



SANTA

The Dedmon Connection

An Online Family Newsletter

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Merry Christmas!

Volume 156

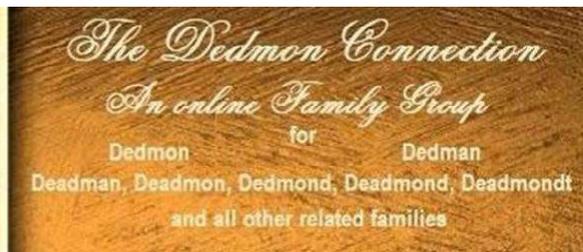
Family Ties

Family Ties are a wonderful thing, but as we grow older, time and distance separate even the closest of families. I began the Dedmon.org website and the DEDMON CONNECTION Newsletter over 20 years ago for the purpose of finding family and bringing “Family Ties back together. It has helped tremendously, but there are many cousins yet to be found. To take this to the next level, our cousin Hazel Inglis has helped me organize a Facebook group “The Dedmon Connection” which has already brought many relatives together. This is for all branches of the varied spellings of the Deadman surname. Go to: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/529561450878101/>, do a Facebook search for Dedmon Connection, or click on the link at dedmon.org. Spread the word!!!!

Leroy



Dedmon
Founded
March
1998



DEADMOND BISON PAINTED ROBE

A rare piece of American Indian history almost got taken away with the trash before ending up in Broadwater County Museum in Townsend. The painted bison robe was found in a pile of refuse that had been set about for garbage collection about 10 years ago. Kay Ingalls, an employee of the Broadwater County Museum in Townsend, saw the robe as she was passing by and asked permission to take it to the museum, according to Rose Flynn, museum director. The family of John and Dorothy Deadmond had owned the robe for more than 100 years. It was faded and damaged, Flynn said, and the museum sent it to Denver for some cleaning and repairs before it was put on display. But the story the faded images might tell remained a mystery until recently.

Museum volunteer Troy Helmick invited Janis Bouma, a district archaeologist at the Townsend Ranger District, to take a look at the robe. Bouma, who was studying American Indian rock art for the Forest Service, had been using digital photographic enhancement techniques to help identify and date images that had been painted and carved into rocks. Helmick thought her expertise might help in finding out more information about the bison robe.

Bouma was so intrigued with the robe that she’s chosen it as the subject for her master’s thesis in anthropology at the University of Montana. “It was a pretty amazing war

record of some American Indian from the 1800s,” she said. “It really is an interesting story of somebody’s life.” With the aid of a digital photo enhancement computer program, she’s been able to identify pictures of horses and warriors that are difficult to see with the unaided eye. Bouma said the images in this type of art often tell a whole story about a warrior’s prowess in battle or in capturing horses for his tribe. “Counting coup and stealing horses - those were ways you gained status in your culture,” she said. “These bison robes were worn depicting your war record for everyone to see.” She compared the robe to war medals that a modern soldier might wear.

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Sometimes, she added, Indian elders were paid commissions to paint their memories on bison robes or linen cloth. The Great Northern Railway commissioned many such art pieces, she said. This particular robe is one of only a few existing that show a certain decoration on the bridle of a horse, Bouma said. “It’s a ‘horse medicine’ bundle that was put on the halter or bridle to give the horse more strength when hunting buffalo, and more protection against the enemy” during battle, she said.

A 19th century historian named Clark Wissler, who had seen similar medicine bundles, described them as about 18 inches long, covered with red cloth and decorated with feathers and other medicinal objects, Bouma said. The motif is very common in Blackfeet rock art, she said, though rare on existing bison robes. She has seen only one other robe with a similar decoration at a museum in Calgary, Alberta. “It actually looks like a big rake hanging underneath the horse’s bridle,” she said. “In the enhanced image, you can see the feathers hanging from it. The rod itself is red, and the feathers are shown as bright yellow with a black tip. There’s a lot of detail in the artistry.” The robe features other pictures depicting horse stealing, decorated guns, quivers, and gun-versus-bow combat, she said. “You really get to see a glimpse of what that culture was like, and the items that were used by both white and Indian cultures.” Examining those details would have been impossible without the help of digital photographic enhancement, however. The painted images had become so faint over the years that some colors were no longer visible. Using digital photo enhancement, Bouma said, “You can zoom in very close to the image and blow it up very large; you can see the pigment and make particular colors brighter.” She can instruct the computer to pick out only the yellows, for instance, “and all of a sudden, boom, a horse will pop out that you didn’t even know was there.”

