

An on-line Family Newsletter

Featuring

Deadman Dedmondt
Deadmon Dedmond
Dedmon Dedman

And Other Spelling
Variations of the Surname

THE
DEDMON
CONNECTION

Volume 136 Special Edition

This Issue

RIP

Edgemon
Dickson
Henson
Black

Editor



Leroy Dedmon

IF YOU LIVE OR HAVE LIVED IN CATOOSA COUNTY, GEORGIA, YOU MAY BE RELATED TO THE DEDMON FAMILY

If you are not, you probably wish you were...



When I began this research project about 20 years ago, I felt certain I knew all of my kinsmen. The thought never occurred to me there are people to whom I am related that I have never met. Was I ever so pleasantly surprised. I have met thousands via the social media that are somehow connected with my family, or at least we are related to some of the same people. I have also discovered many of whom I was acquainted are also related. Among those that I have met and developed a great friendship is John Henson. His grandmother was Carrie Elizabeth Dedmon and her grandmother was Mary Hannah Dedmon. Mary Hannah was my father's great aunt and my mother's great grandmother, so we are related on both sides of the fence. John has written several privately published books on various branches of our tree. He and his wife, Audery B. Gackenhimer are delightful folk to be around. He moved to Michigan a few years ago to be near his children. He has contributed many articles and other bits of information for the newsletter. I am always glad to publish his submissions. Thank you John for this wonderful submission with the Black/Dedmon/Edgemon connection. (Leroy)



Audery and John Henson III

Leroy your article about William Gordon Black in a recent Dedmon Newsletter (Volume 104) started me thinking about Gordon and time that we spent in family histories with him. I have included some of the information in this eMail. -(JWHensonIII)

THE BLACK CONNECTION

Robert Black was born ca. 1770 in Rutherford, N.C., and died in Burke County, N.C. about 1803. On February 04, 1794, he married Isabelle Hardin, the daughter of John Hardin. They had two children, John Hardin Black, Sr. and James Black. **John Hardin Black, Sr.** married Jane Nichols. Their children were:

1. Isabelle Avoline Black, born October 1, 1825 in Haywood County, N.C.. She married Jonathan Beatty Nichols on December 6, 1845 in Union County, GA.
2. Jeanette Malinda Black, born December 10, 1828, died March 1, 1911, married Robert Judson Patterson. The Pattersons had these children: John Solomon Patterson, born 1851, Polly Ann Patterson born 1852,

E.J. Patterson born 1855, R.C. Patterson born 1857, and Carrie M. Patterson. Robert and Jeanette are buried at the Dogwood Church Cemetery, Catoosa County, GA.

3. Robert C. Black, born 1831/32. In 1850 they were living in Walker County, Georgia. He married Sarah ____.
4. James Nichols Black, born 1834 in Macon county, NC. and died December 24, 1861 in Fredericksburg, VA.
5. Martha E. Black born 1837 in Macon County, N.C.. She Married Joseph E. Dedmon, born December 24, 1836 in North Carolina, died March 27, 1906. He was the son of the German immigrant, Jesse Dedman and Mary Hannah Dedmon. Martha and Joseph had the following children: Rebecca Jane Dedmon-Burk, Carrie Elizabeth Dedmon-Edgemon, Joanna E. Dedmon, Mary Malinda Dedmon-Blair (Ell Blair), John Thomas Dedmon married Margaret Ivey, Joseph Cain Dedmon married Rett Byrd, Harriet E. Dedmon-Ross.
6. John Hardin Black, Jr., born 1839. He married Vina Emmeline Dedmon, The daughter of William and Ellender Nellie McEntire Dedmon.
7. Mary M. Black, born 1842, died unmarried.
8. Joseph W. Cain Black, born 1849, married Laura Avalon McEntire. (For additional information see Gordon Black's 600 page History of Hardin Black.)

Down
Memory Lane
Send me your old stories or articles relating to the Dedmon Family. Dig into that old shoe box in the closet.



