marion Yarbrough

— 5. Manerva Yarbrough

sp: Joshua Cozart

sp: Unknown

— 5. John W Yarbrough (b.Ab. 1826-,North Carolina)

sp: Louisa Bumpass (b.Ab. 1832-,North Carolina;m.15 Jan 1848)

- 6. Desdamona A Yarbrough (b.Ab. 1849-, North Carolina)
sp: George Watson (m. 21 Mar 1867)
- 6. Monroe Bumpass Yarbrough (b.Ab. 1857-, North Carolina; d. 1929-, Oklahoma)
sp: Camelia Rachel
- 6. John Brackenridge or Brack Yarbrough (b. 1864-, Alabama; d. 1920-, New Mexico)
sp: Hattie B Dashner (b. 1872-, Hunt, Texas; d. 1895)
 - 7. Ocie Clyde Yarbrough (b. 1893-, Hunt, Texas; d. 1955)
sp: Ruth Campbell (b. 1894-, Stephens, Texas)
 - 8. Jack D Yarbrough
sp: Beth
 - 7. Myrtle Agnes Yarbrough
- 6. Camelia Yarbrough
- 6. David Tobias or Tobe Yarbrough
- 5. James Madison Yarbrough (b. 24 Dec 1831-, Person, North Carolina; d. 16 May 1902-Hurdle Mills, Person, North Carolina)
sp: Moriah L Annanett or Nettie Lunsford (b. 10 Mar 1834-, Person, North Carolina; m. 13 Feb 1854; d. 12 Feb 1904-)
 - 6. Laura Yarbrough (b.Ab. 1858-, North Carolina; d. Infant)
 - 6. Minnie Yarbrough (d. Infant-, Kentucky)
 - 6. Jasper L Yarbrough (b.Ab. 1864-, Kentucky)
sp: Cora Rogers (m. 8 Jun 1890)
 - 7. Marion Yarbrough
sp: Unknown
 - 8. James Yarbrough
 - sp: Susie Snipes
 - 6. Laura Yarbrough (d. Infant-, North Carolina)
 - 6. John Quinten Yarbrough (b. 8 May 1868-, North Carolina; d. 2 Dec 1956-, Person, North Carolina)
sp: Ida E Lunsford (b. 1 Apr 1873; m. 28 Nov 1888; d. 26 Nov 1946)
 - 7. Laura David Yarbrough
sp: Clinton or Bud Moore
 - 7. Reuben Yarbrough

sp: Lizzie Long

— 8. Mary Yarbrough

sp: Anderson

— 8. Alene Yarbrough

— 8. Christine Yarbrough

sp: Gentry

— 8. Doris Yarbrough

sp: Brooks

— 8. Herman Yarbrough

— 8. Reuben Lindy Yarbrough

— 8. Edwin Earl Yarbrough

— 8. Jarry Yarbrough

— 7. Effie Yarbrough

— 7. Victor Dunn Yarbrough (b.27 May 1902-,Person,North Carolina;d.16 Jun 1977)

sp: Laura Harris (b.2 Aug 1902-,Person,North Carolina;d.19 Feb 1966-Butler,Granville,North Carolina)

— 8. Nancy Lauraetta Yarborough (b.21 Feb 1938-,Person,North Carolina)

sp: Linsey Allen

sp: Hugh Ambrey Blanks (b.8 Sep 1935-,Person,North Carolina;m.18 Jan 1957(Div))

— 9. Chris Blanks

— 7. Cyphers or Cy Yarbrough (b.Ab. 1908;d.7 Jun 1976)

sp: Elizabeth Laws

— 8. Barbara Ann Yarbrough

sp: Wynn

— 8. Edith Laverne Yarbrough

sp: Parrish

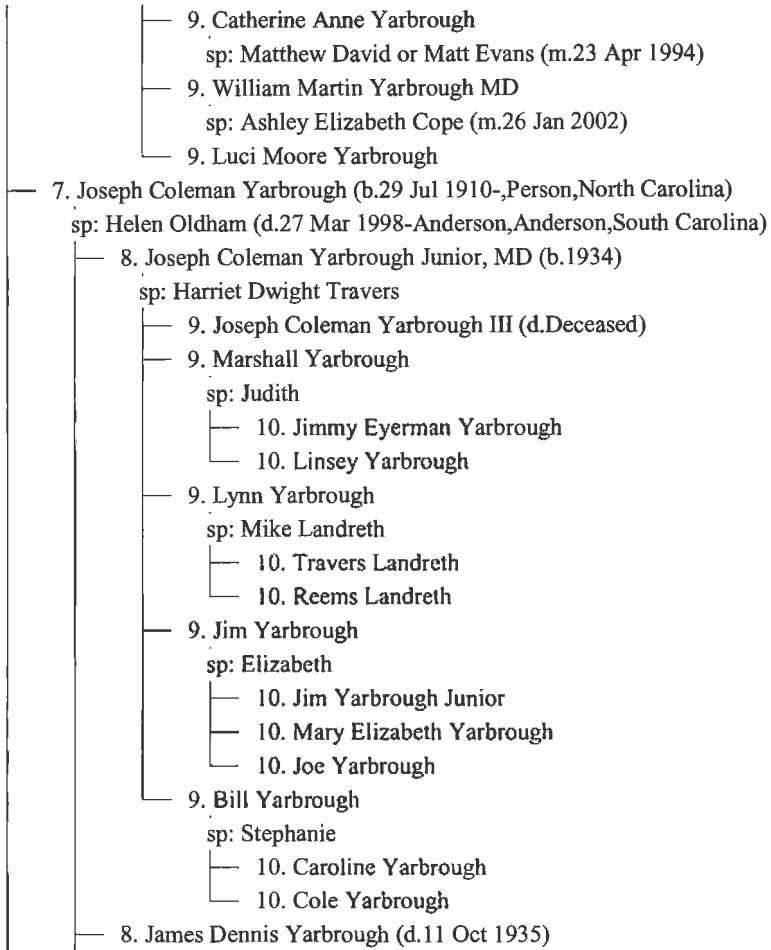
— 8. James Madison or Jimmy Yarbrough (b.Ab. 1934-,Person,North Carolina;d.1985-R.,North Carolina)