It’s been challenging to try to pinpoint the approximate date the robe was made, she said, adding, “Nobody really knows where it came from.” By comparing it with rock art with similar designs that have been dated, she has narrowed the robe’s date to between about 1850 and 1890, and she expects to narrow the date down further. She believes it originated in the Blackfeet tribe.

Digitally enhanced details also help to date the robe, she said. “If there are guns or horses, we know it was

after European contact in some form.” Europeans came to this region in the late 1700s, she added. Other pictorial details that help determine the date include designs of captured or traded guns, styles of soldiers’ costumes, and shapes of horses’ hooves. This robe had no beadwork, which appeared only in later artwork, she said.

Bouma warned that researchers must take care not to introduce their own subjective bias when studying historical art, whether by digital enhancement or other methods. “There’s a fine line between enhancing and editing an image,” she said. For example, it’s easy to conclude that an image that might look like a bear really is a bear, even though it may actually be something else, she explained. Still, digital enhancement can offer valuable and fascinating information not accessible with other research tools, she said, and her work with enhanced images has piqued museum visitors’ interest in the bison robe. “I’ve given several presentations about digital enhancement at the museum, and when you could actually see the enhancements, people ran straight over to the robe to look closer,” she said.

“It’s a really neat piece of Montana history. I think it’s pretty great that we have something right in a local museum that you would (otherwise) have to travel to the Smithsonian to see. But it’s actually in Townsend, and if not for a local volunteer who recognized the fact that it was indeed a bison robe that had some sort of paintings on it, it would not be here today. It would have been thrown out.”



I am fairly certain this is not the Deadmond Robe, but it serves as an example, I am still searching for an actual photograph of the robe.

THE TIME I CAUGHT SANTA UNDER OUR CHRISTMAS TREE



I was around seven years old the first time I met Santa “face to face”.

In those days, I don’t remember having a picture taken with him, although I do remember him standing on the street corner ringing a bell in downtown Chattanooga. One other time he visited the church where we were attending in Graysville, GA, but he just walked down the aisle passing out candy to all the kids, I think I was about five but it is filed in my memory bank. One of the things that me and my siblings noticed and we discussed it when we got home. Santa was not wearing his boots and his shoes were exactly like those of our daddy. That is when we realized how important the Sears catalog was in making our Christmas “wish” list. Santa must have ordered his shoes from Sears just like Dad!!! Of course, in those days most of our school clothes were always under the tree on Christmas morning.

Now back to the story...On that particular Christmas morning, I arose as usual, very early and the first one up. As I looked under the tree there were no presents except those we had wrapped for each other. Most of those were items already in our possession, but it really didn’t matter as long as we gave each other something. The wrapping was grocery sacks and newspapers.

I assumed I beat Santa to our tree, after all somebody had to be last and it was not yet daylight, so I went back to bed. In a matter of minutes I heard rustling noises coming from the living room, so the anxiety of Santa forgetting subsided. I slipped out of bed and into the living room and surprised Santa. My mother was there and she very quietly explained to be how the Santa thing worked, leaving me with mixed emotion. I knew my siblings were not ready for that moment of truth, so for a couple of years, I became Santa's helper.

I enjoyed the fantasy of childhood which included Santa, the Easter Bunny and the Tooth Fairy. I also learned that Superman, Batman, The Green Hornet and other heroes were the figments of man’s imaginations, but I still enjoyed reading, listening to the radio stories and eventually seeing them on television. Childhood is a wonderful period of one’s life from which they should not be deprived. In time they will understand those things and enjoy passing them to the next generation.

--Leroy

ARIZONA LUXURY TINY



HUNDREDS FLOCK TO LUXTINY OPEN HOUSE

Steve Dedman, of LuxTiny, a tiny home community, stands by “The Sherry” floor plan that appeared on “Tiny House, Big Living” on DIY Network, Season 5, Episode 8. Dedman held an open house Memorial Day weekend where three houses were open for people to learn about his tiny house subdivision.



