

The Connector

Newsletter of the Tar River Connections Genealogical Society
Preserving the Past ... for the Future

Spring 2006

Peggy Strickland & Billie Jo Matthews, Co-Editors Volume 10 Number 2

Granville County Girl Wasn't Scared! Parachutist Demonstrated "Life Preserver of the Air"

Georgia Ann Thompson was born near Oxford, Granville Co., NC in 1893. She was called "Tiny" because she weighed only 3 lbs at birth and was only about 4½' tall as an adult. Life was hard for the poor farm family of **George and Emma Ross Thompson** and their 7 daughters. So hard, in fact, that they moved to **Henderson, Vance Co., NC** when Georgia was about 6 years old to take advantage of the work in the cotton mill there. By 1908, Tiny was a single mother, working 12 hour shifts in the cotton mill for 40¢ a day.

It is not known how Tiny

managed to travel from Henderson to **Raleigh**—a distance of about 45 miles—in 1908. What is known is that she was captivated by the huge hot-air balloon rising high into the blue sky over the **State Fair** at Raleigh. However, when she watched **Charles Broadwick**—suspended from a crude, flimsy



parachute—float lightly to earth, she knew immediately that she had found her future. She described that moment in a *Durham Morning Herald* interview much later, "When I seen this balloon go up, I knew that's all I ever wanted to do! ..."

As soon as the show was over, Thompson introduced herself to Broadwick and begged him to let her join his show. Her mother eventually agreed to keep her baby and gave permission for her to go and Broadwick agreed to give her a trial. It was decided that Broadwick would adopt the young girl since it would raise questions of propriety if she traveled with an unrelated older man. From then on, she was known

[SEE TINY, PAGE 4]

The Micajah Thomas Legacy

NASHVILLE, NASH CO., NC

Micajah Thomas's legacy to the little community known in the beginning as **Nash Court House** began on April Fools Day in 1778. He owned all of the land where **Nashville, NC**, the county seat of



Nash County, was later built. Micajah Thomas held court in his home on April 1, and

was known as the first Clerk of Court.

This story begins with what transpires after he writes his will in 1788. Micajah had been married 5 June 1776 to **Elizabeth Crawford** of **Surry County, VA**. He left his natural daughter **Mary Crawford**

[SEE THOMAS, PAGE 6]

1880 Global Warming? Mildest Winter ever known.

The mild season has brought gardens out. We have peas two inches high.

We wrote all day yesterday with our sanctum door open and no fire in the stove.

[Tarboro Southerner, January 22, 1880]

A Roll of Honor

*Gallant Soldiers and Widows of
whom Pension Warrants have
been Received.*

The Register of deeds has received pension warrants for the wounded Confederate soldiers and widows of soldiers in this county [**Pitt**] who draw pensions under the state law. He has them for the following:

SOLDIERS—Wm. L. Briley, Bryan Buck, Bennett Dunn, Lewis Edwards, W.H. Gurganus, Gray Harris, G. Jackson, James E. Mayo, John H. Nelson, J.R. Peaden, J.E. Randolph, T.M. Ross, Jesse Thigpen, Shem Tyson, W. McLawhorn, John Elks, John

[ROLL, CONT. ON PAGE 5]

QUERY GUIDELINES

1. Members may submit three queries annually to the address or e-mail below.
2. The query should include a time frame and as much pertinent information as you have.
3. Queries should concern someone who has resided in the following counties: **Person, Granville, Vance, Franklin, Nash, Edgecombe, Pitt, Beaufort**, or adjacent counties linked to the **Tar River** by streams and creeks.
4. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply by mail.

Tar River Connections Genealogical Society

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SEARCH & RESEARCH

THE RED ELEPHANT STORE

The following story is taken from the front page of the *Rocky Mount Evening Telegram* on January 10, 1920:

"OLD LANDMARK IN CITY DESTROYED"

Red Elephant Store Was Sole Reminder of Early Days in City's History



With the razing of the old frame structure at the intersection of **Tarboro** and **Washington** streets, the final landmark and reminder of the days when **Rocky Mount** consisted of a resin still at the point now occupied by the **Epstein Building** and **Gray tavern** on the site of the present **Farmers Mutual warehouse**, has now been removed, the structure now being demolished having been known as the **Red Elephant store** and the sole shopping center for the community in the earlier days of the past century.

The exact date of the erection of the building is not known, but the Red Elephant store goes back as far as the memory of the oldest citizens of the city can recall. It derived its name from the fact that a huge red elephant was its business sign, the proprietor being the pioneer outdoor advertiser of this entire section. Up as late as the latter part of the last century many barns, fences and signs carried the caption "Trade at the" and the picture of a red elephant.

Since the discontinuance of the Red Elephant store several score years ago, the building has had a varied career. For a number of years it was a political center for the community, being the voting place for the township in which it was located. It was around this building that race trouble was threatened during the supremacy campaign in 1898 when after an exchange of shots serious trouble was averted by decisive action on the part of the cool headed citizens of the community.

With the rapid upbuilding of the city the business career of the old frame structure has been one of gradual decline. It has been a bottling plant and a colored restaurant, and for some time previous to the day workmen started tearing it away had been a shoe shine parlor.

While no plans have been announced for developing the property upon which it stood, it is generally supposed that a modern building will be erected upon the site, which is in the heart of the business section and a most desirable one."

The Rest of the Story

The newspaper story raised several questions. First, why had we never
[ELEPHANT, CONT. ON PAGE 8]

Readers Choice Local Color



THE LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S ETIQUETTE:

A COMPLETE MANUAL OF THE MANNERS
AND DRESS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

CONTAINING

FORMS OF LETTERS, INVITATIONS, ACCEPTANCES AND
REGRETS.

Remember When?



INTRODUCTIONS.

A gentleman, in bowing to a lady upon the street, should not merely touch his hat, but should lift it from his head.



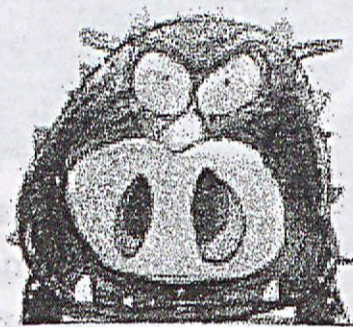
CONVERSATION.

Avoid an affection of excessive modesty. Do not use the word "limb" for "leg." If legs are really improper, then let us on no account mention them.

No lady, if she wishes to preserve unsullied her patent of ladyhood, will be guilty of any feminine substitute for profanity.

[ETIQUETTE, CONT. ON P. 7]

THE RAZOR-BACKED HOG.



"I would like," said Grandfather Lickshingle, as he entered the *World* office and looked around cautiously, "to lay before your agricultural editor some facts of interest regarding the razor-backed hog. I used to farm down in Virginia, and also in North Carolina, and have been more or less intimately associated with razor-backed hogs. The razor-back is so-called because it is razor-backed. You can't make any thing else out of him. It would have been a misnomer to have called him any thing else, except, possibly, a son of a gun.

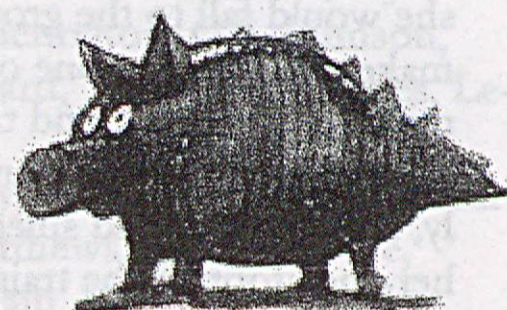
"The razor-backs have peculiarities peculiar to themselves. You can't fatten one of them any more than you can fatten a clothes horse. At the same time they will eat any thing that is loose and squeal for more. When squealing for something to sustain life a razor-backed hog can be heard across three counties. They regard their own offsprings as a great delicacy, although I don't see why they should. You can't kill a razor-backed hog by any ordinary means. Unless he is run over by an express train he will live to be a couple of hundred years old.

"The statement made by the Commissioner of Agriculture at a recent Cabinet meeting that a North Carolina man had invented a fence that would turn a razor-backed hog was premature. There is no fence that will turn this animal if he wants to go through it, and he generally does. Barbed wire is a positive delight to him. His skin is so tough that it simply affords him a pleasant, ticklish sensation, and he will go a great distance to find one of these fences to amuse himself with.

"You can't drive a razor-backed hog any more than you can drive a hyena. The only way to get him from one spot to another is to hold out to him the bow of promise in the shape of an ear of corn. For an ear of corn, he will swim the English Channel. If you haven't an ear of corn handy an old tin can with an ear of corn or a tomato pictured on the label will do just as well. The intellect of the razor-back is not what you would call brilliant, and it is not difficult to cheat him this way. His intelligence is of such a low order that he will eat the tin can for the sake of the picture and enjoy it just as much as if it were a real thing.

"There is no vital spot to a razor-backed hog that a bullet can find. I have shot at them in a fit of anger, hundreds of times, and the bullet slides from them like water from a duck's back.

"A drove of a dozen of them once took the town of Clarksville, Va, and ate and destroyed everything in the place. As for the Clarks, they took to the woods, and were glad of the chance. The razor-backs got to rooting on the railroad that runs through Clarksville for some grain along the track, and they rooted up the ties and rails for a quarter of a mile and wrecked an express train. They tore down the city Hall and post office to get at the picture of a fat woman, some sleek-looking acrobats and the wild children of Borneo that a circus had pasted up. The speed and endurance of a razor-back is something that will soon be attracting the attention of turf men. I have seen them jump over a staked and ridged fence that was fourteen feet high—standing jump. They can walk on the top board of a board fence, and can catch birds like a cat. Three or



[HOG, CONT. ON PAGE 7]

[TINY, CONT. FROM P. 1]

as Tiny Broadwick.

Tiny probably made her first parachute jump before the show left Raleigh. She described it this way, "...that first jump was beautiful. I could see barns and trees and roads and people. ..." Her landing left something to be desired. Although she was supposed to land in a large open field, she "managed to land right in the middle of a big blackberry bush!"

The young parachutist and Charles Broadwick traveled all over the country with the **Johnny J. Jones Carnival Co.** Tiny was advertised as *Miss Tiny Broadwick, the World's Most Daring Aviatrix-Parachutist*. Because of her small size, Broadwick decided to call her the *Doll Girl* and she performed in ruffled bloomers and a silk dress with pink bows on her arms and in her hair.

Dangers

There were dangers associated with hot-air balloons. They often blew off course, caught fire, or even crashed. Tiny had many close calls. On one occasion, the fire that heated the balloon scorched it, and when Tiny started up, the balloon ruptured. She was too close to the ground to parachute, but luckily, she landed on top of the circus tent and was not seriously hurt. Another time, the wind blew Tiny toward two large buildings. She knew if she went between them, the balloon would be damaged and she would fall to the ground. She barely managed to make a landing on one of the buildings, but only after missing the other. And then there was the time she landed on a train. Fortunately, the engineer had spied her and stopped the train. She hurt her shoulder, but was otherwise OK.

On a lighter note, she once came down in a cemetery as a young girl was walking by. The sight of the Tiny floating over the tombstones with her parachute billowing over her scared the girl so much that she ran away screaming. Perhaps she thought Tiny was an angel!

