

THE Volume 77 DEDMON

Dedmon, Dedman, Dedmond,
Deadman, Deadmon, Dedmond



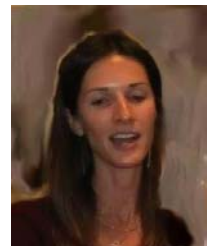
The Joys of Family Research

LEROY DEDMON When I determined to establish this web back in 1998, I had no idea what the rewards might be regarding the discovering of my cousins. Prior to the web page I was fortunate very early to meet Jim Dedmon, who had carved out the information way before the age of computers. He supplied me with tons of information that I never knew existed on the family. He also introduced me to some very key players in the research project. One of those was Danny McBee, a diligent researcher who lives in the cradle of our ancestry, Gastonia, NC. Another important person whom Jim introduced me to, was no stanger to our family right here in Ringgold, GA, Gordon Black. Gordon, not only was a cousin, but a great friend to the family for many years. I just did not know he was involved in the research project. Others that became my acquaintance were also cousins, Harrison Dedmond (I did a story as to why he added the “d” in a previous issue. From Harrison I met his brothers Robert and Lavern and his sister Jeanette. In the meantime there was an interesting story as to how I had already contcted Roberets wife, Marye. I wrote about that also in a previous issue. Then, Jim introduced me to Jackie Dedman, another very diligent researcher and actually the first publisher of the DEDMAN CONNECTION. Her’s was in the days of paper and stamps. She encouraged me to publish it electronically and after some persuasion, I rolled out the first issue in March, 1998 and it was only two pages, but it was a start. I did with her permission change the name to DEDMON CONNECTION and it has been my intention from day one to recreate hers for the internet, but of course I haven’t yet. I don’t remember how many she published, but I have all of them and still plan to do it when I retire. *(That I have done twice already.)* There were many others that surfaced prior to 1998 and in fact we had our first Nationwide Reunion prior to that, with Jim and Harrison coming all the way from California. Those were exciting times for this beginner in the research.

<http://www.dedmon.org>

I have never been so overwhelmed as I was the first few years of the web page. Of course, keep in mind internet research was just beginning. When folks bought a computer, one of the first things they would do is search on their surname. If you search on Dedmon, my name or the web page will usually come up in the first batch of responses. I remember the excitement of discovering the descendents of my grandfather’s half brother, Alfred Burton Dedmon. Judy Dedmon Cole called informing me she had found the connection for her family and they were descendents of Alfred, so we began filling in the blanks. The first picture published in the newsletter was Jordon Cook, the daughter of Judy’s sister, Elizabeth “Liz” Dedmon Cook. She was getting married and the story was in in the first publication. Shortly

thereafter, I corresponded with Guy Dedmon, Judy’s brother, who gave some interesting information on our surname. Another sister of Judy, Susan Dedmon Miller has become a facebook friend and she has been helpful in providing information as well. The other two brothers, Roy and James live in middle Tennessee and are chriopracters. In volume 74, I published the weddings of Jessica Lockavitch and Adam Miller, son of Susan Dedmon Miller and also Chad Hankins and Jennifer Dedmon, daughter of Guy Dedmon. *This issue of the newsletter is dedicated to Roy Lane Dedmon I, and it is an honor to call him a cousin.*



JORDON COOK



I REMEMBER DAD

by Elizabeth (Liz) Ann Dedmon Cook

Roy Lane Dedmon I, was born in Rochester, Texas on July 17, 1915 to Bessie Ann Williams (b.4/6/1893-d.1/1968) and Richard Bell Dedmon (b.1/20/1884-d.1/1957). His siblings were William Ray (b.11/23/1909- d.1994), Richard Burton (b.6/27/1911- d.4/20/1990), Samantha Pearl Ann (b.3/8/1913), Arthur Guy (b.5/23/1917 d-12/17/1944), Nellie Ann (died in infancy), Cora Eufalla Gwendolin (b.8/31/1920), and Bonnie Jean Margaret (b.4/17/1928). Like many families the first names given were not always the names used; they were called, Ray, Dick, Pearl, Roy, Guy, Sammy and Jean. Sammy's name is the only one that doesn't make sense. She said she wasn't very old when she realized boys had more fun and freedom so one day she announced her name was Sammy and she was a boy. Since she refused to answer to any other name, she got her way.

