

The Dedmon Connection

JULY, 2005 - Number 38

(Dedmon, Dedman, Deadman, Deadmon, Dedmond, Dedmond, etc.)



**Leroy
Dedmon**

Here we are in the heat of the summer and I, for one am wondering where the time has gone this year. We have been experiencing some 90-100 degree weather, but I dare not complain, as I would be reminded of it during the cold weather of winter. It has been a rather busy summer for me, but not as much as last year. I just concluded a Gospel Meeting at the Pisgah Church of Christ, near Elijay, Georgia. Due to the death of my sister Ruth's husband, Don Smith, I had to get our preacher at Highland, Barry Gilreath, Jr., to "fill-in" for me on Monday night. My brother, Bill, and I preached the funeral. It was quite an emotional strain on both of us. I had known Don before he and Ruth married. I performed their ceremony over 40 years ago. Bill actually lived with Don and Ruth during his "older teen" years. So Don was really more than a brother-in-law to both of us. He was loved by the entire family. He was the "favorite" uncle to most of the nephews and nieces. Anytime you chose sides for our "cow pasture" football games, Don was the one chosen first and for sure everyone wanted him to be on their side. More information is included in this issue of the DEDMON CONNECTION.



Happy Birthday

July 24 was certainly not the joyful occasion it could have been were the circumstances different. It was in fact the birthday of my sister, Alma Ruth.

As I noted in the above article, her husband, Don had passed away the week before on July 16.

Ruth is the third child and the second daughter of Gordon Lee and Ruby Dedmon. Although I don't remember when she was born, my recollection of her early days goes back to when she was about two or three years old. This picture of Carolyn, Alma Ruth and Tommy was taken at Graysville, GA. We lived there while Dad was in the Army. Tommy was born while we lived there, but Bill was born after we moved to Rossville, GA. Maybe I was taking the picture.



Of the five children, Ruth is probably the "quietest". Growing up, I don't recall her taking part in the quarrels and fusses of the siblings. It seems to me she just "minded her own business" and avoided the conflicts.



ALMA RUTH

Ruth married Carl Hamby in August of 1960, shortly after graduation from High School. His life was tragically taken in an automobile accident on December 31, 1961.

She came to our house in Gurley, AL at some point and met and married Don Smith in October 1963. It was my privilege to "tie the knot". Also, prior to this I baptized her as she became a member of the Church of Christ. We love you Ruth and in spite of the sadness... Happy Birthday.



A JOURNEY BACK IN TIME (ATOP LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN)



*EDDIE HIGHTOWER
PROUD DESCENDENT OF
THE PARK-CLEMENTS-
CAVENDER FAMILY LINE
OF NORTH GEORGIA.*

It was two weeks ago Tuesday as I was attending the Sons of Confederate Veterans Camp 842 meeting of the Rivers Bridge South Carolina Camp of the group which has chapters in every state of America and even in some other nations, that I was given an invitation to travel back in time. As it happened there were two members of our camp of “sons” whose own sons had applied to attend a camp atop Lookout Mountain in Mentone, Alabama, to study the history of the South.

The history of the South is much like the study of “beginnings” (Creation vs. evolution), God’s Holy Word, or the truth about WMDs. All of these subjects are taboo in the Government School Systems of America which are euphemistically referred to as Public Schools. The United States Supreme Court has even ruled the study of such subjects which are at opposite poles with the “political correctness” revisionist history of recent years to be against the law and unconstitutional.

The mothers and fathers of two young lads saw the need to send their youngsters (about 13 years of age) on a 430 mile trip to enjoy some camping above the clouds in some rocky territory which was the site on which their Southern ancestors met the Northern ancestors of another section of America in a brother against brother battle to settle the eternal argument of “States’ Rights” vs. Federalism. Between the physical activities which are common in most remote campsites, there were to be offered to the youngsters displays of weapons of the 1860s and interesting stories of the biggest fight of the War Between the States — the fight to survive the conditions of the many battlefields. This included the fight to defeat starvation, thirst, inclement weather conditions, sometimes nakedness and clothing shortages, and inferior weapons. These threats were more deadly than the multitudes of the enemy. In fact, more soldiers on both sides of the conflict lost their lives to sickness and infections resulting from all types of injuries — both battle and non-battle related.

