

# The Connector

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

Summer 2008

Billie Jo Matthews & Peggy Strickland, Co-Editors Volume 12, Number 3

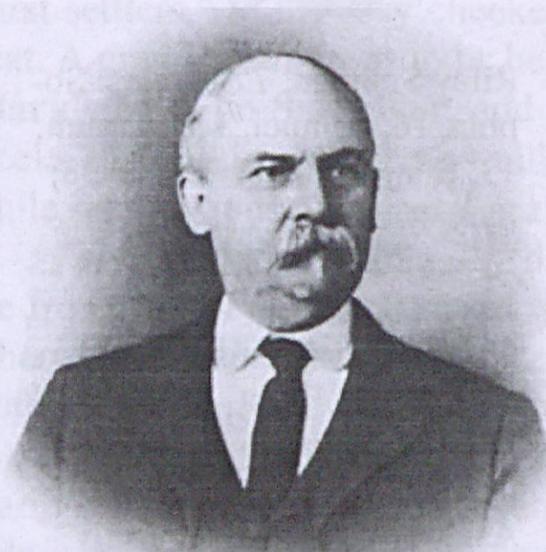
## Walter Clark—Fighting Judge and Women's Rights Advocate

**W**alter McKenzie Clark was the oldest child of Gen. David and Anna Maria Thorne Clark. He was born on August 19, 1846 at Prospect Hill in Halifax Co., NC, but spent most of his young years at Ventosa, the Clark plantation on the Roanoke River.

At the age of 8, Walter was sent to school at Vine Hill Academy near Clarksville [later Scotland Neck]. In a letter to his mother he wrote, "I go to Sunday School and church, and also clean my teeth every morning, and everything else you requested me to do." In 1857, he was sent to Ridgeway School and in 1859 to Belmont Select School in

Granville Co. where he excelled in every subject. In 1860, at the age of 14, he was enrolled in Tew's Military Academy at Hillsboro, Orange Co., NC.

Soon after NC seceded from the Union on May 20, 1861, Gov. Ellis



called for volunteers to assemble at Camp Ellis, near Raleigh, Wake Co, NC. He asked Col. Tew of the Academy to assign a cadet to act as drill master for the first contingent of raw recruits. Walter Clark—only 14 years old—was given the assignment.

The Camp Ellis troops were organized into the 22<sup>nd</sup> Reg. under the command of Col. J. Johnston Pettigrew and Clark, known as "Little Clark," was elected 2<sup>nd</sup> lieutenant and drill master, where he served until November when he became drill master for the 35<sup>th</sup> NC Regiment at Camp Mangum.

In the summer of 1862, "Little Clark" became Col. Matt W. Ransom's adjutant. The regiment joined Gen. Lee's army and Clark saw plenty of action. He was present at the

SEE CLARK, PAGE 4

## Oxford & Henderson Railroad

**I**n 1871 the nearest railroad to the town of Oxford, Granville Co., NC was the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad that passed through Henderson, Vance Co., NC, twelve miles to the east. In order to connect the town of Oxford to the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad, an act was passed on March 25, 1871 incorporating the Oxford & Henderson Railroad. The act read: "...for the purpose of

Oxford, Cont. On P. 7



John Thorne Headstone  
Ricks Cemetery - Nash Co.  
See Page 8

## A Cure for an Incurable Disease

**B**aron Cramar, a celebrated German, has found out a method of making the most confirmed tippler have the greatest loathing and repugnance to all sorts of spirits and strong liquor. Take one tea-spoonful of tincture of calamba, one tea-spoonful of the tincture of cascarrilla, one tea-spoonful of the compound tincture of gentian, a wine glassful of the infusion of quassia, and twenty drops of elixir

CURE, CONT. ON PAGE 8

## 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

PO Box 8764  
Rocky Mount, NC 27804

### Internet

[www.braswell-library.org/  
adult\\_tar\\_river\\_connections.htm](http://www.braswell-library.org/adult_tar_river_connections.htm)

### e-mail

[trcgs@braswell-library.org](mailto:trcgs@braswell-library.org)

Annual Dues - \$20.00

## 2008 Officers

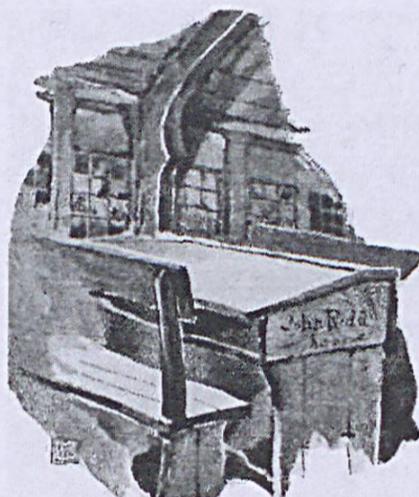
Jim Stallings, President  
Reese Ferrell, President-Elect  
Mary Weeks, Secretary  
Peggy Strickland, Treasurer  
Billie Jo Matthews, Peggy  
Strickland, Newsletter Editors  
Directors: Mae Frazier,  
Gene Viverette, Fairy B. Williams

The Connector-Published Quarterly

## School Children

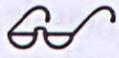
Contributed by Julia Condit, TRC Member

The number of Children belonging to the **Great Fork [Beaufort Co., NC]** for the year of 1845. [The list includes the family, the number of students, the name and age of each student]



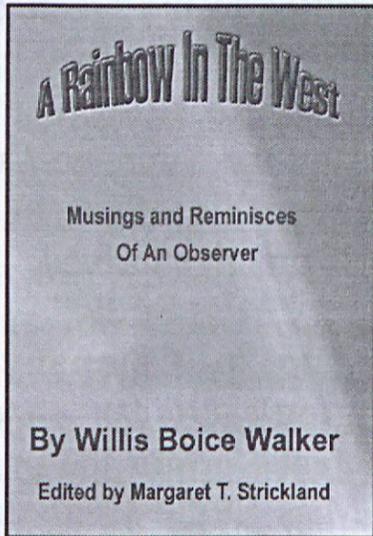
1. Riley Sullivan, 7 Scholars: Sophia, 16; Samuel, 14; Marium, 13; Benjamin, 10; Winnoa, 8; Sary, 4.
2. Eving Sullivan, 2 Schoolboys: Jerdin, 8; ?.
3. Osburn Wool[l]ard, 6 Scholars: Selecta, 20; Blont, 17; Richard Hines, 15; Joseph R., 11; Martha Ann, 10; Edward L. 7.
4. Ashley Wool[l]ard, 2: Kelly Brock, 14; Rena Lee, 14.
5. Allen Wooten, 3 Scholars: Allen, 17; Thomas, 12; Suzan, 7.
6. Thomas Hawkins, 1 Scholar: Langley, 6,
7. Gary As[h]by, 3 Scholars: William, 14; Ellen, 11; Latisha, 7.
8. Thomas L. Waters, 4 Scholars: Priscilla, 13; Margaret, 11; Thomas L., 8; Elizabeth, ?.
9. Nathan Wool[l]ard, 4 Scholars: Wilson, 14; Harriet, 13; Lewis, 9; Isah, 7.
10. Asa Wool[l]ard, 1 Scholar: William Henry, 5.
11. James Pinkum, 1: Elizabeth Slocum, 13.
12. Thomas McKeel, 5 Scholars: Major, 20; James T. , 17; Liza, 14; Jenny, 10; Ellen McKeel,6.
13. Eving Wool[l]ard, 6 Scholars: Thomas W., 20; Isac, 17; Eving, 13; Patsy Wool[l]ard, 12; Priscilla, 9; Lolittia,6.
14. Joseph Boyd, 2 Scholars: Robert, 17; Frederick, 7.
15. Martin Wool[l]ard, 5 Scholars: Branson, 14; Roda, 13, Nella, 11; Rufus, 8; Lovey, 5.
16. Hardy Alligood, 5 Scholars: Matilda, 20; Benjamin T., 15; Melvina, 12; Martha Jean, 10; Francis, 8.
17. Mary Alligood, 1: Elizabeth, 19.
18. Miles Canady, 1 Scholar: Nancy, 8.
19. Elizabeth Alligood, 1 Scholar: Ashariah B., 17.
20. Briant Alligood, 1 Scholar: Elizabeth, 8.
21. Absolom Alligood Sr, 1 Scolar: Francis, 17.
22. Edmond Alligood, 3 Scholars: Nathan, 19; Anna, 17; Mary, 15.
23. Harret Bayner, 3 Scholars: Zacheriah, 17; Elizabeth, 14; George 10.
24. Moses Congleton, 1: Ashley, 7,
25. John Bayner Jr., 3 Scholars: David, 11; Nancy Fulford, 10; Ferraby Fulford, 8.
26. Allen Congleton, 6 Scholars: Joseph, Jr. 19; Jack Ann, 17; Malinda S., 15; Sophia A., 13; Allen A., 12; Luther O., 9.
27. Thomas Congleton, 2: Thomas A., 19; William S., 14.
28. Living Wollis [Wallis,Wallace] Scholars: Francis, 18; Thilley, 15; William, 13; Asley Bayner, 8,
29. John Qollia, 1: Mary Barnet, 17.
30. Noah Wool[l]ard, 4 Schollars: Wiley, 15; Mahala, 10; John William, 8; Zacheriah, 5.
31. Benjamin Canady, 3 Scholers: Nancy, 10; Calvin, 8; Robert, 6.
32. James Pinkum Sr, 3 Scholers: Miles, 15; Sary Ann, 12; Isah, 10.
33. Larkin J. Waters, 2 Scholars; Hardy, 11; Unus, 6.
34. Daniel Wool[l]ard, 5 Scholars: Lucinda, 20; Margaret, 18; Asa, 17; Nancy, 14; Elizabeth, 6.
35. Riley Wool[l]ard, 4 Scholars: Wiley, 20; Nathan, 17; Olley, 8; Absolum, 6.