The Dedmons were a close family. They farmed the land they owned in Sagerton, Texas and according to Sammy they worked from sunup to sundown, Monday through Saturday noon. After 12pm, on Saturday, the older kids would disappear and she didn't see them again until time for church on Sunday.

This is an account written by Aunt Jean, "Now about growing up on a cotton farm on the Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos River in Texas. Granddad had 317 acres and grew cotton, maize, corn and a crop of watermelon to sell in the fall. There were a few milk cows and I learned to milk in a pound coffee can when I was six years old. Granddad could count on a profitable crop about every three years for he depended on the rain as there were no deep irrigation wells back then. Our house was on a hill and there was a cistern a hundred or so feet from the house and it was filled by rainwater piped down from the roof when we got rain. We had no running water in the house and Grandma washed clothes and we drank the water which sometimes she had to put several pints of salt into it when the water

would get brackish and the water would sweeten right up and taste good again. There was also a windmill about fifty feet south of the house that watered the cattle and pigs and also a small garden that was out by the well. There was a pond down under the hill that was lots of fun to play in. There was a cement porch across the front of the house and in the evening before we would go to bed, we brought buckets of water and everyone would wash their feet in the cool water, sitting on the front porch, before we went to bed.

On washday, after she got a wonderful gas washing machine, probably in the late 30's, we took a mule on a sled down to the cistern. We drew up the water in a bucket and poured it into a big barrel on the sled and then hauled it up the hill with a horse or mule (until Granddad got a John Deere tractor and we pulled it up the hill with that). We would dip into a huge black pot with fire under it (from wood) and then had to haul it into the wash house and pour it into the machine. We had two tubs to rinse the clothes and were very glad for the wringer on the machine.

The wash house was a small building probably 20 or 25 feet long with two rooms. The room on the west was the washhouse and the other end was a smokehouse where Granddad kept the cured meat that he fixed. I always thought that he made the best sausage and bacon in the world. Grandma would cook the sausage and put it into quart jars in hot weather and pour lard, just a small amount in, and seal it and turn it upside down in a cement cellar we had nearby. She also sliced the bacon and did not cook it but sealed it in the same manner and it worked well."

During the depression years, the Dedmons discovered a gravel pit on their property and life changed for the better. The government needed lots of gravel for the Federal Work Projects (that put people to work building roads and public buildings) so they had a steady income. It allowed them to buy property and even a car.

There is a story that I've heard my whole life about how the Dedmon's got to Colorado. It goes like this: The Dedmon family bought a Ford touring car in the 1930's, when many weren't buying cars. At the end of summer, when their crops were in, the boys would drive

continued page 3

to other farms and work for wages. They got as far north as the Western Slope of Colorado picking fruit and then onto to ranching for the Barnard and Woodring families. Pearl ended up marrying Carl Barnard and Jean married Martin Woodring and settling in Colorado.