Where I fit into this adventure into the past of American history and culture was that the Commander of my local camp of the Sons of Confederate Veterans needed a volunteer to drive these two fine youngsters of the South to this Confederate camp ground two states

away. After the Commander had requested a volunteer several times without a favorable response, I raised my hand to get his attention and told him that I would gladly take them. He was very pleasantly surprised. This relieved him from having to provide the needed trip himself. So I delivered them to the designated location atop historic Lookout Mountain at 4:00pm this past Sunday.

I had an ulterior motive for this offering. The campground is just 20 or 30 minutes from the North Georgia County — Walker — in which I was born on a frosty morn 68 years ago. That was my mother’s side of our family’s home area. And I have spent most of my life in my dad’s South Carolina area. I was excited about the possibility of spending several days in the Walker County Library in La Fayette. It was in the same library, in a previous location, that I earned my very first merit badge as a young Boy Scout many years ago. My old maid Aunt Emily Collins at that time was the Walker County Librarian. It was heartbreaking to learn this week that not one current employee remembers even hearing her name ever. Aunt Em almost made it to 104 years of age.

Some of my fondest memories were those hot summer days in Walker County Georgia when Aunt Em drove the Library Bookmobile up the mountain on the very rocky unpaved road to deliver the much anticipated reading materials to the young and older “hillbillies.” She was very much appreciated by those who had such an appetite for literature, but were so handicapped by having such prohibitive barriers between them and the shelves of the library down in the valley. I am sure that Aunt Em’s name was long remembered in the hearts and souls of those whose lives were forever changed by her determined efforts under such inhospitable conditions.

The hills in that area once produced a cousin of mine who early in life began to take an interest in public service. He started by winning some smaller local elections and continued until he was elected to the United States Congress. He was a member of the U. S. House of Representatives for a number of terms. As such, he authored the legislation which brought the Interstate Commerce Commission into being. He had previously been the president of a railroad which prompted his interest in interstate commerce. He eventually was appointed by the President of the United States of America as a Commissioner of the ICC. And then finally as its Chairman for a period of years until his death.

So my cousin Judson Claudius Clements of Villanow, Georgia, was just one example of the potential talent which was mined from those remote hills as a result of educational efforts being taken unto the hills and its people. Cousin Claudius Clements was just one of seven of his father’s sons who also represented his nation of the Confederate States of America on the battlefield. He served his nation valiantly and very well for most of his life.

Continued on page 3

A JOURNEY BACK IN TIME (ATOP LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN)

(Continued from page 2)

After leaving the two youngsters in the hands of very capable camp counselors on Sunday, I headed down the mountain in Alabama towards Walker County Georgia. It was not too long before I noticed a lot of "Yard Sale" signs. Then I read one sign which proclaimed that it was part of a 450 mile yard sale. Highway 127 has created a tourist mecca of hundreds of miles of tables full of antiques, curiosities, and just plain junk. But a lot of fun and adventure on the scenic highways of America. At one point when I was a little lost, I stopped and in addition to obtaining directions which corrected my wayward course of travel, I also picked up 6 antique apothecary bottles for only \$3.00. I was a part of this interesting bit of Americana.

Prior to reaching my destination of LaFayette, Georgia, and its Days Inn on North Main Street, my route took me past my cousin Frank C. Shaw of whom I had heard much over the decades, but had never had the pleasure of meeting in person. I made a mental note to correct that omission before heading back to South Carolina.