— 8. Edwin Marsh Yarbrough

— 8. Wallace Wayne Yarbrough

— 8. Cyphers Franklin Yarbrough

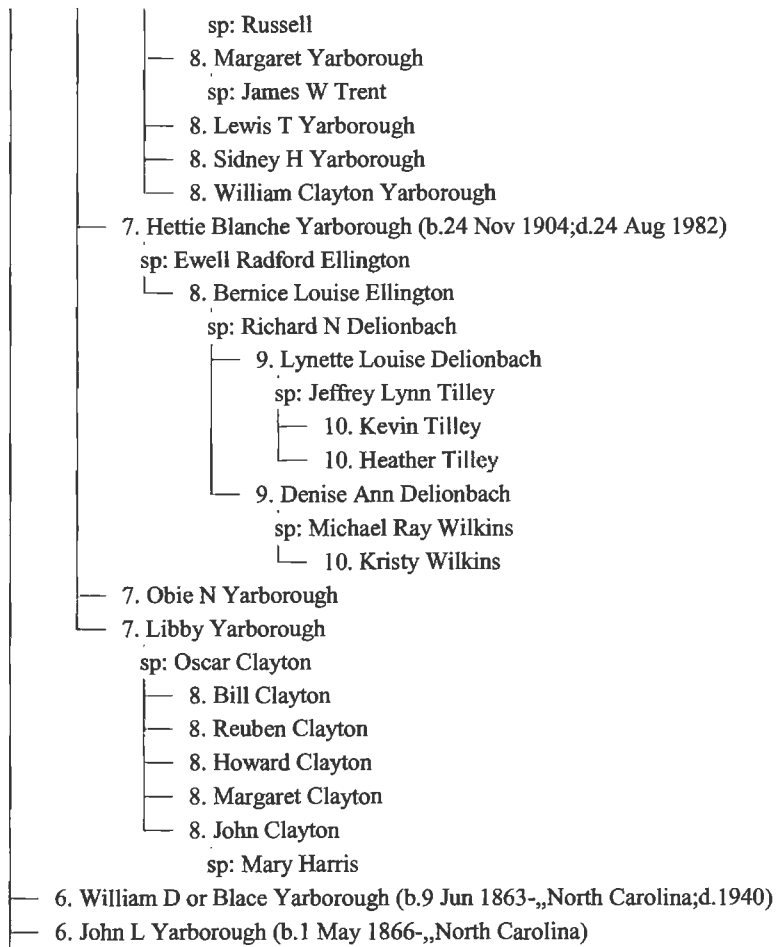
- 6. Minnie Yarbrough (d. Infant-, North Carolina)
- 6. Ora Wesley Yarbrough (b. 18 Mar 1873-, Person, North Carolina; d. 21 Jul 1948-Duke Hospital, D, D, North Carolina)
 - sp: Harriet Freeland or Hattie Rogers (b. 3 May 1871-, Person, North Carolina; m. 13 Oct 1895; d. 19 Oct 1961-)
 - 7. Ruth Ora Yarbrough (b. 19 Jul 1896-, Person, North Carolina; d. Jan 1975)
 - sp: Robert Earl Tillman
 - 8. Robert Earl Tillman Junior (b. 7 Jan 1924; d. 3 Aug 1993-Burlington, Alamance, North Carolina)
 - sp: Mary Frances Pierce (m. 15 Apr 1954)
 - 7. Virginia Wright Yarbrough (b. 24 Sep 1897-, Person, North Carolina; d. 16 Mar 1991-B, A, North Carolina)
 - 7. Clyde Bryan Yarbrough (b. 1 Nov 1899-, Person, North Carolina; d. 10 Nov 1961-B, A, North Carolina)
 - sp: Mary Coats (b. 14 Jan 1903; m. 1926; d. 8 Sep 1991)
 - 8. Rose Marie Yarbrough (b. 1 Jun 1928)
 - sp: Fred Dee Cobb (b. 28 Feb 1928; m. 11 Jul 1952; d. 8 Sep 1984-Burlington, A, North Carolina)
 - 9. Bryan Dee Cobb (b. 8 Feb 1958)
 - sp: Lettie Hall Franks (m. 25 May 1985)
 - 10. Gavin Wesley Cobb (b. 9 Nov 1988)
 - 9. Steven Lyle Cobb (b. 19 Jun 1961)
 - 8. Harriett Janine Yarbrough (b. 21 Jul 1930; d. 21 Jul 1930)
 - 8. Clyde Bryan Yarbrough Junior (b. 24 May 1933; d. 24 May 1933)
 - 8. Jean Carolyn Yarbrough (b. 9 Oct 1935; d. 9 Oct 1935)
 - 7. Madison Simeon Yarbrough Senior (b. 18 Jan 1901-near Hurdle Mills, P, North Carolina; d. 28 Aug 1986-)
 - sp: Myrtle Raynor Leavister (b. 1 Dec 1907-Raleigh, W, North Carolina; m. 8 Nov 1925; d. 19 Jan 2002-)
 - 8. Madison Simeon Yarbrough Junior (b. 30 Jul 1926-Oxford, Granville, North Carolina)
 - sp: Ruth Evelyn Shipp (b. 13 Sep 1926-Red Banks, Marshall, Mississippi; m. 24 Nov 1946)
 - 9. Madison Simeon or Matt Yarbrough III (b. 7 Dec 1947-Durham, Durham, North Carolina)
 - sp: Calista Jean or Cissy Everhart (b. 18 Jun 1948-W, F, North Carolina; m. 21 Nov 1971)
 - 10. Calista Victoria or Lista Yarbrough (b. 1 Jul 1973-Durham, Durham, North Carolina)
 - sp: Kevin Paul Kryscio (b. 13 Mar 1973-, De Kalb, Illinois; m. 21 Dec 1996)
 - 10. Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough (b. 16 Mar 1978-Durham, Durham, North Carolina)



- 8. Ann Yarbrough
 - sp: Dwight Palmer (m.(Div);d.1970)
 - sp: Tony Herring (m.1970(Div))
 - 9. Wendy Herring
 - 9. John Herring
 - sp: Reeves
- 7. Christine or Teeny Yarbrough (b.30 Aug 1913-,Person,North Carolina)
 - sp: Clyde Wilson Robinson Senior (b.6 May 1915-Concord,Cabarrus,North Carolina;m.18 Sep 1943)
 - 8. Clyde Wilson Robinson Junior (b.16 Jun 1944-Lexington,Davidson,North Carolina)
 - sp: Sandra Leigh Williams (b.20 Jun 1949-Mobile,Mobile,Alabama;m.20 Jun 1975(Div))
 - 8. Wesley Eugene or Gene Robinson (b.23 Sep 1949-Burlington,Alamance,North Carolina)
 - sp: Jo Ann Bell (b.16 Dec 1952-Winston-Salem,Forsyth,North Carolina;m.17 Aug 1975)
 - 8. Daniel Yarbrough or Danny Robinson Senior (b.12 Oct 1951-Winston-Salem,F,North Carolina)
 - sp: Kathy
 - 9. Daniel Yarbrough Robinson
 - 9. William Wesley Robinson (b.Ab 1996)
- 4. James Madison or Jim Yarborough (b.Ab 1798-,North Carolina;d.Bef Jan 1891)
 - sp: Margaret (b.Ab 1803-,Virginia)
 - 5. Harrison Yarborough (b.1819-,Person,North Carolina)
 - 5. Jordan Yarborough or Yarbrough (b.18 Aug 1822-,Person,North Carolina;d.27 Mar 1909-Mullins,M,South Carolina)
 - sp: Caroline Hampton (b.Ab 1836-,North Carolina;d.26 May 1915)
 - 6. Wilburn Yarborough (b.Ab 1857-,North Carolina)
 - 6. Margaret or Patsy A Yarborough (b.Ab 1859-,North Carolina)
 - 6. George Hampton Yarborough (b.4 Jun 1860-,North Carolina;d.13 Oct 1923)
 - sp: Dora Yancey (b.13 Dec 1865;d.7 Nov 1942)
 - 6. James T Yarborough (b.Ab 1864-,North Carolina)
 - 6. William Yarborough (b.Ab 1868-,North Carolina)
 - 6. Herbert or Hubert Yarborough (b.Ab 1878-,North Carolina;d.Aft 1950-Columbia,Richland,South Carolina)
 - 5. Jane Yarborough (b.Ab 1825-,Person,North Carolina;d.Aft 1891)
 - sp: Ambrose H Tingen (b.Ab 1820-,North Carolina;m.11 Oct 1843)