Here is the account, by Aunt Pearl of the first trip to Colorado. She writes, *“The inspiration for the first trip out there came like this: Guy had been to Pennsylvania and worked in a dairy until he got homesick. He got himself back to Dallas, ran out of funds and started out to hitch hike on home. A trucker picked him up and as they visited, he told Guy he was on his way to Colorado to get a truck load of peaches at a place called Palisade. He asked Guy if he had ever seen any mountains. He hadn’t seen any spectacular ones in his life—so the guy said ‘You ought to go out for the peach harvest. You can make enough money to pay for the trip by picking peaches’. Guy said he didn’t have a car, (obviously) but his sister Pearl, a school teacher, had one. The trucker said ‘Well, she could pack peaches’. That was the year that Helen had gone to Mexico on a “did” with Dr. Holden and class. So, since she wasn’t there I asked Gertrude Ford—a college roommate of Helen’s. She liked the idea so she, Roy, Guy and I came to Palisade and did the peach harvest. We were early by two or three weeks, so we started looking for a job until the peach harvest started. Someone on North Avenue in Grand Jct. advised them to get a job haying until peaches came on. We went and they got a job on the Barnard Ranch though the folks had rented the ranch to a man from Missouri. He hired Roy and Guy to hay a week or so, then to do the Peach harvest.*

As we came from Texas, we camped out at night, cooked in a big black iron skillet over a campfire—mostly pancakes, the boys called them “Dough Gobs”. Gertrude and I camped in some willows down by the river at Cameo. Finally we all got a job at the same orchard. The boys picked, Gertrude and I packed. Had a great time. We went home by the Grand Canyon. The next year we came in my camper pickup. It was homemade black oilcloth on a wooden frame for the camper shell.”

Then Aunt Jean wrote about that second trip: *“On that second trip out, Uncle Ray and Aunt Sam joined*

Pearl, Guy and your Dad, I’m not sure but I think they were the total that went that year. Uncle Ray was driving because “he was oldest” and they took turns where they rode in front or back. When they got over the line into Colorado, they stopped and your Dad and Uncle Guy disappeared. After a while they returned, crawled in the back and they were on their way. Before long, they were beating on the cab for a stop and Uncle Ray just kept driving and they kept beating. Finally they looked in the rear view window and saw clothes flying all over the highway. The stop revealed that Roy and Guy had found a liquor store and they had bought a big jug of wine and had drunk most of it and they needed a pit stop. They went on up to Plateau Valley and camped by Plateau Creek and Pearl went to the Barnard’s to help her cook for the hay hands and Aunt Sam remained in camp. Finally, it was mentioned that Aunt Sam was down camping on the creek and Mrs. Barnard told them to ‘go down and get that child and bring her here’. So they did.”

That explains how Aunt Pearl met the Barnard’s, but I never got the story of how Aunt Jean met Martin Woodring. And, I never heard who Helen was. Roy graduated from high school in Sagerton and with his brother Dick, he went to Texas Chiropractic College in Pasadena, Texas. They didn’t have lots of people to practice on and were so excited about what they were learning that they gave each other adjustments so often that they were sore and over-adjusted most of the time. He once told me that it was a wonder they didn’t cripple each other. It only took about two years for an advanced degree then, they graduated Dec 10, 1935.



(L-R) ROY AND GUY DEDMON)

On November 22, 1940, Roy and his brother Guy enlisted in the Army. They took their basic training at Camp Polk, Louisiana. The mosquitoes were huge and some of the nighttime training put them up against unknown animals in the dark. But, they had a good time when they got time off and could go into Leesville

continued page 4

for drinking and carrying on. DeRidder was a dry town so there wasn't any drinking to be done there, but they did have parties and parades. In one parade, the Calvary boys rode down the middle of Pine Street throwing out cartridge shells. In the shells were their names and Army address so the girls could write to them after they went to war. By coincidence, Pearl Dees was a 13-year-old tomboy playing in the street catching the casings and giving them to her older sister, Edith. Roy swears he saw her and decided then that he would let her grow up a bit and after the war, come back to marry her.

After basic training, Roy went into the 1st Calvary (the last Calvary unit in the Army) and Guy was in Armory. Roy's training for the 1st Calvary was at Ft. Bliss, Texas. Roy was honorably discharged in 1942 to accept his officers' commission. He re-entered the service in June 1942 as a 2nd Lieutenant. For the rest of 1942 and 1943 he was stationed at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma, Ft. Riley, Kansas, and Ft. Sam Houston, Texas.



