

The Dedmon Connection

DECEMBER 2005 - Number 43

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

Happy Holidays



We are in the “Holiday Season”, which actually began around Halloween and has picked up momentum which will only slow to a crawl around New Year’s Day. That is the day we (mostly guys) will sit with our eyes glued to the “one-eyed monster” and cheer for our favorite football team. Well some of the favorites will have already played by then. In fact I am not sure when my Dawgs will be playing. Yes, I admit it, I am and have always been a Bulldog. Even in High School I was on the Rossville Bulldog team. I am a Georgia Boy from head to toe... Just to show how much I keep up with College Football, someone asked me the other day which college player was my favorite and I immediately replied, “Herschel Walker, of course”!!!! well the fact that he played in 1980 does not diminish the fact of his greatness. Guess I do live in the past....

YOU BETTER WATCH OUT...

Santa is coming to town... On two Saturdays, “Santa” was at Gwen’s Family Restaurant in Buchanan, GA making pictures with the kids. That was quite an experience. I remember a few years ago at our “Shop ‘til You Drop” in Woodstock, two of our Day School Students walked away and one said to the other, “Did you notice how much Santa looks like brother Leroy?”

One little boy was asked as he was placed on “Santa’s” knee, “What do you want for Christmas?” His puzzled look said it all as he asked, “Didn’t you get my letter?”.... What do you say?????



Two little boys were overheard talking and one said, “I don’t know about the Devil, you remember how Santa and the Easter Bunny turned out.”

It’s been a long time since Carrie (my granddaughter) sat on “Santa’s” knee. What do you want for Christmas, my dear. You can tell Santa.....

YOU BETTER NOT POUT...

To say the least, Curt was not a “happy camper” when he first sat on “Santa’s knee. I must say, he did get a little better following several minutes of walking around outside and looking at the tractors and other farm equipment in the lot next door



MY GREAT-GRANDSON, CURT

to the restaurant. He has a fascination for trucks and tractors. It is hard to believe that he is already two years old. Yep, he was born on December 23, 2003. Carrie had a small birthday party for him at the restaurant on the Sunday before Christmas. It was attended mostly by family members. Jane was able to be there, but I was not. His other great-grandparents, Curlis and Barbara Agan were in attendance.



FLOYD EARL DEDMON

I am not exactly sure when I first made contact with Floyd Earl Dedmon. I do know it was fairly early in the Dedmon research project. He



*Floyd Dedmon
1936-2005*

was extremely helpful, not only in supplying information to fill in the blanks in the “family tree”, but also in submitting articles for publication in the DEDMON CONNECTION.

One of my favorites was the story of “THE HOUSE”. (see Volume 22 for the complete story.) If I remember correctly it is a house

Floyd bought and restored. I think it is the house where He and Glenda have been living.



Anyway it was an interesting article about the house and who had owned it previously. This house was supposedly built by Julius W. Compton, in early spring, March 1898. In what was then Range, Hunt Co. TX. (...how do we know that? ...old newspapers on the closet walls!) He was the son of Joseph H. Compton of the Simpkins Creek farm. It was moved to it’s present location by A.J. Humpheries in 1950. He already owned the old school property in Alba and that’s where he put the house.

Floyd was unselfish in sharing his information. He maintained the Floyd E. Dedmon Family Tree at www.myfamily.com. When I received word of his passing on November 21, my first thought was that we have lost a good friend. I am not sure how many emails we exchanged in the past few years, but I know it was many. Until he became too sick to continue, I heard from him at least once a week. Although I never met him in person, I really felt as if I had known him a long time. He appeared to me as a kind and compassionate person, with a keen sense of humor. We will miss his participation in the family research project. I will be glad to hear from you with your thoughts on this kinsman who has gone to the “spirit” land.

Floyd was my fifth cousin, we connected at Marcus Richard Dedmon, the Revolutionary War Veteran, who was the first recorded to spell our surname D-E-D-M-O-N. His lineage was through Thomas and mine was through William, the two brothers who came to Georgia from North Carolina. Most of his family ended up in Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas. He married Barbara Jean Adkins in 1955 and divorced in 1976. To that union was born seven children. Michael, Keith, James, Ronald, Cheryl, Ellen and Janice. Floyd married Glenda Faye Hooper in 1977.