- 6. Rebecca J Tingen (b.Abt 1845-,,North Carolina)
- 6. Margaret Tingen (b.Abt 1847-,,North Carolina)
- 6. Isaac H Tingen (b.Abt 1848-,,North Carolina)
- 6. William R Tingen (b.Abt 1849-,,North Carolina)
- 5. David Yarborough (b.1826-,,Person,North Carolina;d.Mar 1903-,,Person,North Carolina)
 - sp: Julia Ann Satterfield (b.26 Nov 1831-,,North Carolina;m.5 Jun 1851;d.21 Jul 1900)
 - 6. George Etta Yarborough (b.22 Feb 1852-,,North Carolina;d.14 Feb 1922)
 - sp: William M Gravette
 - 6. Samuel Yarborough (b.27 Jun 1854-,,North Carolina;d.22 Feb 1940)
 - sp: Martha Frances Tingen (b.6 Apr 1858;d.14 Jul 1934)
 - 7. James Washington or Jim Yarborough (b.10 Dec 1885-Allensville,Person,North Carolina;d.17 May 1976)
 - sp: Mary Blanche Washington Dixon (m.10 Jun 1910)
 - 8. Andrew Washington Yarborough (b.7 May 1917)
 - sp: Margaret Frances Davis (b.16 Oct 1923;m.10 May 1943)
 - 9. Carolyn Ann Yarborough (b.9 Jun 1945)
 - 9. Vincent Arthur Yarborough (b.15 Nov 1950)
 - sp: UNKNOWN
 - 10. Andrew Vincent Yarborough (b.5 May 1977)
 - 9. Vicky Gale Yarborough (b.19 Oct 1951)
 - 8. Daisey Gertrude Yarborough (b.10 Jun 1919)
 - sp: Grady Watkins Gentry (b.6 Jun 1919;m.21 Nov 1942)
 - 9. Brenda Joyce Gentry (b.28 Sep 1942)
 - 9. Grady Randolph Gentry (b.8 Feb 1946)
 - 9. Jackie Ray Gentry (b.3 Sep 1948)
 - 9. James Watkins Gentry (b.21 Mar 1950)
 - 9. Marvin Doyle Gentry (b.16 Jul 1953)
 - 9. Kim Lynette Gentry (b.4 Sep 1959)

- 8. Maudie Odell Yarborough (b.19 Jul 1921)
 - sp: Vennoy Hoyt Day (b.28 Feb 1916;m.7 Nov 1942;d.22 Dec 1973)
 - 9. Mary Evelyn Day (b.11 Dec 1946)
 - 9. Bobbie Jean Day (b.27 Jun 1948)
 - 9. Edna Dolores Day (b.7 Nov 1951)
 - 9. Timmie Anne Day (b.5 Sep 1958)
- 8. Melba Elizabeth Yarborough (b.14 Feb 1923)
 - sp: William Calvin Coates Senior (b.6 Sep 1923;m.3 Aug 1942)
 - 9. William Calvin or Bill Coates Junior (b.3 Aug 1945)
 - 9. Donald Bradsher Coates (b.31 May 1951)
 - 9. Jerrie Dale Coates (b.14 Mar 1956)
 - 9. Janice Elizabeth Coates (b.12 Mar 1958)
- 8. James Leon Yarborough Senior (b.14 Jun 1925;d.23 Dec 1968)
 - sp: Eleanor Hill Cox (b.12 Dec 1923;m.6 Nov 1943)
 - 9. Eleanor Sharlene Cox (b.14 Mar 1945)
 - 9. James Leon Cox Junior (b.20 Dec 1948;d.11 Aug 1950)
- 8. Clytie Renell Yarborough (b.13 Nov 1927)
 - sp: Raymond Newby Whitt (b.3 Jun 1923;m.3 Jul 1948)
 - 9. Donna Renell Whitt (b.23 Nov 1949)
 - 9. Raymond Owen Whitt (b.31 Jul 1952)
 - 9. Wanda Mae Whitt (b.8 Jul 1953)
 - 9. Karen Marie Whitt (b.23 Sep 1956)
- 8. James Lewis Yarborough (b.3 May 1932)
 - sp: Evelyn Puryear (b.20 Oct 1931;m.21 Mar 1959)
 - 9. Rickie Daniel Roberson (b.26 Oct 1948)
- 8. Patsy Ann Yarborough (b.13 Feb 1937)
 - sp: Marion Ollie Goss (b.21 May 1933;m.13 Mar 1958)
 - 9. Rodney Marion Goss (b.6 May 1959)
 - 9. Rhonda Ann Goss (b.22 Dec 1960)