## Reader's Choice LOCAL COLOR



### *A Rainbow In The West*

BY WILLIS BOICE WALKER,



**Boice Walker**, 85 years old and a TRC member, has assembled a collection of his recollections going back to the 1920s-1950s in **Nash County, Rocky Mount, Red Oak**, and other such unsung places. The stories are of several varieties: "We Did It Like This" stories; "This Is The Way It Was" stories; "The Funniest Thing" stories; "This Doesn't Exist Any More" stories; and etc.

There is a story about Commencement Day at Red Oak School. Another tells how the *Green-Back, Cross-Eyed Bankers Special* fishing lure came to be.

The book includes pictures of several athletic teams taken from *Red Oak Leaves*, the Red Oak Annual for 1924. There are other pictures from the 1939 and 1940 annuals, as well as excerpts from the "Last Will and Testament."

Walker played semi-pro ball in Rocky Mount for a short while. He tells a few local baseball stories and also recounts stories about a number of players who went on to fame in the professional leagues. These include **Stan Spence, Jerry**  
**LOCAL COLOR CONT. ON P. 8**

## Grange Pic-nic and Barn Dance

[Written for the *Henderson Gold Leaf*]

by A. HATCHETT.

On the first Sunday after my arrival in these regions I attended church near the little village of **Santa Fe, [NM] in Audrain Co.** where I was introduced to several of the belles of the day, the healthy looking daughters of the prairie cattle kings, whose pride did not prevent their seeking the corral with bridle in hand, catching a horse unassisted, twisting the mane around their hand, mounting upon his bare back, with no rock, fence or stump to help, and riding to the house where the side saddle was adjusted with her own tapered fingers—girls so independent, when they came to church without an escort would not permit themselves to be assisted from their seat by anyone, and who would accept no company home save those who came with them.

It was at this date [1873] one of those national crazes, so peculiar to the American people, known as the Grange was at its zenith, and particularly in the West every pulse from the grisly and horny handed patriarch of the "first settlers," to the rosy cheeked little Ceres' and Pomona's was at fever heat. A grand pic-nic was to be held by the order about the middle of July at **Clark's Mill, on Salt river**, and all North-east **Missouri** was invited. For weeks the coming event was talked of by day and dreamed of by night, while preparations of gigantic scale proceeded.

The ever memorable day dawned at last, and at sunrise, perched on the front seat of a spring wagon with one of my host's daughters, while the other sat behind with her affianced, whether to watch me or prevent being watched, I never knew—I drew the reins over a "spiked team" of four (two "black as night's plutonian shore"—the other pair white as driven snow) rearing, plunging quadrupeds; and we rattled across the country at John Gilpin speed, while great clouds of dust rising from approaching caravans met the eye at every point; nor slacked we our speed till under the shade of the timber which adorns the banks of Salt River at Clark's mill—our rendezvous.

Here between five and six thousand people had met, a heterogeneous mixture from every land and clime—a typical western gathering. Two hundred and fifty sheep, thirty oxen, with pigs, fowls and other living things too numerous to mention had been sacrificed to appease the appetite of the Grange god. On the level plateau just below the mill, was an arbor shading a square acre of ground, covered over about two inches deep in saw dust. In the center of the arbor was a platform, the throne of the prompter, who directed the bass band and gave his commands to the acre of dancers through a speaking trumpet, for none were permitted under its shade save those who paid homage to Terpsichore.

In my boyish days I had read of the "barn dances" of our ancestors in colonial times, but the historian was either lacking in truth or ability,

**PIC-NIC CONT. ON PAGE 9**



## CLARK, CONT. FROM P 1

Second Battle of Manassas and took part in the capture of Harper's Ferry. After that, the troops marched double-quick to Sharpsburg, where, on Sept. 17, the bloodiest one-day battle of the war was fought.

Clark later wrote an account of that day in which he told how he was pulled out of the line of fire: "All the mounted officers in the division instantly dismounted, turning their horses loose to gallop to the rear. It being the first time I had been so suddenly thrown in contact with a line of battle, and not noticing, in the smoke and uproar, that the others had dismounted, I thought it my duty to stick to my horse; in another moment, when the smoke would have lifted, I should have been taken for a general officer and would have been swept out of my saddle by a hundred bullets. A kind-hearted veteran close by peremptorily pulled me off my horse. At that instant a minnie ball, whistling over the just emptied saddle, struck the back of my left hand which was still clinging to the pommel, leaving a slight scar ..."

Gen. Ransom had a slightly different recollection. He said that a big mountaineer private ran up to Clark and pulled him off his horse, exclaiming, "Git off'n this horse, you darned little fool! You'll git killed."

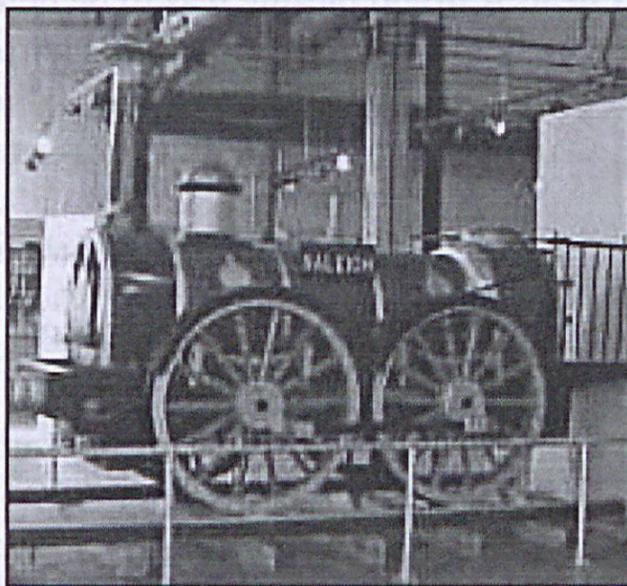
Later, when the regiment was in winter quarters near **Richmond, VA** with Gen. Lee, Clark wrote his mother asking for a pair of boots. The soles of his shoes had given away and his feet were partially on the ground. "I have thought my feet would freeze in these low shoes, for they keep no more water out than if I had none. It is folly to think that persons in the army can purchase at any time, anywhere, what they need."

At another time he wrote his mother, "...we had to lie in an open ditch, the rain pouring down, without blankets or a mouthful to eat (and the enemy picking off every man who raised up to stretch his benumbed limbs) for two nights and a day ..."

Walter Clark resigned his commission in 1863 and enrolled at **UNC**. He graduated a year later, first in his class. He was reading law, although, as he wrote his father, "...I would not be entitled to plead until I am twenty one." As soon as he graduated in June 1864, he returned to his regiment and continued to serve until he was paroled on May 2, 1865.

### After the war

When Clark returned to Ventosa, there was nothing left. The fields were a wilderness of weed.. Federal soldiers had stolen the livestock and



Raleigh and Gaston Railway 0-4-0  
NC Transportation Museum  
Spencer Shops

burned the mansion to the ground. David Clark's health was ruined and Walter took over management of Ventosa and **Riverside**, near **New Bern**. He became the head of the family at age 18 and managed to rehabilitate Ventosa and keep his family—mother, invalid father and 8 siblings—together.

In December 1865, at the age of 19, he wrote to the *Raleigh Sentinel*: "The picture of abandoned farms, stagnated business, a dejected peo-

ple and open lawlessness is fearful to contemplate. Gentlemen may go to Raleigh and legislate, but what does their collective wisdom amount to if the plow stands still in the furrow and the anvil rests on its block? ..."

In January, 1867 Walter Clark was admitted to the practice of law in Halifax Co. and opened his office in Scotland Neck. At 21, he was licensed by the Supreme Court. He soon moved his office to Halifax where his practice thrived.

### "Miss Sudie"

"Go up to **Company Shops [Burlington]** today to the Tournament—go for the purpose of seeing Miss **Sudie Graham**." This was the start of Clark's ardent 3 year courtship of "Miss Sudie" Graham. She lived in **Hillsboro, Orange Co., NC**, far from Halifax, and Clark often told of catching midnight freight trains on his return trips.

On Jan. 27, 1875, Walter Clark and **Susan Washington Graham** were married. Clark was a director and general counsel for the **Raleigh & Gaston** and the **Raleigh & Augusta Railroads** and it was more convenient for him to live in Raleigh. The young couple had an inexpensive but comfortable house and it was there they raised their family of 8—5 boys and 3 girls.

