

An online family newsletter
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THE

Deadman-Deadmon-Deadmond-
Dedman-Dedmon-Dedmond
and all related families

DEDMON CONNECTION

October 2019

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**DEVONTE
DEDMON**

DeVonte is a current Wide Receiver and Special Teams player for the Ottawa RedBlacks of the Canadian Football League. After growing up in Williamsburg, Virginia, Devonte starred at his local college William & Mary. Following his Senior season, Devonte signed a two-year contract with the Ottawa Redbl acks, where he scored a 100 yard touchdown in his professional debut.

OSP-HONORS Captain Frank Dedmon

Oklahoma State Penitentiary Deputy Warden Art Lightle, right, congratulates OSP employee of the month Capt. Frank Dedmon.



UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA



ROB DEDMON
Assistant Dean for Enrollment
Management and Academic
Program Development



Osborne Scholarship Gives Grad Students Freedom to Focus



Hannah Dedmon is one of five graduate students in the Wilson College of Textiles who was recently awarded the Gordon and Marjorie Osborne Scholarship. This new scholarship, established by a gift from the Gordon and Marjorie Osborne Foundation to the North Carolina Textile Foundation, gives selected Wilson College of Textiles graduate students the freedom to focus on their studies without worrying about how to make ends meet. In her first year of graduate school, Dedmon is investigating sustainable methods to create high performance fibers, namely looking at biomass additives that are either waste products from other industries or naturally occurring. With the help of the Scholarship, a new funding source for some Wilson College of Textiles graduate students, she is getting a headstart on her goals. The funding will allow her the time to begin her doctoral coursework in Fiber and Polymer Science while completing her master's degree.

Davis Deadman

NexBank CEO talks about pants, pizza, and passion for banking.

Originally founded in 1922, Dallas-based NexBank was purchased in 2004 by a group of local investors with a desire to make the bank a leader in financial services. Since then it has seen 600 percent growth and a 23 percent return on equity. Current President and CEO **Davis Deadman** took over the company in the same year and has maintained a commitment to providing unparalleled customer service. Today, NexBank offers both private and business banking as well as wealth management services, commercial lending, and investment planning. The bank also recently launched its Banking Forward campaign, a year-long initiative that will help raise as much as \$2 million for local charities and nonprofits..



Davis Deadman



IT WAS JUST ANOTHER DAY IN GOLD HILL, NEVADA ON AUGUST 2, 1869 WHEN ROBERT B. DEDMAN WENT TO WORK AT THE GRECIAN BEND DANCE SALOON. LITTLE DID HE KNOW HIS LIFE WOULD CHANGE FOREVER.

This day was like every other when Robert B. Dedman (Bob) went to work at the Grecian Bend Dance saloon, with him was his girlfriend, Grace Conboie, as a patron, she was there many nights before. Some time during the evening Albert Springer came into the saloon and started dancing with Grace Conboie. As far as Bob Dedman could see, Springer was getting to sweet on Grace and went into a rage of jealousy, an altercation ensued. Whereupon the barkeep, Bob Dedman, sprang into action, he jumped the bar with a pistol in his hand and struck Springer over the head several times dropping him to the floor rendering him motionless,

Springer was picked up and taken to the station house where Dr. Green was summoned, rendering the requisite surgical assistance. Dr. Green, assisted by Dr. Heath made a critical examination of Springer's injuries. The skull was found to be fractured on the right hand side some four inches above the ear, the pistol having been driven into it, rendering the operation of trephining necessary. The scalp was also badly cut in half a dozen other places, and the case might yet terminate fatally. Bob Dedman was subsequently arrested for the altercation and released on \$100 bail, however, when Springer died of his injuries the following day Dedman was re-arrested for murder. By 10 o'clock the next morning Dedman was before Judge Richard Rising of the District Court of Virginia for the killing of Albert Springer, to which he pleaded not guilty. He was however convicted by the Grand Jury of murder in the second degree for the killing of Albert Springer. Judge Rising ordered:

Robert Dedman: *"You were indicted by the Grand Jury, at the present of Court, for the murder of Albert Springer, on the 3d of August last, to which you pleaded not guilty. In due season you were placed upon trial before a jury of your peers, ably defended by counsel of your own choice and selection; the trial resulted in your conviction for the crime of murder in the second degree. This has been appointed as the time for pronouncing judgement upon the verdict of the jury. The punishment prescribed by law for this*

offense, is imprisonment for not less than ten years, and may extend to life. It is, therefore, ordered, and is the sentence and judgement of the Court, that you, Robert Dedman, be imprisoned in the State Prison of the State of Nevada, at hard labor, and that such imprisonment commence now, and continue and extend during your natural life".

Dedman stood firm on his feet on Sept, 6th, 1869 while his sentence was being pronounced, showing but little fear, he walked the same when he was taken away.

The Nevada State Prison, is located about a mile and a half from Carson city, where Bob Dedman was a "model prisoner", While at the State Prison, he was given a job in the office close to Warden-Lieut. Gov. Frank Denver. On the evening of Sept. 13, 1871, (Sunday) Lieut Gov. was having a dinner in his quarters about 6 o'clock p.m. with family and friends, where Dedman, a life convict sentenced for murder, was the server for all the guests. In the meantime, outside the Governor's quarters the other prisoners had already began their prison break.

The prisoners have nothing to do, and are permitted to stand outside their cells in a common room allotted to them on Sunday's. Shortly after, the captain of the guard came into the large room to scatter the inmates to their different cells to be locked up for the night. He had just stepped inside the door when he was knocked down by a blow on the head with a bottle by one of the prisoners, another striking him over the left eye with a slung-shot at the same time. He fell bleeding and almost senseless to the floor, and was seized by Pat Hurley, one of the convicts, and thrown into a cell near by and the door closed. This was done without alarming the guard or anyone else outside the grate. The prisoners then climbed to the upper tier of cells, and with an ax cut a hole in the roof large enough to crawl through. Each prisoner was armed with a sort of slung-shot, made of bits of iron or other metal sewed or surreptitiously tied upon strips of cloth, while a few had knives made by themselves or obtained.

The roof was too high for them to jump to the ground, therefore, calculating the distance correctly, they passed along to just over a room at the head of the main staircase leading from the second story to the ground floor. Cutting a hole through the roof as hastily as possible, all jumped down through, and passing down the stairway. A number of prisoners made a forcible entry into the armory of the prison, and obtained several Henry rifles and ammunition, from the skylight of the armory deliberately shot the guards, five of whom were stationed around the walls of the prison. The guards and officers of the prison were taken completely by surprise, but as soon as the alarm was given the fighting commenced.

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Suddenly unfamiliar sounds were heard above them in the dining room on the roof, they all thought at first it was an earthquake, all the ladies ran down screaming into the yard, Matt Pixley of the Warm Springs Hotel, close by the gate, hearing them scream, ran to the rescue with a couple of pistols, but was shot dead on the porch of the prison by Charles Jones, killing him instantly with a Henry rifle taken from the armory.

A hand-to-hand fight then ensued between the Warden, Lt. Gov. Frank Denver and some of his assistants, and the armed prisoners in the upper part of the main prison building, near the armory. Denver and Bob Dedman, the clerk in the office, ran upstairs where they were met by two prisoners who flourished a large bowie knife and other hand made weapons, several lunges were made at Denver but Bob Dedman fought the man with a chair, breaking his arm and knocking him senseless to the floor. At this juncture, the other prisoner arrived, and with a pistol shot the Warden in the fleshy part of one of his thighs, when another prisoner appeared with a Henry rifle, and with the butt end, he struck the Warden over the head knocking him senseless. Prisoner Clifford subsequently returned and gave himself up, desiring to be hidden away from the rest as he said they would kill him because he has opposed this break before it was made.