THE DEDMON CONNECTION

by John W. Henson, III



I remember our visits to the Dedmons, the Blacks, and the Cornelisons when I was just a little child. I especially loved Uncle John and Aunt Mag Dedmon. I did not know much of the Dedmons in recent years, until I met Mr. Gordon Black of Ringgold, GA. He has given me a lot of the family history from the Blacks and Dedmons. Here are the ancestors as Mr. Black gave them to me. He is hoping to print a family history book. He is retired from the Catoosa County Agricultural Department. He remembers visiting my Uncle John (Nabe) Edgmon in the rounds of his job. One time Uncle John insisted that he stay for lunch. Gordon says that that was one of the finest meals that he has ever eaten. His wife, Maudie, retired from the Tennessee Valley Authority. As a youth, Gordon attended the Union Academy School. It sat on the property next to Sam and Irene Greeson's farm. The old building has been moved to U.S. 41 and is the Faith Church. In 1997 Gordon published a "Black Family History". It was the end of fifteen years of research. The books contained 600 pages 8-1/2 x 11".

In 1990, I rode down to visit with Lena Burk-Luttrell. She is the daughter of my great aunt, Jane Dedmon-Burk. She lives about 1.5 miles down the Old Alabama Road (or Lafayette Road) from the Interstate 75 in Ringgold, GA. It is part of the old John T. Dedmon farm. Lena is the same age as my Mother. She too, was born in 1900. Lena is in good health (1990) and is a beautiful woman for her age. She is the only one of the family still living. Her dad, Jonas Burk, was a street car motorman for the city of Chattanooga. They lived at 520 East Main Street on the south side near the railroad tracks. The old house has not been gone too many years. Lena took a job with the Goodwill Industries and worked with them for over forty years. (Lena died Friday, March 12, 1999 at age 99 years.)

Lena said that when Huse Edgemon came to town with his family for a vacation they would stay with her folks, the Burks. I have heard Mother tell of the day long wagon ride to the city, and how in the early evening they would cross over Missionary

Ridge and could see all the lights in the city below. It was a diamond in the eyes of these country children. It was not often that they got such a treat. Uncle Jesse and John would coax great Aunt Jane into letting Lena go to the movies with them. She said it was the only time she was allowed to go to the movies. She said that the boys would buy popcorn and candy for her. It was even a picnic for a city girl, when the country relatives came to visit.

I remember Uncle Jonas' and Aunt Jane's house. In the front room sat a water cooler, and it was a frequent place for me to go to get a refreshing drink of water. The Dedmon and Edgemon families owned much property on Rossville Avenue in Chattanooga. John T. Dedmon owned a wholesale produce company at #97 on that street. Grandfather Huse Edgemon owned a wagon yard at 46 Rossville Avenue in 1916, and Aunt Minnie and Uncle Joe North lived on the property at one time. Uncle Joe worked on the streetcar line. Sude Edgeman had a Fish Market near there. Great Uncle Ples and some of the family had a store also on Rossville Ave.

John T. Dedmon swapped almost a block of Rossville Avenue for a large farm down the Lafayette Road south of Ringgold, GA. About the time of the great depression, John built a large brick building in Ringgold. He put up the part of the farm on the east side of the road for collateral. Times got hard and he lost the building and most of the farm. Lena's husband bought part of the farm back. She lives in the house set back on its own grounds. A well appointed little house placed where so much of our family's past was acted out.

All of these families must have had several children, but we do not know their names, or years of birth. Helen Dedmon married her cousin Harold Black. Harold is still alive as of 1997. I saw him at the Black Family Reunion which is held in Ringgold, Georgia on the first Sunday of August each year. There were several of our relatives there that I had known.

There is an old Dedmon Cemetery at Mt. Nebo. Go down U.S. highway 41 about 1/2 mile south of I-75 (exit 345), and turn right on Bandy Road go about a mile and cross the railroad and creek and turn right on Houston Valley Road. About 1/2 mile on the right you turn to go to the cemetery. You have to contact the caretaker to drive past the gate. This is where many of our ancestors are buried. Among those buried in the family cemetery are Hannah Dedmon Dickson, the mother of William Riley, Joseph E., Thomas and Calvin Dedmon. She was the daughter of William and Margaret Dedmon and it is

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thought the father of her boys was Jesse Dedman/Dedmon. Researchers have never located him. She married David McArthur Dickson June 07, 1850, in Walker County, GA. They had four children: James, John, Mary and Sarah Dickson.