Clark seemed to have boundless energy and enthusiasm. He and **Gov. Holt** purchased the *Raleigh News*, a daily paper which Clark managed for a number of years. He wrote and annotated *Clark's Code of Civil Procedure* that was so well done every practicing lawyer had to have a copy. He compiled and edited the *State Records of North Carolina* (16 vols., 1886-97). He wrote a historical summary of Methodism in NC and represented the Methodist church at a number of national

**CLARK, CONT. ON PAGE 5**

**CLARK, CONT. FROM P. 4** conferences and international conferences. In addition, he found time to help his children with their lessons and take the boys swimming in Crabtree Creek.

**Fighting Judge**

He was appointed to the Superior Court in 1885 and was elected, in 1889, to the NC Supreme Court where he served until his death in 1924. He was inflexible against all violators of the law. Recognized as a progressive, Clark was an ardent advocate for women, children and minorities. He had conflicts with such powerhouses as the American Tobacco Co. and several railroad companies, including the ACL. He urged better child labor laws, once denying the right of an employer to plead that a child engaged working at dangerous machinery assumed the risk incident to the employment, and when injured was barred from recovery.

**Women's Rights**

Walter Clark took an avid interest in woman's suffrage, serving as legal adviser to the North Carolina League of Women Voters. He made his first speech favoring woman suffrage in 1911.

In 1913, Clark spoke to the Federation of Women's Clubs in New Bern. He said, in part: "...The legal status of women under the common law...was simply that of a slave. A married woman under the common law owned no property, except after the death of her husband. She could make no contracts, not even for necessities and not even with the consent of her husband. She could not will or devise her property. Upon her marriage the husband and the wife became one--and that one was the husband. He was master, the wife was a nonentity. The moment she married, he became entitled to all her personal

property. He was entitled to the rents and profits of her real estate, which he could sell for his lifetime, or it could be sold for his debts. If she died, the husband still possessed the right to the rents and profits of all her realty for the rest of his life, while at his death she received only a child's part of his personalty and a life right, called a dower, in only one-third of his realty.... She could not appoint a guardian for her children even when she outlived her husband.

"As to her personal rights, the married woman came under the absolute control of her husband, who could chastise her if he saw fit, provided the chastisement inflicted no permanent injury. The reason given for this by **Judge Pearson** as late as 1868 was that it was the husband's duty to 'make the wife behave herself,' and if he beat her without good cause it was held that the courts would not punish him, because it was too small a matter to take notice

**TWO AGGRESSIVE LAWYERS.**

**RALEIGH, N. C., March 28.**—At Guilford Superior Court, recently, Thomas Ruffin, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court, and David Schenck, ex-Judge of the Superior Court, were opposing counsel in a civil suit before Judge Walter Clark. Both gentlemen are said to be uncomfortably aggressive in the practice of the law toward their fellow-members of the Bar, and in this case Schenck had offered a number of affidavits and Ruffin remarked, "Ah! offered for a continuance." Schenck took offense at the manner and tone and said to Ruffin that he did not allow any one to put on such airs as that to him. Ruffin fired up and remarked, "You don't, you infamous puppy!" Schenck immediately knocked Ruffin down, and as Ruffin recovered Schenck struck him again two or three times. They were then separated. Judge Clark fined each \$100 and collected the money then and there.

*The New York Times*  
Published: March 29, 1886  
Copyright © The New York Times

of, unless she was permanently injured. As late as 1868 it was held by our Supreme Court that if a husband whipped his wife with a switch no larger than his thumb he could not be punished.

"The first improvement came in 1848 when a statute 'provided that as to women married thereafter, their real estate could not be sold by the husband nor for his debts.' In 1868, the new constitution contained a provision that was intended to emancipate married women by providing that 'a married woman should own her property as fully as if she had remained single; that she might will it, and that she could sell her personalty, but it was still required that she must get the written assent of her husband to convey her realty. This last restriction still holds in this State...' Despite the new provision, "the courts placidly proceeded to hold that the earnings from her needle or cooking, or otherwise acquired



CLARK, CONT. ON PAGE 6

## Early Aviator-Pilot/Mechanic

BY FOY PULLEN

In the early days of aviation, a pilot had to be both a flyer and a mechanic. When something broke, as it often did, you had to fix it yourself most times. On the old planes, the landing axle went up into a V and was held there by elastic cord like bungee cords with a safety cable to hold it in place in case the bungee cord broke. The elastic cords allowed the axle to give a little, acting like shock absorbers on the landing. It was a pretty primitive setup, but it worked.

One time, when we were barnstorming in a little country town, a bungee cord broke and we had no replacement. A farmer brought us some plow line. We tied that on in place of the elastic cord. It held the axle, but there was no give to it and it made for a hard landing!

The engines in the planes we used for barnstorming were water cooled engines left over from World War I. I can remember one time when we only had one bucket and we needed to fill the plane with gasoline from a drum and also add water. We got water from a nearby ditch. Then, using the same bucket, with water still in it, we drained gasoline from the gasoline drum. We poured the gas into the plane's gas tank through a felt hat. That felt hat was the best water trap I've ever seen!

Those old World War I engines didn't have starters. You had to hand crank them like the old cars. To help get the engine started, we had a rig that we could hook up to the magneto that would generate enough current to start the engine. It beat cranking it!

We would go barnstorming on Saturday, always a busy day in town. As we approached the town, we would circle around a couple of times and then crank up the generator. It would sound like the engine was com-

ing to pieces! Everybody would get excited looking up and expecting us to crash. Then we'd make what appeared to be a *forced* landing.

After we got down, we would open the cowl [hood] and pretend to be working on the engine while everybody gathered around. In a few minutes, we'd close it up and tell everybody it was fixed and ready to fly and that we needed a volunteer to take a test flight. Somebody always got pushed up to the front and we'd take him up. After that, we'd start hauling passengers.

We charged \$2 per person for a flight that lasted about 10 minutes. We'd circle around the town, pointing out various sights and then land and load up again. It was a lot of fun!

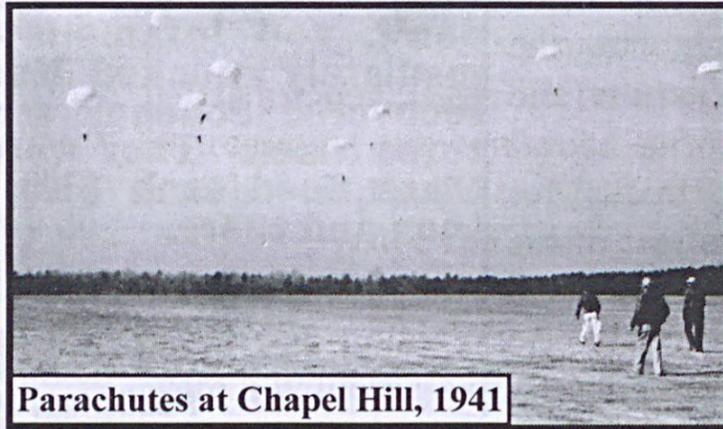
In one small town, we had a man who said he would be glad to fly, if he could just keep one foot on the ground. We put a bucket of dirt in the plane and he flew with his foot in the bucket, and he was happy.

Tommy Moore from Wilson would barnstorm with us sometimes and he would parachute from the aircraft. The

early parachutes were made of canvas and it was too bulky to be worn, so it was packed in a sack. The sack was tied to the wing step so that when the pilot jumped, the sack would turn over and spill the parachute out. We would pack stuff in the sack with the chute so when it opened, debris would fly out and it looked like the chute had blown up. That would really excite the crowd.

A little later, silk parachutes were more common and they were worn by the jumper. Tommy Moore would jump and delay opening the parachute. This would also please the crowd. As time went on, Tommy would wait longer and longer before opening the parachute. Unfortunately, he finally waited too late and was killed.

[Foy Pullen has recently published *90 Years of Aviation in Rocky Mount: 1907-2007*. To purchase the book, send \$15 + \$3 for mailing to Margaret Strickland, PO Box 8764, Rocky Mount, NC 27804]



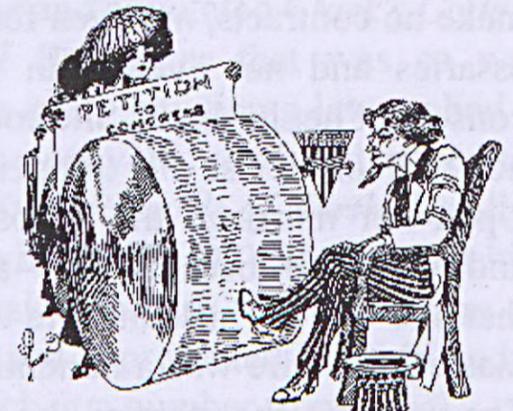
Parachutes at Chapel Hill, 1941

**CLARK, CONT. FROM P. 5** by her labor should nevertheless become absolutely the property of her husband, and that she could not sue for it." It was not until 1913 that women were granted the right to their own earnings.