6. Henry Mitchelle Yarbrough (b.14 Apr 1868-.,North Carolina;d.29 Aug 1929-,Caswell,North Carolina)

sp: UNKNOWN

7. Lemmie Dee Yarbrough

sp: UNKNOWN

8. Hugh Yarbrough

7. Charles Bernice or Bunk Yarbrough (b.1893;d.1969-,Caswell,North Carolina)

sp: UNKNOWN

8. Charles Bernice Yarbrough Junior

8. Lynwood J Yarbrough

8. Burton Yarbrough

8. Wesley Yarbrough

8. Marvie Yarbrough

7. A F or Al Yarbrough

sp: UNKNOWN

8. Lila Yarbrough

8. Aretta Yarbrough

8. Berdeen Yarbrough

7. Betty Yarbrough

sp: Collie

8. Nancy Collie

8. Marilyn Collie

7. O R or Roge Yarbrough

sp: UNKNOWN

8. Elsie Yarbrough

8. Harriet Yarbrough

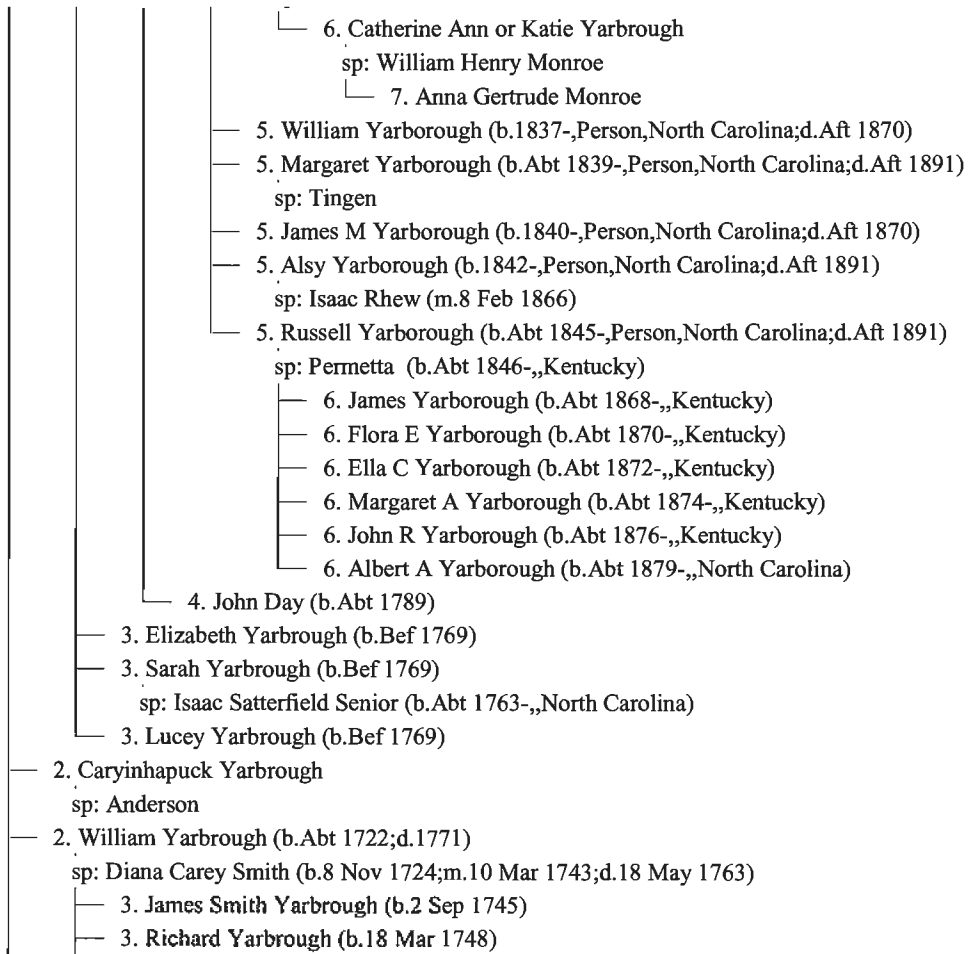
8. Fred Yarbrough

8. Louise Yarbrough

8. Rachel Yarbrough

7. B. C. or Ben Yarbrough

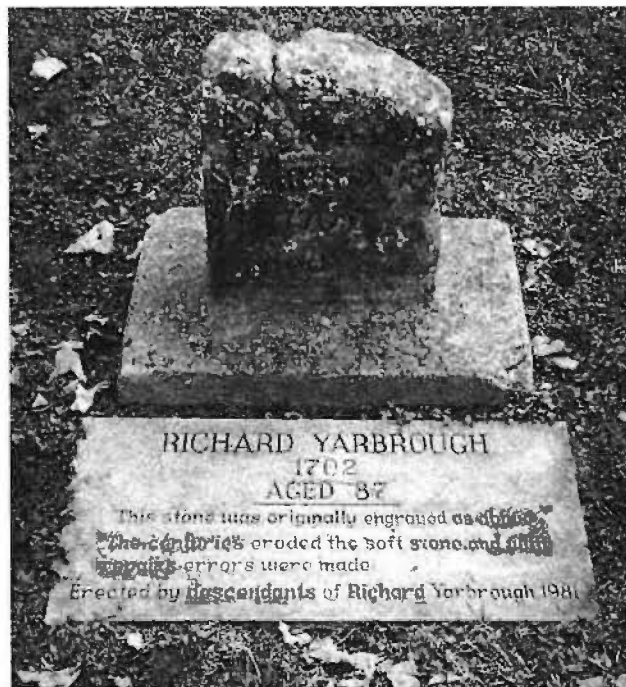
- sp: UNKNOWN
 - 7. D E or Que Yarbrough
 - 7. J S or Jim Yarbrough
 - sp: UNKNOWN
 - 8. Anne Yarbrough
 - 8. Oliver Yarbrough
 - 7. H L or Bill Yarbrough
 - 7. Maynard or Monk Yarbrough
 - sp: UNKNOWN
 - 8. Carolyn Yarbrough
 - 8. Shirley Yarbrough
 - 8. Wesley Yarbrough
 - 6. Jesse Lula or Sissy Yarborough (b.24 Oct 1872-,,North Carolina;d.27 Dec 1956)
 - sp: Jake Evens
- 5. Lucinda Yarborough (b.Ab. 1828-,Person,North Carolina;d.Aft 1891)
 - sp: Jesse T Chandler (m.4 Nov 1852)
- 5. Henderson Yarborough (b.Ab. 1829-,Person,North Carolina)
 - sp: Levinia or Lavinia Satterfield (b.Ab. 1835-,,North Carolina;m.3 May 1855)
 - 6. Martha S Yarborough (b.Ab. 1857-,,North Carolina)
 - 6. Edward T Yarborough (b.Ab. 1866-,,North Carolina)
 - 6. Moro Yarborough (b.Ab. 1869-,,North Carolina)
 - 6. Mary Yarborough (b.Ab. 1872-,,North Carolina)
 - 6. Maggie Yarborough (b.Ab. 1877-,,North Carolina)
- 5. Thomas Yarborough (b.Ab. 1831-,Person,North Carolina;d.Aft 1891)
- 5. Elizabeth Yarborough (b.Ab. 1832-,Person,North Carolina;d.Aft 1891)
 - sp: Beaver
- 5. John Yarborough (b.1833-,Person,North Carolina)
- 5. Drucy Yarborough (b.1835-,Person,North Carolina;d.Aft 1870)
 - sp: Malissa Rice (m.1857)



