

THE July - September
2008

DEDMON

Dedmon, Dedman, Dedmond,
Deadman, Deadmon, Dedmond

Connection
NUMBER 63



LEROY DEDMON, EDITOR

I really hope each of you had a great summer. Mine was pretty good except for the loss of our Mom. The last newsletter was a special edition in her memory. Even though the last issue (#62) was for July, 2008, I am publishing this one for the third quarter of this year (July - September). One of the reasons for including July again is in order to list the birthdays and anniversaries which occurred in July.

One factor which contributed to the busy summer was the fact I agreed to “work” (no comment) five days a week. This of course, makes it difficult to keep the grass mowed and work in the garden. I have my brother Tommy to thank for helping keep all this up. It seems the Blueberries and grapes made up for the sparse crop from last year. If there was ever a “bumper” crop, this year was it. The same can be said of the pear and apple trees. It was impossible for us to harvest all the fruit available to us. We gave a lot of it away.

The Deadman reunion which was held in Birmingham, Alabama in August appears to have been a success. I only wish I could have been present. There are so many in that branch of the tree I have corresponded with through the years but have never met. For many years I always thought the difference in spelling of our surname was an indication we were not related.... WRONG!!!! I have discovered close relatives who spell their name differently than mine. I lived almost twenty years in Middle Tennessee and crossed paths with a number of family members who spelled their name D-E-A-D-M-A-N, but neither of us knew enough about the family to make a connection. In fact, there are a number of Mid-TN Dedmons who spell their name “correctly”. I guess I assumed if they were not from Walker/Catoosa County, Georgia, they were not related. Even when Jeff Dedmon pitched for the Atlanta Braves and I was living less than an hour from Fulton County Stadium, the thought of us being related was never considered a possibility. I since have discovered we are.

I am sure I have told this story at some point in the past, but it is worth repeating. While living in Bremen, GA, we called some friends to meet us in Carrollton at a certain restaurant for a meal. They said they would have to bring their grand baby which was ok with us. The agreement was whoever arrived first, would reserve a table and there would be eleven of us counting the baby. When we arrived there was about an hour wait for the table and when I gave the name, Dedmon for a table of eleven, the hostess said, “Your name is already on the list for ten and one half. Naturally we assumed this would be us as they counted the baby as a half. Not seeing our friends, I asked about the ones who gave our name. We were told that they had gone down the street to a shopping center since the wait was an hour. Sure ‘nuff, about an hour later the loudspeaker called, Dedmon, table for ten and one half is now ready. As the announcement was made, our friends walked in the door. As I walked to the hostess to claim our table, another group stepped up and announced we are the Dedmons ready for our table. As I was ready to protest, our friends began to apologize for being late as they said they had just arrived. So you guessed it, they had not been there earlier and our name was not on the list for a table. The hostess was very nice and understanding the situation, promised us the next table, which she produced very quickly. Of course I then had to meet the other Dedmons. They had moved to Carrollton from Birmingham and we had a nice visit. Neither of us could believe two groups of Dedmons were waiting for a table at the same restaurant, and especially with the same number of people. Ten adults and one baby....



Down Memory Lane

*Send me your stories about the Dedmon and related families....
Come on folks!!! Dig into that old shoe box you have buried in the closet and bring out the goodies!!!!!!!*

John Henson, a great friend as well as a cousin and family researcher sent me some interesting photos of items in his family collections. They sure do bring about memories of the past. -Leroy
The pictures marked with words "ORIGINAL ARTIFACT" are things which were in the family for several generations. Things my Mother grew up seeing and working with, and I did the same. The youngest child, or the last child to leave home are usually the ones who got most of the keepsakes, and mementos. Some of these photographs were taken by a cousin of mine, Bradley Putnam. He has always been generous to a fault in assisting me with my books. I owe much to his enthusiasm and quick wit as we worked together on this project.
- JWH



THE SMOOTHING IRON (Original Artifact)

There were two or three irons which were in service during the weekly pressing. Two would sit face down on the "eye" of the kitchen stove. The other would be grasped with a hot pad and used as an ordinary electric iron would be. When it began too cool it would be swapped for one of the hot ones and the ironing would go on. One day when I was about three years old, Mother left the iron setting upright on the ironing board and went out of the room. I approached the ironing board, grasped this very iron with my bare hand and set it down on her dress, before the heat got to me. When Mom returned the iron was smoking away on one of her better dresses. Lifting the iron she showed me a brown wedge shaped burn on the fabric. I gave up ironing at right then. When there was a fire in the fire place and none in the kitchen stove, the iron was moved very close to the red hot coals and allowed to heat. They were called smoothing irons