Glenda sent me this obituary info a few days ago. **Floyd Earl Dedmon** age 69 passed away in his home on Nov. 20, 2005. He is survived by is wife of 28 yrs., **Glenda**. A small memorial service was held in his home on November 23, 2005.

He is survived by 5 sons, **Michael Eugene** of Wash., **Keith Allan** of OK., **James Edward** of Florida, **Ronald Dean** of OK., and **Micheal Wayne Dozier** of Texas, and 4 daughters **Cheryl Miller** of OK., **Ellen Humphreys** of CA, **Janice Brillo** of OK and **Melissa M Smith** of Texas. Also, his brother Earnie Dedmon of CA. and sister Ruby Heffley of CA.. He has 21 grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by his father and mother Earnest and Rosetta Dedmon, sisters Mildred Dedmon and Louise Wills and step son Steven D. Dozier.

He will always be my best friend and he is only a moment away from me. --Glenda



Floyd & Glenda Christmas 2004

In The Mailbag



The following is three letters from Jackie Dedman. You may remember her as the publisher of the DEDMAN CONNECTION, a newsletter prior to the days of computers. She is the one who encouraged me to begin this newsletter. She is married to Chuck Dedman. We have never been able to find his exact location on the family tree. I don't know anyone who has been more diligent in searching for the missing link, than Jackie. This is disturbing news.

My Dear Friends and Family,

Just made a quick trip home from the hospital before going back. Wanted to send you a quick note. Chuck was in surgery 2 hours this morning. Received bad news from the doctor that he will recommend further surgery at Moffic Cancer Hospital in Tampa. He explained to me extensive surgery, (Chuck does not know yet) the doctor told me he will talk with him about it. Ex. removing kidney, part or all of bladder and part of liver. Please hold him up in your prayers.

Good Morning, Chuck phoned me last night. After I left the hospital our family doctor paid him a visit. He **does not** agree with the surgeons recommendation concerning all that surgery. Chuck seemed relieved, he is going to give it all some serious thought and prayer before he makes his decision. Thanks to all who sent well wishes. You all mean a lot to us.

Just to let you know I brought Chuck home from the hospital a short time ago. The doctor spoke with us and made an appointment for Chuck to discuss things with the doctors at Moffic Cancer Hospital. in Tampa. We will not know when he will go there until after Friday, they will call with appointment date. Afterwards Chuck will probably speak to our family doctor again before he makes any decision as to go for the surgery or not. The surgery will be *very serious* the doctor said with his age and health. It would involve removing his kidney and repairing his bladder. This will only take care of the bladder and kidney, with this being inside him like a toxin, it can travel to any other place in his body, the cancer could be back within a month. So Chuck has a lot of thinking and we both are praying over this. I want it to be his decision and not rush into anything. Just pray God will lead. Love, Jackie

CONGRATULATIONS..... or should I say ... you have my SYMPATHY



THOMAS AND DIANE

....but then, I might have to say which one gets the sympathy, and I have better judgment than to do something like that. My brother Tommy and his wife Diane Sparkman, just recently celebrated their big 40. They were married on December 23, 1965 at the Mission Ridge Baptist Church. The church is located on Mission Ridge Road, near Rossville, GA., close to the community where we moved in 1946.

From the ages 7 to 14 this was my "home church". Dad was a deacon and often my Bible Class Teacher. Mom sang in the choir. Diane's mother, Ruby Sparkman, played the piano. I guess it was there that I made my first "talk" at church. It was when I was about 13 or 14 on Friday night following a week long study course. It was more like a book review as I was to summarize before the whole church what we had studied that week. I also remember standing before the Vacation Bible School assembly at the Hickory Grove Baptist Church, near to where we now live and where Mom is a member, along with my sister Carolyn. If I remember correctly, I received a white rabbit for my efforts. I think I quoted the 23rd Psalm.

It is an interesting note that all three of the Dedmon boys (me, Tom and Bill) got our wives from Mission Ridge Road. We all knew each other. In fact, Bill's wife, Connie was the flower girl in our wedding. Mission Ridge Road is only about five miles in length, It begins on the north end at McFarland Avenue, near Rossville and ends at the Chickamauga-Flintstone Road at Wallaceville. The Mission Ridge Baptist Church was near the north end and Jane (my wife) lived on the south end at Wallaceville. Diane (Tom's wife) lived about half-way of the road and Connie (Bill's wife) lived about half-way between Diane and Jane.