David McArthur Dickson

Joseph E. Dedmon was born in Rutherford Co., North Carolina on Dec. 24, 1837. He married **Martha Black**. Martha applied for an Indian claim (#18189) but was rejected for lack of proof. It is said that she applied on her father's behalf, a Mr. Henderson. Joseph E. Dedmon and Martha Black had the following children:

1. Rebecca "Jane" Dedmon, born July 24, 1860 and died on July 31, 1939 in Chattanooga, Tennessee. She married **Jonas Mathis Burk** on January 23, 1886 in Chattanooga, TN. Their son John Mathis Burk was born in 1887 and died in 1918. He is buried in an unmarked grave in the Old Stone Church Cemetery. He married Mable Dolan. Their second child Addie Maybelle Burk was born March 23, 1889 and died April 02, 1960. She married William Harris. Joseph William (Willie) Burk was born in 1891 and died as an infant in 1894. Their daughter, Lena Burk was born March 01, 1900. She married D.D. Luttell in 1938.
2. Carrie Elizabeth Dedmon, born May 22, 1862. She married **Samuel Huston "Huse" Edgemon** in Catoosa County, Georgia, Aug. 12, 1883. Samuel was born in Catoosa County, Georgia Feb. 7, 1863. He was the son of Allen Edgemon and Mahala Webb. Carrie died on November 22, 1937 and buried in Mt. Vernon Baptist Church Cemetery. Carrie Elizabeth



Samuel Huston Edgemon

Dedmon and Samuel Huston "Huse" Edgemon had eight children:

- (1)-Dessie Mary Edgemon was born July 16, 1886. She married her cousin, Landrum R. Edgemon, and they had five children.
- (2)-Laura Jane Edgemon was born Mar. 31, 1889. She married Claude Vasser Haynes and they had ten children:



On the left, Carrie Elizabeth Dedmon as a young lady, before she married Huse Edgemon. On the right Carrie, wife of S. Huse Edgemon. This is how I remember her looking when I was a young child.

- (3)-Minnie Bell Edgemon was born Sept. 16, 1891 and married Joseph E. North and had four children.
- (4)-Jesse James Edgemon was born Jan. 20, 1894. He married Mary Caldwell and had four children.
- (5)-John Allen Edgemon was born March 25, 1896 and married Ella Mae Haddock. They were the parents of eight children.
- (6)-Lucy Eula Edgemon was born Oct. 20, 1900. Lucy married John William Henson II on January 05, 1930. Their only child was me (John William Henson III), born November 30, 1930. On June 03, 1951, I married the love of my life, Audery B. Gackenheimer, and we have spent almost 66 years together. She is the mother of our three precious children: Brenda Kaye Henson (b. August 06, 1954), John William Henson IV (b. January 03, 1958). John married Vanessa Lynn Greenleaf on June 04, 1978. Our third child, Shandelle Marie Henson was born July 27, 1964.



The old Edgemon house right after it was built in 1910 on Edgemon Road in Catoosa County (Ringgold) Georgia. It is still standing there today. I lived in their house with the old man for my first eight years. I never remember him being nice to me

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(7)-Ollie Mae Edgemon, the seventh child of Samuel and Carrie Elizabeth Dedmon Edgemon was born on Dec. 12, 1902. Ollie died on Jan. 20, 1957 in Hamilton County, TN, at 54 years of age. She married Verlon Clay Massengill. She lived 54 years and 39 days and died of Ovarian Cancer.

(8)-Robert Lee Edgmon was born Oct. 5, 1909 and died May 30, 1984. He married Dovie Ruth Langsford and they had eight children. After Carrie Elizabeth died, Samuel married Myrtle Strickland in 1939 and Georgia Barger in 1941. Samuel died Feb. 23, 1942 in Collegedale/Ooltewah, Tennessee, at 79 years of age. His body was interred in Mt. Vernon Baptist Church Cemetery. He lived 79 years and 16 days.



Carrie and Samuel are both buried in the Mount Vernon Cemetery, Catoosa County, GA along with many other family members. Also, there are many buried at the nearby Salem Cemetery.

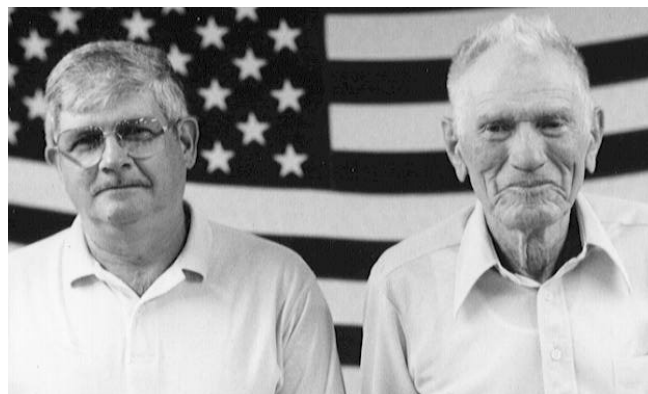
3. Joanna E. Dedmon, the third child of Joseph and Martha Black Dedmon, was born 1863.