The convicts, now well armed, were fighting desperately with the guard below, and some of them tried to come up the staircase, but, at the top, were met by Gov. Denver and Dedman. Denver gave them what he had in his revolver, while Dedman fought with all the chairs he could get hold of, knocking them down stairs one after the other. One fellow came at Dedman three times with a long knife, and each time he was knocked down. The third time he was knocked or pitched over the balustrade head first. Lieut. Frank Denver no doubt would have been killed had it not been for the bravery of Robert Dedman in defending him.

Prison Guard, F.M. Isaacs, formerly of Virginia City, immediately confronted the motley crowd issuing from the front door, with his revolver, doing some very effective shooting, as well as being shot down himself in return. Johnny Newhouse, another of the guard from Gold Hill, rushed into the fray regardless of danger, fighting with the utmost coolness and bravery. He shot Parsons, one of the Verdi railroad robbers, through the body, and directly afterward was himself shot in the back and the rear portion of his head, so that he fell powerless. Perasich, a Slavonian from Carson, another of the guard, was outside the gate, but hurried to "stand in" with the rest. He did some lively shooting, wounding several of the convicts. He, however, soon received a settler from a ball in the left hip, passing downward, inflicting a severe and dangerous wound. Another of the guard is said to have been wounded.

Twenty-nine or thirty prisoners escaped in all, each armed and equipped with Henry rifles. They escaped out of the skylight on to the roof, and thence out on to the walls of the prison on the south, and escaped down to the ground outside. (One of them, whose arm had been broken by Bob Dedman, subsequently returned and was again confined.) It was a desperate hand-to-hand conflict, in which the guards and officers stood up to it manfully, and the prisoners fought with all the energy of desperation. It was of short duration, however, when the convicts becoming masters of the situation, they took leave of the prison. There were 72 in all confined there, but the remainder were secured before they could make effectual resistance.

By 8 o'clock the State authorities telegraphed General Batterman, in Virginia City, to come with military company, the National Guards. The Guards, forty came in all, and a locomotive and passenger train being placed at their service, they left at 9 o'clock and arrived in Carson at seven minutes past 10. They immediately marched out to the prison where they remained as guard all night. Whose fault it was allowing these prisoners to make such a desperate and successful break in broad daylight remains to be shown. One thing is evident, the guard was hopelessly inadequate in numbers.

Some of the prisoners had shackles on their ankles, most of which had been found on their trail, broken off as the prisoners were escaping through the sagebrush, some distance from the prison. The trail was followed up the Carson river in the direction of Genoa.

Many of the people in Carson city and ranchman kept on their track during the night, as the report of firearms were heard occasionally in the direction of Genoa. Early this morning a large posse of armed men started on their track from the prison. Some of the prisoners stole horses from the ranches up the Carson river, and have struck out for the tall timber on Lake Tahoe, Hope Valley, the head waters of Carson and Walker rivers. On some of the trails, shackles and irons have been found throughout the country. They also had reason to believe that two or more of the convicts were hiding in the hills in Nevada district, north of Flowery

Some officers mentioned they had detected signs of their visits to vegetable gardens in the vicinity, and other indications, prompting them to keep watch at nights. We also hear reports that after dark, two men went to the wigwam of Jake Winter's Indian, in Jacks Valley, and ransacked the premises of flour, bacon, and other edibles on hand and left without remunerating the proprietor for the

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goods. Jake is quite sure they were escaped prisoners. The escaped convicts are disturbing chickens from their roosts, stealing Indian wardrobes, they have a spite against detective officers particularly, and impecunious citizens.

One night a blacksmith shop was visited near Rock Point mill, below Dayton, where tools were gathered to cut irons loose. Town Marshal Harkin, of Gold Hill, together with officers of Virginia, Sheriff Atkinson, Chief Downey, Detective Ben Lackey, Constable Comstock and Marshal Thomas Harkin, had started out on the war path well equipped, and convinced they would capture some of the escaped convicts, dead or alive.