TIRE GAUGE (Original Artifact)

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



WEIGHING SCALES (Original Artifact)

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

MOTHER'S KODAK (Original Artifact)

Mother always called this camera "My Kodak". It was an Ansco Vest pocket camera No. O, made by the Ansco Company in Binghamton, N. Y., in 1923. It used 2C film, and carried a Serial No. 57634. There was a small red sight glass in the back center of the device. It showed how many pictures had been taken on the current roll. Picture making time was a very happy time for me, but the long wait of about a week to get the processed photos back, seemed a year. They went somewhere in Texas to a processing plant named "Fox". There was a running red fox used as their logo. When I saw this in the mail box my joy knew no bounds. The "frozen images" of photos were of much more interest to me than the real life places or persons. Mr. George Eastman of Kodak tried to get the name "Kodak" accepted as the moniker for all cameras. Generally it was not so accepted, but Mom always used it as thus.



COAL OIL CAN (Original Artifact)

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

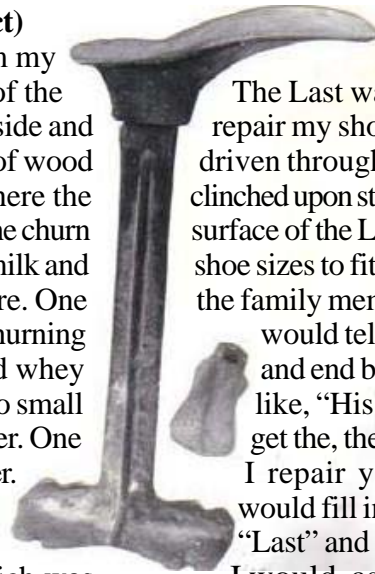




THE CHURN (Original Artifact)

This old crockery churn came from my great grandmother about the time of the Civil War. There is a handle on one side and an ear on the other. The lid is made of wood with a declivity around the hole where the wooden dasher went up and down. The churn was filled with fresh unpasteurized milk and set on the side of the hearth to culture. One could tell if the milk was ready for churning by looking to see if the clabber and whey had separated. Mother would get two small bowls and dig out some of the clabber. One was offered to me, and she ate the other. It was a long time before I began to develop a taste for the substance. Then she would do something which was unforgivable. She would put some of the whey into a glass and drink it. It was a clear straw

colored liquid, and I drew the line at this. She would put newspaper on the floor and sit me between two churns with a dasher in each hand and have me produce butter and buttermilk. When the butter began to gather, she would take it out and work the whey out of it, add some salt to it, and mold it into one pound blocks of butter. These were wrapped in wax paper before taking to the spring house or to market. In her latter years, Mother once confided in me of all the jobs around the farm, she hated churning the worse of all. No wonder I was pressed into service so often. It was difficult for me to believe she disliked anything she did. This churn was also the prime container for Sauerkraut making. We would go without buttermilk and butter while the kraut was "working".



THE LAST (Original Artifact)

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

I would ask her to continue but she would tell me that was the last. I had been taken, again. I ran through shoes like a billy goat and this Last was her one defense.

CIDER JUG

(Original Artifact)

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



SPECTACLES

Grandmother Edgemon's Glasses (Original Artifact)

I quote from Samuel L. Clemens as he began the ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER with the following terse comment about the Specs of the day. "The old lady pulled her spectacles down and looked over them about the room; then she put them up and looked out under them. She seldom or never looked *THROUGH* them for so small a thing



as a boy; they were her state pair, the pride of her heart, and were built for "style," not service-she could have seen through a pair of stove-lids just as well...." They spent more time on the bureau than on granny's face. Reading was impeded rather than enhanced by them. They also did not improve the appearance of the wearer. Now, there are those who would wear them today to give themselves a certain distinctive look. However, why should we discuss abnormal people.

MOTHER'S BANK PASSBOOK (Original Artifact)



When I was just three years old Mother opened me a Savings Account at this very Bank on Market Street at Main. The interest rate did not

compound during the depression, and was in the range of 2-1/2% simple interest. Many of the country people buried their money in fruit jars, and when the undertaker buried them the money was lost forever.