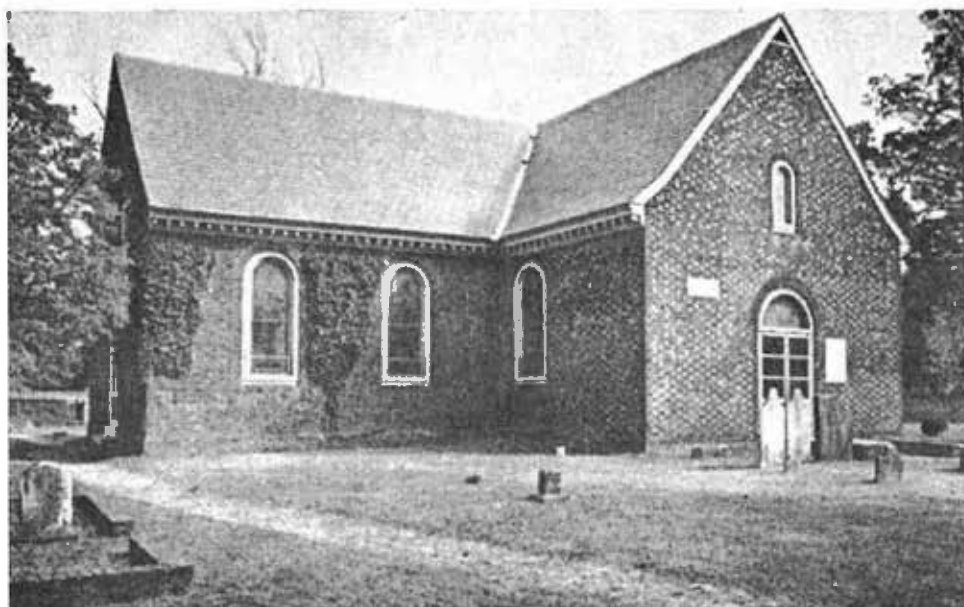
- 3. Elizabeth Yarbrough (b.23 Oct 1750)
- 3. William Yarbrough (b.7 Apr 1753)
- 3. Ozwell Yarbrough (b.26 Apr 1756)
- 3. Joseph Yarbrough (b.6 Nov 1758;d.1828)
 - sp: Temperance Walton (b.1767;m.19 Dec 1785)
 - 4. Frances T. Yarbrough
 - 4. Sallie Burton Yarbrough
 - sp: Curtis R. Holmes (m.8 Jan 1821)
 - 4. Macy A. Yarbrough
 - sp: Joshua Hardy (m.27 Dec 1820)
 - 4. Martha Yarbrough
 - sp: Creed Ellington (m.19 Oct 1821)
 - 4. Creece Yarbrough
 - sp: Farley
 - 4. Richard Yarbrough (b.16 Jan 1793;d.2 Dec 1860)
 - sp: Tabitha Johns (b.20 Jul 1794;m.23 Dec 1817)
 - 5. Temperance Dianisha Yarbrough (b.1 Oct 1819)
 - sp: William T. Harrison (m.5 Jun 1833)
 - 5. Joseph Joel Yarbrough (b.24 Jun 1821;d.28 Apr 1896)
 - sp: Rebecca Emily Chipman (b.11 Jan 1823;m.31 Oct 1848;d.5 Aug 1892)
 - 6. Charles Joel Yarbrough (b.14 Jul 1850;d.2 Jan 1919)
 - sp: Jessie Mary Bradsher (b.28 Feb 1852;m.28 Jan 1874;d.3 Jun 1895)
 - 7. Charles Garrett Yarbrough (b.31 May 1875)
 - sp: Grace Thompson (b.23 Feb 1876;m.19 Sep 1903)
 - 7. Webb Chipman Yarbrough (b.30 Jan 1877)
 - sp: Ida Siddle (b.9 Aug 1891;m.1914)
 - 7. Zackaris Thomas Yarbrough (b.29 Nov 1878)
 - sp: Georgia Moon (m.25 Sep 1921)
 - 7. Edwin Search Yarbrough (b.Aug 1881)
 - sp: Nellie Elliot (b.5 Jan 1884;m.31 Oct 1906)

- 7. Mary Daisy Yarbrough (b.25 Oct 1883)
sp: Junius Alexander Goodwyn (b.23 Feb 1877;m.8 Oct 1907)
- 7. John Vanderbuilt Yarbrough (b.20 Nov 1885;d.13 May 1887)
- 7. Joseph Conner Yarbrough (b.26 Nov 1887)
sp: Jessie Strobe (b.18 Nov 1889;m.19 Mar 1910)
- 7. Woodfin Bradsher Yarbrough (b.7 Jul 1890)
sp: Audrey White (m.14 Aug 1924)
- 7. Clem Covington Yarbrough (b.29 Sep 1892)
sp: Lucy Smith (b.21 Nov 1909;m.24 Dec 1928)
- 7. Benjamin Dixon Yarbrough (b.2 Oct 1854;d.Stillborn)
sp: Pheroba Thaxton (b.4 Feb 1852;m.6 Oct 1897;d.28 Mar 1902)
sp: Berta Arnold Worsham (b.19 Sep 1873;m.27 Nov 1905)
- 7. Mabel Clair Yarbrough (b.9 Dec 1908)
sp: Hall Smith Junior (b.25 Feb 1905;m.31 Mar 1928)
- 7. Margaret Arnold Yarbrough (b.28 Feb 1911)
sp: Norman Stroupe Upchurch (b.19 Dec 1904;m.24 Dec 1928)
- 6. Anne Elizabeth Yarbrough (b.31 Aug 1852)
sp: Robert Edwin Jourdan
- 6. Joseph Joel Yarbrough Junior (b.5 Jun 1854)
sp: Mildred J. Miles (m.25 Feb 1880)
- 6. Richard Yarbrough (b.5 Sep 1856)
- 6. William Yarbrough (b.24 Sep 1859;d.Aug 1861)
- 6. George Bearegard Yarbrough (b.21 Jul 1861)
sp: Tassie Miles
- 5. Martha Henrietta Yarbrough (b.19 Apr 1823;d.13 Nov 1871)
sp: Dabney Terry (m.23 Jun 1846)
- 5. Richard Lauriston Yarbrough (b.26 Dec 1824;d.23 Feb 1826)