LuxTiny is the first tiny home community in the White Mountains of Arizona, they offer a range of houses from 160 square feet to 399 square feet and will offer a walking path with benches, community garden and more. The subdivision consists of 6 acres, 45 spaces and is located on Amanda Drive in Lakeside.





DEADMAN OUT AGAIN

An innocent Prisoner Has Been in the Eddyville Penitentiary for Three Years. The Murderer From McCracken Confesses to the Crime

QUITE AN INTERESTING CASE

Tom Deadman, who for years was a respected resident of the Maxon's Mills section of the county, is a free man again after serving three years in the Eddyville penitentiary for a crime he never committed. His case presents a peculiar miscarriage of justice.

Over three years ago Mrs. L. Stanley of the city, a daughter of Councilman Joe Potter, who then resided about five miles from the city, was assaulted by a man, who called when she was alone and asked for something to eat. His object was robbery, and he shot her in the head and made his escape after failing to get anything. Mrs. Stanley, fortunately, was not seriously injured, but the dastardly assault created the wildest excitement and posses scoured the country for several days in every direction in their effort to get some trace of the criminal.

Tom Deadman, a man of forty years of age or older, was finally arrested and a lynching was narrowly averted. He protested his innocence. In circuit court he proved a complete alibi, but all his witnesses were African American people, and the jury discredited their statements, and gave Deadman five years, the full penalty for malicious assault.

About two years ago Ed Capps of Metropolis, an employee on the Leyhe fleet above Paducah, was murdered and robbed, and his body thrown into the river, while he was being rowed to the fleet by John Davis alias Hawkins, who was afterwards arrested and brought here and tried, being given a life sentence. It was suspected at the time from his testimony that he was Mrs. Stanley's assailant, and Commonwealth's Attorney Bradshaw, who was never satisfied of Deadman's guilt, was convinced that Hawkins was the man.

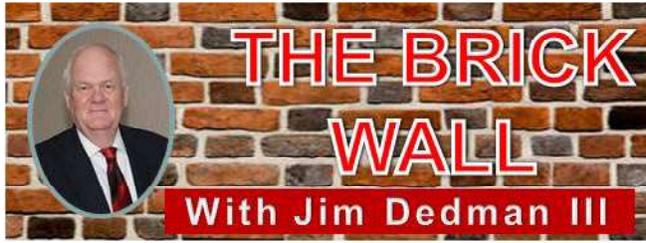
He would never make a confession however, until a short time since, and when he did confess to having shot Mrs. Stanley, application was made to Governor Beckham for a pardon, the facts being outlined and Sunday afternoon it was issued and Deadman was released today. Judge James Campbell, who was Deadman's attorney, stated this morning that there is absolutely no redress for his former client, who has had to remain in prison three years, and the state has had his services at hard labor for that length of time without having to pay him a cent. **The Paducah Sun., January 27, 1902, Paducah, Ky.**



SANTA IS COMING, SANTA IS COMING!!

Boy or girl, your first chosen profession is a "Detective". You choose this one just before Christmas time when you're about 6 years old and by Christmas eve you're about to solve your first case, or are you? Laying in bed with the blankets over your heads, hoping nobody can see that one eye poking out, you stare at the window towards the sky just waiting for the sleigh with Santa inside and reindeer to go flying by. Then you glance over at your bedroom door just in case you missed it and Santa might be in the house already. "He can't be in the house yet" your thinking, you haven't heard him "Ho Ho Ho". You keep listening for every sound in the house, waiting for that one sound you have never heard before that will send you flying out of your bed. With that one eye poking out of the blankets laying still as can be determined to stay awake to catch Santa himself. Finally, one "takes watch duty at the door" the other "takes watch duty at the window", one has to see something. All the sudden a door closes and you get back in your beds in two seconds. You feel your hearts beating so fast you can feel it in your feet, but you're grateful you didn't get caught. So you wait. Once you can feel your feet again, the bravest of the two decides to crawl down the hall to get a look at the Christmas tree. "I'll be right back, I have to see if Santa was here yet". he says, then he makes his way their and back without getting caught and tells his brother "No Santa yet, what's taking him so long?". He got no answer and finds his brother fast asleep, so he gets into bed with one eye poking out and waits. It's going to be a long night.