Thanksgiving Feast



We have been gathering as a family at Mom's house for a long time. For Jane and myself it never has been a problem as to where we go this year. It is only right that this holiday be shared with both sides of the family. However, we lost Jane's Dad within two years of our marriage. The first two years were while we were still living near both parents and of course they only lived a couple of miles from each other. After my father-in-law passed away in 1961, Jane's mother moved to Henderson, TN to become a Dorm Mother at Freed-Hardeman College (it now has attained University status). We would eat Thanksgiving Dinner at my parents and then drive to West Tennessee to spend a few days with "granny". She passed away in 1972 and since then we have spent Thanksgiving at my parent's house.



In 1963 my parents moved to Huntsville, Alabama, and our family was growing. By then both my sisters had married (Carolyn married Claude Price and Ruth married Carl Hamby). Both our children, were born by then (Gary-1960 and Gwen-1962) and my sister, Carolyn, had one child, Kenneth, born in 1961. My sister Ruth lost her first husband, Carl Hamby, in a tragic automobile accident in 1961 and married Don Smith in 1963. Don passed away in July of this year. Tom was in the Air Force at first, but soon was discharged and married Diane Sparkman in 1965. Bill was still at home as he and Connie Buff did not marry until 1971. Our family numbered 13 when we carved the turkey in 1963.

Since Mom and Dad lived on a "dead-end" street, we would play football in the street in front of the house. Eventually that event acquired the name "Turkey Bowl". Through the years things change. I remember when my dad would participate in the contest to continually prove to the younger generation that we "old folks" could still "cut the mustard". At some point dad finally announced his retirement, making me the older generation. One by one we followed dad's example and left it to the "young folks". I guess it was the removal of trying to beat your dad



and uncles that brought the Turkey Bowl to only memories of the past. Now we just sit around and talk about the "good old days". I seem to be getting better at thinking of how good I was.....

Our family has grown!!! This year there were 42 that assembled for the traditional feast. Only 7 failed to show. If we counted correctly we now have 49 family members. Our number changes with deaths, marriages, births and divorces. Jane and I have two children, Gary and Gwen. Gary is married to Diane Toothman and they have two boys, Greg and Jonathan. Gwen is divorced, but has one daughter, Carrie Jane Rawls Webb and she has two children, Masie and Curt. Carolyn and Claude have three children, Kenneth, Susan and Mark. Kenneth is married to Becky Cagle and they have one son, Taylor. Becky has a daughter, Ashley Ellison, by a previous marriage. Susan is married to Scott Youngberg. Mark is married to Carmen Ship and she has 1 child, Chance, by a previous marriage. To the union of Ruth and Don was born two children: Steve and Amy. Steve is married to Tonya Whales and they have three children, Seth, Justin and Natalie. Tom and Diane have three children, Tony, Teresa and Jennifer. Teresa is married to Chris Kuhn. Bill and Connie have three children, Kym, Brian and Craig. Kym married Donnie Cochran and they had two children, Jessia and Amanda. Donnie and Kym are now divorced. Brian is married to Cynthia O'Bryant and they have two children, Hana and Morgan. Their third child is due any day. Craig is married to Brittany Walker. We lost Dad in 2003.

Mom still wants the family to come home and help consume the old bird. That in itself has changed. That old giant gobbler with the two large drumsticks and delicious home-made dressing packed inside, is replaced with a couple of turkey breasts. It is still good to have all of us at home for our annual meal. We love you mom.



RUBY DICKSON DEDMON LOOKS ON AT THE THANKSGIVING DAY ACTIVITIES.

DEATH NOTICES

(Some of the obits in this issue date back a couple of years, but I am including them anyway as they contain a wealth of info....)

Rebecca Ellen McElhaney Dedmon (1864 - 1946)

DEDMON – MRS. REBECCA, age 84, passed away at her residence, Cherokee Boulevard, early Sunday morning. Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. George Cain and Mrs. Porter Godsey; three sons, Ed and Tom Dedmon and John Isabell; brother, Charlie McElhaney, all of Chattanooga; also survived by 17 grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. Funeral services conducted by the Revs. W. T. McMahan and W. R. Houser, will be held from the Calvary Baptist Church Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Interment will be in Chattanooga Memorial Park. Pallbearers, active, will be the following nephews: Robert Dudley Talley, Wallace Miller, Roy L. McElhaney, Robert R. McElhaney, Elwood McElhaney and Charles J. McElhaney. Honorary, Andy Houser, Capt. Ed Ricketts, Leslie Runion, Johnnie Walker, Ralph Williams, Ira Brewer, Sanford Brown, A. O. Pierce, George Schroder, R. L. Taylor, Jack Bennett, Bill Neelby, Fred Polk, Tom Harris, J. T. Hoodenpyle, Murrell Phipps, Everett Rogers, Alex Rogers, Harry Brown, Lee Vandergriff, Luke Hixson, Max Hartman, Ed Hartman, Louis Williams and W. D. Gaston. The remains are at the National Funeral Home and will remain there until the hour of service.