Remarkably, though she broke a few bones during her 14 year career, Tiny avoided serious injury.

Airplanes

In 1911, the Broadwick show was in Los Angeles at

CONNECTOR

the same time as the **International Aviation Meet**. She agreed to jump, but the wind carried her miles away from where she started. One of the pilots landed his plane near where the balloon landed and flew her back to the meet. It was Tiny's first airplane ride and it proved to be a turning point in her life.

In 1912, **Glenn L. Martin**, an up-and-coming young pilot, barnstormer and airplane designer, saw Tiny's act. He knew that people would come to see Tiny jump from a plane, and if she would jump for him, it would be a boon for his own business. He asked her if she would consider it, and, of course, she said yes! She made her first jump from a plane on June 21, 1913, wearing one of Charles Broadwick's parachutes. She was the first woman to parachute from an airplane.

Two reporters were on the plane and wrote stories about the adventure. "... Tiny Broadwick ... crossed the great divide between the clouds and the earth," wrote **Grace Wilcox**. The other reporter, **Bonnie Glessner**, said, "...as I watched with thickly beating heart, this nervy little girl stepped calmly over the edge of the aeroplane a thousand feet in the air, and with a brave little smile, plunged earthward."

Jumping from balloons quickly became a thing of the past. Having switched to planes, Tiny soon "became the first person to jump from a hydroplane and the first woman to make a water jump from an airplane."

Charles Broadwick had been working for years on developing safe and dependable parachutes, and in 1914,

the team demonstrated his *backpack*—the life preserver of the air—in **San Diego**. Tiny made 4 jumps; the first 3 were as usual where a static-line attached to the plane caused the chute to open. On the fourth jump, her line became tangled, and she was stuck, hanging from the plane—unable to get back up or release herself to descend. She managed to cut the static line and pulled the remaining end herself, thus creating a "ripcord." With this modification, she was the first person to intentionally *free fall* from a plane.

The day after the Broadwick demonstration, the *San*

THE BROADWICKS

Famous French Aeronauts

Permanent Address "BILLBOARD"

CINCINNATI, OHIO

The most refined, neatest and fastest Balloons in the world.

No outside assistance.

No falling poles.

We are the inventors of the patent Ground Holding device with many other new inventions.

The public is not asked to help hold the Balloons.

Our inventions enables us to make complete ascension in 15 minutes including filling of balloon.



FEATURING

The Doll Girl, the smallest and most prettiest girl aeronaut in the world.

OUR FEATURE ACTS

Six parachute drops by Doll Girl.

Balloon spaces between 2, 3 and 4 balloons each rider during 1, 2, 3 and 4 parachute drops.

Four parachute drop off 1 balloon by 2 people.

Six parachute drop off 1 balloon by 2 people.

Eight parachute drop off 1 balloon by 2 people.

One aeronaut riding 3 parachutes all open at the same time then cutting off with the fourth parachute, all different colors.

Shot from a cannon 3000 feet in the air doing three parachute drops, out of cannon.

Night ascensions with fireworks and parachute drop, fire works all the way up and all the way down.

We also feature all colors of parachutes.

We also feature sensational parachute, dropping three, four and five hundred feet before opening.

We can furnish every kind of Balloon act you wish from the cheapest to the largest and most sensational Balloon acts in the world.

The act that pleases and really produces every act we advertise.

[CONT. ON PAGE 5]

[TINY CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

Diego Union carried the following: "...Brigadier General George P. Scriven, chief signal officer, USA, has recommended the purchase of a number of parachutes...."

Charles and Tiny Broadwick separated during **World War I**.

The novelty of parachuting had worn off and it had become more difficult to get bookings for the act. Tiny didn't jump from 1916 to 1920 when she started jumping again. She retired permanently in 1922. She had made over 1,100 jumps.

Tiny married twice after she started jumping: first, to **Andrew Olsen** in 1912; and then, to **Harry Brown** in 1916. Neither marriage was successful.

After **World War II**, Tiny's story was revived and she received several honors: the prestigious **United**



Girl Aeronaut Badly Hurt in Making Parachute Leap at Bristol, Friday. Landed on a Building; Then Fell to the Ground.

Her Left Arm Broken and She Sustained Other Painful Injuries

Bristol, Tenn., May 27—"Tiny" Broadwick, the fourteen-year-old girl aeronaut, who was making daily ascensions during the carnival week here, dropping from three parachutes, descended upon the roof of a grist mill this afternoon and being unable to get a hold on the roof, fell two stories, breaking her left arm near the elbow and sustaining other injuries. She was hurried to the hospital.

This little aerial artist made several ascensions in **Knoxville** during the week May 16-21 when she appeared here with the Johnny Jones carnival company under the auspices of the police relief association. Her act was a very daring one and she had at least one narrow escape from serious injury during her engagement here.

[*Daily Journal and Tribune, Knoxville, Tennessee: May 28, 1910, Transcribed by Bob Davis, 8/10/04*]

CONNECTOR

States Government Pioneer Aviation Award; membership in the exclusive aviation organization, **OX5 Club**, through which she was inducted into the Hall of Fame along with **Charles Lindbergh** and the **Wright brothers**; the **John Glenn Medal**; and membership in the **Adventurer's Club of Los Angeles**, whose membership was limited to 200. The honor that pleased her most, however, was membership in the **Early Birds of Aviation**. There were stringent requirements to becoming a member of the Early Birds. One was that you had to have flown solo before 1917. Tiny met this requirement because she had ascended alone when she was jumping from balloons. She was the only woman in the 80 member group.

Tiny remained close to her family in NC although she made her home in California. She died in 1978. A historical marker was erected in her honor in 2004.

[*Tiny Broadwick: The First Lady of Parachuting* by Elizabeth Whitley Roberson; *First to Fly* by Thomas C. Parramore; "First to Jump," by T.H. Pearce, *The State Magazine*, January 1975; www.earlyaviators.com; www.parachutehistory.com; www.new-sobserver.com/content/nie/pdf/nc_history/broadwick.pdf; <http://ncmuseumofhistory.org/workshops/womenshistory/Tiny.htm>]

[ROLL, CONT. FROM PAGE 1]

T. Jones, W.G. Mears, John Moore, W.F. Mills, C.J. Smith, H.W. Dunn, J.C. Wetherington, G.S. Johnson, J.E. Bullock, Joseph J. Whichard, Thomas A. Forbes, Lemuel Warren.

WIDOWS—Mary A. Carney, Jenett Dudley, Sarah Harrell, E. Manning, Sallie A. Matthews, Eliza Norville, Amanda Parsons, Susanna Spain, Lucky Ann Smith, Nancy Stokes, Sarah J. Tell, L. Wainright, Rebecca Clark, Letitia Fleming, M. Highsmith, Mary Moye, Louisa Oakley, Susan Ritter, M.A. Simpkins, Elizabeth Warren, E. Crawford, Sallie Dew, M. Whichard, Rebecca A. Harris.

[*Greenville Daily Reflector, 12/15/1884*]

◆◆◆◆◆

MARRIED,

In this county [**Edgecombe**], on Thursday evening, 16th inst. by **Moses Baker, Esq. Mr. Willie Braswell** to **Miss Polly Bulluck**, all of this county.

DIED,

In **Nash county**, on the 13th inst. after a confinement of five or six months, **Mrs. Rosamond Taylor**, aged about 80.

[Contributed by Pam Edmondson, TRC member, from *Tarborough Free Press*, July 24, 1829.]

[THOMAS, CONT. FROM P. 1]

Thomas "all my land on the north side of Roanoak River in Northampton County" [NC]. His second marriage was to **Anne Hawkins** on 7 June 1778 daughter of **Philemon Hawkins** of **Butte Co., NC**. The couple had two children that died after living only a few months. Anne died 12 March 1781 in Nash Co. at age 26. It was after this that he took as his companion **Ann Jackson** by which he had three daughters. Twin girls, **Margaret** and **Mourning**, age 3 at the time of his death in the fall of 1888, and **Temperance** only 1 year old. Ann had four base born children by another man. The history of these four children is not known.

Wealthy Landowner

Micajah was one of the wealthiest land owners in the western half of **Edgecombe Co.** in 1777 when Nash County was cut from this area. He also owned 5000 acres in **Tennessee**. He requested in his will that his executors finish the house in the old field he was building for his companion, **Ann Jackson**, and his three daughters. Ann

was to receive "as many servants and other necessities as will be sufficient for the support of herself and children. ... I further desire and direct that my said friends [**NATHAN BODDIE, WILLIAM BODDIE, BENJAMIN HAWKINS** and **SHADRACK RUTLAND**] may see that my said daughters have good education and brought up in a gentel manner at their discretion as to the manner and form." The three girls were left plantations between 3,000 and 5,000 acres apiece.

This saga does not end here. Nashville was not chartered until 1815. It is unfortunate that Micajah Thomas did not have the opportunity to see the little community grow. But like all

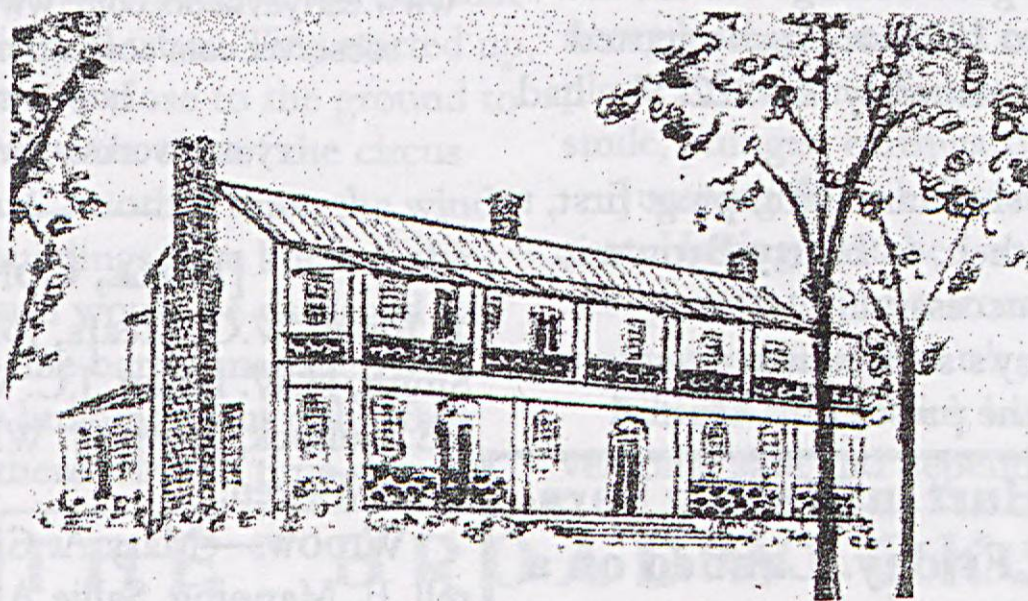
things in politics, nothing moves rapidly. There were complaints from the nearby residents to the General Assembly that all this land owned by one family would never be broken up into town lots. The General Assembly appointed two committees to check into these complaints. The first committee needed to establish if the town of Nashville should remain where it now stood or be removed to a new area to include 50 lots. The second committee was given the authority to mark off and sell enough lots to the highest bidders on credit for nine months. It seems that all of the original complaints to the General Assembly were not founded. The original site was never moved and on

Ann Jackson became Mrs. **William Arrington**. The couple had other children. When did **Ann Jackson Arrington** leave this scene? No one knows exactly. We do know that **Ann** and **William Arrington** sold a piece of property to **James Alston** in 1803. Sometime after this date **William** married **Mary (Battle)**. He died in the fall of 1812.