ROY LANE DEDMON I

In 1944, Roy was sent to Ft. Riley for officer's advanced training. He was sent to Europe after more Calvary Training at Ft. Hood. In December of 1944, his brother, Guy, was killed in Belgium when a grenade was thrown into his tank. Roy was part of the European land war with General George Patton. He went all the way to the Battle of the Bulge as part of the 7th Armored Division. During that time (May 1945) he was promoted to Captain. In August 1945, he was back at Ft. Riley for duty with the Calvary School.

In December he purchased 160 acres of farmland in Longview, Louisiana for \$1,250.00. He once told us that Ft. Polk was the area he had last been with Guy and he felt close to him there. One of the last times he saw his brother was as their two army divisions passed in a parade down the main street of DeRidder.

In February 1946, he left the army and became an active member of the Army reserves. He opened a Chiropractic office in DeRidder Louisiana and his parents and sister, Sammy (with her son, Mike), also moved to DeRidder. (At this time, the elder Dedmon's also kept a home in Texas and had a hotel in Colorado.) In March 1947, he organized the Reserve Group of Longview, Louisiana.

Roy's office was on Warren Street, just down from the 407 Warren Street where Pearl Dees had The Cinderella Beauty Shop in her parent's home. Bessie Dedmon went to the Cinderella Beauty Shop and told Pearl she should take her mother to see Roy when her back hurt.

The first time Pearl met Roy was in his office. She had driven her Mother down the street for an appointment. Roy came into the office, straight from his farm, where he had been planting garlic. Roy always liked the taste of raw garlic so it wasn't surprising that he had been eating the garlic as he planted. The first thing Pearl thought about Roy was, 'He's tall and he stinks!' She was 5'2" and he was 6'5". They knew each other 2 months when they got married October 18, 1947 in Lake Charles, Louisiana.

Just before they married, Roy bought the old Osteopath Clinic and Hospital at 110 N. Royal Street as well as the little house behind. One of the first orders of business was a complete renovation. Pearl's brother, Bud, converted a stark kitchen with no cabinets or counter tops into a modern dream kitchen. He also updated the living area and, over time, converted the upstairs rooms into 4 modern apartments.

Their first child, a son, was born August 18, 1948. He was named Arthur Guy, for Roy's brother, Guy. He was born at home and delivered by Dr. Marseilles. Roy and Dr. Marseilles were only ones there for the birth, but there were lots of people waiting to see the results. Pearl's Mother, Mr. & Mrs. Dedmon and Sammy were all there. As soon as Guy was cleaned up, Sammy took him up for Roy's patients to see and admire.

In March 1949, Roy left the reserves for the National Guard. In August he was assigned to the DeRidder National Guard, Company B. Roy & Pearl had wanted two children, a boy and a girl, within 2 years of each other and it looked like their wish would come true. On

continued page 5

January 26, 1950, a daughter was born. She was named Cynthia Lou and although she was only 5 pounds at birth, she looked perfect. She wasn't perfect; she had a heart valve defect that they used to call a 'blue baby'. The valves were not formed correctly and there was nothing that could be done. She died a week after she was born.

In August 1950, Roy received notice that he would be called back into active service with the Army. October 2 he was promoted to Major and October 5 he reported to active duty in Alexandria, Louisiana. By December he was stationed at Camp Polk with the 773HV Tank Division. (An interesting note at this point there was never any note of a Social Security number, his Military Serial number, 0*****0, was used).

On December 17, 1950, their second daughter made her entrance. She was named Judith Pearl. The Pearl was for her mother, but she was called Judy (sometimes she was called Judy-Bug). She was born in the hospital at Fort Polk as the doctor thought she might have special needs. The hospital was a bit rough, with holes in the floors and walls. The birth was difficult for both Pearl and Judy.