CROCK PITCHER (Original Artifact)



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

KEROSENE LAMP (Original Artifact)

One of the first chores after breakfast, the dishes, and milking of the cows was to clean the lamp globes. Mother would take about half a page of newspaper in her hand, and insert her arm into the globe and give it a wiping. The oily soot on the inside would adhere to the paper leaving the inside of the glass clean. I was always thankful when my hand grew too large to go within the globe. The wick was then rolled up and trimmed ever so carefully, for this determined to a large extent the form and evenness of the flame. I would turn the wick too high at night trying to dispel the darkness, and it would smoke up the inside of the lamp. The wick holder was then removed and the kerosene replenished. Mother did not have colored oil so she would fill the bowl with glass marbles, or red crepe paper. It added a pleasant appearance to the lamp. They were then set away for the day, ready for the night. Mom used to tell me how they began to smoke, and say they were going to explode. She would run it to the door and throw the lamp into the yard. The thing would burst and flames would shoot into the air. This was further proof it was going to explode, "For it exploded just as it struck the ground". I was curious about this and asked if one had ever blown-up while in the house or setting on the table. "No," she said, "We always caught them in time and they went up in the yard." There is no telling how many good lamps were thrown to waste.



HAIR CLIPPERS (Original Artifacts)

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

THE NIPPERS OR PINCHERS

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



(Original Artifact)

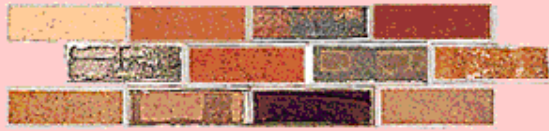
THE COTTON BOLL

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



Thanks John, I remember very well the cotton patch. Although most of my experience was "chopping cotton" when I visited my Gilbert cousins. Since we did not get out of school where I lived for "cotton picking vacation", I did not do much picking. At some point the government decided Catoosa County was no place for growing cotton, so many farmers built chicken houses. I did not have space for all the information sent, maybe in a later edition, I can use the rest. -LD

THE BRICK WALL



I have discovered at least five major Deadman branches that we have not been able to connect. If you have information on any of the Deadman family branches, please submit.

There are many “dead-ends” (no pun intended), in the Dedmon family research. Among which, includes all the attempts to link the family to Indian Ancestry. In almost every branch of the tree there are such attempts. The following exchange of letters is another example... (LD)

My name is Jonathan Mitchell. My grandmother on my father's side was originally Bonnie Mae Dedmon, daughter of Denver Cleve Dedmon and Geneva Louise Haney. I have been putting together a family tree and as far back as I have been able to go I have found only 1 relative who married into the Dedmon family who was born in Indian country of the Choctaw Nation.

I do not know how far back you might have traced but any information you have come across which I might be able to use in the tree would be helpful. It would appear the Dedmon family relation I have comes from Georgia, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Texas areas. The earliest name in the list of relatives is James T. Dedmon born in 1839 and died in 1922. Jonathan, [mailto:derf649@hotmail.com]

Upon hearing from Jonathan, I sent him the following reply:

Hey Jonathan, It was good to hear from you. Our lines do connect a couple of times. First we connect at the Dedmon side of the family with Mark Dedmon. He was a Revolutionary War Vet who fought at Kings Mountain. He is the first recorded family member to spell the name D-E-D-M-O-N. I think he was the great grandfather of the James Thomas b. 1839. My line comes through Mark's son William and yours comes through Mark's son Thomas. Another place we cross lines is a little more obscure. James Thomas married Susan Rebecca McEntire. Susan had a half-sister, Ellender Nellie McEntire, who married my great grandfather, William D. Dedmon. However, my grandfather was the son of William D. and his second wife, Mary Wells. I don't have much on your grandmother, Bonnie Mae. According to my records she

married Richard Owen and had three children, Iren, Donnie and Jeremy. I am guessing Irene may be your mother. Anyway, fill me in on the missing pieces. I do have some information about Bonnie's brother Jack, who according to my records was killed by his wife. The Dedmon family history I suppose is like many others. I am assuming you found the website at dedmon.org. I am attaching two files: One is the descendents of James Thomas and the other is the ancestors of him. If you have genealogy software, maybe I can send you a file of all I have which will import into your program. I use Family Tree Maker. According to the chart your grandmother is my fourth cousin twice removed and my fifth cousin once removed. It is not unusual to find kinship in more than one line as often cousins married. Good to hear from you and thanks, Leroy

Jonathan then sent me the following:

Thanks for getting back to me Leroy. Yes, Bonnie did have three children by the names of Donnie, Jeremy, and Ilene. Donnie is my father. My grandpa, Denver Dedmon lived in Reedley California and died in 2001 but his wife, Geneva, is still there as far as I know. I have been using ancestry.com to build a family tree but ordered some software last week for it. I'm on my way to work at the moment but will see what I can fill in later. Thanks again, Jonathan.