William Arrington said that "my daughter **Mary** being born not in wedlock and that my dying without a will she would not heir with my other children, it is my will and desire that she my daughter **Mary** should heir with the rest of my children, as tho she had been born in wedlock," witnessed by **Wood Tucker, Philemon Bennett**, and **John H. Harrison**.

Thomas House

'The Thomas House' would have had many tales to tell if the walls could talk. It existed for many years. There were 10 bedrooms. Keep in mind there was no central heat, neither running water nor electricity. The only light was from the oil lamps used along with washstands in each room. A



Thomas House—Later Carolina Hotel

the ninth day of April 1816 **John Alston** and wife **Margaret Thomas Jackson Alston** deeded the necessary 50 acres to the Nash County Commissioners. This property had been left to her by her father, **Micajah Thomas**. Individual sale of lots did not begin until 3 April 1820. Later the 'Thomas House' is referred to in deeds as "the old dwelling".

Ann Jackson

William Arrington was appointed by the court as guardian for **Margaret Thomas Jackson**, **Mourning Thomas Jackson** and **Temperance Thomas Jackson**. He evidently moved in with **Ann Jackson** as her companion because they conceived a daughter, **Mary**. In February of 1792

carriage was sent to meet the passenger train. People were summoned to dinner by the clanging of the dinner bell. In 1936 after 76 years the **Carolina Hotel** was no longer functioning. It was moved to the back of **Elm Street** boarded up and later destroyed.

If you walked down **Elm Street** in Nashville, NC today would you hear echoes from the past: the excitement of little children running through the halls of the old 'Thomas House'; the clanging of the Old Dinner Bell in the **Carolina Hotel**; conversations between **Micajah Thomas** and **Ann Jackson**? Would you be able to

[THOMAS, CONT. ON PAGE 7]

[THOMAS, CONT. FROM P. 6]

answer the questions of what happened to Ann Jackson? Where was she buried? Where were Micajah, his wife Anne Hawkins Thomas and his sister **Bathesheba** buried? Micajah Thomas's legacy to the little community of Nash Court House lives on and the saga continues until answers are found.

(References: Micajah Thomas Will [Nash Co NC WBk I, pgs 49 thru 53]; Internet genealogy of Anne Cotton & John Thomas of Bertie Precinct, NC; [Nash Co NC DBk 9, pgs 313 & 314]; *Nashville Graphic*, Nashville, NC, April 29, 1999; Nash County North Carolina Court Minutes Vol IV & Vol VII by Timothy W. Rackley; I'M THINKING by an old Reporter-Rocky Mount, NC *Telegram*-Sept. 27, 1956, Nov 4, 1955, Nov 25, 1957, Nov 26, 1957, Nov 27, 1957; *The Rocky Mount, NC Telegram*-July 25, 1968)

[ETIQUETTE, CONT. FROM P. 3]

The woman who exclaims "The dickens!" or "Mercy!" or "Goodness!" or "Golly Ding!" or "Good Garden Seed," or "Oh Pshaw!" when she is annoyed or astonished is as vulgar in spirit as though she had used expressions which in print are generally indicated by an initial letter and a dash.

DINNER-PARTIES

AND BALLS

Never take up asparagus or the bones of fowl or bird with your fingers to suck them, possibly making the remark that "fingers were made before forks."

ETIQUETTE OF THE STREET

No gentleman is ever guilty of the offence of standing on street corners and the steps of hotels or other public places and boldly scrutinizing every lady who passes.

MISCELLANEOUS RULES OF ETIQUETTE

Never loll, lounge, sit cross-legged or sidewise, fidget, yawn, bite the nails, twirl the watch-chain, or be

guilty of any other like gaucherie in the presence of others.

Never lose your temper at cards, and, above all, never be guilty of cheating.

Spitting is a filthy habit, and should never be indulged in in public. As it is the necessary accompaniment to tobacco-chewing, therefore it follows that such chewing is vulgar in the



extreme—a habit to be refrained from by real gentlemen.

It seems unnecessary to say you should never scratch your head, pick your teeth, clean your

nails, or pick your nose in company.

Never lean your head against the wall as you may disgust your wife or hostess by soiling the paper of her room.

Never speak of your husband or wife by their initial letter. ... Among strangers and mere acquaintances they should always be referred to as Mr. or Mrs.—. It is not even allowable to mention them as "my wife" or "my husband."

THE BATH

Only the most vigorous constitutions can endure the shower-bath, therefore it cannot be recommended for indiscriminate use.

Once a week a warm bath, at about 100°, may be used, with plenty of soap, in order to thoroughly cleanse the pores of the skin.

Before stepping into the bath the head should be wet with cold water, and in the bath



CONNECTOR

the pit of the stomach should first be sponged.

DRESS

A bathing dress is best made of flannel. ... Any other material than flannel becomes limp and unsightly after being worn for a short time.

[HOG, CONT. FROM P. 3]

four of them will tear up more ground in a given time than a plowing match. Turn them loose on the granite pavements of New York, and if you give them a night at it they will rip up Broadway from the Battery to Central Park, and do it worse than a subway company, and that is saying a great deal.

"You have these facts all fixed in your mind?" asked grandfather, as he paused in the narrative.

The reporter said he had. "Then just convey them to the agricultural editor, with my compliments," and Mr. Lickshingle drew the door softly after him as he passed out.

[*Nashville Argonaut*, 4/3/1890]

NOTICE.

On Saturday, January 4th 1873, I will offer for sale on the premises of Mrs. H.L. Battle, all my household and kitchen furniture, stock, hogs, horses and farming implements of all kinds.

Terms, cash on delivery,

RICHARD BATTLE

Rocky Mount, Nash Co., N.C.

[*The Battleboro Advance*, Jan. 3, 1873]

Repair Shop.

Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Sewing Machines, &c., Repaired at short notice.

J. D. PORTIS

Battleboro, N.C.

[*Battleboro Progress*, Jan. 2, 1880]

[Elephant, Cont. From page 2]
heard of the *Red Elephant Store*? We asked around and nobody knew anything about the store.

And what did "earlier days of the past century" mean? Was it 20 years ago? 40 years ago? We didn't know.

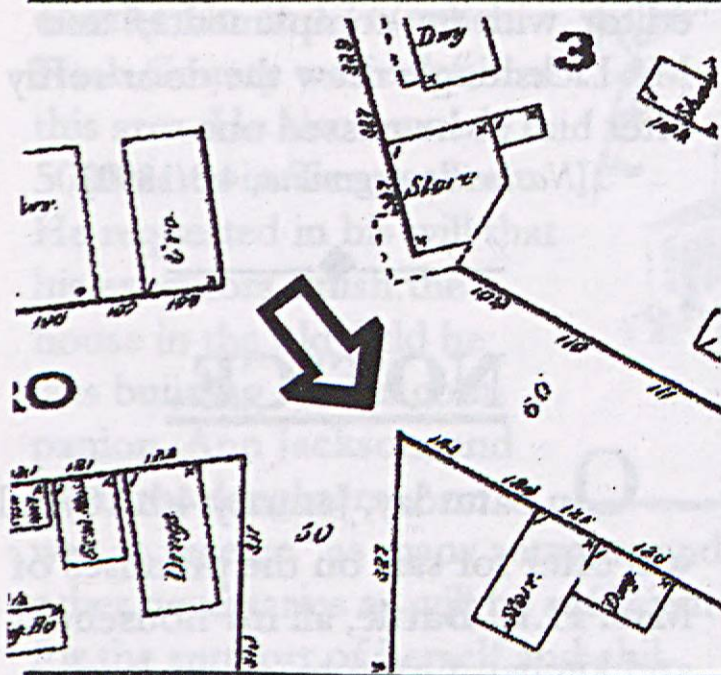
On which corner of Tarboro and Washington street was it located? We thought the early businesses on Tarboro and Washington streets were well documented, but there was no hint of a *Red Elephant Store*.

The final question that came to mind was who had owned the store?

The Search for Clues

We first read all the stories we could find about early Rocky Mount, but nowhere was there a mention of this store that was "the sole shopping center for the community."

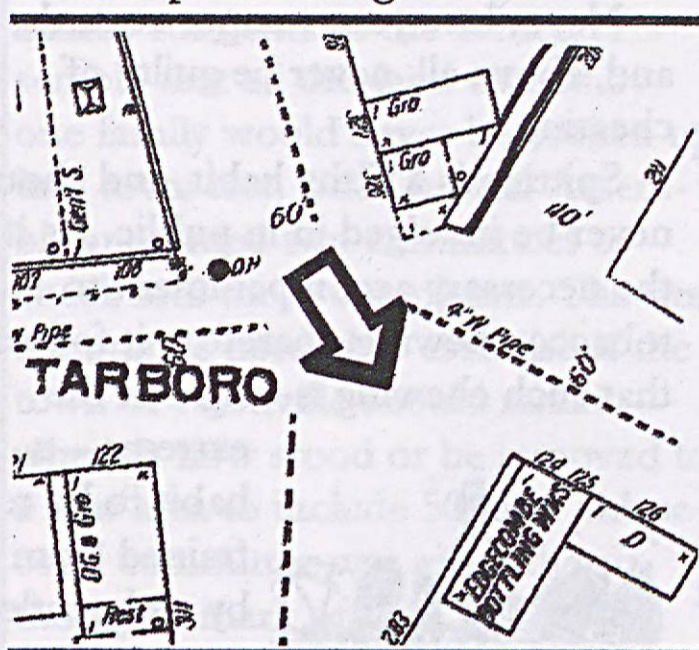
Maybe the early Sanborn maps would provide a clue. The 1885 map



showed the intersection that later became known as 5 points:

The store on the top left corner is labeled "Gro." This might be it. The store on the bottom left is "Drugs." There is no mention in the story of the store ever having been a drug store. There was a store on the top right corner. That couldn't be it because *May and Gorham Drug Store* and *Rose Street* were there before the story was written in 1920. There was no store on the bottom right corner.

By 1901, the story told by the Sanborn map had changed somewhat.



The angle of Washington Street on the bottom right had changed with the addition of Rose Street on the far right. Now the store that was not on a corner in 1885 *was* on the corner, and it was the *Edgecombe Bottling Company*! This was the most likely location of the *Red Elephant Store*.

We kept searching, and finally, we found a short history of early Rocky Mount in a promotional book for Rocky Mount published in 1907. It gives the following description of the town 50 years earlier, "In the days before the war, that is, about 1857, the only evidences of civilization where the town now is was the old *Gray Hotel*, now known as the *Bulluck House*, on Washington Street, the *Gray and Weston cottages* and a simple one story building near the present *Church Street*, occupied by one Mrs. *Piety Gay*. Besides these building scattered around in the scrubby woods that then covered the town site there was the old *W.W. Parker red store* near the present town market and that of *James H. Chatham* just in the rear of it."