Roy was at Camp Polk as a Tank Training Instructor until June 1951. He was sent to Big Delta, Alaska for 36 days of Army Arctic Instruction. In July he was sent to Yokohama, Japan where he stayed until Sept 1, 1951. He saw first hand the effects of the BOMB on Hiroshima, Japan and assisted with final clean up of the area. He sent Japanese clothing and gifts back home. September 22, 1951, he was assigned Compartment Commander of troops to Korea. When they arrived in Korea he was made Headquarters Commandant. In January 1952 he was reassigned to the 73rd Med. Tank Battalion. While Roy was in Korea, the rest of the family waited in Kissame, Florida until his return.

In August 1952, he returned and the family went back to DeRidder to pack up for the next assignment in San Pedro, just outside Los Angeles. They lived in Long Beach, California where Roy was part of an instructor group. It was a beautiful place to live; there were lemon trees in the backyard and sunshine most every day. In October Roy was commended for his design of a basket to catch spent shell casing, thus saving the army millions

of dollars. Roy was also the Army Field Rep to act as liaison with the local Army advisory committee in San Diego. May 1953, Roy was transferred to San Diego as Instructor of the Army Reserves at Coronado Naval Station.

On November 18, 1953, Elizabeth Anne was born, on Coronado Island, at the Naval Station. She was named for both of her grandmothers. Pearl wanted to call her Elizabeth or Beth Anne, Roy called her Lizzie. She was born just minutes after midnight but due to confusion in data entry, her birth certificate read November 18. Thus, the unknowing Military community affected another innocent life.

In October 1954, Roy was made temporary Deputy Post Commander at Ft. Rosecrans, California. And, on November 18, 1954, he was promoted to Lt. Colonel.

On May 20, 1955, Susan Jean was born, on Coronado Island, at the Naval Station. She was named by her older sister Judy who called all her baby dolls Susie. At least they got her birth certificate correct!

October 24, 1955, Roy was given orders for Germany so the family returned to DeRidder for a visit and the chance to say good-bye to family. They flew to New York City, but instead of flying on to Germany, Roy decided it would be more interesting to take a ship. The original idea was for Roy to accompany the family on the ship, but at the last moment he was assigned to steerage with the troops. He could join the family for meals and during free time, but most of the responsibility fell on Pearl. They arrived in Stuttgart and finally onto Vilseck in November. They lived on the economy, which meant they were not assigned military housing. They used the PX and Commissary, but lived and went to school with the local German people. Guy and Judy both learned the language easily.

In January 1957, Roy's father passed away. Around the same time he was transferred to Captieux, France, as the Assistant Troop Commander. Again, the family lived on the economy, in public housing. On November 7, Roy had a meeting in Orleans. Many of the officer's wives accompanied their husbands, in order to go Christmas shopping. Pearl wanted to make the trip, but couldn't find a sitter for the children. Because Pearl couldn't make the trip,

continued page 6

Roy went to the shops for her and one thing he bought was a large stainless steel roasting pan for their Thanksgiving turkey. On the drive home that night (11pm) Roy had an accident. From the accident report, Roy reported, *"I was driving south on highway N 132, 4 kilometers north of Captieux, when I saw a car pulled off and stopped on the right side of the road (SP3 Rudd & Hunter had made a latrine call). I moved to the left to pass it and after doing so I tried to pull back to my side on the right and for some reason was unable to do so. I realized that I could not drive straight down the road, as there was a continuous pull to the left. I saw that I could not avoid sticking a large tree so I moved to the right side of the car to get away from the steering wheel. I was dazed by the impact of hitting the tree and did not realize that I was injured. SP3 Rudd & Hunter, who were in the car that I just passed, came running to give me assistance. They helped me into their car and took me to the Dispensary at Captieux where I was examined and immediately sent to the US Army Hospital at Bussac."*