From: Megan Dedmon [megandedmon@gmail.com]

Hello! I just googled my grandfather's name (Leroy Dedmon) and found you. I thought you would be interested to know. He was born in October (can't remember the exact date) of 1932 to Austin Elmer Dedmon and Edith Evaline Patterson. I know he was born in Missouri, probably the Wright county area. I haven't had a lot of time to look, but in my search I've found other Dedmons in the same area but haven't been able to make the connection from my grandfather back to Seneca Dedmon and Beda Pool. If you happen to have any other information or resources to check, any info would be appreciated. Thanks, Megan

This is a Leroy I did not know about. The limb of our tree which contains Seneca Dedmon is still one of our unsolved mysteries. He is listed in some of the very early records in Georgia, but we are at a loss as to his parents. I keep hoping some piece of evidence will surface... --Leroy

**THIS
QUARTER'S
BIRTHDAYS AND AN-
NIVERSARIES**



**Happy Birthday to the following
who celebrated birthdays this quarter:**

Jana Richard - (7/5) .. Jana's grandfather was Herman August Dedmon. Our lines connect at Mark Dedmon. She is through his son Thomas and I am from Thomas' brother William.

Micheal Wayne Dozier - (7/10) .. Michael is the son of Glenda Dedmon and step-son of the late Floyd Earl Dedmon. Floyd is still missed by all the Dedmon researchers. His contributions to the "Dedmon Connection" were always enjoyed by the readers. Floyd was a brother to Ernie Dedmon, Jr. who is listed later in this article as he celebrates an August Birthday.

Amanda Cochran - (7/23) .. Amanda is the granddaughter of my brother Bill. Her mother is Kym Dedmon Cochran.

Ruth Smith - (7/24) .. Ruth is my youngest sister. She lived "part-time" with us the last couple of years in order to help our other sister Caroline care for mom.

Charles (Chuck) Dedman - (7/24) .. Charles is a descendent of Samuel Dedman, one of the lines which take us to a brick wall. We are still trying to make the connection which probably takes his line back to Christopher Dedman. At least this is what we suspect concerning his ancestry. (***Chuck passed away in September -- see page 7***)

Jackie Dedman - (7/28) .. Jackie was the wife of Chuck Dedman. She has done tremendous research on the Dedman/Dedmon/Deadman family and was the original publisher of a "snail-mail" newsletter called the **Dedman Connection**. Her encouragement caused me to begin the on-line publication you are now reading. It is my intention to republish those early newsletters, but have never gotten a "round tuit"

Ernie Dedmon, Jr. - (8/7) .. Ernie is the father of our "claim to fame" in the world of major league baseball. You may remember Jeff Dedmon a relief pitcher for the Atlanta Braves in the '80's before being traded to the Cleveland Indians. Jeff and wife, Wilma reside in Yorba Linda, CA. Their daughter Kristen has been the subject of several articles as we followed her "softball career" with UCLA. Ernie is 83 years old.

Ashley Ellison - (8/10) .. Ashley is the daughter of Rebecca Price, the wife of my nephew, Ken Price. Ken is the son of my sister, Carolyn and her husband, Claude Price.

Ruth Richard - (8/21) .. Ruth is Jana Richard's mother, and of course, the daughter of Herman August Dedmon. Ruth and Jana have been a lot of help through the years on family research. They live in Arkansas.

Teresa Dedmon Guerrero - (8/24) .. Teresa is my niece, the oldest daughter of my brother Tommy and his wife Diane. Teresa lives in Arkansas.

Ruth Glasscock Morton - (8/31) .. Ruth is my wife's sister and has been a part of the family for more than forty years. I thought it appropriate to include her.

Jennifer Dedmon Grant - (9/5) .. Jennifer is my niece, the daughter of Thomas and Diane Dedmon. She and her husband, David, live in Nashville, TN.

Kenneth Price - (9/8) .. Ken is my nephew, the oldest son of my sister Carolyn.

Sandra Kay Sholar - (9/14) .. Sandra is the daughter of my wife's sister (Ruth Glasscock Morton)

Stephen Ray Smith - (9/19) .. Steve is the son of my sister, Ruth Dedmon Smith.