William W. Parker

A search of Edgecombe Co. deeds show that, in 1854, *William W. Parker* bought 3 acres at what was then known as *Rocky Mount Depot* from the *William Hines* estate. At

CONNECTOR

that time, Rocky Mount was little more than a stop on the railroad. There was no corner of Washington and Tarboro Streets —only the Tarboro road that carried people from *Falls of the Tar* east to the *Edgecombe* county seat at *Tarboro*.

William Parker was one of a group of *Edgecombe Co.* men who regained their right to vote after the *Civil War* through an act of Congress in 1868. Besides *Parker*, they were: *William S. Battle*, *James Cobb*, *Redden S. Petway*, *R. N. Proctor*, *John I. Killebrew*, *John Norfleet*, *R. H. Austin*, *Robert Norfleet*, *William H. Knight*, *William W. Parker*, *Jesse Mercer*, *Exum S. Moore*, *John W. Johnson*, *Thomas Norfleet*, *Micajah P. Edwards*, *Lewellyn Harrell*, *Lawrence Bunting*, *William H. Johnson*, and *R. R. Bridgers*.

Eight years later, *Parker* was on the county Democratic ticket. The slate included: *John M. Perry* for Senate; *William T. Cobb* and *Dr. A. B. Nobles*, House of Representatives; *Spencer L. Hart*, sheriff; *William W. Parker*, treasurer; *R. G. Pittman*, surveyor; *Thomas W. Ider*, coroner, and *C. B. Killibrew*, *Hiram Webb*, *D. B. Butts*, *James K. Lawrence*, and *M. B. Pitt* for commissioners.

More Property

Parker bought other property in or near the developing town of *Rocky Mount*. In 1888, the division of his property after his death showed him with 21 tracts of land, most of them in or near *Rocky Mount*. He still owned the site of the *Red Elephant Store*, in the division document, the site is named as the site of the *red store*.

Perhaps *William Parker* was a true visionary and had an idea that the tiny village would develop into a thriving

[ELEPHANT, CONT. ON PAGE 9]

What's in a Name?

BY CALLIE J. STALLINGS,

Why do we have the names we have? Believe you me its tough on a young boy named Callie. Oh, the snickers and snide remarks, not only from the boys but from the girls too. They would say such things as, "His name is Calllllllllliee, oh how sweet, hee hee."

The only other person I ever knew named Callie was my first cousin, **Callie Oree** and she was a girl. Oh woe is me. I tried every way I knew to convince Ms. Jones, my first grade teacher, that my name was Jimmy—to no avail. She would say, "Oh no, your name is Callie." Jimmy is a nickname for James. It took four long years being called Callie to convince my fourth grade teacher Ms. Henderson that my name was Jimmy. Four years was a long time to wait to be called by my preferred name. And then, I had to start all over again when I entered military service. Yes, it was Callie again. At last I had some relief in the military where everybody's name is reduced to as few letters as possible, such as Al, Bill, and Cal—hey wait, that's me, Cal. That's not bad at all. At least I am no longer that diminutive, little person with lie at the end of his name.

My family, as did many others, must have had a feeling for those unisex names like Billie, Bobbi, Cal-lie, Charlie, Frances, Jo, Leslie, Tay-lor, Jordan, Morgan and etc. It was even worse when some of the older people, Mr. Brown in particular, who was a native of **Duplin Co, NC**, thought my surname was Stallions!

In my own family, my uncle was named William and my father was named Willie; are not William and Willie the same root name? Family history would prove that this same

naming pattern had been used for generations and was not unique to my father's family at all. In fact these names were carried on from one generation to the next for many generations.

Sometimes even the name we are given is not the name we are called or known by. A case in point— a very dear friend of mine, who shall remain anonymous, was given the name Willa; did I know this? No! She has always been known to me as Billie Jo. That is not to say that Willa is an uncommon name, in fact my brother-in-law's sister was named Willa; she actually went by her two given names, Willa Dean.

The mystery for me was the origin of the name Callie. There were those who said it is just one of those odd names with no roots. Yet family research would prove different. My grandfather was **Callie T. Stallings** and his father was **Calvin J. Stallings**. The 1880 Census for **Franklin County** lists Calvin J. Stallings age 55, wife **Catherine** age 24 and son **Calvin T.** age 7. The 1900 Census for Franklin County, lists his name as Callie T. Stallings. The mystery is the name change from Calvin T. to Callie T. Stallings in the 1900 Census and on his death certificate in 1919. One can only speculate, but there are clues. Callie T. Stallings' father was called Cal which appeared on his marriage application in 1887—his third marriage. There was a great age disparity between him and his son. In fact his son was from his second marriage, there being no children from his first. Therefore the old man Cal with the young son just had to become a little Cal, i.e. Callie, a nickname. I can visualize this elderly man with his young son on his mule and wagon going to **Louisburg** [Franklin Co.] to visit the blacksmith shop or country store. I can just hear the kidding

and joking going on between the clerks— this old man and his young son. Callie he was, Callie I am, and that is family continuity.

[ELEPHANT, CONT. FROM P. 8]

town. At least he was an early investor in local real estate.

Why *Red Elephant*?

We will probably never know why Parker chose to call his store the *Red Elephant*. It might have been politically related, but in 1876, he was a Democrat, so why would he use a Republican elephant? Another, more likely suggestion is that he wanted to advertise, but many people couldn't read. The elephant displayed on the barns and fences was an easily recognizable and unusual symbol. Perhaps Parker was ahead of the crowd in advertising savvy, too.

There is no mention of a wife for William W. Parker. His real estate was left to **Sallie Herring, J.J.B. Vick, Sallie M. Daughtry, Bettie Wells, Nancy Mercer, W.P. Mercer, and William H. Horne.**

[*History of Edgecombe County, North Carolina* by J. Kelly Turner and Jno. L. Bridgers, Jr.; *Rocky Mount, One of the Best, ...*, 1907; Sanborn Maps]

J.C.COBB

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[*King's Weekly*, Greenville, Jan. 11, 1895]

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120 Shoemaker,
James R Black;
Barber, James
S. Pollock
118 Electric Shoe
Shop, Worsley

101 N Main corner
of Tarboro -
Epstein
Building: Eli
Epstein,
clothing;
Thomas W
Smithson,
Dentist; Harry
Dempt Studio,
Photographer

110 George L
Wimberly, Jr.,
Physician

112 Mrs. Bettie W
Wright (widow
of L F), Dry
goods; Mrs.
Blanche B.
Weeks,
Milliner

118 B F Proctor's
Dept Store

122 - 124 John H
Daniel, Dry
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Notions, Shoes
128 G S Tucker &
Co, Furniture



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109 D J Edwards & Co,
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sporting goods; Rufus
R. Womble, Tailor

113 New York Café, John
Liloudis, Resturant

115 The Quality Shop,
Clothing, dry goods &
notions

119 William Soden,
Shoemaker

121 New Home Bldg &

Loan Association, RB

Davis Jr, Pres., PC

Shore, V-Pres; JA

Higgins Sec-Treas.;

Standard Insurance &

Realty Company;

Fidelity & Deposit of

Md & others; Scott G

Sills, Notary Public;

Joseph A Higgins,

Notary Public

123 First National Bank,

corner of Tarboro &

Washington (entrance on

Tarboro): Henry S Grant,

Atty; Charles B Pratt,

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108 Notary Public, Joseph B Ramsey

112 Guthrie Co, Inc, Clothing

116-120 Dry Goods & Notions, Samuel Fligel

124 Dry Goods, George Abraham

126 Grocery, John C Thorne

128 Soft Drinks, Henry Powell

132 General Merchandise, Luther T Worsley

136 Habourn Furniture Co

140 General Merchandise, Dozier-Thorne & Co

144 Ideal Print Shop, Bicycles, Jewelry-

William C Proctor Jr

148 Rocky Mount Commissions Co, Fresh &
Cured Meats, Poultry, Eggs, Cheese

150 J S Gorham Hardware

152 General Merchandise, J Walter Davenport

154 General Merchandise, groceries-G Crat
Robbins

160 Resturant, Kelly Gay

168 Coopers Cash Grocery

N Washington Street

South Washington Street

1920

N Washington Street

- 155 Transfer Co, David T. Worley
 131 George Brown's Garage
 129 The Electric Shop - Willard
 Storage Battery Service Station
 121 Rocky Mount Cut Rate Tire
 Store, W W Williams Tire &
 Rubber
 115 General Merchandise, Blake
 Williford
 107-109 Lancaster Furniture
 Company—Furniture, Carpets,
 Pathephones, Pianos, Organs
 NE Washington & Corner of Tar-
 boro Bulluck Building—Ocu-
 list, Leroy R Savage
 Tarboro & Corner of Washington
 & Rose streets Five Points
 Drug Store—May & Gorham
 Druggists

Rose Street

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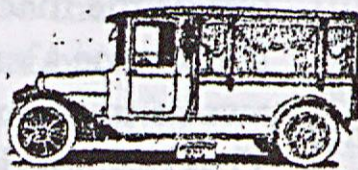


200 Block Tarboro Street

South Washington Street

- 103 Dixie Shoe Shine Parlor
 113 Barber, Durell Bobbitt
 119 Livery Stables, Walter R
 Fountain
 125 Bicycle Shop, James R
 Moore
 127 Grocery, Bartholomew
 & Son
 137 The Fair, Clothing
 139 City Market, F B Bul-
 luck Co, Fresh & Cured
 Meats, Fish, Oysters,
 Hides
 143 Plumbers, Steam & Gas
 Fitters, Howard C Dixon
 151 Capelle's Five & Ten
 Cent Store
 153-155 The Leader, Cloth-
 ing
 157 The Surprise Store,
 Clothing
 163 Cleaning & Pressing,
 Luther E Harris
 Barber, Charles R
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 167 Dunbar Café
 169 Barber, Julius Lawrence
 171 Tonsorial Parlor

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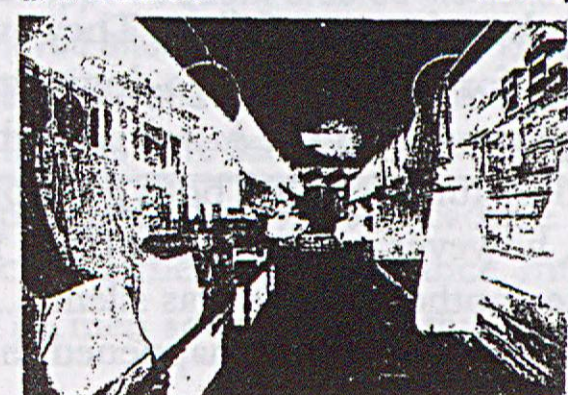
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Federal Tax Expert

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 Phone 630

115 N. WASHINGTON

Phone 161



INTERIOR VIEW OF STORE OF DRAPER & DANIEL.
 DRAPER AND DANIEL.