It was the next morning that cousin Frank who is now about 76 years old met me at the library after I called him and picked me up for a day of adventure which took me back into our shared family history and the history of North Georgia area. He was driving a vintage Cadillac as we headed to his most amazing home. As he parked when we arrived, it was amongst three or four other vintage Caddys and a vintage Mark IV Lincoln Continental. He doesn't own a modern vehicle, but keeps those old ones in tip top like new condition. Everything on his homeplace is just like his automobiles. It is old. It is historic. It is valuable. And it is his life's work.

A trust has already been set up to continue the upkeep of this remarkable museum of the Park-Clements-Shaw family and the Southern Mountain life style. It took about 2 1/2 hours for Frank, whom the locals refer lovingly as "Bug," to give me the grand tour. There have been literally hundreds prior to me. In fact, just a few weeks ago, the Park Family Reunion was held in nearby Chattanooga, Tennessee. The most popular event on the three day family reunion's schedule was the tour of Frank Shaw's homeplace which was situated on the site of a battle during the War Between the States. A commemorative sign proclaims such in his yard as one turns off of the highway by the name of "Hog Jowl Road."

Just one entire room of Frank's home was devoted to the display of his vast collection of vintage toys of the era of his childhood. It is a very long room with a

continuous shelf on either side which runs the length of the room. On the shelf sit hundreds of toy automobiles, trucks, trains, and other mechanical modes of transportation which fascinated the youth of 1933. Most any one of the small metal toys which I picked up and inspected as my thoughts traveled back 35 years would probably bring in the hundreds of dollars at an antique auction.

Each room of the 20 or so in his home, not to mention the four or five out buildings, was devoted to another item of great interest. My favorite was the "portrait room." There displayed in uniform 8 x 10 heirloom portraits were our common ancestors dating back to the beginning of photography. He has found likenesses of all of our family forefathers and mothers two or three generations prior to our War Between the States ancestors. Back in South Carolina, we seem to run into a wall when we get to Thomas Hightower, CSA. So far no photos of Henry, William, or Joshua. I guess the early cameras arrived in North Georgia much earlier than the low country of the Palmetto State.

My Great-GreatGrandfather Adam G. Clements, MD, had seven sons who were assistant Surgeons or soldiers for the CSA. The history is about as rich as it gets in the red clay hills of North Georgia. The last time I visited the birthplace of my mother about 3 or 4 years ago this coming Thanksgiving as we returned to South Carolina after attending a Neal Diamond concert in Nashville, we learned that the old Park-Clements-Cavender Homeplace was beyond repair after all of those years of very valuable service to housing the generations of our family.

The original home was built by the local Indians who Moses Park had made the arrangements with. They built a large one-room log cabin as the ones that the Indians of that era and area lived in themselves. The logs were rectangular instead of rounded and would have slots on the ends for fitting. The Indians knew what time of the year to harvest the logs in order for them to be almost eternal in longevity. The logs were still like new, but all of the non-log additions of the following decades had presented the problem of disrepair.

Cousin Frank Shaw arranged for the Walker County Historic Society, of which he was then a member, to preserve the original historic portion upon the gradual demolition of the old homeplace. It was a shock to find only a portion of a chimney and the well which was located on the old back porch still remaining. And it was very sad. It broke my heart.

But Frank showed me a photo of the stripped down log cabin portion which had been hidden for decades by the more modern siding which covered it. The photo recorded the last hours of its existence on the land which

Continued on page 4

A JOURNEY BACK IN TIME (ATOP LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN)

(Continued from page 3)

had been its home for almost 200 years. Posing with Frank were four other cousins of ours and the new young owner of the land where he expanded his chicken farm. So much for progress versus history. History lost this one.

The good news is that the Walker County Historical Society has plans to reconstruct the log cabin section of the old Park-Clements-Cavender homeplace a few blocks north of the present County Courthouse, and just four or five blocks from my birthplace on Villanow Street in La Fayette, Georgia. If these plans for the reconstruction of my ancestor's home are successful, then the old Indian handiwork will have the last word. It will continue to speak volumes about the history of North Georgia and of my wonderful mountaineer family which are so tightly intertwined.