The medical report diagnosis was: 1) Multiple left rib fractures, lacerations of left lung, complete left pneumothorax and small left hemethorax. 2) Displaced fractures of 1st through 4th left metatarsals. 3) Deep laceration of chin. 4) Cerebral concussion, mild. 5) Fracture and displacement of upper front teeth. They didn't expect him to live. A car was sent to take Pearl to the hospital and it followed the ambulance. They later told Pearl that they had driven slower than normal because of the groans and sounds of pain Roy was making were so loud they could be heard outside the ambulance. He was in and out of the hospital at Orleans from before Thanksgiving until after Easter. At Christmas he was able to join the family in Paris. The hotel room was on the 5th floor and the bathroom was on the 3rd, but they were all together for the holidays. Pearl bought a 12" Christmas Tree and Pere Noel table topper. The kids were amazed that the French Santa Claus was so skinny. While in the hotel Roy read the book, *The Princess and the Goblin* to the kids.

Roy had to be in the hospital before and after his many surgeries and to beat the boredom, he took up painting (by numbers). He completed many works, such as Di Vinci's Last Supper. (This painting hung in the families dining room for many, many years.) During one week

of his stay in the hospital, Roy could also visit his daughter Lizzie as she was in the hospital with a bad case of the measles. Despite the doctors dire predictions, Roy beat the odds and even managed to walk out of the hospital using a cane. The roasting pan also survived and was used for Thanksgiving turkey for 20 years or longer.

In July 1959, the whole family returned to the states as Roy was stationed at Ft. Knox, Kentucky. The return to the states wasn't without difficulty as all the household belongings were shipped. They had to spend some time in storage and by the time they were delivered it was discovered there was water damage to almost everything. All the family photos, other than some slides, were lost. Much of the furniture was salvaged, but they received over \$130,000 in settlement.

The family enjoyed camping and fishing in Kentucky and Tennessee so much that Roy purchased 400 acres of land in Tennessee (near Camden) with access to the Kentucky Lake. The family would load up Army surplus tents, sleeping bags and leaky air mattresses as well as food for a week of primitive camping. Everyone would fish or swim in the lake, except Pearl who would be back at camp; cooking or making cheese or straining drinking water.

In April 1960, three months before his 45th birthday, Roy got his first pair of reading glasses. On December 1, 1960 Roy received news that he would be stationed at Ft. Wainwright, Alaska (just outside Fairbanks). Aunt Sam asked if her oldest son, Glyn Michael Williams, could accompany the family in order to attend college. Roy & Pearl unofficially adopted* him. (He was listed as an adopted son on the transfer and on 1961 tax forms). In Alaska, Roy was the Assistant Chief of Staff, Intelligence Yukon Command, USARAL and Liaison officer for Research and Development. Always an avid gardener, he enjoyed the short, but prolific growing season for flowers and vegetables, in Fairbanks. He grew the most amazing garden in Alaska and won prizes for his radishes (up to 6lbs) and cabbages.

His sixth child, a son, was born February 18, 1961 in Fairbanks, Alaska. He was named Roy Lane II. That's not exactly legal as a child is a junior when named after his father and a second when named after his grandfather. But, Pearl hated the thought that Roy would ever be called Junior so she put II on his birth certificate.

continued page 7

In July 1961 that unofficial adoption of cousin Mike caused the IRS to look extra hard at their tax returns and they were audited. In December Mike took Pearl and the children out for a drive and wrecked the car. He was given a ticket for excess speed when he hit another car. No one was dressed for walking in the cold and Roy suffered frostbite on his cheeks where the tears streamed down his face.

The spring and summer of 1962 was a very good year for Roy's garden and he won 1st place in the Ft. Wainwright Beautification Contest for the front yard. On May 24, 1963, the family left Ft. Wainwright by car. Picture this; 2 months and 7 people (Mike stayed on in Alaska to finish college) in a car as they traveled down the AL-CAN Highway, through Seattle to pick up a new Chevrolet station wagon, to Disney World in California, through some of the most amazing scenery in the West (like the Grand Canyon), to Colorado to visit relatives on the Western Slope, into Louisiana for a visit and all the way to Murfreesboro, Tennessee. They stayed with relatives, in hotels; motels and even did some camping. Other than Judy's horrible case of poison ivy, it was wonderful.