Mom and Dad remember being detectives when they were six, so they know what's going on in that bedroom door. They remember laying in bed with one eye poking out of the blankets, and how much fun it was. They know when the time is right for Santa to make his arrival so you won't crack this case tonight little ones, perhaps next year you will get to see Santa from the window. Mom and Dad are sitting quietly by the tree, just waiting for the little detectives to fall asleep. By the time morning comes, all thoughts of catching Santa are left behind, and the attention turns to whats under the tree. The little detectives will have to try again next year, there are presents to be opened. **- Hazel Inglis**



LOULA "LULU" DEDMAN

For several years I've tried to track down with , the youngest daughter of Marcus Lafayette Dedman and Martha Louisa Scarff Dedman. I lost track of Lulu somewhere around 1900. I presumed she had died or married.

With the help of some other researchers, I found Lulu had married Sidney H. Hogin of Indianola, MS; and Lulu lived in Indianola until Sidney died. Both her parents and her older sister were dead, and Lulu went to New Orleans to live with the children of her older sister Bettie. She died there in 1939, and I am still looking for the burial site. You can't quit looking, the answer is out there somewhere.

Loula V. Dedman (Dec. 1874, Selma, AL-May 1939, New Orleans, LA) daughter of Marcus Lafayette Dedman and Mary Louisa Scarff Dedman. Lulu married Sidney H. Hogin 14 Nov 1904 in Vicksburg, MS.

THE WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT:

HOGIN-DEDMAN. , Yesterday afternoon at the Calvary Baptist Church parsonage. Rev. W. J. Mahony officiating, Miss Lula V. Dedman and Mr. Sidney H. Hogin were joined in matrimony. Owing to the recent death of the father of the bride the ceremony was very quiet and unostentatious only immediate relatives of the two worthy principals being present. The bride is a daughter of the late Marcus Lafayette Dedman, and well known in Vicksburg, where much of her young life was spent, a bride well worth the winning of any good man. Mr. Sid Hogin, the happy and fortunate groom is a native of Warren county, a son of the late Capt. John E. Hogin and a resident of this city for many year's. Mr. Hogin is now a citizen of Indianola, where he occupies a position with Sledge & Co., and is highly respected by all. Mr. and Mrs, Hogin left yesterday afternoon for Greenville.

(The Vicksburg Herald, Tuesday, November 15, 1904, p. 5.)

On another note

Eventually Find A Grave.com memorials will default to Ancestry.com where families lose control over the memorials. Several Dedman cousins and I created a Dedman Institute Find A Grave account where we have joint access, and we've transferred a number of Dedman and Dedman-related memorials to the Institute account. This way we hope to keep some form of control over our memorials. If any of our readers are interested in keeping some form of control over family memorials and content, we'd be happy to include them in the Dedman Institute account. Transfer is simple, and the memorial will remain "in the family" rather than be managed by Ancestry.com.

You may contact me at jdedman3@yahoo.com if you are interested or wish to do something similar for your family members. -Jim



One way to be "looking back" on our various families is to see who all they were. Find A Grave, the virtual cemetery website has millions of memorials from cemeteries all over the world, and it is a very useful resource for the family genealogist.

A search of memorials on Find A Grave for persons with related surnames like ours shows the following:

- Dedmon --- 1167
- Dedman ---- 922
- Deadmond -- 284
- Deadman --- 257
- Deadmon --- 209
- Dedmond -- -- 91
- Dedmondt ---- 5
- Dedmont ----- 3
- Dedmand ----- 0



Jim Dedman was born in Columbia, TN, where the Dedmans settled in 1839 after moving from Mecklenburg County, Virginia. Jim retired from teaching law for the National District Attorneys Association in 2010 after a career of 38 years. Before that he was a prosecutor in Memphis, TN. He is a Vietnam veteran and presently lives in Columbia, SC.

JUANITA MARIE KING



Juanita Marie King, age 92, went to be with the Lord on March 11, 2014. She was born to Justice and Novva Deadmon on January 8, 1922 in El Reno, Oklahoma. On November 3, 1940, she married "Her Sweetheart" of 67 years, William Wade King. They lived in Compton, California where they raised their two boys, before moving to Oregon. Juanita was very active in her Church and lived a life dedicated to the God. Her unwavering faith blazed the trail for generations to come. She was a dedicated homemaker for most of her life, except for her "Rosie the Riveter" days. Juanita was an amazing cook, who also loved to shop, and spoil her grandchildren. Juanita didn't want to be just a grandma; she wanted to be a "great" grandma. Her grandchildren would tell you she achieved that and then some. Juanita is survived by her two children: Robert King (Louise) of McMinnville, Oregon, and Thomas King (Eileen) of Arlington, Washington, six grandchildren, and 22 great grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her loving husband, William, in 2007.