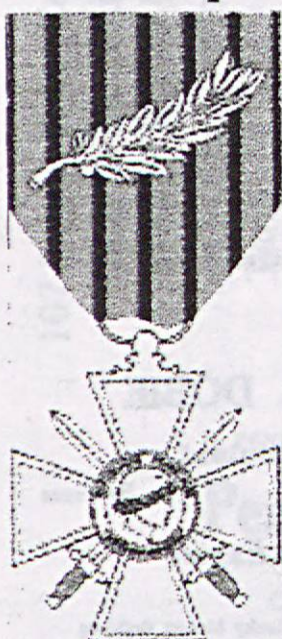
World War I Pilot From Washington

James Henry Baugham in Elite Squad

Three of the most successful pilots in the famous flying organization of WW I, the *Lafayette Escadrille*, were from NC. They were Kiffin Yates Rockwell of Asheville, Buncombe Co; James R. McConnell of Carthage, Moore Co; and James Henry Baugham of Washington, Beaufort Co. All three lost their lives in France.

James Baugham, the son of William Patrick Baugham and Mary A. Hannoford, was born in Washington, NC Feb. 3, 1898. In 1911, he entered Warrenton High School. From Warrenton he went to Randolph-Macon in VA, to Bingham School in Asheville, and to State Agricultural & Engineering College [NC State University] in Raleigh.

When the US entered the war in April 1917, Baugham changed his school again, this time to the Curtiss Aviation School at Newport News, VA. In June he graduated and sailed for France as a volunteer in the *Lafayette Escadrille*. He began training as soon as he landed and rose quickly from corporal to sergeant-pilot.



Baugham was a fearless fighter and won the **Crois de Guerre** with two palms, and the **Medaille Militaire**, the highest honor a soldier can receive from France. He died July 2, 1918 after being shot down while engaging three or four German planes.

The following is from a letter to his mother in May 1918, in which he describes the exploit that won him the Medaille Militaire:

"We had been sent out to patrol back of the German lines and to attack any enemy we saw. Having incendiary balls in my gun, I was prepared to attack a German 'sausage' or observation balloon. Just as I was beginning the descent to attack, I saw a *boche* airplane going in the direction of our lines to do photographic work. I put on full speed and signaled to the other planes to follow. They evidently did not see my signal, for they did not go down with me. When I got 100 metres from the *boche* I started firing. The enemy replied by turning loose both guns on me. I must have got him, however, with the first blast, for when I pulled up to make another dive he was silent.

"Then something happened that would make the goodest man on earth cuss, and as I am not one of the



German Observation Balloon Bombed by Allied Aircraft

best, you can imagine that I left little unsaid. My motor stopped absolutely dead. There was only one thing for me to do and that was to dive, lose the *boche* and try to volplane [*to glide toward the ground in an airplane with the engine turned off*] to the French lines. As I went past the German machine it immediately came down, and, putting some nice steel very close to him, I did all the acrobacy I had ever learned. When I finished I found that I had come down from 10,000 to 1,000 feet and there was no *boche* in sight.

"I then looked around for a place to land. I saw a fairly good place off to the right and made it. I then stepped out of the machine—right on the face of a dead German. It took me a minute to realize what was happening, and I awoke to the wound of bullets whizzing past my head. That did not disturb me much because I was wondering why somebody had not buried the German. Looking around, however, all I could see was dead Germans. It suddenly dawned on me that I was in No Man's Land. Of all the places there are to land in France and Germany I had to land between the two.

"Then I realized what a predicament I was in and began to think up some way to get out. The thought came to me that if I were nearer the German lines than to the French, I better get rid of those incendiary balls in my pocket, for if the Germans catch you with them you are shot at once. I climbed back into my machine to the tune of bullets, and took out a load of over 300 cartridges, threw them on the ground, and then removed my compass and altimeter. I put the two instruments and my fur overcoat on one wing of the machine. I then looked for a place to hide those cartridges.

"The first thing I struck was a grave, unfinished, with two of the enemy in it. I eased myself down into it, lifted up one of the Germans and put the cartridges beneath him. I started walking back to my machine. As I got

[BAUGHAM, CONT. ON P. 13]

[BAUGHAM, CONT. FROM P. 12]

near it the *boche* lines started their *mitrailleurs* [machine guns] and rifles at me, and the French, unaware that I was one of them, also opened up. I had to walk 500 feet between the lines and it was no joke with all that fire concentrated on my direction. One bullet passed so close to my face that I really felt the wind. I decided that I'd have to go to one of the lines, enemy or friend, but just then I heard a machine overhead. I looked up and saw white puffs breaking out all around it. The shells were coming from the line on the right, and as the French anti-airguns always break white, I promptly headed to the right.

"On the way the fire got so hot I had to fall face down, and I did not move, for I guess five minutes. When I did turn over and prop myself up on my elbow I saw a young German officer a short distance off. He had been killed a couple of days before. I crawled over to him and turned him over. I was looking for a revolver, because I thought it was a finish for me, and I wanted to send a couple over at the *boches* anyway. He had no revolver, however. There being no good reason for my being shot like a dog, I yanked out my handkerchief and waved it at the French lines.

"They finally got it, after 10 minutes of waving, and I saw a French officer beckoning me from a bit of woods. If there has ever been a faster 50 yard sprint I never heard of it. I ran so fast that I ran right into the officer, and very nearly knocked his revolver out of his hand. I showed him my identification card, and then started cursing him for shooting at me. He had been taking pot shots at me out there. He apologized, saying that he could only see my head, because his position was slightly lower than No Man's Land.

"They took me up to the divisional general and I reported that I had seen more than 300 dead Germans and only two Frenchmen. It made him so happy that he gave me a good dinner and complimented me for a good soldier."

[Charlotte Observer, 8/17/1920]

Lafayette Escadrille

When war between France and Germany was declared in 1914, many young Americans were living in France. Although France asked them to enlist, they could not since the US was not in the war. The US Ambassador suggested they enlist in the French Foreign Legion or the Ambulance Corps. Many of them did. In late 1914 and early 1915, some were allowed to enlist in the French Air Corps.

CONNECTOR

An effort began to get all the American pilots together into one squadron. The Lafayette Escadrille, first called the *Escadrille Americaine*, was formed in April 1916. The squadron eventually had 38 American pilots who rotated to other squads within the Lafayette Flying Corps, a part of the French Air Service.

Sixty-five Lafayette Escadrille and Lafayette Flying Corps members perished during the air war effort over France. The Lafayette Escadrille squadron was absorbed by the United States Air Service in 1918.

Kiffin Yates Rockwell of Asheville, Buncombe Co, NC and James R. McConnell of Carthage, Moore Co., NC were part of the original squad that came together with fifteen pilots at Luxeuil, France. Rockwell scored the Americans' first aerial victory—a German two-seater observation plane—a LVG—in May 1916.

The members of the squadron settled themselves in luxury in a fine hotel. They selected an Indian head as their insignia and painted it on the fuselages of their planes. They were given the finest aircraft and equipment by the French. The squadron also acquired two lion

cubs, named "Whiskey" and "Soda," as mascots. The squad soon earned a reputation for daring and recklessness. All this may have contributed to the country club atmosphere. To many, the war seemed like

a great escapade and it was like living an adventure movie. However, the real war soon became deadly serious.



"Soda" and "Whiskey" surrounded by some of the pilots on the lions' last day with the squadron, 15 October 1917. Commandant Philippe Fequant ordered the lions removed after "Whiskey" playfully knocked him down and chewed his tunic and cap. The lions were sent to a zoo in Paris.

Soon after its inception, the Lafayette Escadrille was moved to Bar-le-Duc, an airfield in NE France, much closer to the action. The men soon realized this was no

[LAFAYETTE, CONT. ON PAGE 18]

A Castle in Halifax Co. Whitaker Family Home

Matthew Cary Whitaker, a planter and doctor, was born in 1801 in Halifax Co., NC, near the town of Enfield. He studied medicine in Baltimore, MD in 1823-24 and served in the NC General Assembly in 1846. Dr. Whitaker never married and lived in the family home, *Shell Castle*, his entire life.



Shell Castle

West Duck Whitaker, often called "Aunt West," was Matthew Cary Whitaker's sister. Also unmarried, she lived with Matthew at *Shell Castle*. She established a school over the old kitchen to provide education for her nieces and nephews. **M[ary] A. Gliason**, the teacher, was listed in the household on the 1860 census. As the economy in eastern NC worsened after the **Civil War**, the school was operated as a business and young ladies from the surrounding area studied there.

Dr. Matthew Whitaker was guardian for several children, including **Mattie Davis**, **Roena Hawkins**, **Mary Burnett**, and **Martha Burnett** who are listed with him on the 1860 census. His guardianship is confirmed by documents in the **Fort-Whitaker Collection** at Braswell Memorial Library.

Matthew Cary Whitaker died in 1873 and his niece, **Elizabeth Coffield Bustin** inherited *Shell Castle*. She had lived there at least since 1860 when she was listed in the household on the census. She continued to live there until her death in 1927.

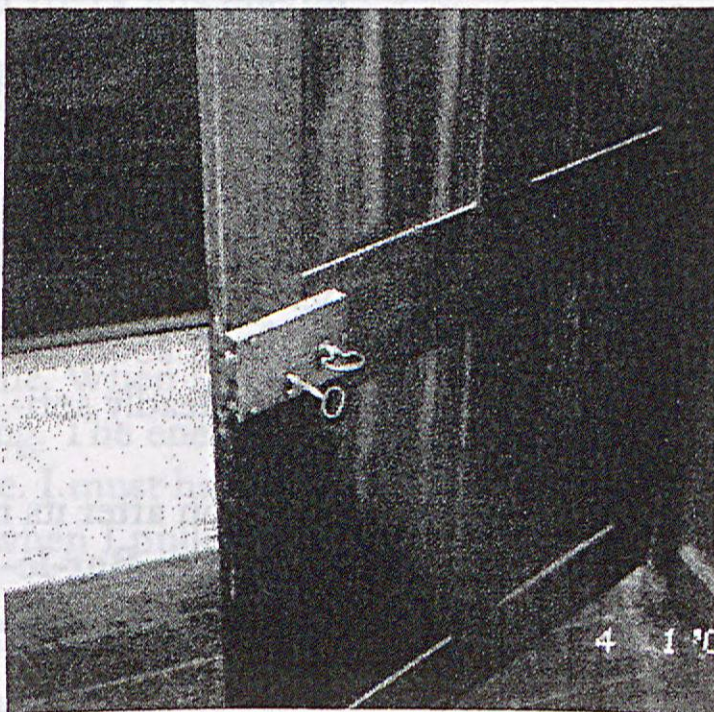
Dr. Matt Whitaker's Roots

Dr. Matthew Cary Whitaker's father was also Matthew Cary Whitaker. He was orphaned at the age of 10, and when he was 16, he ran away from school and joined the **N.C. Militia**. He was wounded at the **Battle of Guilford Court House** and left for dead. A free black woman found him on the battlefield and nursed him back to health. When he finally made it back to **Edgecombe Co**, he found his home had been burned by the **British** and his relatives, having had him declared dead, were preparing to sell his property. He supposedly remarked that only one aunt was glad to see him.