4. Mary Melinda Dedmon was born March 03, 1866 and died in 1932. She is buried in Old Stone Cemetery. She married Ell Blair, and had the following children Vivian Blair-Hammontree (Earl Hammontree), Lloyd Blair, Carl J. Blair, L. Vetta Blair, Willie R. Blair, Guy Blair.



Martha, John T., Helen, Margaret, and Johnnie Mae Dedmon

5. John Thomas Dedmon was born November 15, 1867. and died March 03, 1955. He married Margaret Ivy and they had three children, (1)-Johnnie Mae Dedmon, born July 13, 1905 and died January 22, 1983. She married Lester Mitchell Cornelison on June 11, 1927 and had two children; W. K. (Bill) Cornelison and John Thomas Cornelison. John was born May 02, 1928 in Ringgold, GA and died February 04, 2001 in Milton, FL. He had one son; Dana Mitchell Cornelison (1928-2001) (2)-Margarette E. born March 30, 1909 and died as an infant on August 08, 1909. She is buried in the Stone Church Cemetery. (3)-Helen Agness Dedmon was born on July 12, 1911 and died January 28, 1982. She married her cousin, James Harold Black on October 05, 1929. They had four children: James Edward Black, Ralph Winton Black, Shirley Ann Black and Thomas Robert Black. Agness and James are buried in the Nathan Anderson Historic Cemetery; Ringgold, Catoosa County, GA



Ralph and Harold Black

6. Joseph Cain Dedmon was born July 11, 1870. He married Henerietta (Rettie) Dyer Bird. They had two daughters: Stella Mae Dedmon, married Maurice Victor Genter and Myrtle Laura "Violet" Dedmon, married William Shelford. Joseph Cain died January 05, 1946.

7. Harriett Evelyn Dedmon was born July 19, 1874. She married John Henry Ross and had the following children Ruby, who married Thomas D. Vaughan and by him had two children; Thomas M. (Buddy) Vaughan and Hazel Vaughn. After Thomas died, Ruby married Bruce L. Robinson. Ruby died in 1980 and is buried in Pleasant Hill/Dailey Hill/New Boynton Cemetery, Catoosa County, GA. Harriett and John's daughter, Beatrice married Paul Stone a preacher. They are both buried in the Anderson Cemetery in Ringgold, GA. Harriett and John Henry's son, Everett Ross died as a teen. John Henry Ross died April 28, 1906 and Hariett died April 23, 1916. Both are buried in Forrest Hill Cemetery, Chattanooga, Hamilton County, TN. *-(J.W. Henson, III)*

THE OLD STONE CHURCH



The Old Stone Church was originally organized in 1837 as the Chickamauga Presbyterian Church before the Cherokee Indians were removed from this area. It's where "Leaning On The Everlasting Arms" was first performed. This was the first church organized by white settlers in the bounds of the present Catoosa County, according to available records. The organizers were a group of Scotch Irish Presbyterians from Tennessee or the Carolinas. The organizational minutes state:

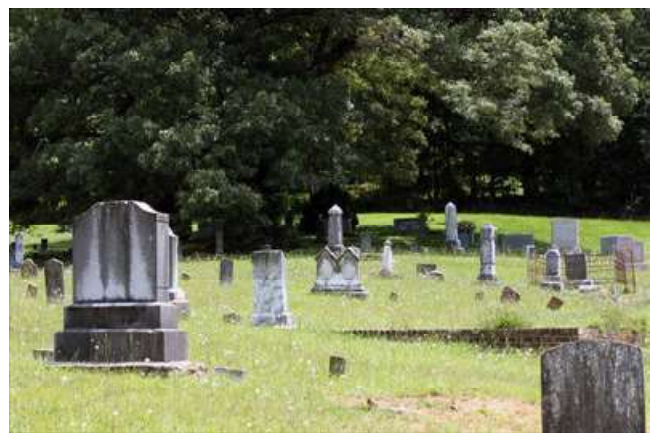
"We, whose names are here unto subscribed, being members of the Presbyterian Church, but having removed from our respective churches and settled in this vicinity where there is no organized church, desiring to enjoy the means of grace and the ordinances of the gospel as administered according to the Presbyterian form, do agree to associate ourselves together for the purpose of being regularly organized into a Presbyterian Church according to the principles and form laid down in the confession of faith."