Roy was made the Senior Army Advisor, USA Adv. Op. in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. In February 1964 they bought a home at 212 S. Tennessee Blvd. In August, Roy was an Armour Instructor at the Instructor Conference in Ft. Knox, Kentucky.

Due to a denied promotion, Roy retired from active service in the summer of 1965. Pearl had a children's clothing store, *The Young Set Shop*, and then a beauty shop on the square. Roy started a little 'junkique' shop in his spare time. He enjoyed going to auctions (the auctioneers called him 'Colonel') and puttering in his shop.

His seventh and final child was born August 18, 1965 in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. He was named James William after his maternal grandfather and called Jimmy. Jimmy had terrible allergies, which became obvious shortly after his birth. He was a true miracle child.

In 1967 Roy returned to Texas Chiropractic College in Pasadena, Texas to reinstate his Chiropractic license. Even though he was 54 years old, he had two young sons to raise and he had never lost his love of the profession. In October 1968 he was re-licensed as a Chiropractor.

His mother died in January 1968 while she was visiting his brother, Dick. In the summer of 1970, the family (all except Guy who had joined the Army and was stationed in Viet Nam and Judy who was in College at MTSU) moved to DeRidder, Louisiana. Roy set up his practice in the old house at 110 N. Royal Street. Even though he had been gone for over 25 years, he had many people remember him and his practice flourished. Sometime he was too busy and didn't have enough time to spend in his garden. He had a small 'kitchen' garden in the back of the house and a larger garden in that he shared with his brother-in-law, Bud, in the fields behind Bud's house.

The house was always in need of something and he had a handy man named, Mr. Woody. Mr. Woody converted an unused hallway into a bedroom for the two younger sons while Liz and Sue shared an efficiency apartment upstairs. Mr. Woody didn't have a knack for finish work, but it was stable.

In 1975, he closed the practice in DeRidder to join the Pearl and the boys in Camden, Tennessee. He opened an office there and was it too was successful. They had a large ranch style home where all the children could return for holidays, and very often did. Roy cultivated the field around a pond, at the side of the house, and grew all the summer vegetables the family could eat.

Roy and Pearl made one final move together, in 1987. This time, to Crestview, Florida where there are no ice storms in the winter and the growing season never stops. They had a huge auction before leaving and still managed to load the largest, rentable, U-Haul truck full of possessions. The plan was to set up a Chiropractic Office in Crestview so a building was bought and renovations were made. In the meantime, Roy became tired and ill. It took weeks of tests to finally confirm he had terminal cancer that had started in his colon. The Florida office was never opened, but he fought a valiant fight. He died October 7, 1987, surrounded by people who loved him dearly. Roy is buried in the Barrancus Naval Cemetery in Pensacola, Florida.

I hope all the readers enjoyed this story as much as I. There were times I was living close enough to meet Roy, but never did. My father told me he once met a Guy Dedmon while he was working in Huntsville, Alabama at the Redstone Arsenal. I believe this was the son of Roy Lane. I have never met any of this family "face to face", but have exchanged emails and other messages with some of them in the past twelve years. I will be glad to publish stories of any of our family that is sent to me. There has been several in the past. --Leroy



Allie Pearl Dees Dedmon (1926-2001)