(Chattanooga Times, Monday, December 23, 1946)

She was daughter of Thomas Nolan & Sarah Jane (Frank) McElhaney and wife of William J. Deadmon. She also was married to Robert Isbell, but I am not sure if it was before or after William. I am almost certain that I have published this obit previously, but was unable to locate it. This is Tim Dedmon's great grandmother. Tim was very diligent in searching this bit of family history. At one time we had the wrong William James as his ancestor. Tim did not give up and finally found the right William.

Karen Hale

Mrs. Karen Hale, age 42, of South Carthage, died Thursday evening, June 6, 2002, at the Vanderbilt University Medical Center. She is survived by her husband, John Hale; daughter, **Katrina Dedmon**; mother, Lois Dixon; and sister, Patricia Ray, all of South Carthage. Mrs. Hale's remains are at the Carthage Chapel of Sanderson Funeral Home. Her service will be conducted Sunday afternoon at 3:00 at the Carthage Church of the Nazarene with Bro. Ray Gomer officiating. Interment will follow in the Smith County Memorial Gardens. The family will receive friends at the Carthage Chapel on Saturday from 11:00 a.m. until 9:00 p.m. and on Sunday from 9:00 a.m. until departure for the church at 2:45 p.m. Sanderson Funeral Home of Carthage, directors.

I can't locate the connection to Katrina. I assume she is married to a Dedmon. So all you researchers start digging for information. We can find it, keep looking. --Leroy

Lesley Dedmon

Longtime McLoud resident Lesley Dedmon, 78, who had recently moved to Yukon, died Tuesday in Yukon. The son of William Henry and Lilly Mae Wimpy Dedmon was born Dec. 19, 1922, in Elk City, Okla. He grew up in the Oklahoma City area. Dedmon, who served in the U.S. Navy, was a truck driver. He was also an ordained Free Will Baptist minister and served in several central Oklahoma congregations. Preceding him in death were his parents; a son, Ivan "Hoss;" and 12 brothers and sisters. Survivors include his wife, Mary Kimball Dedmon, of the home; a son and daughter-in-law, Larry and Debbie Dedmon of Sarrento, Fla.; two daughters and a son-in-law, Regina G. Wells of Yukon, and Rebecca and Brian Borchers of Wylie, Texas, and six grandchildren, Chris, Jason, Tiffany, Sarah, Jill and Katie. Services will be 2 p.m. Friday at Oakland Chapel Baptist Church in Shawnee. Burial will follow at Dale Cemetery. Arrangements are under the direction of McNeil's Mustang Funeral Service, Mustang.

I don't have connections listed here either, so same thing applies as above. In the back of my mind there is a recollection of an inquiry about a Larry Dedmon --Leroy



WELCOME TO THE DEDMON FAMILY

The call came on Wednesday, December 21 from my nephew, Brian. "We are here at the hospital" he said, "but the baby has not been born yet". He promised to call back when it arrived and so he did about an hour later. The newest member of the Dedmon family is **Briana Coy Dedmon**. She weighed 6 lbs.-13oz. and



19" long. Her parents are Brian and Cindy Dedmon. Brian is the oldest son of my youngest brother, Bill. She joins a family of two sisters, Hana and Morgan.

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT.....



....MASIE IS GOING TO SCHOOL

It is hard to believe that she is almost five years old and going to school (kindergarten). I guess too much was said about it, cause she said, "I am tired of talking about what I did in school today..." guess she better get used to it....

DAVID LEE ROBERTS



Here is a picture of David Lee Roberts, 7 lbs-6 ozs, 19" long. Amber and baby are doing fine now. Great-grandparents are also doing a good job of spoiling him. --Winfred and Virginia.