The first meetings were held in a log schoolhouse approximately one quarter of a mile south, and later in a small frame house north of the present structure. Construction of the present structure began in the summer of 1850. Stone was hauled by charter church member Robert Magi and his two brothers from a nearby quarry at White Oak Mountain. The building was completed in 1852 at a cost of \$1600, part of which was donated by the Rev. W.H. Johnston, who gave one year's salary.....\$200. It is thought the pre Civil War sandstone sanctuary is probably the only one in the state. The interior of the church is a step back in time to the 1850's. The pews and the alter are original. Following the Battle of Ringgold, November 27, 1863, it was used as a hospital. Blood stains are still visible on the floor.

After the war, the structure remained as a Presbyterian Church and in 1912, the name was changed from Chickamauga Presbyterian to Stone Church due to a naming conflict with another church. The Presbyterians ceased to use the building in 1921, and it was then purchased by the Methodists, which maintained it for some years. It then passed into private hands and to save it from destruction a group of descendants of the early members raised a fund and purchased it, deeding it to a board of trustees to be used for religious purposes.



The building changed ownership several times and is now owned by the Catoosa County Historical Society which uses it as their headquarters as well as a Civil War museum. Open Thursday - Sunday 1 p.m. - 5 p.m. When building I-75 through Ringgold Gap, engineers found remnants of an old Cherokee village. Archeologists were called in to catalog the site and the remains of the village were moved to storage. Some of these remains are on display in the church. The church was added to the National Register of Historic Places in 1979 and there have been few changes to the historical integrity of the church. For more information call 706-935-5232.



Several members of Joseph Dedmon's family are buried in the Old Stone Church Cemetery, just south of Ringgold, GA. The cemetery is located behind the Old Stone Presbyterian Church.

OLD FAMILY ARTIFACTS

In looking for pictures of grandma Carrie Elizabeth Dedmom- Edgemon I came across some old family artifacts that were around the Edgemon house when I was just a baby. I still have all of them here at our house today. -John W. Henson, III

The long captions with the photographs are intended to explain the picture in detail. The pictures that show the words "ORIGINAL ARTIFACT" are things that were in the family for several generations. Things that my Mother grew up seeing and working with, and that I did the same. The youngest child, or the child that stayed home until the last are usually the ones who got most of the keepsakes, and mementos. Some of these photographs were taken by a cousin of mine, Bradley Putnam. He has always been generous to a fault in assisting me with my books. I owe much to his enthusiasm and quick wit as we worked together, on this project



THE SMOOTHING IRON (Original Artifact)

There were two or three irons that were in service during the weekly pressing. Two would sit face down on the "eye" of the kitchen stove. The other would be grasped with a hot pad and used as an ordinary electric iron

would be. When it began too cool it would be swapped for one of the hot ones and the ironing would go on. One day when I was about three years old, Mother left the iron setting upright on the ironing board and went out of the room. I approached the ironing board, grasped this very iron with my bare hand and set it down on her dress, before the heat got to me. When Mom returned the iron was smoking away on one of her better dresses. Lifting the iron she showed me a brown wedge shaped burn on the fabric. I gave up ironing at that time. When there was a fire in the fire place and none in the kitchen stove, the iron was moved very close to the red hot coals and allowed to heat. Note that they were called smoothing irons.

WEIGHING SCALES

Original Artifact

These scales were used to sell chickens on the foot and any other item that could be sold by weight, even though the scale says on the face, "Not Legal in Trade". This would be carried to the Farmer's Market on 11th Street in Chattanooga to weigh out produce. There was a thumb screw behind the top of the dial that allowed the scale to be calibrated. When I was a child this was "State of the Art" in home weighing.



MOTHER'S KODAK

(Original Artifact)



Mother always called this camera "My Kodak". It was an Ansco Vest pocket camera No. O, made by the Ansco Company in Binghamton, N. Y., in 1923. It used 2C film, and carried a Serial No. 57634. There was a small red sight glass in the back center of the device.