In 1916, Judge Clark spoke in **Greenville, Pitt Co., NC** on the subject of votes for women. He argued,

although women could not vote, legally they could hold any state office, as the constitution did not specify that office-holders must be men.

[*Dictionary of N. C. Biography* edited by William S. Powell; "Soldier, Planter, Judge" by Gene Dugan, *Ramparts*, Summer 1998]; <http://docsouth.unc.edu/nc/clarkw/bio.html>]



Women's Suffrage Poster  
[www.twainquotes.com/suffrage2.gif](http://www.twainquotes.com/suffrage2.gif)

**Oxford, Cont. From P. 1**

constructing and operating a railroad from some point on the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad, within one mile of the depot at Henderson in the county of Granville, over the most practicable route through the county of Granville, to such point within one mile of the Court House at Oxford in Granville County as by said Company shall be deemed most eligible."

Stock was authorized for the building of the line, but funds gave out and in 1880 the Oxford & Henderson was leased to **Archibald Hunter Arrington Williams** who opened the twelve miles of line on August 16, 1881. However, he was prevented from making a physical connection with the Raleigh & Gaston for several years.

The *First Annual Report of the Board of Railroad Commissioners of NC*, published in 1891, listed the directors and officers of the railroad when it was organized. The directors were: **J. C. Cooper**, Oxford, NC; **A.H.A. Williams**, Oxford, NC; **S.R. Harris**, Henderson, NC; **Owen Davis**, Henderson, NC; and **W.H.J. Burgwyn**, Henderson, NC. The officers were: Chairman of the board, **A. B. Andrews**, Raleigh, NC; President, **A. B. Andrews**, Raleigh, NC; Secretary-Treasurer, **J. A. White**, Oxford, NC.

During the time the Oxford & Henderson Railroad was being built, the state prison

system was in financial trouble. The prisons were overcrowded and it was difficult to find money to feed the prisoners. As a result, prisoners were leased to various railroads. The Oxford & Henderson leased 67 prisoners to provide labor during the construction.

In 1883 the charter was again amended "to extend the construction ... from or near the town of Henderson in Vance County, to or near the town of Louisburg in Franklin County...." From there, the company could elect to go through **Franklin, Nash, Halifax or Wake**

**Counties** in order to connect with the **Wilmington & Weldon Railroad**, the **Albemarle & Raleigh Railroad**, or the **North Carolina Railroad**. It was also permitted to go from Oxford to **Durham** in **Durham Co.**, and from Oxford to some point in the dividing line between **Virginia** and North Carolina in either Granville or **Person County**. None of these lines were built at that time.

*Poor's Directory of Railway Officials, 1887* listed **Archibald Hunter Arrington Williams** of Oxford as developer and president. Other officers were: **W. B. Gulick**, Treasurer, Oxford, NC; **James A. White**, Gen. Superintendent, Henderson, NC; **James E. Lawrence**, C. E. & M. M., Henderson, NC; **J. J. W. Harris**, Road Master, Oxford, NC.

In 1887 the **Richmond & Danville** extended its **Richmond & Mecklenburg** line to Durham. This extension went through Oxford which finally physically connected Oxford & Henderson. At that time, the Oxford & Henderson Railroad was leased to the Richmond & Danville for a term of 99 years. The Richmond & Danville flourished for a time, but went into bankruptcy in 1894 and was purchased by the **Southern Railroad**.

[*Poor's Directory of Railway Officials, 1887; First Annual Report of the Board of Railroad Commissioners of NC; <http://www.pwrr.org/ncrrs.html>; <http://www.infoplease.com/biography/us/congress/williams-archibald-hunter-arrington.html>]*

**AFFAIRS OF THE RAILWAYS.****PROJECTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.**

**RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 7.**—A company has been organized for the purpose of building a railroad from Oxford, in Granville County, to Clarksville, Va. There is a railroad from Oxford to Henderson, and at the beginning of the war there was a railroad from Keyesville, on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, to Clarksville. The iron was taken up by the Confederate Government during the war and used on the road from Richmond to Greensborough. The object of the new company is a line from Keyesville, by Clarksville and Oxford, to Henderson, and from Henderson over the Raleigh and Gaston Road to Raleigh. **H. C. Herndon** is President.

The Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, which forms a part of the Atlantic Coast line, has been contemplating the construction of a railroad from Wilson, by way of Fayetteville, to Florence, S. C. The distance from Wilson to Florence, by way of Wilmington, as the road now runs, is 216 miles. From Wilson, by way of Fayetteville, to Florence is only 112 miles, which would be a saving of 104 miles. There will be only one long bridge, and that across the Great Pee Dee River. **Col. Bridgers**, President, was in Fayetteville last week, and all the arrangements have been perfected for immediate work on the road. The only question that remains unsettled is whether the point of starting will be Wilson or Goldsborough. The latter will probably put up the most money and thus secure one terminus.

**The New York Times**

Published February 9, 1885

Copyright © The New York Times

## Pam's Corner

BY PAM EDMONDSON

The following is taken from the **J. M. Cutchin** Diary which is included in the *Cutchin Family Collection* (#476) in the ECU Special Collection, Greenville, N. C.

**Cornelia Wheless** and myself were married the 30th of Jan. 1866 by Rev. **J. H. Page**.

1860—Murder of an Irishman by **Sam Taylor** of Battleboro. Irishman drinking heavily staggered in and Taylor cut him so badly he died

Miss **Laura Mayo** is very sick at this time, Sept. 3, 1863. She has typhoid fever.

Miss **Laura Mayo** died at the home of Miss **Pennina Bryan** Sept. 13, 1863.

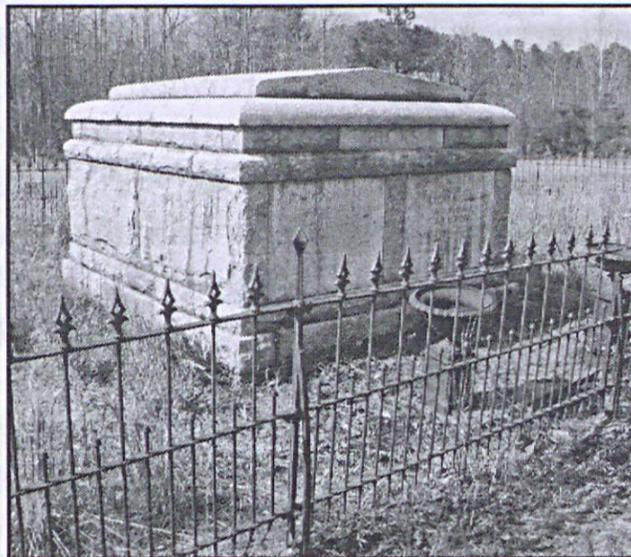
1869—**Arthur W. Cutchin** died of disease contracted near **Petersburg [VA]**. **James McGilbra** found him ill and helped him get home before he died. He is buried in the family cemetery at the old home place.

1866—**John A. Cutchin**, my brother, was murdered in the night of Aug. 9, 1866 in the store at **Whitakers Depot**. He was beaten to death with a hammer by a person or persons entering the store under the pretense of trading. Poor John, may you be in heaven.

1870—Mrs. **Nancy Wheless**, my wife's mother, died of cancer it is supposed on 10<sup>th</sup> of April 1870.

## Robert Henry Ricks Cemetery

**Wallace Abernathy**, TRC member, was involved in an effort to clean up the **Robert Henry Ricks Cemetery** in Nash County.



**Robert Ricks Mausoleum**

Wallace said, "I went out today to make sure we would give the *clean-up* people correct information. While there I worked my bush axe until it got tired (not to mention this 66 year old body)—about 45 minutes. You can drive right up to the iron fence. I also found the **John Thorne** headstone that was broken off. It was buried right where it fell." [A picture of this headstone appears on Page 1.]

### Directions to cemetery

In Rocky Mount, go north on Winstead Ave. to Benvenue Road (Hwy 43). Then go east, towards Rocky Mount, for 1.1 miles and turn left on Peele Road (at the Benvenue Baptist Church). Go 1.2 miles to Boseman Road. Turn left and go 1.3 miles. Turn right into the path at the "Sandra Pope Realty" sign. There will be a house on the left side of the path. Continue for a short distance and the cemetery will be on the left, about 25 yards from the path. We have permission to access the cemetery from the posted property, but not from the pond or adjacent area.

**LOCAL CONT. FROM P. 3**  
**Priddy**, and **Clarence "Ace" Parker** among others.

Another thing that some of our readers may remember is growing a tobacco crop in the days before tractors. Walker paints this picture viv-

idly and includes many pictures taken from *Bright Leaf Tobacco, Economic Gold in Eastern NC*, compiled by Billie Jo Works Matthews, co-editor of *The Connector*.

Boice Walker has lived an unusual and interesting life and he has a phenomenal memory. A number of Boice's stories have appeared in *The Connector*. If you like to read about times long gone, this book will make it come alive for you.

You can order *A Rainbow In The West* by sending a check for \$18 (\$15+\$3 Postage) to Boice Walker, 1504 Surry Ct., Rocky Mount, N. C. 27804.