Find A Grave Memorial 126426234.

JANET L. DEDMON

Janet L Dedmon, 58, of Little Rock, departed this life Dec. 6. She is preceded in death by her mother Lorene Reed Dedmon, sister Monica Dedmon Bell and brother Clemmiet C. Dedmon. Janet leaves cherished memories with her children: Charlotte Dedmon-McDaniel (Vincent), Shanel Smith (Jason), and Bryant Lewis, father: Elder C.C. Dedmon, siblings: Esther Dedmon, Cathy Dedmon, Carl Dedmon (Ermma), and Arnold Dedmon, six grandchildren and a host of other relatives and friends. Visitation Friday Dec. 15, noon-6 p.m., at Robinson Mortuary and Funeral Sat. Dec. 16, at Antioch Full Gospel Baptist Church College Station, Ark. Service entrusted to Robinson Mortuary 1201 Dr. MLK Jr. Drive Little Rock, AR 72202 "A service you can trust".



BOBBY JOE BROWN

Guntown, MS-Bobby Joe Brown, 79, reaped the rewards of his faith as he met his Master on November 26, 2018 while in the Hospice Unit of the North Mississippi Medical Center. He was born on February 5, 1939 in Nashville, Tenn. to the late Hollis Brown and Sarah Frances Dedman Brown. A US Navy veteran, he lived in Tennessee much of his life and recently moved to Guntown to be near his daughter, Gail. Bobby was a master construction man with unique skills in building and remodeling homes and spent all his working life in the building trades. A Church of Christ much of his life, he was a faithful attendee of Life Point in Guntown at the time of his death. He loved fishing and spending time with his numerous grandbabies, Bobby loved to tinker with electronics often making an otherwise torn up instrument work again. A great southern storyteller, he often shared tales of his growing up years and telling great jokes.



A service celebrating his life will be held at 7 PM Friday, Nov. 30, 2018 at the Tupelo Chapel of Holland Funeral Directors with Pastor Nicholes Robbins officiating. Private burial will be in Campbelltown Cemetery. Visitation will be from 5 PM-service time Friday only at Holland-Tupelo Chapel. Bobby leaves to mourn his passing his three children; David Brown and wife, Alicia of Grenada, Vanessa Ganaway of Port Arthur, Texas and Gail Cockrell of Guntown. His sisters, Sadie Rushford and Mary Armstrong both of Nashville, 27 grandchildren, 33 great grandchildren, numerous nieces, nephews, cousins and a host of friends and other relatives. Pallbearers will be Colton Brown, Corby Alley, Tim Cole, Ricky Swindol, Johnathan Brown, Jason Owen and Jason Westfall.

The service may be viewed via www.hollandfuneraldirectors.com/Livesreaming at 7 PM Friday and for 60 days thereafter for those who may not be able to attend. Condolences may be e-mailed to hollandfuneraldirectors@comcast.net

Find A Grave Memorial 195141021

JAMES FRANKLIN DEDMON, SR

Lived in California for 25 years, and resided in Puyallup for his last 32 years with his wife, Gladys and five children, Pat (Bob) Zumach, Jim (Ginny) Jr., Kim (Bob) Crozier, David, Linda (Bob) Matthews. He was co-owner of Dedmon Builders, Paramount, CA. Later founded J.F. Framing, Puyallup, WA, and retired in 1994.



Find A Grave Memorial 18839771

"The Dedmon Connection" is an online family newsletter to aid in research for all families which include, but not limited to DEDMON, DEDMAN, DEADMAN, DEADMON, DEDMOND, DEADMOND, DEADMONDT and all others. You're encouraged to submit material to be published in the family newsletter. Please submit it to be reviewed. You may contact us at: leroydedmon@gmail.com (LEROY) -OR- (HAZEL) havrebaby@aim.com