Those celebrating anniversaries this quarter:



Scott and Suzi Youngberg - (8/1) Suzi is the daughter of my sister Carolyn. They live in the Florida Keys and Scott has made quite a name for himself as an entertainer with his guitar and songs.

Brian and Cindy Dedmon (7/11) .. Brian is the second child and oldest son of my brother Bill. They live next door to me and have three children, Hana, Morgan and Briana. He works for the Georgia Highway Patrol and Cindy works for Price Pharmacy in Ringgold, GA.



Carolyn and Claude Price - (9/2) Carolyn and Claude celebrated number 48. She is my sister and lives just across the field from us. They have three children, Kenneth, Suzi and Mark. Ken lives nearby at East Ridge, Suzi lives in Florida and Mark lives in Missouri.

If I left anyone out it is unintentional and it may mean I do not have the information. (LD)



From the mail box

Hello far distant relatives,

I am related to Clemeth and Rebecca through their son John Dedmon Cavender whose daughter was Darlin Ann Cavender, whose daughter was Fanny Hughes, my great Grandmother. I found a newsletter dated back in 2004 where you spoke a little about these ancestors. I would love to have history and pictures of them. I have most of the dates, just no details. Please write me or call me 503-390-1237. My paternal side of the family and I are eager to know more of our history. Thank you and sincerely yours, Mandy Marlow-Elder (pnmelder@netzero.com)

Thanks Mandy for letting us know about you and your family. The story of Clemeth Cavender is one of great interest in our family history. Speaking of this limb on the tree, Carole Thomason, a cousin on the Clemith Cavender/Rachel Deadman branch of the tree has been my proofreader for several years. I had not heard from her in a while, so I sent her an email inquiring of her health. Her response tells it all.

I'm hangin' in there. Not got to the proofreading yet — I'm having trouble with my eyes and am undergoing laser surgery to help with retinopathy. When it rains, it pours...

My eyesight kinda took a turn for the worse all at once. You should have seen me trying to back in my driveway last Friday, with a patch over my right eye because I'd just had one of those laser surgeries. Silly me! Why didn't I just pull in the driveway???? I didn't think that far ahead. It's like flipping a light switch when you know good and well that the power is off, but you flip it anyway :-)

My feet are doing better, and I'm getting around a little better. Much, much better than last summer! I hope you and the rest of your family are doing well! I hope you are doing well. Please don't let my uncooperativeness keep you from publishing those newsletters. Keep up your good work! —Carole (Get well soon Carole, I know our readers miss you very much. We need your proofing. --Leroy).

From: Shana Franks
[mailto:the_mommie_of_3@yahoo.com]
To: Leroy
Subject: Re: Dedmon Connection
Hey there Leroy,

This is Shana Franks now from Poteau. I think I have contacted you since we lived in California gosh about 10 years ago now. It was very interesting reading about Mark Dedmon since he is in my direct line. My great-great grandfather was Hansel Dedmon from Monroe, OK. I love the newsletter and learning even more about our tree. Hope all is well and am glad to be back in touch with you... Shana Franks

Thank you Shana for getting in touch and renewing our communication. I suppose you know Cheryl Frechem (see article on page 6 of our newsletter volume 61. Her great grandfather, John Harrison Dedmon, was a brother to your great great grandfather. It appears you both live in Poteau. --Leroy

OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY

Charles Owen Dedman



DEDMAN, Charles Owen 67, Commissioner East Lake Fire District; husband to Jackie; father to Timothy, Robert, Amy and Pamela; brother to Teresa and Deborah, joined his Lord and Savior on Sept. 18, 2008, at his home in Tarpon Springs. Joining in his homecoming

celebration were his parents, Owen and Dorothy Dedman; grandson, Jonathan Hunt; and numerous other relatives. Viewing and Masonic service Saturday, 6-8 pm, at Highest Praise Family Church, 1350 East Lake Rd., Tarpon Springs. Services will be Sunday, 3 pm at the church. Burial in Lexington, KY. In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be made to Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children, 12502 Pine Drive, Tampa, FL 33612 or Hospice of the FL Suncoast, 5771 Roosevelt Blvd., Clearwater, FL 33768.