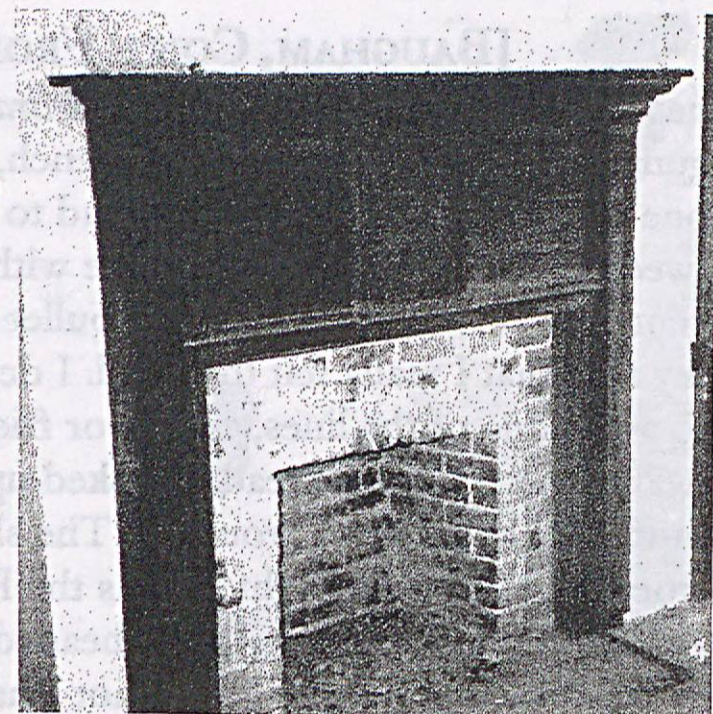
Matthew Whitaker, Sr. married **Elizabeth Coffield**, daughter of **Spier Coffield** of Edgecombe Co., NC in 1787 or 1788. He bought land in Halifax Co., near Enfield, and in 1790 moved there with his wife and son and immediately began construction of a home for his family.

Building a Castle

The home—which was later known as *Shell Castle*—was built from lumber cut and sawed on the land. The old pine trees were huge



CONNECTOR



and some of the planks used for paneling were 22-24" wide. The framing timbers were hand-hewn and the corner posts extended from the foundation to the roof. Joints were put together with wooden pegs. Wood used throughout the construction was planed to smoothness by hand and floors were tongue and grooved.

When nails were required, they were made by the farm's blacksmith as were hinges and other iron work. The bricks for the foundation and chimneys were made from clay found in one of the fields and burned near where they were used. Much of the farm's produce was carried to **Norfolk, VA** for sale and on the return trip, the wagons were loaded with oyster shells which provided lime for the plaster which is still on the walls.

After 24 years of construction, the house was still not complete when Matthew Cary Whitaker died in 1814. He had lost his sight 2 years before and one of his best carpenters had died. As a result, work was stopped. There was no front porch and three back rooms upstairs were not partitioned. The work was not completed until 1929 when **Spier Whitaker**, great grandson of the builder, acquired the house.

A formal garden at the side of the old kitchen, and a burial ground were laid out by Matthew Cary Whitaker. He, his wife, and his first son who
[WHITAKER, CONT. ON P. 20]

Recollections of Memucan Hunt Howard

PART II, CONTINUED FROM FALL 2005 Early Settlers in Tennessee

At this time, autumn of 1820, **Marcus B. Winchester** and **Anderson B. Carr** had a store at the Bluff, as did a **Mr. Rollins**, their trade being almost entirely with Indians, A man named **James** kept a log tavern on a small scale near the mouth of **Wolf**; a **Mr. Irvin** had located at **Ft. Pickering** where there were two block-houses. **Grace** lived on the river not far above the mouth of **Wolf**. **William Lawrence**, a deputy surveyor of the district, made that his home as did **John Ralston**, another deputy. **Paddy Maka** had located there and had some sort of claim to the largest of a group of islands opposite the mouth of **Wolf**, which were called **Paddy's Hen and Chickens**.

I was at the house of a Spanish judge named **Foy** across the river; a man named **Robards**, I believe, had settled **President's Island** and a family of bachelors named **Person** were locating on **Nonconne creek**, six or seven miles from **Memphis**. No other persons had settled in **Shelby County** at that time that I know of unless **Jesse Benton** had done so on **Big creek**.

There were four bluffs within Tennessee on the **Mississippi** known as the **Chickasaw Bluffs**: one opposite **Lauderdale County**; the second, above **Big Hatchie**, was entered by **Judge Jas. Trimble** in 1820, and is occupied by the town of **Fulton**; the third, a few miles lower, is occupied by **Randolph**, and the fourth one by **Memphis**.

One man had settled in what was for a while part of **Tipton County**, now **Lauderdale**, named **Samuel Givens**; there were a few at the time in **Henry County**; a few in **Carroll** on **Big Sandy**, in **Henderson** and **McNairy** along the **Natchez** road, and in **Benton**. **Thomas Fite** had settled in what is now **Gibson**, six miles from **Trenton**, and was its only occupant unless **Randolph** had done so. In **Hardeman**, **Fayette**, **Haywood**, **Crockett**, **Weakley**, **Dyer**, **Obion** and **Lake** counties, there was not an inhabitant that I am aware of.

Dangerous Dog

On one occasion I sent my company on from **Doherty's** office (**McLemerville** now) ... to **Curry's Mill** ... to get a supply of meal, and early the next morning set out on foot without having had breakfast, and at about six miles in passing a cabin was attacked by a large fierce dog. [I] had barely time to seize a stick which happened to be in my reach and as the brute reared up to seize me

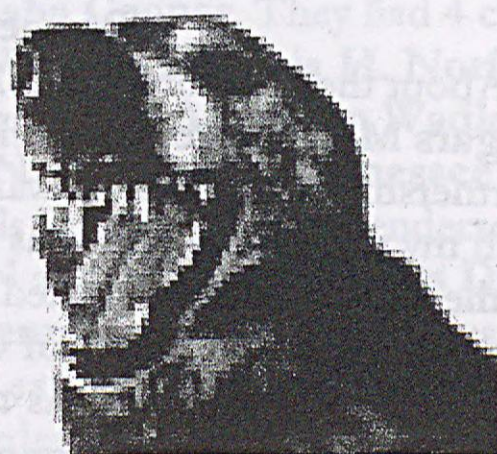
I gave him as hard a blow as I could on the side of his head. My stick broke and left some eighteen or twenty inches in length, and the dog recovering from the stun of the blow, made another effort to get hold of me, and striking him again with all my strength, my stick broke again close to my hand. He returned again to the attack, and right at me on the ground lay a kind of wood which I had barely time to reach down and get as he made the third attempt to seize me. With this billet of wood I gave the beast a telling blow and with such force & effect that he immediately ran off. I too hurried away. This sudden and very brisk fight I am sure did not last more than half a minute. There did not appear to be any person about the cabin. It is a wonder to me that that dog did not kill or ruin me. ... If I had my will and way with dogs I'd have every Bull dog, blood hound, Mastiff & Spitz dog killed, and the greater part of the remainder also. I like a good dog but detest a bad one.

After getting out supplies at the bluff we worked our way and East ... My labour of this year from late April, was extremely fatiguing and perilous. I underwent as much as my strength would permit from which, and that of those under my control mainly, resulted a profit of some forty or fifty thousand dollars to the firm I laboured for and for that labour and exposure I got considerably less than nothing which expression seems paradoxical. ... I paid out subsequently, and lost by my employer, about four times as much as I had been paid by him for said services, etc.

All work in the woods had to cease in November and we came in to prepare for the opening of the land office in December. I was literally in rags and nearly shoeless and hatless; everything I had on was barely worth a dollar. I camped many nights after this year, 1820, near **Bayou Gayoso**, near **Memphis**, where business with the land office required my attention. ...

When the time for opening the land offices arrived I went to the Bluff with fifty or sixty thousand acres of warrants; the company going were **Gen. Jas. Winchester**, **Judge Jas. Trimble**, **Judge Jno. Overton**, **O. B. Hayes**, all of Tennessee; **B. F. Hawkins**, of **North Carolina**, and others had gone before me, but I overtook them and we reached the Bluff together where we transacted our business.

[HOWARD, CONT. ON PAGE 16]



[HOWARD, CONT. FROM PAGE 15]

Partnership

About the beginning of 1822 **Jno. C. McLemore**, **Sugars McLemore**, **Samuel Dickens** and I formed a partnership to locate land warrants, Mr. Dickens to furnish my part of the capital as being equal to my services in the woods; and we located more than three hundred and thirty thousand acres of warrants . . .

In December 1822, I was to go to the land office at the bluff to enter land warrants. **Win. Harris** . . . was employed to see me safe over Hatchee, the Little River being high. We could not get our horses across **Forked Deer** on account of the ice . . . and had to wade part of the way, breaking ice as we went. . . . Our wet pants soon froze on us and night was about to set in. We had several miles to go through woods without a path and a small creek to cross before reaching **Bicknell Crook's**. When we thought ourselves near enough to raise Mr. Crook's dogs by yelling, we did so, . . . and reached the house. [I was] so much exhausted and worn out that I could scarcely eat or sleep. We procured a horse from Mr. Crook and continued the next day. One of us would ride a few miles, dismount and tie the horse and walk on. The other, coming up, would mount and ride on, passing the one on foot, and going a few miles further, would dismount and tie the horse, & so on until . . . we arrived at the bluff on Hatchee . . . I told Mr. Harris that he might return and report me as having passed safe over Big Hatchee.

[Mr. Howard described more of his difficult journey to the land office at the bluff where he entered 56,000 acres of land warrants.]

Witch Killing

About 1826 or 1827 I reached the house of **Rev. J. Wright** . . . a Methodist, . . . [and] **Elder Smith** of that church, and . . . we were informed there was to be a witch-killing for the relief of a daughter of Mr. Wright, who had been bewitched by another woman, and that all who were to stay at the house must be within before daylight disappeared and not go out until broad daylight next morning, as doing so would destroy the efficacy of their intended operations. . . .

An oven was placed on the hearth filled with liquid of some sort with some of the bewitched woman's hair, trimmings of her nails, etc., the lid put on and closely

sealed with stiff clay, and fire put on and under the oven. The witch in diminutive form had by some means been gotten into the oven and when the liquid in it was about to give out the patient would by some kind of influence of the witch be powerfully impressed with the desire to relieve her. The bewitched woman was placed in bed near the center of the room, her father and husband by it.

Elder Smith and I were on a bed in a corner wide awake to witness the scene. When the liquid in the oven was about to give out and the other things be burned, the patient began to roll back and forth on the bed;



sprang out suddenly to relieve the witch, was seized by her husband and father and they had it up and down, hip and thigh, on and over the floor until the woman was placed forcibly on the bed where she was confined until daylight, when the doors were opened and all were let out.

The woman's husband died soon after and I never heard of her troubles again. She may have died too.