It has been days since the prison break and Carson city, and the surrounds towns are stirring over the news of the heroic actions of Bob Dedman. Had it not been for his quick actions, Lieut. Gov. Frank Denver would sure have been killed. Many of the citizens are asking: "If bravery is not rewarded and cowardlee condemned (if not punished) what incentive remains for a man deprived of his liberty, to so conduct himself as to merit a reduction of his term of sentence?" From all accounts that we gather, Bob Dedman never was what is commonly termed a bad man. He should have some recognition from the citizens of Carson for the bravery.

Dedman could have escaped at that time just as well as not, but he preferred to remain and endure his sentence. A few days ago a petition for his pardon was started. The Pardon petition was numerously signed by prominent citizens and business men of Virginia and Gold Hill, it was sent to the Board of Pardon Commissioners.

On October 5th, 1871, The Board of Pardon Commissioners at Carson, by unanimous decision, pardoned Robert Dedman, restoring him to the full rights of citizenship. For the information of those not conversant with the circumstances, we will state that Dedman was sentenced to the State Prison for life, some two years ago, for the killing of a man named Springer, at the Grecian Bend saloon, Virginia. Springer was dancing with Grace Kerrison, when prompted by jealousy. Dedman, who was tending bar, came up behind Springer and beat him over the head with a six-shooter, knocking him down and fracturing so that he dies a day or two afterward in consequence.

Dedman was not otherwise considered a bad man by any means, and while in prison his conduct was of the most exemplary nature, however, was his highly meritorious action on the occasion of the recent terrible break at the prison, when twenty-nine of the convicts escaped, shooting the guard and all others who opposed them.

Dedman fought bravely by the side of Lieut. Gov. Denver, using chairs or anything else he could get a hold of, knocking the assailing desperadoes down, and defending Denver from further harm after he was shot and badly wounded. Dedman is a good-looking, smart young man, and now, if he will have the good sense to profit by the severe lesson he has received and avoid all his former bad associations, he will do well enough. He has a promising future before him and should profit well by the rare opportunity so generously offered him.

Robert B. Dedman, a native of Missouri, was 26 years of age when convicted of murder in the second degree. He was released with a full pardon two years and twenty-seven days later. He went back to Gold Hill and became a citizen once again.

Shortly after his release, Dedman had been steadily employed driving the stage or passenger carriage between Carson and the Warm Springs Hotel. Later he gained employment with Carson city as a "special policeman" of Gold Hill. Some of the citizens had been finding Dedman's standards and morals to be not of the most delicate and admirable variety, and was considered from the first to be one to distrust. His station was on Main street, from the railroad line of the Second Ward. The salaries of the "special policeman" were paid by the citizens, and Dedman was remarkably prompt in collecting his money. One of his customers was D.J. Radovitch, proprietor of the Capitol Rotisserie. For some time cigars, oysters, and other articles were disappearing from the restaurant in a mysterious manner, Radovitch became tired of this and decided to watch his premises after closing. On a Sunday after closing he secreted himself in the pantry and told his steward to shut up the shop. In about fifteen minutes he heard somebody open the back door, and, looking from the place of concealment, he saw Dedman enter the lamp was left burning dimly, and everything in the room was plainly visible. The intruder helped himself to cold meats, took in a mince pie, and ate a number of Eastern oysters on the half shell, and then made for the cigars. He went behind the counter where the cigars were kept, and, opened a box of fine Carolinas, proceeded to fill his pockets. This done, he took his departure. The next day Radovitch informed the Town Marshal of the facts, but that officer declined to take any action in the case, preferring to leave the matter to the Town Trustees. The the next Monday meeting, nothing was done to remove Dedman as special policeman. Shortly after this incident Dedman was relieved of his duties and left Gold Hill and traveled in the direction of California.

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On further research I found the obituary for Bob Dedman sent to Nevada from California Published in both states :

BOB DEDMAN DEAD
A WICKED DISPOSITION QUIETED
Kind of a Badly Spent Life

This funeral notice received in an envelope postmarked Placerville, California, with a request for Nevada papers to copy, reads as follows;

"Friends and acquaintances of the family are invited to attend the funeral of Robert B. Dedman, from family residence on Coloma street, at 2 o'clock this Friday afternoon. Services by Rev. Graham."