The great-grandparents are in fact Winfred and Virginia Duke. They are long time friends of ours from Manchester, TN. David Lee is a nephew to Tommy and Ramona Deadman.

--Leroy

Winfred and Virginia are among some of our best friends. One of the benefits of preaching for more than 45 years is that you make lasting friendships. I moved to Manchester, Tennessee in August of 1964 to preach for the church at New Union. At that same time Winfred Duke began his teaching career at the New Union Elementary School. The school was located next door to the church building. They were members of the Gnat Hill Church of Christ, but Virginia grew up in the New Union congregation. I began teaching on a substitute basis at the school and would find time to take my recess on the softball field quite often. As our friendship developed we soon learned that Jane (my wife) and Winfred shared the same birthday. They were the same age. For many years we celebrated the birthday together. In fact after we moved from the area we continued the tradition for a number of years. Time and distance finally got the best of that. However, we are now living closer and recently Virginia sent me an email in which I replied, that we need to renew the birthday tradition. I don't think we can do that this year, but maybe next...



Eddie Hightower

**WISHING ALL MY DEDMON COUSINS
A VERY MERRY
CHRISTMAS**

*And A Most Healthy and
Happy New Year in 2006*

I Am A Descendent of Dedmon, Clements, Cavender, Park, Collins, Yandel, and other family connections of the Villanow, Walker County, Georgia, La Fayette, and Dalton areas.

My wife, Mazie (who is a “low-country” South Carolina native. - born in Denmark, SC) and I are now living in retirement in Branchville, South Carolina which is the location of the World’s First Railroad Junction. (Many of those who joined the fighting forces of the Confederate States of America passed through Branchville, and enjoyed some welcomed nourishment of “low-country” cooking and coffee in route to their ultimate destinations on the battlefields of S.C., N.C., V.A., M.D., P.A., etc. And they spent some mighty sad Christmases while separated from home family and friends in those wonderful North Georgia, and East Tennessee hill and mountains as they left Dalton, La Fayette, Villanow, Tunnel Hill, Ringgold, and nearby areas.)

Tonight, I once again, will travel over 40 miles to the Rivers Bridge Sons of Confederate Veterans Camp # 842. At that camp, we are dedicated to keeping alive the heritage which we inherited as descendents of those who suffered and sacrificed much for their loved ones who strived for liberty, individual and states rights, and independence from unrighteous tyrants. I join with my compatriots who are dedicated to defend the history, heritage, and honor of our ancestors who were so valiant and brave almost 150 years ago.

I had eight ancestors who stepped out of just one log cabin home in Villanow, Walker, Georgia, to fight for this precious Southern Independence. They were my Great-Grandfather Joseph Warren Cavender of Villanow’s Cavender General Store fame and his seven brother’s-in-law — the seven sons of Dr. Adam G. Clemments and Mary Wilson Hill Park.

That log cabin was disassembled within the last three years and has been placed in storage by the Walker County Historical Association in hopes of being reassembled in the Confederate Memorial Park

in downtown La Fayette where the many monuments and statues and the magnificent Marsh- Clements House are proudly constant reminders to us of those who with their life’s blood and sacrifice attempted to preserve the Southern Independence of the Confederate States of America.

It is left to us, alive today, to at least work and strive to preserve the history, heritage, and honor of our Confederate Ancestors who so many in this liberal and unrighteous age attempt to discredit and destroy.

And in this Season of Righteousness, we must even more be constantly reminded of the Son of Man, Jesus Christ our Savior, who, through his Ultimate Sacrifice of His earthly Life and His Sin-Cleansing Blood redeemed us from sin’s condemnation.

In that humble manger, there was born our Savior and Lord. And today the liberal and unrighteous world again attempts to discredit and destroy all that is Holy and Righteous. But we have seen the glorious uprising of His Christian Soldiers nationwide to preserve our right to wish our kin, friends, neighbors, and the world a “VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS — AND MOST HAPPY NEW YEAR !!!”

Your Christian Compatriot Cousin,
Eddie Hightower

FROM THE MAIL BAG

From: William Lynn Dedmon
<lledmon1@bellsouth.net>
Subject: Dedmon Connection

Hello Everyone, and Merry Christmas, Yes, it is still called Christmas at my house. Hope all of you have a great one.