... [Mr. Howard recalled that sometime prior to his arrival in Tennessee, no date was given,] **Isaac Robards** . . .

entered West Tennessee from its east side and he . . . ran from the mouth of the **Duck river**, thence ran west to **Big Sandy** at a bluff where he made a corner and from it four 5,000-acre tracts were granted to my grandfather, **Memucan Hunt**; Robards made another corner in the forks of **Beaver creek**, of **Obion river**, and located other grants of 5,000 acres each to my grandfather on one of which **Huntingdon** now stands until he had 75,000 acres in his name; he had as partners, however, **Thos. Polk**, **Jas. Galloway**, **Jesse Benton** (father of Thomas H.), **Pleasant Henderson**, who settled on one of the tracts near Huntingdon, and died there, and **A. Murphy**. This company, including Isaac Robards, owned 140,000 acres all together. In 1827 or 1828, I had occasion to perpetuate the testimony of **Henry Blair**, then of **Wilson County**, as to a corner made in 1783 two miles east of Huntingdon, when I am pretty sure he told me his powder horn was shot from his side by an Indian on this expedition and not in Middle Tennessee as stated in Haywood's history.

[Recollections of Memucan Hunt Howard]

[To Be Concluded Summer 2006]

A Giant Of A Man

An article, written by **Henderson Co, TN native, Rev. John Brooks**, appeared in the *Tarbo-rough Southerner*, Aug. 22, 1857:

"The Great American—The Giant of the World—Miles Darden

"Mr. [Mills] Darden was born in North Carolina, in the year 1798, and departed this life at his residence in Henderson county, Tennessee, on the 23d day of January, 1857, in the 59th year of his age.

"He joined the Baptist Church in early life, and shortly after emigrated to Tennessee, where he connected himself with what is called the Christian Church, but had not been a member of any church for years past, but was moral and fond of conversing on religious subjects. He was a kind and obliging neighbor, and fond of company.—About fifteen years ago, he joined the Order of Masons. He was twice married. His children are very large, but probably none of them will ever be more than half the weight of their father. He was quite active and lively, and labored until about four years ago, when he became so fleshy that he was compelled to stay at home, or to be hauled about in a two horse wagon.

"In 1849, he made a contract with a tailor to furnish him a suit of clothes for \$50 — the cloth was to cost five dollars per yard. Upon measurement, it took twelve yards of cloth. So the tailor lost ten dollars and the making. The tailor states that three men, each weighing over 200 pounds, put the coat on, buttoned it around them, and walked across the square at Lexington [TN]. In 1850, it took 13½ yards of flax cloth, a yard wide, to make him a coat. It took sixteen yards of cambric for his shroud; 2½ yards of black velvet to

cover the sides and lid of his coffin; 125 feet of plank to make his coffin.

"His coffin was eight feet long.

Across the breast, 32 inches.

" head, 18 "

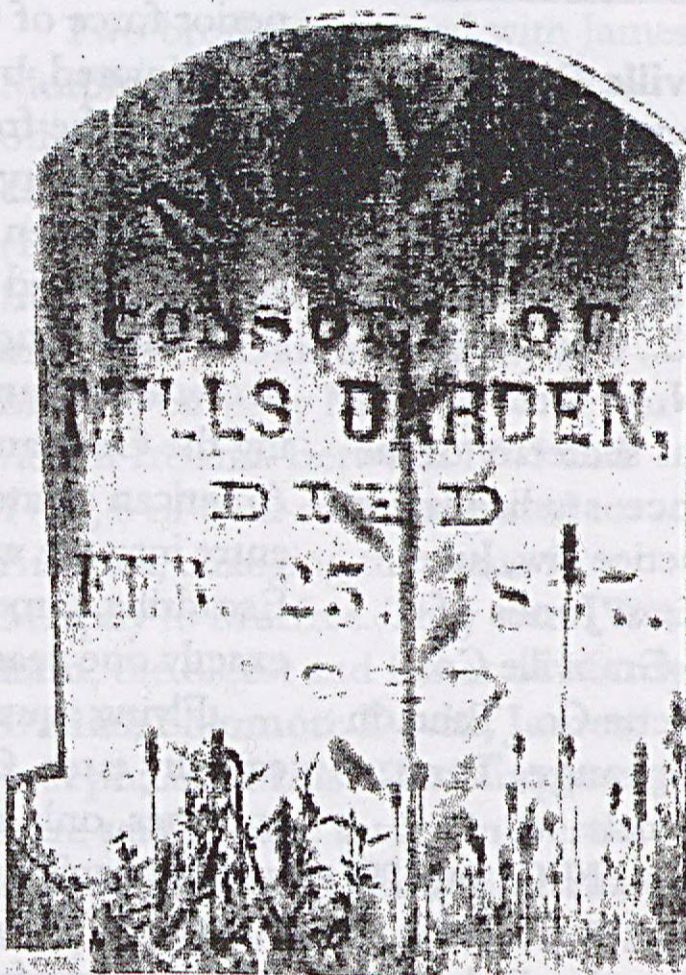
" foot, 14 "

Its depth, 35 "

He weighed in 1845, 871 pounds.

His height was 7 feet, 6 inches.

His weight, when he died, as nearly as could be ascertained, was a fraction over 1,000 pounds."



More About Miles (Mills) Darden

Mills Darden, one of the largest men who ever lived, was born in **Northampton Co, NC**, near **Rich Square**, on 7 Oct. 1799. He was the son of **John and Mary Darden**. Mills and **Mary Jenkins** were married in 1820 and had 7 children: **Louisa M m Clement Strickland**; **Martha J. m William H. Parrott**; **Easter Elizabeth m James W.H. Knowles**; **George W**, killed in battle near **Atlanta, GA** in 1864; **Francis Marion m Lucinda Carver**; and **Adoniram Judson m1 Mary Ann Webb, m2 Nancy Cox**.

Mills moved his family to Tennessee around 1830, where he is listed on the 1830 census in **Madison Co**. By 1840, the family had settled in **Henderson Co**. His first wife, Mary,

died and by 1840 Mills had married **Termisha Cooper**. They had 4 children: **Virginia m Louis H. Norfleet**; **Mary m Henry Anderson Wadley**; **Mills Newsom**; and **Tennessee V.**

Mills Darden died in **Henderson Co, TN** and is buried on **Mills Darden Cemetery Road** a few miles from **Lexington, TN**.

Darden was a farmer, and it was said that it took 3 men to bind grain as he cut it. It was also said that "he could single handedly pull a loaded wagon from a mud hole." When he became too large to farm, he moved into **Lexington** where he operated a profitable tavern and inn on the court house square.

Many stories were told about Mills Darden. He was too heavy for a church pew, and so he brought a blanket and spread it before the pulpit where he would lie down to hear the sermon. He refused to be weighed, but his weight was secretly calculated by measuring the height of his wagon seat when he sat on it, and later weighting it down to the same height with 100 pound sacks of sugar or flour. His pants were 72" in the waist and his hat was size 8½. A typical breakfast was said to be 12 eggs, 30 biscuits, 10 slabs of bacon, and ½ gallon of coffee. When he went visiting he had to sleep on the floor as normal beds would not support him. When he died, it took 17 men to lift him into his coffin, and a section of wall had to be knocked out to remove the coffin from the house.

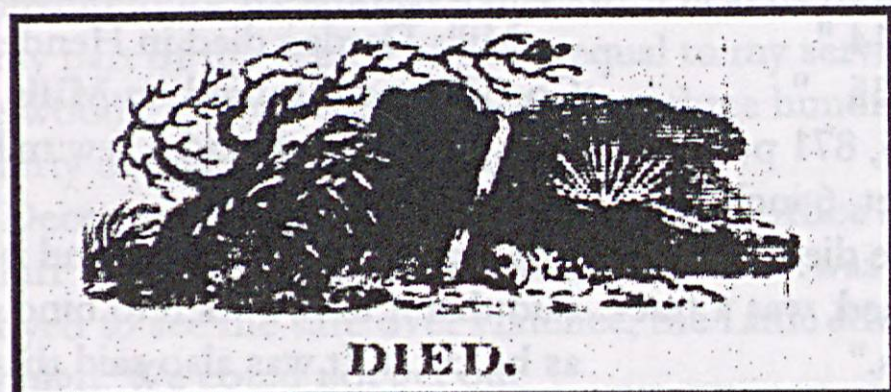
In an article in 1949, **Tom Lawler** reported that his uncle had seen Mills Darden holding **Tom Thumb** on his knee. What a sight that must have been!

Mills Darden is listed in the 1998 *Guinness Book of World Records* as follows: "GREATEST WEIGHT DIFFERENTIAL: The greatest recorded for a married couple is

[DARDEN, CONT. ON PAGE 18]

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN!

[FROM TENNESSEE OBITUARIES COLLECTED
BY JONATHAN K. T. SMITH]



WILLIAM D. GRIFFIN born Granville Co., N.C.; married Sarah C. Epps; died Montgomery Co., Tenn., Nov. 2, 1845.

JOSEPH BLOUNT LITTLEJOHN died Fayette Co., Tenn., Jan. 2, 1852, pneumonia; s/o William and Sarah Littlejohn; born Edenton, N.C., Oct. 4, 1776; graduated from Princeton College, N. J., Oct. 4, 1796; in 1800 accompanied General Davis as secretary of the legation to negotiate a treaty with France; studied law in Halifax, N.C. and was licensed to practice law, June 1801; md Ann Maria Jones d/o William Jones of Halifax, N.C., May 17, 1804; settled in Granville Co., N.C.; joined MEC 1811; moved to Fayette Co., Tenn. in 1828; md, secondly, Mrs. Sneed of Lagrange, Tenn., Jan. 10, 1843; long an active MECS layman.

JOHN HOUSE born Edgecombe Co., N.C., July 29, 1779; moved to Williamson Co., Tenn.; to Sumner Co., Tenn.; to Carroll Co., Tenn. where he died April 6, 1846.

MARY SLEDGE widow of Arthur Sledge; born Surry Co., Va.; moved to Warren Co., N.C.; then to Lagrange, Ala., where she died Sept. 8, 1846 in the 94th year of her age.

HENRY M. YARBROUGH died Dec. 14, 1854 in his 70th year, leaving widow and children and grandchildren; born Franklin Co., N.C.; settled in Limestone Co., Ala. in 1819.

JULIA LEIGH, nee Crume, wife of Rev. William Leigh, formerly of Northampton Co., N.C. died Lowndes Co., Miss., Nov. 7, 1847; born March 15, 1801; married March 2, 1826; her husband was steward of Randolph-Macon College; the Leighs moved to Miss. in the fall of 1846 but her health deteriorated and she died; wife and mother.



[DARDEN, CONT. FROM PAGE 17]

922 lb in the case of Mills Darden (1020 lb) of North Carolina and his wife Mary (98 lb)." As James Ewing

CONNECTOR

says in *It Happened in Tennessee*, "Darden wasn't the world's largest man and he wasn't the world's tallest man, but he appears to have been tallest large man and the largest tall man on record." His weight and height were recorded in the 1886 *Guinness Book of World Records*.

[Tarboro Southerner, 8/22/1857; Research done by Laura Waddle, posted at www.tnyesterday.com/families/m-darden.htm;

It Happened in Tennessee, by James Ewing]



[LAFAYETTE, CONT. FROM PAGE 13]

movie they were living. The entire squadron was ordered to Verdun where it took part in a battle with a superior force of German planes. Rockwell was among those injured, but he was bandaged and immediately returned to the front. On September 23, Rockwell and Raoul Lufbery flew to the front. They became separated and when Rockwell attacked a two-seater, its rear gunner sprayed him steadily and brought him down.