### CURE, CONT. FROM PAGE 1

vitriol; mix, and take twice or thrice a day, and have a jug of cold water dashed over the head every morning coming out of bed, and the feet bathed in warm water every night. Continue this for six or eight weeks. Dr. Roth, of Swinemunde, has succeeded with this remedy in curing many poor creatures, both men and women, who were killing themselves by continual tipping and drunkenness.

[Free Press, Tarborough, NC, 8/27/1824]

## Mint Saloon

**S**parkling Champagne Cider at the Mint Saloon. This is a pleasant, healthy and wholesome beverage, and just the thing for those who have sworn off, but still have a hankering after something a "little stronger" than water.

"Tin-tag" Chewing Tobacco, the best in the world, sold at the Mint Saloon.

The Mint solicits *cash* trade only. Loafers, spongers and "dead beats" not wanted until further notice.

[Henderson Goldleaf, 3/6/1884]

### PIC-NIC CONT. FROM PAGE 3

probably the latter, to give an adequate conception of it, for who can describe a thousand people, of a dozen different languages, lithe forms, draped in costly fabrics



gotten up a la "Grecian bend," with approved spring appendages so exciting their admiration that like Lot's wife, they look back. Stout forms and strong, black eyes and blue wearing no more gowns than back, to whom lacing and corsets are un-

known, with pedal extremities unencumbered by hide of ox or goat, with well turned ankles to 'broidered hose a stranger, the scant pattern of whose costume was cut "according to the cloth" so literally that looking on I could but recall Tam O'Shanter's famous dance in Kirk Alloway—such a crowd, in the very abandon of nature, drunk with music's inspiring strains, mixing and mingling as they may while confusion in very set reigns supreme, despite the trumpet-tongued commands of the prompter who vainly endeavors to attain despotic sway, what historian, however talented and honest can portray?

Selecting a partner who had been "to boarding school" I floundered through the saw dust for one set, had participated in a barn dance—and had glory enough. With my fair lady clinging tightly to the side where the heart beats are felt, I wended my way to the pleasant shade of a wide spreading oak, and rested my weary limbs on the fallen trunk of an ancient tree. I made several attempts of conversation, but being a "stranger in Athens" and unlearned in the small chat of that ilk my efforts were futile. After about five minutes of that profound silence, sometimes more eloquent than words, I ventured to ask if she was fond of the round dance. Turning upon me with a look of amazement I shall never forget, she gasped, "Round dances, what's them? I never hearn of 'em." In a moment I was as thirsty as a wanderer on the desert of Sahara—drier than I have been since local option has been in **Henderson**, and with a profound bow I left her.

Asking several acquaintances who were said to be up to snuff where I could get a drink I was told there was probably not a drop in twenty miles—that prohibition prohibited it there. These fellows were honest in what they told me, but they were unsophisticated; they lacked travel.

Sauntering through the crowd in search of some scent or sign to guide me to the thing I sought, I met an ill omened specimen of the genus home, whose bleary eyes and unsteady gait elicited the involuntary exclamation, "Eureka." With a woe begone visage I addressed my man in tones of most dire distress with "Doctor, I am terribly sick—I am threatened with a fit. Can you do anything for me? Have you Laudanum or paregoric with you?"

Never before having been so urbanely or so honorably addressed, his unsightly countenance assumed a seraphic smile, he grasped me by the hand and hurried me behind the great water wheel of the mill, took from a crevice in the water-covered rock an honest, old-fashioned quart bottle of as good brandy (if I am not mistaken) as I ever drank. Begging me for God's sake not to have a fit and die as 'twould "spile the meeting," insisting that I should come and get more when I needed it, etc. It was soon whispered around that I had a fit; the girl I had danced with was about to faint, and such was the general excitement I had to go upon the music stand and knock



off a few "Old Virginia break down" steps to the tune of "Leather Breeches" to convince them I was not dead. I was sorry I did it, for the applause of a thousand throats was poor pay for the number I had to learn my steps to.

A. Hatchett was a regular contributor of local news to the *Henderson Gold Leaf*. However, Hatchett may have been a pen name. The only Hatchett in the area was "Annie Hatchett" who was in Granville, 11 years old in 1880. She would have been 18 at the time of this story.

[*Henderson Gold Leaf*, 5/19/1887]



Atlantic Christian College-Wilson, NC-1910  
John Gideon Taylor Family Papers, Special Collections., ECU

## A Visit to Chateau-Thierry

John Clayton Taylor (9/20/1888—1/30/1921) of Greenville, Pitt Co., NC, attended Buies Creek Academy, Atlantic Christian College, and the Medical College of Virginia. He joined the U.S. Navy in 1917 and served aboard the hospital ship *USS Plattsburg* as a surgeon. Taylor was accidentally shot and killed by a sentry on the naval base at Norfolk, Virginia. He was buried at the family cemetery between Greenville and Bethel, N.C.

On Dec. 11<sup>th</sup>, 1918, just one month after the cease fire, Taylor visited the battlefield at Chateau-Thierry. It was here, in a battle fought between May 31 and July 10, 1918, that the Germans, planning to cross the Marne at Chateau-Thierry, were defeated as they made their last attempt to reach Paris about 35 miles away. The American forces saved the day. The following is taken from Taylor's description of his visit to the battlefield..

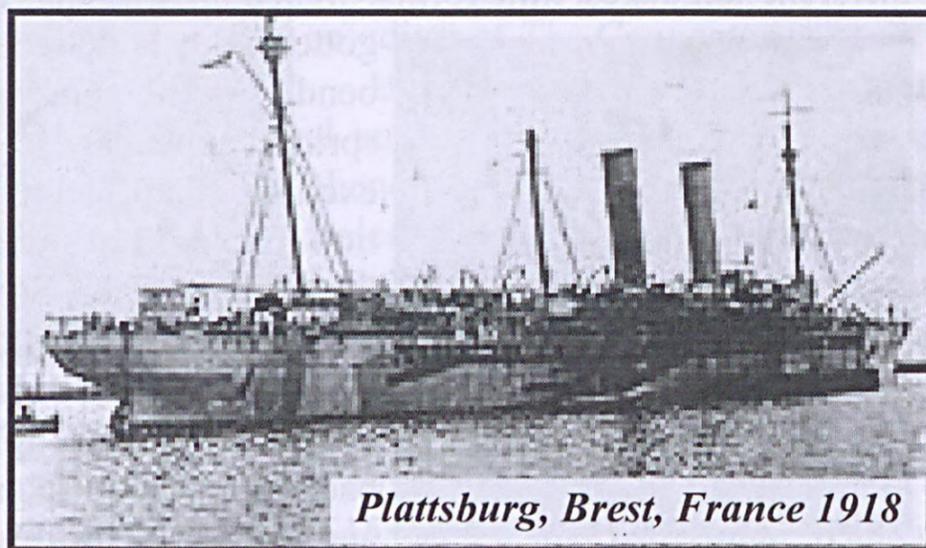
Early in the morning, a friend and I slipped from a little hotel near the center of Paris and drove to the east Station. We secured inexpensive French *Militaire* R. R. tickets and made our way with the crowd of soldiers of all the Allies to the gate, which was guarded by French soldiers. Only one American *doughboy* towered above the *frogs* and I steered as far from him as possible. It did no good for this big Westerner shot out his powerful right arm, and we came to an abrupt halt.

"Are you'se Americans?" he asked. I was quite stupid for I actually told him that we were American Naval Officers. Why my wits did not tell me to say we were Chinese, Japs, or Mexicans, I can't say—for he would have let us pass. As it was, he said we needed a certain bit of *blue paper*.

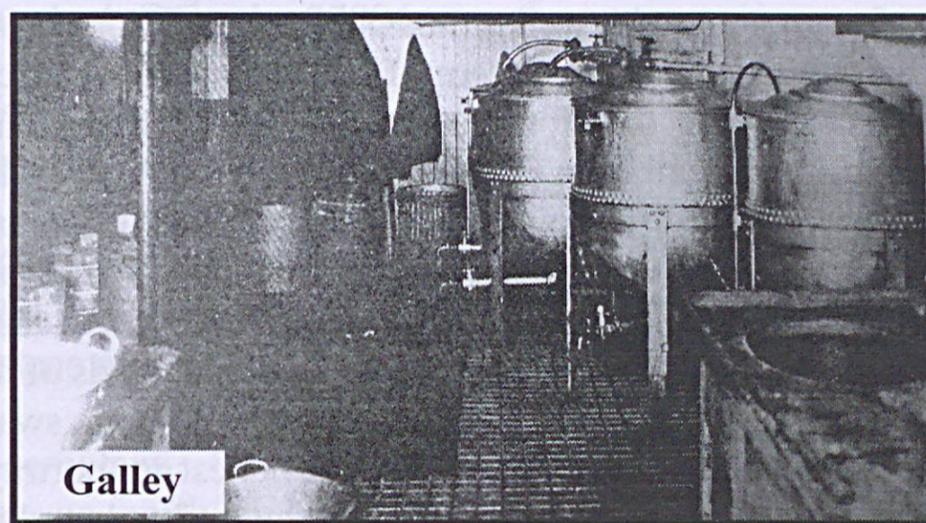
I went back to the office and showed the patrol officer issuing said *blue papers* my leave papers to visit Paris. He very quickly recognized that it did not say *Chateau-Thierry*, and told me so. We decided that we had about as well give up, but suddenly I had an idea. I would try the *Westerner* again, appealing to his sympathy. So for the second time I approached this big *rough-rider*. I told him I had two brothers in France (which I did) and with my heart in my throat, half stopping my speech, I told him they were wounded in the last hours of the *big show* and were in a big hospital at Chateau-Thierry. It was a good story, well done too, for it worked. The fellow nodded his head backward and said, "I hope they is better when you'se gets there."