Americans need to respect those who came before them and helped smooth their way in the mainstream of the land of Liberty and Freedom. This proper respect comes from receiving facts and stories of one's genealogy from the older surviving cousins and uncles and aunts. It can also be found in the research rooms of the county libraries which just might have files on your direct family lines. And also like those two young men whom I dropped off for a week of history of America's era of the revolutionary War Between the States, one must study the old sources which are free of the "politically correct" revisionist history.

Many wisemen of earlier America have told us that to really know where we are going in the future, that we need to know where we have been in the past. And there is no time like the present to begin such a journey. I am really enjoying this current journey which I have embarked upon.

ANCIENT LANDMARK FOR SALE



VILLANOW, 1871. Own and operate a historic general store. Established in 1840 and built in 1871, the property is listed on the National Register as Cavender's Store. Unique, established old-time general/convenience store serving Villanow. Building is 2 stories with living quarters on 2nd floor and adjacent. \$400,000. Contact: Reid Sisson at Realty Center Commercial Realtors

From the Mail Bag

I received the following letter from Eddie... We were supposed to meet during his trip, but as the letter explains it didn't happen. Also, as the letter duplicated some of the previous article, I took the liberty to edit it. - Leroy



Hi Leroy,

I am so sorry that I didn't get to meet you in person at Villanow on my recent trip. The trip developed an unexpected hitch. One of the young boys which I provided transportation to the Ponderosa Bible Campgrounds on top of Lookout Mountain at Mentone, Alabama, on the 31st of July, got home-sick. My plans were to leave them at the Ponderosa which was rented for the week by the Sons of Confederate Veterans as a camp for young men who desire to learn more about what really happened between 1861 and 1865 between the Confederate States of America and the Union.

I got them there at 4:00pm est on Sunday on the 31st. Then I headed down the mountain and into the valley for Walker County Georgia — my birth county. I ended up on Hog Jowl Road which passes by the Davis Homeplace at the Davis Cross Roads — the site of the Davis Cross Roads Battle of the War Between the States. The Davis home is now owned by my cousin Frank C. Shaw, Jr. I don't think that Frank is a descendent of the Dedmon line. He and I share Dr. Adam G. Clements as our Greatgreatgrandfather. Dr. Clements' daughter Martha "Mattie" Almina Clements Cavender is my Greatgrandmother since she married Joseph Warren Cavender, who was a descendent of Rachael/Rebecca Dedmon.

Frank's Greatgrandfather was a brother of Martha "Mattie" Almina Clements Cavender. I had called Frank on the phone on Saturday before the trip. I met him for the first time ever in that phone call. Unless we were together as very young boys with our families on visits to the old Clements-Cavender Homeplace many years ago. If so, I unfortunately don't have a remembrance of such a visit.

So Frank and I set up an appointment for him to meet me at the Walker County Library on August 1st. He picked me up about 10:00 am and we rode out to his home at the Davis Cross Roads in Kensington in one of his three or four vintage Caddys. Also there was a vintage Mark IV Lincoln Continental among other vintage vehicles there. He doesn't seem to own a modern automobile. This collection in his drive way is quite impressive.

Cousin Frank then began to give me the tour of the old Davis home and the various wings of the home which have been added since the War Between the States days. The tour took about two hours or longer. We took a lunch break at that time. Down at the cross roads is a little gas station and restaurant business. He rents this out to a young couple who were in their first day of business that day. Had a good bar-b-que sandwich. Went back to Frank's home and copied many photographs of our shared families and family histories which he has in his vast collection of Yandell-Park-Shaw-Cavender-Clements families and Walker County history. If you are ever passing by Davis Cross Roads, be sure to stop by and say hello to Frank. Tell him that you, too, are one of my cousins, but only an in-law of his. I guess the Cavenders would be the connection.