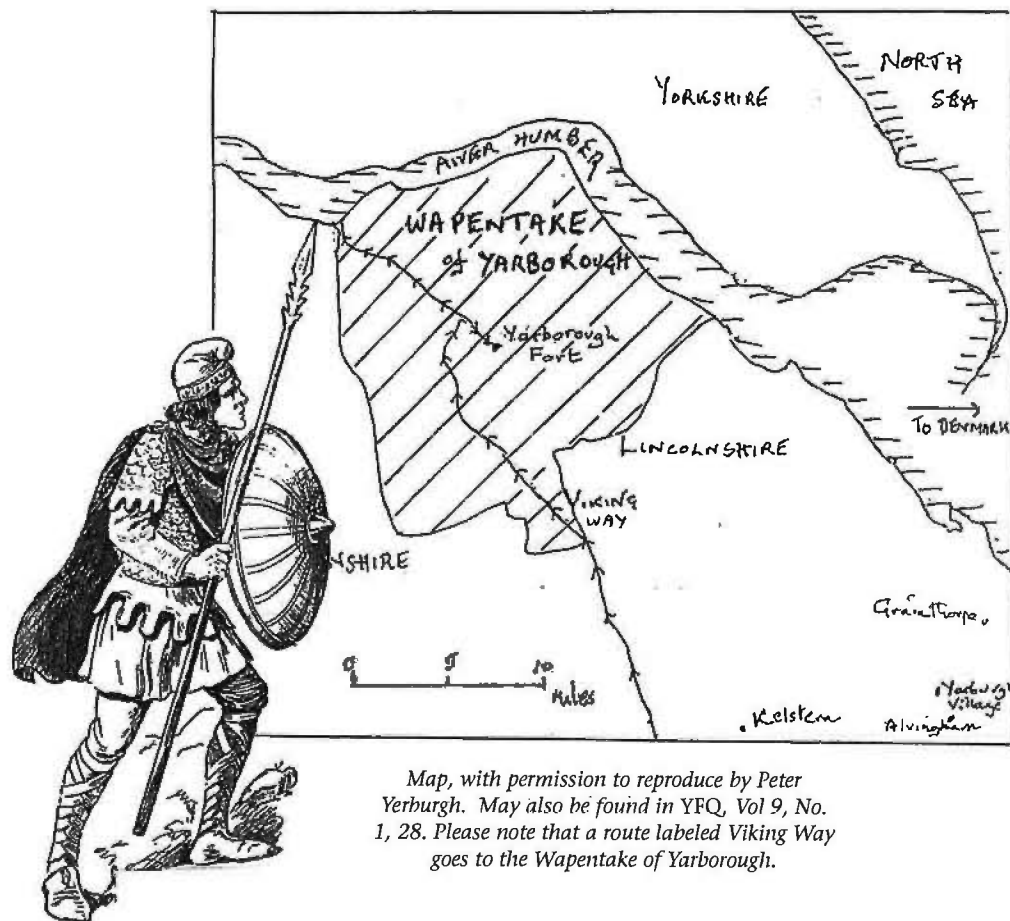
- 5. Thomas Scott Yarbrough (b.6 Jun 1827;d.27 Nov 1860)
sp: Elizabeth A. Terry (m.12 Feb 1850)
- 5. Sallie Bett Yarbrough (b.10 Nov 1829)
sp: Abner Terry
- 5. Saluda I. Yarbrough (b.30 Oct 1831;d.15 Sep 1832)
- 5. George Walton Yarbrough (b.12 Oct 1833)
sp: Bettie Fitzgerald
- 4. Nancy Yarbrough
sp: Knight Walton (m.20 May 1805)
- 4. Joseph Yarbrough
sp: Mary Herring
- sp: Polly
- 2. Hezekiah Yarbrough (d.4 Mar 1754)
- 2. Moses Yarbrough (d.3 Mar 1756)
- 2. Micajah Yarbrough
- 2. Priscilla Yarbrough



*Tombstone of Richard Yarbrough (1615-1702)
On left of door facing Old Blandford Church
Petersburg, Virginia*



Old Blandford Church



Map, with permission to reproduce by Peter Yerburgh. May also be found in YFQ, Vol 9, No. 1, 28. Please note that a route labeled Viking Way goes to the Wapentake of Yarborough.



Yarbrough Coat of Arms—One version
Cover of The Yarbrough Family Quarterly

Portion of Will of William Yarbrough

Amelia County VA Will Book 1, p 50

In the Name of God Amen I William Yarbrough of Amelia County being Sick and weak in body: but of Perfect mind and Memory thanks be given unto God Therefore calling into mind the Mortallity of my body and knowing it is appointed for all once to dye do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament: Principally and first of all I give and recommend my Soul into the hands of God that gave it and my Body to the Earth to be buried; nothing doubting but at the Generall Resurrection I shall receive the same again by the mighty power of God, and as touching such Worldly Estate wherewith it hath pleased God to Bless me in this life, I Give devise and Dispose of the same in the following manner and form.

Imprimis

I give and bequeath to my beloved Daughter Priscilla Yarbrough One Negro Boy Named Jupiter to Her and Her Heirs for ever.

Item

I give to my dear beloved Wife Elliner Yarbrough all the profits and monies of my whole Estate together with the work and labour of two Negroes Peter and Phillip during her widowhood, and desire the whole may Continue in her Possession as long as She continues a Widow, and when She marryes or dyes. My Will and desire is That all my Personall Estate Goods and Chattles be Equally divided between Every one of my beloved Children, Anne Higgon Samuel Yarbrough Carynhapuch Anderson, William Yarbrough, Hezekiah Yarbrough Moses Yarbrough Micajah Yarbrough Priscilla Yarbrough to them and their Heirs.

Item

I give and bequeath to my beloved Son Micajah Yarbrough Four hundred Acres of Land where I now live Together with the Plantation and all the Improvements thereon to him and his Heirs forever.

Item

I lend my beloved Grand Daughter Priscilla Robertson One Negro girl Named Hannah during life, and she should have a Child lawfully begotten of her Body, I then give the said Hannah and her Increase to the said Priscilla Robertson and her Heirs forever but if she dyes without Heirs lawfully begotten: My Will and desire is that the said Negro Hannah and her Increase return to my Children and to be Equally divided between Each of them.

I likewise Constitute make and appoint my dear beloved Wife Elliner Yarbrough and my beloved Sons William Yarbrough and Hezekiah Yarbrough whole sole Executors of this my last Will and Testament Confirming this and no other to be my last Will and Testament. In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and Seal this Nineteenth day of July One thousand Seven hundred and forty eight.

Item

I give and bequeath to my four Sons Samuel Yarbrough William Yarbrough Ezekiah Yarbrough and Moses Yarbrough four hundred Acres of Land of the South side of little Nottaway River joyning the lines of Robert Bumpas John Dyors and James Hudson, to be Equally divided to them and their Heirs.

Signed Sealed and delivered

In presence of

Charles Irby

William Yarbrough

Richd Yarbrough

his mark

Richd Yarbrough Junr

At a Court held for Amelia County December the 16th 1748. This Will of William Yarbrough was presented by Elliner Yarbrough, William Yarbrough and Hezekiah Yarbrough Executors therein named who made oath thereto and proved by the oaths of Charles Irby & Richard Yarbrough two of the Witnesses thereto and ordered to be recorded.

Samuel Cobbs CC



Amelia County, Virginia Abstracts and Records
 Sketch of map was taken from YFM, Vol. 6, No. 5. (April 1990), p. 278 from "Land Patents in Amelia County, Virginia, Notaway Parish" courtesy of Amelia County Historical Society. Permission to reproduce the material that has a copyright was granted to me in a letter dated February 7, 2005 by the Amelia Historical Society, 16501 Church Street, Amelia, VA.