Allie Pearl Dees was born on May 3, 1926 in DeRidder, Louisiana, to Donnie Elizabeth Barton Dees and James Bryant Dees. After a two month courtship, she married Roy Lane Dedmon on August 18, 1947 in Lake Charles, Louisiana. BTW, she was 5'2" and he was 6'5". Roy and Pearl had seven children: **Arthur Guy II** (b: August 18, 1948), **Cynthia Lou** (b: January 26, 1950 d: January 30, 1950), **Judith Pearl** (b: December 17, 1950), **Elizabeth Anne** (b: November 18, 1953), **Susan Jean** (b: May 20 1955), **Roy Lane II** (b: February 18, 1960), **James William** (b: August 18, 1965). Grandchildren: Guy had **Jennifer and Allie**, Judy had **Alexander and Nick**, Liz had **Jordan Elizabeth**, Susie had **Christian, Rush and Adam**, Roy had **Jae Lindsey, Roy Lane III and Logan**. Pearl died on March 12, 2001, at her home after battling cancer for over 3 years. A memorial service was held on March 15, at Hamilton United Methodist Church in Nashville. Memorial contributions were made to American Cancer Society, Hospice of Tennessee and Kentuckianna Children's Home. West Harpeth Funeral Home and Crematory were in charge of the arrangements. On June 15, 2001, her ashes were buried with Roy at Barrancas National Cemetery in Pensacola, Florida. Her headstone reads:

"She Touched the World With Love"

(Thanks to Judy, Liz and Susan for providing me with the information on their parents for this special edition on the life of Roy Lane Dedmon)

Martin Edward Woodring Aug 7, 1927 - Feb 2, 2010

Martin Edward Woodring, retired rancher and cattle trader, died unexpectedly at University Medical Center in Las Vegas, NV on February 2, 2010. He was 82 years old. Martin was born at home in Mesa, CO on August 7, 1927 to Rondall and Aina Nygren Woodring. Martin was the first baby delivered by Dr. Ziegal in the Plateau Valley. He was very close to his only sister, Marjorie especially after their mother died when Martin was 11 and Marge 9. He attended the Bull Creek school in Molina, the school in Mesa, then graduated from the Collbran Union High School. Martin was married to his high school sweetheart, **Bonnie Jean Dedmon** on February 22, 1946. He was called to duty and served in the European campaign in WWII. After his discharge, he came home to work with his father on the family ranch. Martin and Jean had four children, Mary, Barbara, Martin Jr. and Craig. In the early 1950's, Martin began to buy and sell cattle as a business along side the ranch to supplement their income and enlarge the ranch. He liked the challenge of this work and each year his business grew. Martin purchased and developed ranches in Mesa, CO, Aberdeen SD and returned to Colorado to ranch in Steamboat Springs and Maybell. By the time all of their children had grown, Martin and Jean were traveling throughout the west and mid-west buying and selling cattle while still running the family ranching business in Mesa, Colorado. With Martin's business ability and Jean's charm, their business did very well and they made many lifelong friends. After almost 57 years of marriage, Jean died on January 6, 2003. He remarried Carol Neigut in February 2005. Martin is survived by his wife, Carol; his sister, Marge Smith; his children, Mary Nichols, Barbara (John) Auditore, Martin (Santee) Woodring Jr., and Craig (Jennifer) Woodring; ten grandchildren, and six great grandchildren with two more expected this year. Martin worked hard and he played hard. He loved the cattle business and the Plateau Valley. He thought heaven started at the Utah border and ended at the Continental Divide. No matter where he went, he always loved coming home. Martin was competitive, whether at work or at play. He was still trading cattle until the very end. He also loved to play cards. Panguini and Pinochle were some of his favorites. Martin and Jean had many card parties over the years. Lately, he liked playing Black-jack and Pai Gow in Mesquite. On Sundays, he always played in the first Blackjack tournament, sitting in chair one, at table one. To honor his memory, February 7th, his friends in Mesquite have reserved that chair at that table for him. The graveside service will be at 10:30 a.m. on Saturday, February 13, 2010 at the Mesa Cemetery. A memorial luncheon in his memory, for visiting and connecting with old friends, will be held at the Molina Baptist church at 11:30 a.m.



Bonnie Jean Dedmon, was a sister to Roy Lane Dedmon.