I then spent Tuesday and Wednesday morning in the Walker County Library in their research room which has family files on the Clements and Cavenders. They didn't have one on Granny Flo Cavender's family of the Collins of the Dalton area. I have more trouble finding information on her parents — Benjamin Franklin and Amanda Odell Collins — than any other ancestors of mine.

My plans were to visit Villanow on my way back to South Carolina and to attempt to make a connection with you. But the hitch of the trip occurred when I called home from the Days Inn on North Main of La Fayette and discovered that one of the young boys was homesick and was in hopes that I would go back up the mountain to pick him up.

I discovered that news on Monday, but in hopes that he would adjust, I continued my La Fayette visit a couple days before calling home again. But when I did call Tuesday night, his mother had called my wife and requested, if possible, that I bring her homesick son home. He is twelve. So, I finished up my La Fayette visit about midday Wednesday and travelled back up to Mentone and picked up Cody. But I told him that I was still going to go through Villanow, which was not our most direct route. And I explained to him that I was to call you in an attempt to have you meet us there for at least a shorter version of a get-together than originally planned. He said that just so he was headed for home that would be OK. I hope that you heard the message which I left on your message machine and that you also received the message from your wife as I called your home from the Cavender General Store phone.

I sadly learned that the Vess family has put the Villanow General Store on the market for sale. They have been good for the store, as were the Rodney Edwards before them. Hope that another owner with an appreciation for history will purchase "The Brick" as it was known back during the War Between the States days and before.

I also was very saddened to see that the Old Clements-Cavender Homeplace had been torn down since my last visit which was maybe three or four years ago this coming Thanksgiving. Only the chimney, the back porch well, and the Cavender Cemetery remains. The property was bought by a Mr. Tarvin, who has a large chicken farm there now. But the good news is that the Cavender Cemetery is easily seen from the road now. It used to be most impossible to find. It took me many years of searching before.

Frank did show me a wonderful photo of the original "log cabin" portion of the old home place, after all of the additions had been stripped away. Before the dismantling of the structure, the boards covered the logs in such a way that for years no one could tell that it began as a one room log cabin. The logs that were taken down and are now in the possession of the Walker County Historical Commission of which Frank was a member when the homeplace was torn down. Though Frank is no longer a member of the board, I hope they will remember their plans to reassemble the log cabin near the Marsh Home just north of the square in downtown La Fayette. That would be wonderful.

Frank allowed me to bring back to South Carolina five books, journals, and diaries of the Parks and Clements and Cavenders to reproduce and mail back to him — which I have now done. In one of the journals, Dr. Wilson Clements — a son of Dr. Adam G. Clements and Martha Wilson Hill Park Clements — recorded that he and his family bought the "log cabin" in Villanow from a local man and moved in and began making additions to it over the years. I had been led to believe prior to reading this that one of my ancestors either hired a local Indian to build it for them, or that it had been an Indian home, and became my ancestor's home upon the Indians being forced from the area. Now I know the details of how my ancestors obtained the log cabin. I still don't know if there was an Indian connection concerning the construction of the home.

There is still the possibility of the log cabin being the birthplace of my Grandfather Judson Cicero Cavender, and even the possible birthplace of my mother Martha Eleanor Cavender Hightower. I still have to do more research on those possibilities. Cody — the homesick camper — and myself arrived at his home about 1:00 a.m. Thursday morning and then I got back to Branchville, SC, between 1:30 and 2:00 am.

It was a very long 430+ miles, but the trip was very successful as far as my searching for information on my ancestors and their homeplaces and families. It was very fulfilling and worthwhile. I just wish that you and I could have finally met. But there is still time for that. We have saved the best for the last.