Land Grant of Samuel Yarbrough—August 26, 1760
 Portion of document showing name and signature

Will of Samuel Yarbrough

Source: Orange County NC Book A, page 107

In the Name of God amen the fifth day of November in the year of Lord 1769 I Samuel Yarbrough of In the County of Orange in the Province of North Carolina being Sick and Weak in Body but of perfect mind and Memory Thanks be given to God therefore Calling to mind the Mortality of my Body and knowing that it is Appointed for all men once to Die do make and ordain this my Last Will and Testament Principally and First of all I give and Recommend my precious and Immortal Soul into the hands of God that gave it me and as for my Body I recomend [sic] it to the Earth to be Buried in a Christian like and decent manner and at the discretion of my Executors whom hereafter I shall appoint nothing doubting but at the General Resurrection I shall receive the same again by the mighty Power of God and as Touching such worldly Estate wherewith it hath Pleas'd God to bess [should be bless] me in this life After my Just Debts & funeral Expenses are paid I give divide & dispose of the same as followeth. Viz. Imprimis I give and bequeath to my beloved Son William Yarbrough that Tract of Land Lying in Amelia County whereon his Grand Father Formerly Lived Lying between Cold and Notaway and likewise a Certain Tract of Land Lying on Tarr River Joyning to Robert Bumpas to him and his Heirs forever. Item I lend to my beloved wife Sarah Yarbrough the Plantation whereon I now Dwell and the Part of Land belonging thereto for and Enduring her Natural Life or Widowhood. Item I give and bequeath to my beloved Son Samuel Yarbrough the one Half of the Tract of Land I now live on the Lower End thereof [thereof] but not disturbing or hindering his Mother therein to him and his Heirs forever. Item. I give and bequeath to my beloved Son John Yarbrough the other Half of the said Tract or? upper End thereof not disturbing or hindering his Mother on the above Conditions to him and his Heirs forever. Item My Will and desire is that that Piece of Land that I removed from Lying on both sides of Mall i Creek Adjoyning to the Tract I willed to my Son William be sold and the money to come into the moveable Estate. Item my Will and Desire is that my son William Yarbrough have one Negroe Wench Named Hannah but not to be removed nor? no? share to be taken by him for ___ for the insuing year to him & his Heirs forever Item. I give and bequeath to my beloved Son Samuel Yarbrough at his arriving to the years of Twenty one One Negroe Boy named Joe to him & his Heirs forever Item I give and bequeath to my beloved Son John Yarbrough one Negroe Man Named ___ at his Arriving to the years of Twenty one to him & his Heirs forever. Item I give and bequeath to my beloved Daughter Elizabeth Yarbrough One Negroe Girl Named Rachel at her arriving to the years of Eighteen or at the Day of her Marriage to her and her Heirs Forever. Item I give and bequeath to my beloved Daughter Sarah Yarbrough one Negroe Boy Named Lewis at her arriving to the years of Eighteen or at the Day of her Marriage to her & her Heirs forever. Item I give and bequeath to my beloved Daughter Lucey Yarbrough one Negroe Girl Named Anakin at her arriving to the years of Eighteen or at the Day of her Marriage to her and her Heirs Forever. Item I give and bequeath to my beloved Wife one Negroe Wench Named Beck to her & her Heirs forever And I also lend unto her Two other Negroes a man Named Sam and a Wench Name Sue for and as long as she Continues a Widow but and if she Marry's then those two to be Equally Divided amongst the Children Item my Will and Desire is that my beloved Wife have the use and Liberty of all Stock? at her discretion? and likewise all my Household Furniture Item my Will and Desire is that my Estate be not Appraised but that the ___ be delivered in kind as they are mentioned. Item I make Constitute and Appoint my beloved Wife Sarah Yarbrough and William Yarbrough and John Bumpas Sole Executris? of this my last Will and Testament Ratifying and Confirming this and no other to be my last Will and Testament

In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand Seal the Day and Date before Mentioned

Signed Sealed & Delivered to be

his last Will and Testament In

Presence of

Abraham Womack/Jun.?

Isaac Johnston

James Evans

Orange County

Samuel Yarbrough

his mark

April Court 1770) The Execution of the within Will was proved in Open Court by the Oath of Abraham Womack one of the Subscribing Witnesses thereto and Ordered [to] be Recorded

Teste

J. Nash

Portion of Will of John Yarbrough

August Court 1811

In the Name of God Amen I John Yarbrough of Person County, North Carolina being of sound & perfect mind & memory, But in a Low and Lingering State of Death and Knowing that it is appointed for all men Once to die, do make and ordain this my Last Will & Testament in manner & form following. *Viz. Imprimis*

I recommend my soul to almighty God who gave it me and my body to the earth from whence it arose to be buried in a decent Christian-like manner at the discretion of my Executors Herein-after named.

Item... I give and bequeath to my son William Yarbrough all that part or parcel of Land which lies on the north side of Mayo Creek to him and his assigns forever.

Item. My wish and desire is that my Executors sell as much of my Land, which lies adjoining on Deep Creek as will be sufficient to pay all my just and Lawfull debts either at publick or private sale, and that the ballance or remainder of my Lands be Equally divided between my Two Sons, John Yarbrough & James Yarbrough share and share a Like, and my wish is further that my beloved Wife Sarah Yarbrough, have Peaceable possession of the House & plantation whereon I now live including wood land sufficient adjoining the same to support her during her natural life or widowhood, and at her death or marriage to return to my said Two sons, John & James Yarbrough.

Item. I Give and bequeath unto my son John Yarbrough one Black Horse Colt, which is called his to him and & his assigns forever.

Item I Give and bequeath unto my son James Yarbrough one Sorrele Horse Colt Two years old next spring to him and his assigns forever.

Item I Give and bequeath to my Daughter Mary Yarbrough One Sorrele Horse Called Commet, One Feather Bed & furniture One side saddle, One Cow & Calf, to her & her assigns forever.

Item I Give and bequeath to my beloved wife Sarah Yarbrough One Black Horse Called Bemias & One Feather Bed & furniture to her and her assigns forever.

Item I lend my my [sic] loving wife Sarah Yarbrough all my stock of Cattle & Hogs not Heretofore Given away in this my Life, during her Natural Life or widowhood, and at her death, or marriage, to be Equally divided between my Six Children (namely). William Yarbrough, Elizabeth Daniel Catharine Smith Mary Yarbrough; John Yarbrough & James Yarbrough Share & Share a Like.

Item I also lend my wife all my Household and Kitchen furniture, and kitchen furniture, [sic] plantation Tools, every Other thing or things, not already mentioned, or Given away in this my Life during her natural life or widowhood and at her death or marriage to return to my said Six Children, above named, share & share alike.

Item. My Wish & desire is that, my Crop of Tobacco, & which that is now on hand, be sold towards the payment of my debts; And I do hereby Ordain and appoint my son William Yarbrough and my Trusty Friend, Isaac Satterfield, my Executors, to this Last Will and Testament, removing and disannuling (sic) all other Wills heretofore made by me, and rattifying & Confirming, this and no Other, to be my Last Will & Testament, in[sic] In Testamony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal this sixth day of February in the in the [sic] year of Our Lord One thousand Eight hundred & Eleyen.