Lynn Dedmon

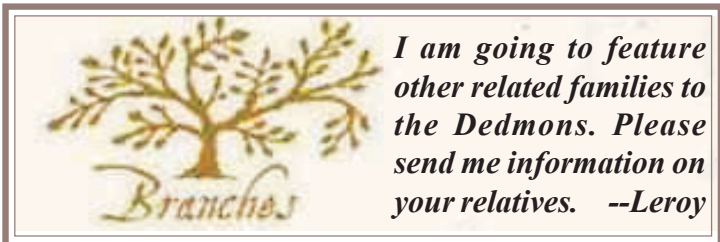
*Thank you Lynn and Merry Christmas to
you and family.* --Leroy



From: Tabitha Nelson
[bambi_44706@yahoo.com]
Date: Sat Dec 24, 2005
Subject: happy holidays

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to everyone. I hope everyone takes care and be praying this Christmas. My husband is in the service and is in Iraq till Jan 13th, maybe longer, so everyone please pray with me that he will come home peacefully. Thank you, love cousins, Tabitha and Kaitlyn, young great great granddaughter of Leon Dedmon

We wish you the best and will pray.... Leroy



The following poem was written by my sister, Alma Ruth Smith. If you recall, she lost her husband, Don Smith, in July to a rather short battle of cancer. Her first husband, Carl Hamby, was killed in a car wreck 18 months after they were married.

BRANCHES

Hambricht and Green, Frances and Alexander did wed,
Elizabeth, Sarah, John, Joseph, and Jones they had;
Lizzie married George, Templeton was his name,
Sally married Albert, his name was the same.

Lizzie and Lee, three daughters they had,
Esther, Lora, and Pearl, not one turned out bad....
Then there was Elgin, he was the only boy,
Four good children brought them nothing but joy.

Pearl was a beautiful girl with beaux by the score;
It came time to choose, she said, "It's George I adore!"
George Dickson married Pearl, what a lucky man,
They wanted to raise a family, that was the plan...

Ruby and Edna, two daughters were born,
Alas George died, my how they did mourn.
Times were hard raising children all alone,
Pearl saw there was only one thing to be done...

Pearl met Olan Vess, he was struggling like her;
They knew that soon something would occur...
Four daughters between them, they became a family,
Two more girls, it was "yours, mine, and ours" you see!

Gordon loved Ruby, his heart was aflame!
"Please marry me" said he, "Let me give you my name."
Everyone teased her. "You're robbing the cradle" they said;
But she followed her heart and yes, they were wed!

In just a few short years the family really grew:
Leroy, Carolyn, and Alma Ruth; Tommy was almost due;
Four babies in five years, what's a mother to do?
This she asked Gordon, but he didn't have a clue!

It was four years later that Billy was born,
He was to be the last, Gabriel, blow your horn!
Dad is gone now, but Mother is as fine as could be;
Her mind is still sharp at age ninety three!

--Alma Ruth Dedmon Hamby Smith

THE HAMBRIGHT CONNECTION

Lt. Colonel Fredrick Hambricht came to America from Germany, with his parents, when he was 11 years old. He is believed to have received a sound education that fitted him well for his activities in later life. About 1755 he moved from Lancaster County, PA., to Virginia where he married Sarah Hardin. In 1760, he settled near the South Fork of the Catawba River in North Carolina.

As Hambricht became immersed in the "America melting pot," he took part in battles against the Indians and the British. He served also in the provincial congress of the State of North Carolina. The value of his services was recognized by promotion to the rank of lieutenant colonel of militia.

This rank he held in 1780 when he received such a severe thigh wound in the action at Kings Mountain that he was forced to resign his commission. Finally, on March 9, in 1817, at the age of 90, Hambricht died on property he had purchased in later life in the vicinity of Kings Mountain. He is buried in the old Shiloh Presbyterian Church cemetery, not far from the present park boundary. -- *Kings Mountain National Military Park, SC, by George C. Mackenzie (National Park Service Handbook series #22)*

Fredrick's father was Hans Conrad Hambrecht. I don't have his mother's name. After Sarah passed away Fredrick married Mary Dover. Their granddaughter, Frances, married Alex Green and their daughter Frances Green married G. L. (Lee) Templeton, who is my great grandfather. G. L. is George Leroy, for whom I am named. Lee was the father of my grandmother, Pearl V. Templeton. She married George H. Dickson and to that union was born Ruby (my mom) and Edna. George died in the flu epidemic of 1918..



Frances Hambricht