From which we infer the Bob Dedman, formerly ingloriously well known in this State, is dead. It will be remembered that several years ago he brutally killed Albert Springer in a dance house in Virginia by beating him over the head with a pistol, fracturing his skull so that he died a day or two afterward. Springer was dancing with Bob's fancy girl, Bob thought he was getting rather too sweet on her, and in a fit of jealousy he stepped up behind Springer and struck him as described. Bob was arrested and let out on \$100 bail, but next morning was rearrested and held to wait the result of Springer's injuries. Not pleading and proving "transitory mania" in his case, Bob was finally sent to State Prison for life.

A few months afterward, occurred the worst break ever known of the prisoners in that establishment. They fairly got possession of the prison, broke into the armory and got the guns, and would have killed Lieutenant Governor Denver had it not been for Bob Dedman. Bob fought them off like a tiger, by the side of Denver at the top of the main staircase, knocking them down with a chair as fast as they attempted to rush up, until they gave it up as a bad job. Denver was quite severely wounded by a rifle ball, but Bob was not hit at all. For his meritorious conduct on this occasion, inducing petitions from all quarters, Bob was pardoned out before he had been in prison a year.

He lived a sort of shiftless life afterward, evidently not having any taste for hard work. He was on the police force here in Gold Hill for awhile, but being detected in certain irregularities, he was allowed to resign, and left shortly afterward for California.

Gold Hill daily news., December 27, 1880
Gold Hill, N.T. (Nev.)

Joseph S. Dedman, son of **David D. Dedman** and **Ann H. Erwin Dedman**, was born in 1849 in Madison, Alabama. He would be the gr-grandson of **Samuel Dedman** and **Eleanor Howard Dedman**. He enlisted in the Confederate Army at age fourteen in 1863, and on April 3, 1865, just weeks before the war ended, he was killed in Selma, Alabama. He was a private in Ward's Battery, Alabama Light Artillery....



**Dr. John F. Deadman gets through to
DETOUR, with his SLED and DOGS.**

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., March 17. (AP)

An army airplane, piloted by Lieut. Joseph Soper, which yesterday carried food and supplies to snowbound Detour, was credited with saving the life of Russell Geots of Detour, who was brought to a hospital here on the return flight of the plane. Geots, suffering from blood poisoning, had been waiting for medical attention in the isolated district for the past 10 days. Hospital physicians said he had been brought here just in time to save his life.

Lieut. Soper made two trips to Detour yesterday with badly needed supplies. On a return flight to Sault Ste. Marie, medical supplies were dropped overboard at Raber, Mich., where Mrs. Wallace Benson, a resident, has been critically ill.

Dr. John F. Deadman, with his dog team, the first person to reach the village, was several hours ahead of the plane with a small supply of food and tobacco. He and his dog team were on the verge of exhaustion when they reached Detour. Dr. Deadman said the snow drifts were so great at times that it was necessary to put on snowshoes and dig the dogs out of the snow. The snow motor which had been endeavoring for several days to reach the village, was abandoned when it stalled in the blizzard Thursday.

Army officials have announced that regular airplane service will be established and continued for several days between here and Detour. The service will be devoted to carrying mail and food supplies for the beleaguered villagers.

The Bismarck tribune, March 17, 1928
Bismark, N.



HENRIETTA BRAUN DEDMAN



Mrs. Ed Dedman of Alexandria, Mo., well known in Warsaw, her girlfriend home, died in Graham hospital. Koekuk, at 11:30 Thursday night. For

nearly a year she had been troubled with an affliction of the feet which developed into gangrene and caused her death, for years she has also suffered with diabetes.

Henrietta Braun was her maiden name, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Braun, and was born in Warsaw. Nov. 28, 1859. When a young girl she went to Alexandria and was married in that city Aug. 5, 1877, to Mr. Ed. Dedman. There she has lived ever since. Well known there, she has many friends in Warsaw as well who mourn her death. She was the most excellent woman, devoted to her family and well beloved by all who knew her.