Your Cousin, Eddie Hightower



Donald Smith

Local racing legend, dies Monday, July 18, 2005
By **RONNIE WHITE**
Times Motorsports Writer
ronnie@htimes.com

Don Smith loses 3-month battle with cancer
Huntsville Speedway has suffered another loss. Legendary Speedway driver Don Smith died Saturday after a three-month battle with cancer. The 63-year-old Gurley driver was known as a driver's driver and the quiet-spoken gentleman always let his actions on the track do his talking. Former Speedway promoter Ben David Atkinson said the Speedway had lost another legend.

"Don has been a friend of mine for a very long time," Atkinson said. "We worked together in the '60s at Pat Gray's Speed Shop, at some dealerships and we've been friends at the track for a long time.

"Don started off building engines for Peaches Thompson and later built his own engines when he raced at Huntsville Speedway. He was one of the few drivers that built their own engines and they were capable of running against the store-bought engine."

Former Speedway owner Howard Wayne Bentley was a big fan of Smith. Not only did Bentley race against Smith, he hired him to be the chief pit steward over the quarter-mile asphalt track. "I had the utmost respect for Don / guys I have ever been around. He was a super nice guy. He would fuss a little, but he would never cause any problems.

"I hired him to be over the pits because of his ability in building, maintaining and checking a race car. He was one of the best. I would put him up there with the late legendary car builder Charlie Chamblee."

Huntsville homebuilder David Nunn was a student of Smith when it came to building race car engines. "He was a good guy to learn from,"

Nunn said. "In 1966, (Jimmy) Duck Allison and I went to Daytona and I called legendary engine builder Smokey Yunick at his home because Hot Rod Magazine had done a story on him, telling how he took a stock 327 engine and got 550 horsepower out of it. He told me some things to do to the engine, but when I got back home I learned that Don had already done that.

"He was always on the cutting edge when it came to building engines. And he could also drive a race car. When Duck was winning everything at the Speedway he would have to go off for a couple weeks of summer camp and Don would fill in for him and he would win every time."

Longtime Speedway photographer Buster Walker had been friends with Smith since 1967 when the Gurley driver drove for Meridian Street Motors, which included Gary Wade Finley Sr.

The above article appeared in the Huntsville Times a couple of days after Don passed away.

The photo is of Ruth and Don along with their two children Stephen and Amy. It was made several years ago.

Died July 16, 2005

Donald R. "Don" Smith, 63, of Gurley died Saturday. Mr. Smith was a native of Madison County. He was a heavy equipment supervisor for Marshall Space Flight Center and a member of Gurley Church of Christ. He enjoyed automobile racing for over 30 years and was an avid fisherman and hunter. He was preceded in death by his parents, Ernest and Myrtle Smith. Survivors include his wife, Ruth Dedmon Smith; daughter, Amy Smith Vaughn of Maysville; son, Stephen Smith of Hazel Green; sister, Ann Miles of Gurley; two brothers, Johnny Smith and Jimmy Smith of Grant; and three grandchildren, Seth, Justin and Natalie. Visitation will be from 5 to 8 p.m. Monday at Berryhill Funeral Home. Funeral services will be at 11 a.m. Tuesday at the funeral home chapel with Leroy Dedmon and Bill Dedmon officiating. Burial will be in Valhalla Memory Gardens.

Published in The Huntsville Times on 7/17/2005.

From the Mail Bag



From: tdedmon@netzero.net
To: gldedmon@alltel.net
Subject: Brian Dedmon

Leroy, After a trip to Rhea County I have connected Brian Dedmon to Mark Dedmon b July 20, 1878 the son of Isaac Charles (Crate) Dedmon on my family tree. If this gets confusing Brian can check my family tree at rootsweb under tdedmon, I try to keep it up to date with the information I have. Brian's father Arvle B Dedmon b January 9, 1917 Rhea County, TN d Oct 29, 1992 Los Angeles, Calif.

Arvle's parents are Carl Samuel Dedmon b Oct 1, 1895 Soddy Daisy, TN and Vesta Travis b Dec 2, 1895 Rhea County, Tn d Dec 21, 1951 Los Angeles, Calif.