It showed how many pictures had been taken on the current roll. Picture making time was a very happy time for me, but the long wait of about a week to get the processed photos back, seemed a year. They went somewhere in Texas to a processing plant named "Fox". There was a running red fox used as their logo. When I saw this in the mail box, my joy knew no bounds. The "frozen images" of photos were of much more interest to me than the real life places or persons. Mr. George Eastman of Kodak tried to get the name "Kodak" accepted as the moniker for all cameras. Generally it was not.

SPECTACLES

(Original Artifact)

Grandmother Edgemon's Glasses

I quote from Samuel L. Clemens as he began the *ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER* with the following terse comment about the Specs of the day, "...The old lady pulled her spectacles down and looked over them about the room; then she put them up and



looked out under them. She seldom or never looked *THROUGH* them for so small a thing as a boy; they were her state pair, the pride of her heart, and were built for "style," not service she could have seen through a pair of stovelids just as well...." They spent more time on the bureau than on granny's face. Reading was impeded rather than enhanced by them. They also did not improve the appearance of the wearer. Now, there are those who would wear them today to give themselves a certain distinctive look. However, why should we discuss abnormal people.

MOTHER'S BANK PASSBOOK

(Original Artifact)

When I was just three years old Mother opened me a savings Account at this very Bank on Market Street at Main. The interest rate did not compound during the depression, and was in the range of 2-1/2% simple interest. Many of the country people buried their money in fruit jars, and when the undertaker buried them the money was lost forever.





COAL OIL CAN (Original Artifact)

This can held five gallons of kerosene, from which we filled the lamps, degummed the cross cut saw. The kerosene would be poured into a small necked bottle such as a pop bottle. Loblolly pine needles were pulled by a hand full and twisted tightly into the neck, and their ends trimmed with a pocket knife. The saw would become gummy from the rosin when cutting pine trees. The bottle would be grasped in the right hand and a quick twist of the wrist would spray kerosene on the saw. You could then pull the saw through the tree for some time until it became clogged again. The kerosene for filling lamps, burning brush piles, and starting fires in the stoves came from this container.

THE LAST (Original Artifact)

The Last was used by Mom to repair my shoes. Nails and tacks driven through the sole would be clinched upon striking the hard metal surface of the Last. There were two shoe sizes to fit the various sizes of the family member's feet. Mother would tell a corny little story and end by saying something like, "His mother sent him to get the, the, the, ...oh that thing that I repair your shoes on!" I would fill in the missing word, "Last" and the story was over. I would ask her to continue but she would tell me that that was the last. I had been taken, again. I ran through shoes like a billy goat, and this Last was her one defense.



THE NO. 2 CROCK (Original Artifact)



This ancient piece of crockery has two ears and no handle. It was used to make pickled eggs, okra, cucumbers, beans and other vegetables. It would also catch an over flow of Sauerkraut. The cabbage would be shredded, and layered with salt, and some water added. A saucer would be wrapped with a clean cloth and laid directly

upon the cabbage. A large stone would be washed clean and set upon the saucer. This was left to "work". One day my grandfather came into the house and queried, "What is that terrible smell in the house, Carrie?" She told him that it was the kraut working, and he replied, "Let it work, I have to work and its no better than I."

CROCK PITCHER (OriginalArtifact)

This pitcher belonged to my great grandmother, from around the time of the Civil War. For something so fragile to survive the harshness of a century and a half of use, moving and other incidents is a marvel. Milk was the main beverage served from the pitcher. It was in constant use until just recently. It has now been retired from service, and sits in our library.



KEROSENE LAMP (Original Artifact)

One of the first chores after breakfast, the dishes, and milking of the cows was to clean the lamp globes. Mother would take a about half a page of newspaper in her hand, and insert her arm into the globe and give it a wiping. The oily soot on the inside would adhere to the paper leaving the inside of the glass clean. I was always thankful when my hand grew too large to go within the globe. The wick was then rolled up and trimmed ever so carefully, for that determined to a large extent the form and evenness of the flame. I would turn the wick too high at night trying to dispel the darkness, and it would smoke up the inside of the lamp. The wick holder was then removed and the kerosene replenished.