As we got further from Paris, one could see with increasing frequency, such things as aeroplane wreckage, trenches and barbed wire. The French had every

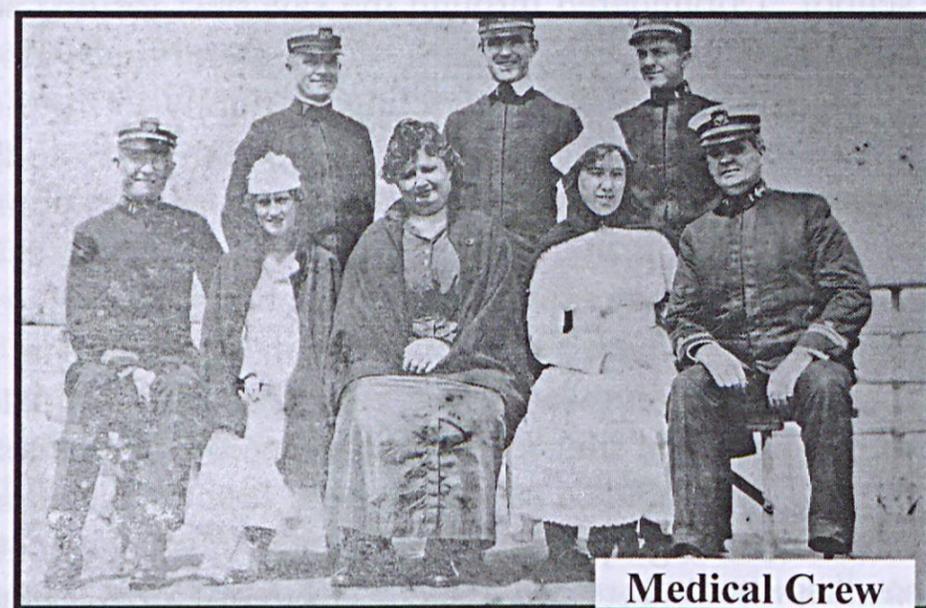
## *USS Plattsburg*



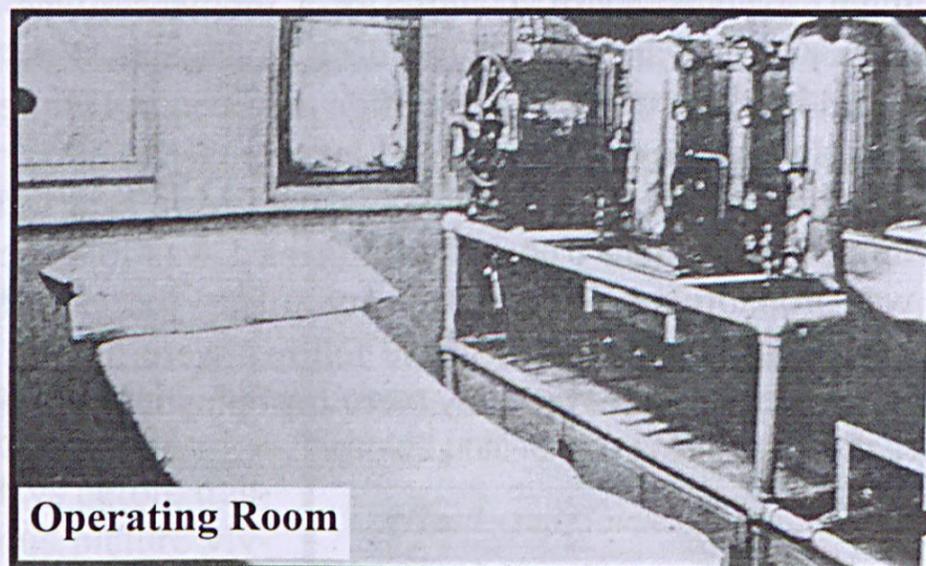
*Plattsburg, Brest, France 1918*



Galley



Medical Crew

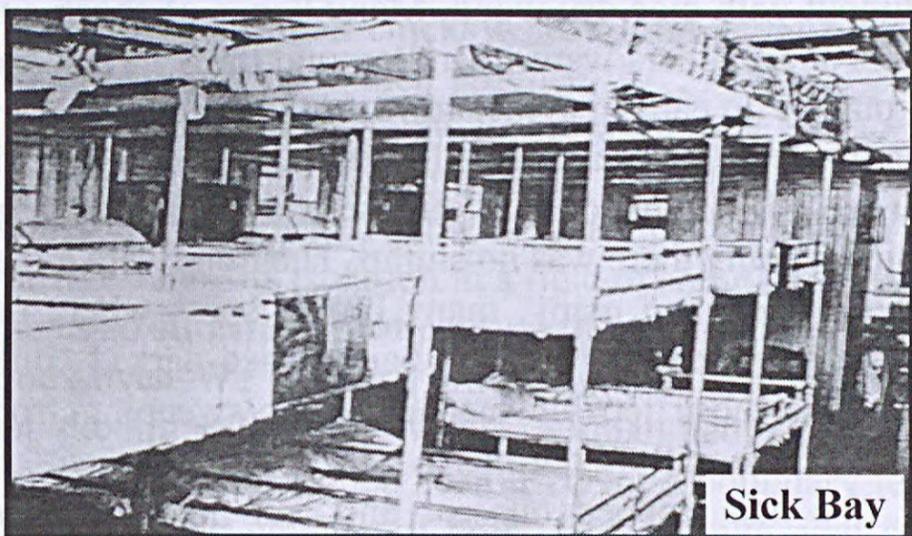


Operating Room

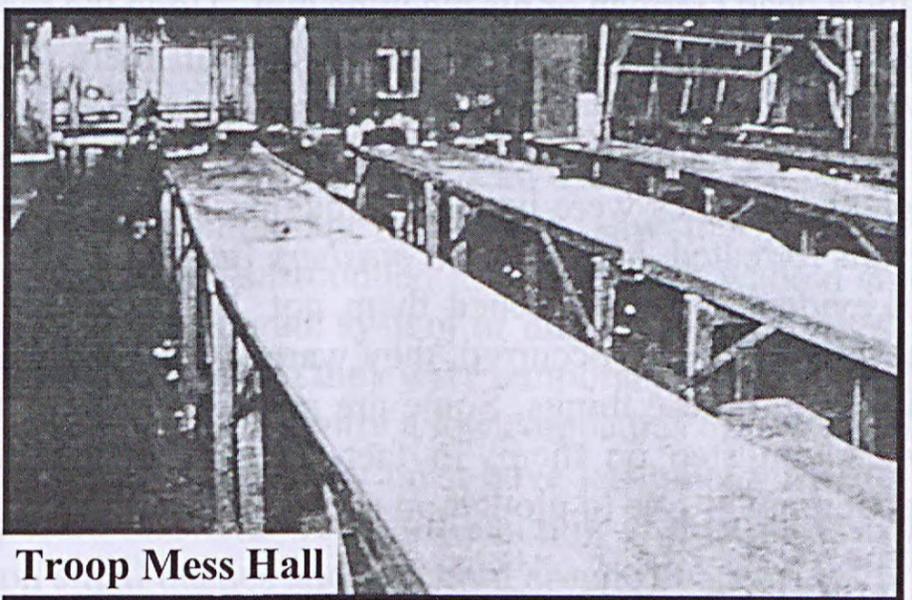
Story and photographs taken from the John Clayton Taylor Papers, 1907-1921 (Manuscript Collection #442), ECU Special Collections in Greenville, N. C.



Ship's Band



Sick Bay



Troop Mess Hall



Unloading Patients

field and mound manned with machine gun parties, between the battle front and Paris, especially along the Marne River and its valley. In the nearest corner to Paris, there were several rows of barbed wire, only two feet high, and a zigzag trench. Neither had ever been used to stop the Huns, but you can see that they were prepared.

As I stepped out of the car in Chateau-Theirey, I saw that war was what Sherman said about it. Shell holes were right through the waiting platform shelters. We were delighted that we could walk right through the station without a question asked. We followed a street in the direction of the river that runs right through the town. Many American and French soldiers were walking leisurely around and a few civilians. A few houses were completely demolished, while many were hit by one or two shells. People were sometimes living in a *shell hit* home.