Charles was the husband of Jackie Dedman. She was a big help to me in beginning "The Dedmon Connection". (See remarks on page 6) I have some information sent by Jackie which I plan to use in the next issue. --Leroy

OBITUARIES

Patricia Jones, 59, Chickamauga

Patricia "Pat" Diane Crews Jones of Chickamauga died Saturday, June 21, 2008. She was 59. She lived in the Chickamauga area for most of her life, and was a member of Trion Presbyterian Church. She worked as a laboratory technologist with Chattanooga Internal Medicine for more than 25 years and was a caretaker for many. She was also a devoted mother, wife and grandmother. She was preceded in death by her parents, Calvin and Madria Crews; her first husband, Conny Ray Wells; and her second husband, Samuel Hardeman Jones. Survivors include her daughter and son-in-law, Alicia and Rizwan Yousuf of Atlanta; stepson and spouse, David and Lana Jones of Atlanta; step-daughter and spouse, Renee and Jeffery Eldridge of Ooltewah, Tenn.; two brothers and sisters-in-law, Hal and Nancy Crews of Lake City, Fla., and Don and Jeannie Crews of Folkston; three step-grandchildren, **Heather Dedmon** and Joshua and Zachery Jones; and several nieces and nephews. Services: Wednesday, June 25, at 11 a.m. at the Fort Oglethorpe chapel with Rev. Stephen Jones officiating. Burial: Sardis Cemetery in Folkston. Visitation: Tuesday June 24, after 5 p.m. at the funeral home. Online guestbook at: www.wilsonfuneralhome.com. Arrangements by Wilson Funeral Home, Fort Oglethorpe.

I am not aware of who Heather Dedmon is, but plan to visit the Funeral home to see if they have some information which will help us discover how she relates to us. --Leroy

WARHURST, RANDALL C. "RANDY," 25, of Tampa, formerly of New Port Richey, died Monday (June 25, 2001) at home in Tampa. Born in Memphis, Tenn., he came here in 1997 from New Port Richey. He was an electronic technician at Your Tech Communications and a cook at A.J. Catfish, both in Tampa. He was a 1997 graduate of Tampa Technical Institute and of the Nazarene Faith. Survivors include his mother, Marsha Leonardo, New Port Richey; his father, Terry, Memphis, Tenn.; a sister, Samantha, Land O'Lakes; paternal grandmother, **Betty Dedmon**, Brownsville, Tenn., and maternal grandfather, Noah J. Dominique, Saundertown, R.I. Thomas B. Dobies Funeral Homes, New Port Richey.

Dr. Francis Berneil Dedmond

BOONE — Mr. Dedmond, age 89, of Howard Street, died Saturday afternoon, May 17, 2008 at Watauga Medical Center. He was born August 19, 1918 in Salisbury to Henry Baxter Dedmond, Sr. and Mae Fogelman Dedmond. Dr. Dedmond graduated from Catawba College then went on to complete graduate studies at Duke University and Florida State University where he earned his PhD in American Literature. He was Chairman of the English Department at Gardner Webb College and later Chairman of the English Department at Catawba College until his retirement. A distinguished scholar in his field, Dr. Dedmond published extensively in literary journals with an emphasis on American Renaissance. He authored several books, most notably, *Lengthened Shadows*, a History of Gardner Webb College (to honor the college's sixtieth anniversary), *Catawba, The Story of a College*, and *Sylvester Judd*. While continuing to publish well into his later years, Dr. Dedmond was a frequent contributor to many distinguished scholarly journals. Among them: *Studies in the American Renaissance*, *The Thomas Wolfe Review*, *American Transcendental Quarterly*, *Modern Language Quarterly*, *New England Quarterly*, *Concord Saunterer*, and *Thoreau Society Bulletin*. Dr. Dedmond was a member of the Thoreau Society. He is survived by his wife, Eris Arrowood Dedmond; one step-son, Alan Thomas Wilson and wife, Rebecca Spencer Wilson of Monroe, NC; one sister, Doris Dedmond Latham of Fayetteville, NC; three nieces, Linda Bridges of Lawrenceville, GA, Patricia Foster of Fayetteville, NC, and Joanne Herrmann of Raleigh, NC; two step-grandsons, Brian Wilson of Monroe, NC and Jonathan Wilson of Los Angeles, CA; and two step-great grandsons, Alex and Aaron Wilson, both of Monroe, NC. He was preceded in death by a brother, Henry Baxter Dedmond, Jr. Memorial services will be conducted Saturday afternoon, May 24th at 1:00 p.m. at the Rowan Memorial Park Chapel in Salisbury, officiated by Rev. Richard Spencer. In lieu of flowers, the family suggests memorials to a charity of the donor's choice. Online condolences may be made to the Dedmond family at austinandbarnesfuneralhome.com. Austin & Barnes Funeral Home & Crematory is serving the Dedmond family. --*The Charlotte Observer*