John Yarbrough

Signed Sealed Published,
and declared by John Yarbrough
to be his Last Will Testament,
in the presence of us.

Henry Day
James Paine
William Yarbrough

State of North Carolina

Person County, August Court 1811

The Execution of this will was duly proved in Open Court by the Oath of James Paine esquire a subscribing Witness thereto, and On motion ordered to be recorded at the Same time William Yarbrough, and, Isaac, Satterfield, the Executors therein named, qualified & Letters Testamentary, Issued accordingly.

Teste Jesse Dickins C.C.



James Madison Yarbrough (1831-1902)
 Moriah L. Annanett (Nettie) Lunsford Yarbrough (1834-1904)
 Picture made in November 1871

I, *J. M. Yarbrough*, of
Person County, State of
 North Carolina, do solemnly swear or affirm, in presence
 of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully sup-
 port, protect and defend the Constitution of the United
 States and the Union of the States thereunder; and
 that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully
 support all laws and proclamations which have been
 made during the existing rebellion with reference to
 the emancipation of slaves. So help me God.
J. M. Yarbrough
 Sworn and subscribed to this *4th* day of
Sept., A. D., 1865, before
R. A. Stanton J. P.

Oath taken by J. M. Yarbrough after the Civil War



L to R: Ora Wesley Yarbrough (1873–1948) holding Clyde Bryan, Ruth Ora, Virginia Wright, and Harriet Freeland (Hattie) Rogers Yarbrough (1871–1961) holding Madison Simeon—Year 1901



The Family: L to R.: Standing: Clyde, Ruth, S. Wesley, Virginia, Madison; Seated: Father Wesley with Joe, Cecil, Julia, and Mother Harriet with Christine—Year 1915



Wesley Yarbrough's Store in Alamance County, NC—1925



Wesley and Harriet Yarbrough—1929



*Standing: L. to R. Madison, Cecil, Virginia, Julia, Wesley, Ruth, Clyde.
Seated: Christine, Father Wesley, Mother Harriet, and Joe—1945.*



*Seated: Julia, Christine, Mother Harriet, Ruth, Virginia
Standing: Clyde, Madison, Wesley, Joe, Cecil*



Yarbrough Family Reunion—1995



Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Sr. (1901-1986)



Myrtle Raynor Leavister Yarbrough (1907-2002)



Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr. (1926-



William Kenneth Yarbrough (1931-1951)



*Madison S. Yarbrough, Jr.
U S Navy—1944*



Madison Simeon Yarbrough, Jr.



Ruth Evelyn Shipp Yarbrough



*Madison and Ruth—November 24, 1946
Age 20*



Aerial view of Y and J Furniture Company, Inc.



Madison Simeon Yarbrough III (Matt) Age 22



Janet Ruth Yarbrough Age 16



*Madison and Myrtle's 50th Wedding Anniversary—November 8, 1975
Calista (Cissy), Matt, and daughter Calista (Lista), Ruth, Madison Jr., Myrtle, Madison Sr., and Janet
Inset: Whitnee born 1978*



Janet Ruth Yarbrough—1978



Madison (Matt) and Cissy—1991



*Calista Victoria (Lista) Yarbrough Age 19
Debutante—1991*



*Virginia Whitnee Yarbrough Age 19
Debutante—1996*



Madison and Ruth Yarbrough—1993



Madison (Matt) Yarbrough III—2004



Calista (Cissy) Everhart Yarbrough—2004



Janet Yarbrough—2005



Christopher Todd Steele, Jr.—2005



*Lista and husband Kevin—2005
Permission to use: Jess Isaiah Levin
www.ClassicalPhotography.com*



*Whitnee and husband Chris and son Todd
September 18, 2005—Baptism of Todd*



*From left seated: Ruth, Whitnee holding Todd.
Standing: Madison, Lista, Kevin, Janet, Cissy, Madison III, Chris—2005*

A NEW BEGINNING

“Lift your eyes and look to the heavens:
who created all these?
He who brings out
the starry host one by one,
and calls them each by name.
Because of his
great power and mighty strength
not one of them is missing.”

—ISAIAH 40:26

The names in this book are our ancestors who weathered obstacles that most of us in the present luxury-filled generation cannot comprehend. They came to America for individual reasons, exposing their existence with the hazard of crossing the ocean. They settled this wonderful land, taking risk of life and possessions. They pushed inland to wilderness areas, raised their families, instilled religious and educational values in their children, and fashioned communities for others to enjoy. They established a code of conduct, a philosophy of life by example. The earlier pioneering grandparents were sometimes devastated by the diseases yellow fever, typhoid fever, and malaria, and by ailments from the lack of food, water, and shelter. They battled the elements, and they fought the wars that made our country free, and their struggle became a way of life.

William Faulkner wrote that God did not sign his signature to his masterpiece, creation, because he did not complete it. Rather, he left work for man to do.

The history of these families formed the framework for each of us, their descendants. We have discovered numerous names in our land, and each individual one is a part of who you and I are. Their genes, their DNA is passed to us.

We and our children are the future! It is evident that our grandfathers and

grandmothers worked for the day when life would be better. Surely we must strive to face uncertain futures with that same confidence.

And what better model to choose than that of our resourceful ancestors who embraced the uncertainty of change? They knew that hard work, caring for the land, and above all, placing their trust and hopes in God, would surely reward their efforts.

This book does not reveal royal backgrounds to brag or boast. It does not count the wealth that some may or some may not have had. It tells the simplicity of life shared. If a dastardly act had been found among the group, the story would have been recorded. Even though no "horse thieves" were uncovered, the ancestors, like the majority of us, were not insulated from bad habits or faults, but the dignity of the family came first. The proof is, we are here.

These men and women would have never labeled themselves saints, those whose faith journey exceeded the spiritual abilities of ordinary people. Some of these names you may know, some you will never know, yet many left this world a better place. And surely, we can point to a few who marked and cared for life's pathway, so that we may follow in their footsteps to the way God would have us go.

It would be questionable, if in this book, one ancestor were put on a pedestal in preference to another. Some were leaders, pillars among the people. The generations to which I have been an eyewitness have received more script in the book, and it has been a personal responsibility to present the facts as I truly knew them to be.

Our ties to the past are vitally important. They define our character. They make us who we are.

My writing experience has brought a deep reverence and a great feeling of awe of our competent respected grandfathers and grandmothers. In comparison, what is your legacy to the unborn, when someone will surely one day write your story?

As we end our historical journey,

Remember Who You Are!

What we call the beginning is often the end.

And to make an end is to make a beginning.

The end is where we start from.

—T. S. ELIOT, "LITTLE GIDDING"

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** Please note that, in this text, the spelling of all the names of Yarbrough/Yarborough are as found on different documents and papers. Siblings in the same family at times used different spellings. Check all spellings.*