James Rogers McConnell was brought down by two enemy planes on March 19th, 1917, near Ham during the German retreat in the Aisne. He was the last American aviator killed by the enemy before America's entry into the war. The third member of the Lafayette Escadrille, James Henry Baughman, died on July 2, 1918, exactly one year after he arrived in France.

Flying squads on both sides of the war had high casualty rates. Considering the construction of those early planes, only the most adventurous—or foolhardy—would be willing to fly and engage in aerial combat over Europe in 1916. And imagine the horror of being in a flaming aircraft made of wood and canvas and having no parachute.

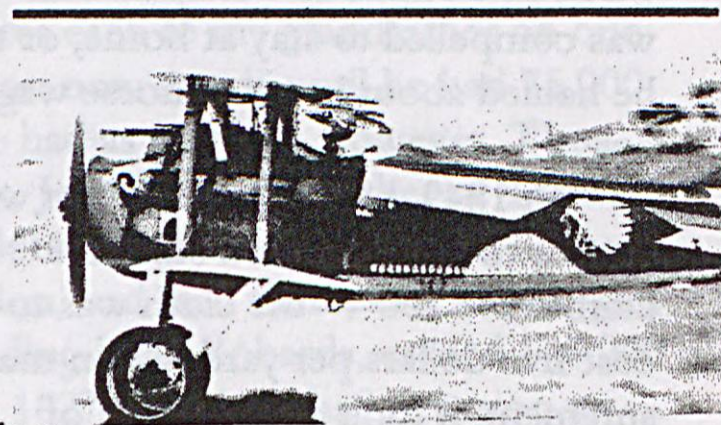
The Lafayette Escadrille ceased to exist on February 18th, 1918, when it became the first American pursuit squadron, "S103" as part of the US Air Service.

It kept its French planes and me-

chanics. The American pilots had certainly been valuable to France, but they were even more valuable as teachers for the US Air Service. They passed along their knowledge to the "green" pilots just entering combat.

[www.geocities.com/CapeCanaveral/Hangar/7630/indexHistory01.html; www.wwiaviation.com/aces/laffeyette.shtml; www.acepilots.com/wwi/lafayette.html; perso.wanadoo.fr/rdisa/html/Frames/lafayette.html;

en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lafayette_Escadrille]



Spad

Is it Murphy, Murfree, or Murphree?

An Irish Family with Local Links

James Murphy was Irish. He took a leading part in an unsuccessful rebellion in **Ireland** and was forced to flee to **America** in disguise in 1754. He changed the spelling of his surname from Murphy to **Murfree** [Murphree] to facilitate his escape and avoid arrest. James Murphy/Murfree/Murphree ended up in **Louisburg, Franklin Co, NC**.

Early 18th Century Ireland

What was going on in Ireland during the early 1700s? In the late 1600s, the Penal Laws were put into place by **English** rulers.

Based on the fears of the English **Protestant** ruling class, they were meant to both protect the Protestant religion and eliminate the native **Roman Catholic Irish** as a threat. The first law made it illegal for any Catholic to have any "gun, pistol, or sword, or any other weapon of offense or defense, under penalty of fine, imprisonment, pillory, or public whipping." Additional laws were passed that restricted Catholics from such activities as practicing their religion, engaging in trade or commerce, living in a corporate town, owning a horse worth more than 5 pounds, being a guardian of a child, etc. Eventually, a Protestant could beat or kill any Catholic without fear of recrimination.

During this time, the Catholics who were able did their best to educate their children, many of whom learned their religion, Latin and

Greek while hiding in the woods or behind hedges. This form of education became known as "Hedge Schools." Catholic priests and schoolmasters frequently were forced into hiding in caves or holes in the ground.

The Irish, of course, rebelled against this treatment. Their response was a type of guerrilla warfare carried out by secret societies.

Murfrees in America

Two brothers escaped with James Murphy when he fled Ireland; five others had preceded them to America. **Thomas Marion Murfree** (1843-1914) outlined the early Murfree genealogy as he recalled it from oral history: **Daniel Murphy** and **Mary Dempsey Murphy** were married in Ireland. Between 1745 and 1755, 8 of their sons emigrated to America, changing the name from Murphy to Murfree. They were: **William**, the oldest and father of **Hardy**; **Daniel**; **Solomon**; **David**; **James**; **Joseph**; and **Mills**. The Murphrees were said to have settled in **Bertie, Edgecombe, and Franklin counties, NC**; **Smith Co, TN**; and **Pike Co, AL**.

The Murfree brothers served in the American army during the **Revolutionary War**. The official records of the Revolution show that James Murfree [Murphy], enlisted "on the 15th day of May, 1781, in **Captain McRee's** company, Tenth Regiment, North Carolina Line., **Abraham Shephard** commanding." He had previously served with the state troops in operations against Tories.

James Murfree is mentioned several times in early Franklin Co., NC court minutes.

March 1788: The Jury appointed to lay out a Road from **Lewisburgh** to the **Wake [Co]** line near **Wm. Jeffrey's** ... Ordered that the hands under **Jordan Hill**, *James Murfree*, **Charles Darnall**, **Osborn Jeffreys**,

CONNECTOR

Ephraim Conyers, John Elliot, Joseph Wright, & John Richards ...

September 1789: *James Murfree* was called as juror for the next court.

September 1791: **Thomas Harwell, William L**____, and **Benjamin Wright** were ordered to work under *James Murfree* to repair the causeway across **Cedar Creek**.

December 1791: **John Strother** was appointed administrator for the estate of **William Strother** who had "entered into Bond in the Sum of One Hundred pounds with **William Sanders & James Murfree** his Securities."

James Murfree died in Franklin Co in 1822 at the age of 97. His descendants migrated to **Tennessee** and **Alabama**.

[*Notable Men of Alabama*; <http://www.wsu.edu/~cambelld/am-lit/murfree.htm>;

<http://www.geocities.com/Heartland/Ranch/7943/index2.html>.]

Like Mama Used To Make!

LEMON MINCE PIE.—Squeeze

out the juice from a large lemon; boil the outside until sufficiently tender to beat to a mush, add to it three large apples chopped and four ounces of suet, half a pound of currants, four ounces of sugar, put the juice of the lemon, and add candied fruit, the same as for pies. Make a short crust, and fill the pastry pans in the usual manner.

[*Franklin Courier*, May 2, 1873]

FOR RENT—The store room on Railroad Street next to the **Bank of Enfield**. Apply to **A.M. Atkinson** or **Ivey Watson**.

[*The Enfield Progress*, 8/21/1908]



BASE BALL.

A Warrenton Boy's Views.



The Henderson [Vance Co.] and Warrenton [Warren Co.] base ball clubs began a game of ball at **Warren Plains** last Thursday but for a reason which will be shown below the game was not finished. During the first three

innings the Henderson club's success seemed to be unlimited, but at the beginning of the fourth inning the Warrenton boys began their work and at the close of the 6th inning the score being nearly even and the Henderson boys seeing their terrible defeat ahead then outrightly refused to finish the game. After they refused to play the Umpire according to the rules of B.B. declared the game in favor of Warrenton.

[*The Graphic*, Ridgeway, Warren Co., NC, 7/17/1890.]

[WHITAKER, FROM P. 14]

died at the age of 12, are buried there. Dr. Whitaker, Aunt West, Coffield Bustin, and several grandchildren are also buried there.

Children of Elizabeth and Matthew Whitaker

Elizabeth Coffield and Matthew Whitaker, Sr. had several other children besides Dr. Matt Whitaker and West Duck Whitaker. They were:

1. **Elizabeth Cary Whitaker** who married **James Grant**. He served as Comptroller of NC. One of their sons, James Grant, moved to **Davenport, Iowa** in the 1840s. He had no children of his own and after the civil war, he took nearly 20 nieces and nephews from the South into his home, completing their education and establishing the boys in their chosen professions.
2. **Spier Whitaker** who married **Elizabeth Figures Lewis**, d/o **Exum Lewis** of **Mount Prospect**, **Edgecombe Co., NC**. He practiced law and was a member of the House of Commons in 1838 and Attorney General from 1842-46. He moved to **Davenport, Iowa** in

1854, but returned to NC to serve as an aide to **Gov. Clarke** from July 1861 to Sept. 1862.

3. **Martha Whitaker** who married **Ricks Fort**. This is the connection between the two families that is evident in the Fort-Whitaker Collection.

4. **Gough Ann Whitaker** who married **William Bustin**. Their children included **West Bustin**, **Coffield Bustin** who inherited *Shell Castle* and **Louisa Bustin** who married **Julius Cutchin**.

5. **Priscilla Whitaker** who married **Gen. Robert Ransom**. They had two sons, **Robert Ransom** and **Matt Ransom**, both of whom served in the Civil war.

One of Matthew and Elizabeth Whitaker's great grandchildren, **James Benton Grant**, was elected the first democratic governor of **Colorado** in 1882. He had settled in **Leadville, CO** when he and an uncle went into business, founding the **Omaha and Grant Smelting Co.** The business was later moved to **Denver** and eventually bought by the **Guggenheims** of NY.

WOOD THIEVES

WOOD STEALERS.—THOSE lazy night-walkers have



commenced their attacks on wood piles very early in the season. We were told by a gentleman on the street a few days back that his wood pile had been visited the night before

and a wagon load of wood already cut for the fire had been carried off. In these days of inventions, can't some one invent a plan by which these troublesome fellows can be caught without putting one to the necessity of watching in the cold for them? The article will meet with almost as ready sale as Messrs. **Barrow & Pleasants** Steam Washer. Good time to make a fortune, let us have the machine. Since writing the above, Mr. **M.S. Davis**, the gentleman who had the wood stolen from him offers a reward of ten dollars for the thief. We hope he, she, or they may be caught and that a lodgement with Mr. **Thompson** in the State prison and to keep warm during the winter by breaking rocks for the building.

[*Franklin Courier*, October 3, 1873]

Fort-Whitaker-Bustin Documents

The Hilliard Fort/Matthew Cary Whitaker Collection belongs to Betty Coghill Turner. It consists of 600 documents related to the Fort and Whitaker families. They have been scanned to CD and are available for research at Braswell Memorial Library. Many Halifax Co. names are mentioned in the documents.

Mrs. Turner also gave TRC access to a collection of 30 letters, most of which were written to Coffield Bustin, resident of *Shell Castle* for many years. The letters have been scanned to CD and are available at the library. They are from relatives and friends in Iowa, Leadville, Co., Birmingham, AL [her brother, West, settled there], and other places. Familiarity with the family lines makes it easy to identify most of the people mentioned in the correspondence.

[Sources: Paper written by Mrs. W.M. Atkinson about 1940, contributed by Hiram Perkinson, TRC member; *Our Children's Ancestry*, Sarah Cantey Whitaker Allen. The pictures of *Shell Castle* were taken by Linda, Robert and Mike Bunn, friends of Charles Whitaker, the last Whitaker to live at Shell Castle.]