She is survived by her husband, one son Willis, and one daughter Mrs. Alma Roberts, both of Alexandria, also two half brothers Chas Zeigler of Warsaw and Albert Zeigler of Alexandria.

Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the residence and remains were brought to Warsaw and interred in the German Cemetery.

**The Daily Gate City/The Warsaw Gate City
September 13, 1914..(Koekuk,Iow)**

ANDREW ROY DEADMAN

Andrew Roy Deadman passed suddenly on 4th June, 2018 at home. A much missed father to Laura and Ian, grandfather to Imogen, brother and partner. Funeral Service at Mintlyn Crematorium on Friday 6th July, 2018 at 11.30am. Family flowers only please. Donations, if desired, for Norfolk Mind and Bridge for Heroes may be made at the service or sent to John Lincoln Funeral Directors, 40 Greevegate, Hunstanton, PE36 6AG.

**Published in Lynn News
on June 15, 2018**



BETTY JO WEMYSS

Betty Jo Dedman Wemyss, 89, Nashville, Tennessee, died stubbornly yet peacefully surrounded by her family at her home on Saturday August 10, 2019 after a prolonged illness. Born March 27, 1930 in Detroit, Michigan, Betty Jo grew up in Gallatin, Tennessee and spent her adult life in Nashville after graduating from Vanderbilt University.

She is preceded in death by her parents Dr. William and Hazel Dedman, brother Bill Morgan Dedman, first husband Alex D. Harlin, and her husband of 35 years William H Wemyss, Jr. Betty Jo also cherished her time in later years with her very good friend, the late Vaden "Cookie" Lackey. Betty Jo "reluctantly" (her words, not ours) leaves her children Mary Brooks Mathews (Bert) and Alex D. Harlin (Edie) and seven grandchildren: Harding Blackman, Alex Blackman (Sahar), Witt Harlin, Walter Blackman, Ella Mathews, Hop Mathews and Thomas Harlin. She is also survived by a brother, Robert H Dedman (Penny), nephews Hughes and Morgan Dedman, niece Ellen Dedman Millar and four wonderful stepchildren Mary Ellen Lovell, Bill Wemyss (Tammy), Jesse Pinner (Danny) and Harriett Kirk (Rainey) and seven dear step grandchildren.

Betty Jo professed herself a "plantaholic." She enjoyed traveling to homes in Colorado and Florida where she loved to utilize native plants in her gardens and yards. She especially liked traveling with William throughout the Pacific Northwest with their various dogs. They enjoyed photography and hiking in the mountain ranges in Colorado well into their late sixties. Betty Jo took great pride in her Advanced Open Water Diver certificate, too. She always carried the license in her wallet. She was a staunch protector of the environment and continued to make donations to Nature's Conservancy and the Sierra Club until her death.

Betty Jo was a member of the Garden Club of Nashville and Deer Park Garden Club. She and a group of long-standing friends also had a bridge club for 65 years. Betty Jo was a graduate of Gallatin High School and remained life-long friends with the four girls with whom she started walking to school in the first grade. She attended Randolph-Macon College in Ashland, Virginia before returning home to graduate from Vanderbilt.

Memorial service will be Thursday, August 29, 2019 at the Westminster Presbyterian Church. Visitation will be from 3pm-4pm at the church with a service to follow at 4pm. A Celebration of Life will follow at the home of Brooks and Bert Mathews at 3806 Whitland Avenue. The family would like to recognize her long-time friend and care giver Hattie Burns for her many years of friendship and support. We would also like to recognize Helen Featherston for her care along with the excellent service of Next-Door Nurses and the support of Alive Hospice and Tifinie King.

Betty Jo requested any donations should be directed to the environmental organization of your choice or to any Humane Society shelter. Please visit Marshalldonnellycombs.com

Published in Tennessean on Aug. 26, 2019

Find A Grave Cemetery: #2563568