Carl Samuel Dedmon's parents are Mark Dedmon b July 20, 1878 Whitfield County, GA d May 10, 1916 Chattanooga, Hamilton County, Tn and Mimmie B Henderson b June 1879 Tennessee, they were married Oct 26, 1894 in Chattanooga, Tn. Mark was 16 and Mimmie was 15 when they married. Mark and Mimmie both remarried in 1901, Mark to Blanche Emma Thurman and Mimmie to William Sneed. Carl Samuel Dedmon appears in the 1910 Rhea County, Tn Census living with William Sneed and his mother Mimmie. Mark appears in the 1910 Chattanooga, Hamilton County, Tn Census with wife Blanche showing it is his second marriage. --Tim Dedmon

Thanks Tim for your continual research into the Dedmon family. This is new info for me as I had the Mark who married Minnie Henderson the son of Thomas Crawford Dedmon. I will correct my data and try to pass the info on to other family researchers. It is folks like you that keep the search for lost family members going. I am pleased to call you cousin... Leroy

Editors note: Tim has been a lot of help in searching the family information in and around the Chattanooga, TN area. It is amazing at how many discrepancies he has discovered, but as Sgt. Friday used to say... "Just the facts,just the facts".....

From: JMBHDB@aol.com
[mailto:JMBHDB@aol.com]
To: gldedmon@alltel.net
Subject: Re: family

Hope by now you're into your retirement - being retired you don't need to be too busy - ha!

My Dedmon connection is via my Great Grand Father,s sister Bethilda 'Tillie' White (born 10-1853 and I think Georgia) who married John H Dedmon (born April 1856 and I think born Alabama).

This information is from the 1900 Kaufman, Texas Census John H Dedmon b April 1856 in Alabama, Father born Alabama, mother born Virginia Wife: Bethilda b Oct 1855 in Georgia, father born Georgia, mother born Virginia, John and Bethilda have been married 24 years.

Sons: William H b July 1879 in Alabama
John b May 1888 in Texas
Fannie b November 1890 in Texas
Steryling b February 1895 in Texas

In letter dated 2-28-1981 to me from Oleta Gant (daughter of Wilford White - nephew of Tillie) - my granddad White (James Elisha) had one sister. I knew we called her Aunt Tillie. She was married to John Dedmon. Emma was their granddaughter (Emma married my GreatUncle William - they weren't married long). Aunt Tillie had several children - Matt, Fannie, John, Ed and some more I can't think of their names. Matt stayed with my mother when I was born.

Always pleases me when I come across KIN who are members of the church . (Church of Christ)
Jackie Mae Bishop

I am not sure if I answered you or not, since my "retirement" I have been extremely busy, but I really want to explore your family connection.... can you send me what you have, beginning with your family (children, g children, spouse, siblings, parents, g parents, and as far back as you have....

***I have found several of our "kin" who were members of the church.... (Church of Christ)
thanks, Leroy***

Family Reunion....

The descendants of John Marion Dickson are hosting a family reunion
(but other Dickson's (Dixon) are invited and welcome)

When? Oct. 15, 2005

Where? 497 Dickson Rd

(The home of Ruby Dickson Dedmon)

Call (770) 605-1920 for information



A PAINTING OF THE ORIGINAL HOUSE BUILT BY JOHN MARION DICKSON ABOUT 150 YEARS AGO. THE PAINTING WAS DONE BY ALMA RUTH (DEDMON) SMITH FROM A PHOTO. THE HOUSE STILL STANDS ALTHOUGH IT HAS BEEN SURROUNDED BY MORE STRUCTURE. RUBY DICKSON DEDMON WAS BORN HERE 93 YEARS AGO. SHE PRESENTLY LIVES HERE WITH HER SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, LEROY AND JANE DEDMON.

Bring your lunch (covered dish) and share in the fun.

We will begin eating around 1:00pm.

Bring photos and/or other information on the family.