Mother did not have colored oil so she would fill the bowl with glass marbles, or red crepe paper. It added a pleasant appearance to the lamp. They were then set away for the day, ready for the night. Mom used to tell me how they began to smoke, and say that they were going to explode. She would run it to the door and throw the lamp into the yard. The thing would burst and flames would shoot into the air. That was further proof that it was going to explode, "For it exploded just as it struck the ground". I was curious about this and asked if one had ever blown-up while in the house or setting on the table. "No," she said, "We always caught them in time and they went up in the yard." There is no telling how many good lamps were thrown out.

CIDER JUG (Original Artifact)



This old crockery jug reminds me of the one that Mr. Darling played in the family combo in some of Mayberry's Andy Griffith Show. It had a handle, and would be stoppered by a wooden plug wrapped with a piece of cloth. We raised apples and cider was the best way to preserve the drink. Other things were stored there too.

THE COTTON BOLL

I was no friend of the cotton patch. The boll that is pictured here stood with a stem, as if it were a flower, on my desk in a vase. When things were going rough in the shop, I would glance up at this grim reminder, shudder, and go back to work knowing that things could be worse. Now and again I have robbed seed from this boll and planted them among the smaller shrubbery, where they would grow into a lovely garden plant.



THE NIPPERS OR PINCHERS (Original Artifact)



This tool was used in the blacksmith shop by my Grandfather. It seems that he pared the tough parts of the horses hoof while getting them prepared for new shoes. He even shortened the nails that were driven through the hoof before cinching them fast. He fashioned the tool in his own blacksmith shop.

TIRE GAUGE (Original Artifact)

This old tire pressure indicator was around the house from the earliest years that I can remember. It was a Firestone Model, and may have come with the old Model T Ford.



HAIR CLIPPERS (Original Artifacts)



Mother would cut, or rather pull my hair out with these torture implements. I was in my teens before I escaped to the barber shop for hair cuts. She would squeeze the handles of the clippers and remove them from my head without releasing the handles. It pulled my hair. The squeal that emitted from me must have been trying. There were times when the pull was so unusually hard, that I would run my fingers along the hairline checking for blood. For eighteen years the cutting went on without the tool ever being sharpened.

THE CHURN (Original Artifact)

This old crockery churn came from my great grandmother about the time of the Civil War. There is a handle on one side and an ear on the other. The lid is made of wood with a declivity around the hole where the wooden dasher went up and down. The churn was filled with fresh unpasteurized milk, and set on the side of the hearth to culture. One could tell if the milk was ready for churning by looking to see if the clabber and whey had separated. Mother would get two small bowls and dig out some of the clabber. One was offered to me, and she ate the other. It was a long time before I began to develop a taste for the substance. Then she would do something that is unforgivable. She would put some of the whey into a glass and drink it. It was a clear straw colored liquid, and that is where I drew the line. She would put newspaper on the floor and sit me between two churns with a dasher in each hand, and have me produce butter and buttermilk. When the butter began to gather, she would take it out, work the whey out of it, add some salt to it, and mold it into one pound blocks of butter. These were wrapped in wax paper before taking to the spring house or to market. In her latter years, Mother once confided in me that of all the jobs around the farm, she hated churning the worse of all. No wonder I was pressed into service so often. It was difficult for me to believe that she disliked anything



that she did. This churn was also the prime container for Sauerkraut making. We would go without buttermilk and butter while the kraut was "working"

MILITARY PAPERS (Original Artifacts)



These are papers that the United States Government gave to my Father after his discharge following World War One. They may have been given posthumously. He served in France and Germany during the war. One day a troop train came through the town where dad was stationed.

He was assigned to carry water to some of the cars. Some time later he received a letter from home and discovered from the correspondence that his brother George had been on that very train and they did not know it.

PIECE OF THE GARAGE (Original Artifact)

Rough oak planks covered the car garage. When it was being torn away I stopped and asked for a sample piece. It is hard and well preserved. I remember when I was about four years old that I went to the back of the garage and pulled a large pile of sedge grass, placing it against the building. I then lit a match and set the grass a blaze. A neighbor was plowing in his field above me, and saw the flame. Here he came running and jumping fences as he came. He was young and active, and stamped the fire out with his shoes. He then took me to



Mom. She took me into the attic and gave me a flogging that I shall never forget. The hard whippings that she gave me only toughened me, and to a certain measure made me rebellious. The garage had a strange design to the roof, and did not match the other buildings on the farm.

Again, I say thank you to John W. Henson, III for providing most of the content for this newsletter. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did. He is a great friend and kinsman and very helpful. -Leroy