About this time one of our Military Police nabbed us. It was so sudden that I could only think of the same sob story I told in Paris. It was great! Much to my exaggerated disappointment, he regretted to tell me that the hospital and all the patients had been evacuated *only the day before*. That was a narrow escape! He took us to headquarters and took our names and everything else *takeable*.

Then we started to see the town. As we approached the river we saw more damage. A distance of a thousand yards made a lot of difference. Here is where the Americans stopped them [the Germans] and put them on the run toward **Berlin**. We talked with many trenchmen who said positively and gratefully that the U.S. Marines with three Army divisions saved France right there in July 1918.

The river was much narrower than I expected. Not as wide as **Tar River** in Greenville, but something like Tar River at **Tarboro**. Two new steel bridges spanned the distance, and the broken ruins of the stone bridge could be seen on the edges where the water was shallow.

The American patrol officer had told us that when the Huns were coming up on the other side of the hills the French ran away in disorder, leaving an American division and their French officers. The French *High Command* turned to an American Colonel. The U.S. Colonel, when he had understood the situation, said, "Blow up the bridge."

"We can never do that!" said the sentimental Frenchman. "It took eleven years to build that stone structure."

"Nonsense," said the American engineer. "We can blow it up in eleven seconds and re-build it in eleven days." (It was blown up in half a second and they built two, instead of one, in three days when the territory was out of danger.) We crossed to the north side. The build-

CHATEAU CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

## USS Plattsburg

The ship that was to later become the *USS Plattsburg* was launched and christened on 3/15/1888 as the *City of New York*. She was one of the largest and most luxurious passenger ships of the day. The ship had hot and cold running water and electric ventilation and lighting. The public rooms were fitted with walnut and the dining salon had a massive dome that provided natural light.

When war was declared on **Spain** in 1898, the *City of New York* was requisitioned to serve as an auxiliary cruiser and re-named the *USS Harvard*. She was decommissioned on September 2, 1898.

While berthed in **Southampton** in 1912, the *City of New York*, secured by three-inch steel hawsers, was torn from her moorings by the *Titanic* as the larger and heavier ship sailed by. A collision was narrowly avoided when *Titanic's* captain, **Edward Smith**, immediately ordered the port propeller in reverse and a nearby tugboat operator towed *New York* away from the *Titanic*.

After the **United States** declared war on Germany in 1917, the Navy commissioned the *City of New York* to serve as a troop transport ship and she was renamed *USS Plattsburg*. The *Plattsburg* made four voyages from **New York** to **Liverpool** transporting the American Expeditionary Force to Europe, and after the end of the war made a total of seven voyages, bringing home over 24,000 veterans. She returned to New York on August 29, 1919 after her final crossing and was returned to her owners.

### CHATEAU CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

ings on the other side (which was enemy territory for one day only) were nearly all a total wreck. After the bombardment fire had completely destroyed everything, leaving the ruins, like an abandoned brick kiln—though stones substituted for brick. The City Hall (or Hotel de Ville) had several bad *wounds* tho it had escaped the misfortune of many adjacent buildings.

We then climbed up on the famous old Chateau site. From this high elevation one can see many miles around. To the West (towards Paris) the river winds, leaving two nice level plains on either side with rising hills to the mainland. This was the planned Hun route to Paris. To the North was the **Belleau Woods** that had been infested with Germans for several months prior to July. In the center of the woods is the little village of

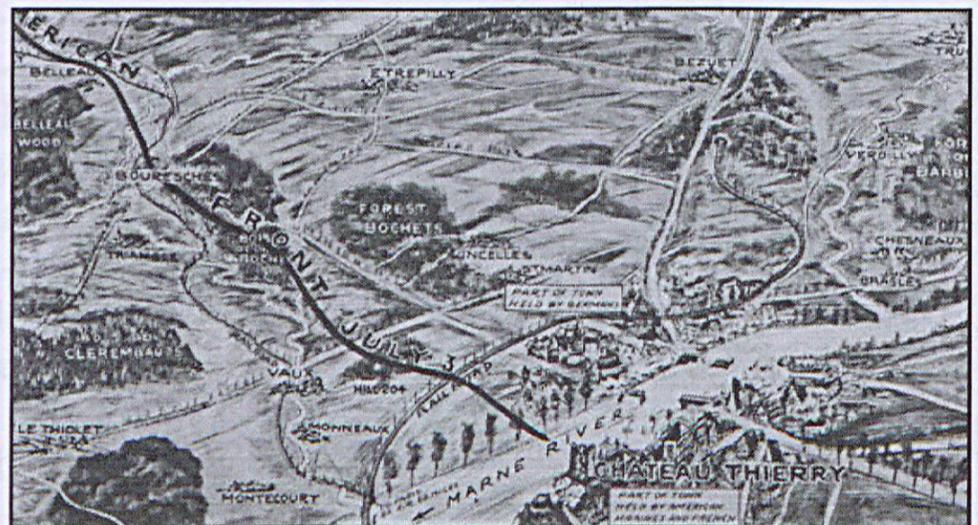
Belleau, not more than a hundred homes. To the north-east is Hill 204 that the papers used to refer to as "being held one day by the enemy and next by ourselves."

The famous event of July was staged right here. The Huns took Hill 204 with many others on the North side of the Marne, and were coming down to the bridge. They were stopped and driven back the very next day.

At one o'clock the Patrol Officer sent his orderly, in a Ford wagon, into Belleau Woods for wood. You cannot imagine how scarce wood is in France. We piled on the little jitney with him and made for the woods. The driver told us that he had best luck in German dugouts for they had wood stays holding the earth back. We helped most energetically while the searching was in progress, but only occasionally could we find a dugout with nice dry wood. Many bones of sheep and pigs and feathers were in and around these caves, and from the tin cans in evidence you'd think you were in a badly kept back-yard. Shell holes were much in evidence and reminded me of our use of dynamite on large stumps, only there was no stump. The trees were either shot off, or had many, many brown spots where the rifle bullets entered and the bark turned dark. I could imagine those terrible machine guns sweeping from side to side, killing our men.

We had stopped our car and had penetrated the woods looking for junk. Every minute I expected to find a dead German or his machine gun. Along the road great French ammunition dumps were still there. The village of Belleau is about the center of the woods. Along the roadside the trenches were still intact. The telephone poles were hastily, I imagine, cut when the Huns retreated. Many *potato mashers* [grenades] were in evidence, but I touched them not. Many cases of severe injury had occurred, they warned us, by people picking up these things. Some are so set they explode when you step on them. In fact they say it will be dangerous for one to plough on these fields for years to come.

### CHATEAU, CONT. ON PAGE 13



Chateau-Thierry Battlefield

## Chateau, Cont. From Page 12

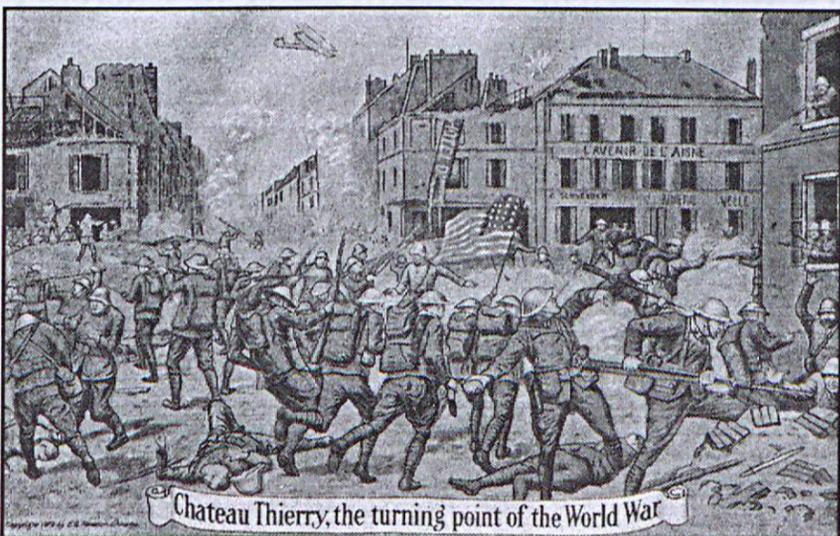
Just before we got to Belleau we saw a neat little cemetery – there were two rows of crosses, which consisted of pieces of 1"x3" pine, about three feet tall. There were about a hundred in all. The American flag was painted on a tin plate about 4 or 5 inches square. The *dog-tag* or the identification tag was nailed to the cross. It was a lonely spot. A stillness prevailed that added to its desolation. I could not but think of how they must have fought with their more fortunate comrades, who followed the enemy, leaving them behind for the Chaplin and burial party. But with it all they looked peaceful.

In the destroyed village of Belleau there were some French natives who had only returned a few days before. Ragged and hungry little kiddies greeted us. They looked as helpless as small chicks whose little hovel had been carelessly moved in their absence.

We had to hurry away, for it was getting late. On our return through a field, I noticed a small cluster of small pines and other small growth, which covered about four or five acres. Its isolation in a field of some two hundred acres so attracted my attention I thought it a good spot to look over. We left our Ford by the roadside and walked up the hill to the little woods. A small hedge leading up to the woods had once been used for a boundary fence, but from the number of holes and dugouts, you could easily see that it was a veritable row of machine gun nests in the noisy days. Long strips of canvas cartridge belts gave evidence of their deadly work, nearly covering the ground. In front was an occasional shell hole, showing that artillery had been used to oust them.

Approaching the woods we saw that about three rows of wire surrounded it entirely. We walked among the most elaborate system of dugouts and trenches, but one could see that they were temporary and only used for a short time. Evidently a few companies of infantry were stationed there. They must have left quite hurriedly for *potato-mashers* were still hanging in the *alert position* on small bushes and scattered around everywhere.

We retreated to the Ford and hurried to Chateau-Thierry. From there we caught a night train to Paris.



## Union Sympathizer

BY ANN STRICKLAND GRAINGER



**J**oseph William and Louisa Simmons Strickland and their children appeared on the 1860 census in **Gordon Co., GA**. Louisa was a daughter of **Dickson and Mary Simmons** of NC. Joseph's parents were born in **England**, but they had moved to **Nash Co., NC**.

Joseph Strickland filed a claim with the Southern Claims Commission from **Howell's Cross Roads, Cherokee Co., AL**, to recover debt from property taken by the **Union Army** during the **Civil War**. He gave a deposition in May 1874, when he was 64 years old. In it, he stated that he was born in Nash County, NC, and was a farmer. "I was living in Gordon Co., GA when the war commenced and on account of my union sentiments had to leave that county in October 1862. I then came to **Cherokee Co., AL**, settled about ten miles from **Centre** and buying my own 80 acres, about 30 acres which was in cultivation, and farmed on as best I could til the end of the war.

"I left Gordon Co., GA, because I was required to take back what I had said in favor of the Union and to change my principles being notified by four extreme rebels that I would be hung if I did not change or leave. I don't know that I was threatened after coming to this county (Cherokee Co., AL).

"I had two sons at the time of the war, one of them went into the rebel army. His name was Richard. He died during the war before any fighting was done. The other never went in. I furnished him some clothes after he was in. He went in against my will and I got him out, and the ill will of the rebels about this matter forced me to leave Georgia. I did not aid him in any other way. I know of no nephews in the rebel army."

Family bible records maintained by a granddaughter along with census records show that Joseph Wilson Strickland was born in Nash County, NC. He was a son of **Ephraim Strickland** who went to that state from England.

Joseph was a brother to the much older **James Strickland**, who left **Johnson Co., NC**, in the late 1830's, and moved to Cherokee Co., AL with his wife, **Celah Horn**. When Joseph fled Gordon Co., GA, he joined his brother, James who was also a union supporter.

Joseph had lived in **Roberson Co., GA**, in 1840, then in **Rutherford Co., NC**, in 1850, before moving to Gordon Co., GA, by 1860. The seven Strickland  
**STRICKLAND, CONTINUED ON PAGE 14**

# Ground Broken For The School

**New institution  
Beautiful buildings filled  
with beautiful girls**

**School Will Open  
in September, 1909**

At 10:30 o'clock this morning, in the presence of a number of people who had gathered to witness it, dirt was broken for the foundation of the buildings for the **Eastern Carolina Teachers' Training School**. Ex-Gov. **T.J. Jarvis**, chairman of the board of trustees, the man who has started and pushed to completion so many things for the good of his people, had the honor of throwing the first dirt. For this purpose he used a new shovel which is going to be painted a silver color and mounted to be kept in the buildings when completed as a moment of the breaking of ground for the work to begin.

The first dirt was thrown at the northeast corner of the boy's dormitory, which is to be the farthest east of any building on the grounds. As Gov. Jarvis began throwing the dirt

he said "We have met here to begin the foundation for a great institution of learning that will be a power in Eastern North Carolina. I ask for you and those to come after you your hearty support of this institution. We never can begin to calculate the value it will be to North Carolina, especially to this eastern section, and more especially to **Pitt county** and **Greenville**. When those standing here live to be as "old as I am, you will look back with pride to the day when Pitt county and Greenville gave



\$50,000 each for the erection of this institution. One year from now you will see here a group of beautiful buildings, and in September, 1909, this great school will open. Then you will see four or five hundred beautiful girls in these beautiful buildings. Watch and see this prediction verified."

The sun was hurling hot shafts down upon the heads of those who had assembled, and just here Mrs. Jarvis interrupted "Dear, you have worked enough now. It is too warm to do more."

"This is a work of love and not of labor," replied the 'Grand Old Man' to the admonition of his good wife. He had been throwing dirt the whole time he was talking, not seeming to realize how oppressively warm the weather was, nor to heed the drops of perspiration falling from his face.

The ladies and gentlemen present then formed a semi-circle about Gov. Jarvis as he stood with shovel in hand, and a photographer, **R.T. Evans**, took a picture of the group.

The contractors for the construction of the buildings, The Building & Lumber Co., of Greenville, are ready to go right ahead with the work, much of the material being already on the ground. There are to be four buildings that will present a

combined frontage view of more than 700 feet, and the arrangement of these and of the grounds is to be most attractive. The administration building will be 178.4 x 126.8 three stories high with tall tower. The girl's dormitory will be 158 x 154.6 two stories, the boys dormitory 158 x 42, two stories & the refectory 50 x 100, basement and one story. The buildings will be modern in every particular.

[*Daily Reflector*, 2 July 1908]

**STRICKLAND, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13**  
children were: 1. **Mary Ann Strickland**, 1836—8 Nov 1854, in Rutherford Co., NC; 2. **John Henry Strickland**, c.1838—06 Jan 1840, in Roberson Co., NC; 3. **Charity Strickland**, c.1841—20 Oct 1864, in Cherokee Co., AL; 4. **Ester Strickland**, Oct 1843—1918, in **Cooper, Hunt Co., TX**. (Ester never married, but had a daughter, **Josephine**, by a local doctor in Cherokee Co., AL. This daughter was the source of dates of death.) 5. **Richard Dickson Strickland**, c.1844—15 Jul 1862, in Gordon Co., GA, (after his father pulled him out of the Confederate Army); 6. **Margaret Elizabeth Strickland**, June 1845—27 Sep 1903, in **Crum-**

**ley, DeKalb Co., AL**. (She married twice: 1. In Jul 1870 to **W. A. Smith**; 2. **William K. Hurt**); 7. **Hickson Strickland**, c.1848—30 Nov 1864, in Cherokee Co., AL.

Descendants of Joseph Strickland claimed that he received some land in Texas as a result of a claim against **Wilson Strickland's** estate. Wilson died in Texas without known heirs. There were many claimants, but Joseph's claim was said to have been accepted. After Joseph's death, his daughter, Josephine, moved to Texas as a result of this inheritance.

[[http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~gagordo3/strickland\\_joseph.htm](http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~gagordo3/strickland_joseph.htm)]

# New Books

## Kornegay Local History Room

### Braswell Memorial Library

#### June 2008

1. *North Carolina Petitions for Presidential Pardon, 1865-1868, An Index* by Russell Koonts
2. *That Magnificent Army of Youth and Peace: The Civilian Conservation Corps in North Carolina, 1933-1942* by Harley E. Jolley
3. *African-American Community of Southeast Rocky Mount, North Carolina: An Action-Oriented Community Diagnosis, Final Report* by students of the Department of Health Behavior and Health Education, School of Public Health, UNC-Chapel Hill
4. *North Carolina Naturalization Index, 1792-1862* by Betty Camin
5. *The Church of England in North Carolina: Documents, 1742-1763* Volume XI ed. by Robert Cain
6. *Hays: The Plantation, Its People, and Their Papers* by John Zehmer
7. *Cabarrus Confederate Veterans, In Alphabetical Order* by Bernard Cruse and the Cabarrus Genealogy Society
8. *Minutes of the Superior Court of Cabarrus County, NC, 1819-1828* by Clarence Horton and the Cabarrus Genealogy Society
9. *Some of the Descendants of John Christian Barnhardt I, 1719-1799, Born in Germany, Died in North Carolina* by Bernard Cruse and the Cabarrus Genealogy Society
10. *Tenth Census, Cabarrus County, NC, 1880* by Betty Krimminger and the Cabarrus Genealogy Society
11. *Slave Narratives, North Carolina, Volume XI, part 1&2: Federal Writer's Project*
12. *Cabarrus County Tax Assessments, 1860 and 1863* by Bernard Cruse and the Cabarrus Genealogy Society
13. *Cabarrus County, NC: 1890 Tax Scroll* by Kathryn Bridges and the Cabarrus Genealogy Society
14. *Ninth Census, Cabarrus County, NC, 1870* by Betty Krimminger
15. *Where They Rest in Cabarrus County* by Bernard Cruse
16. *Grave Sights of Cabarrus County, NC* by Larry Hayer
17. *The Roster of Union Soldiers: United States Colored Troops, 1861-1865* vols. 1&2 ed. by Janet Hewett
18. *The Roster of Union Soldiers, 1861-1865: North Carolina* ed. by Janet Hewett
19. *Travels in the Confederate States: A Bibliography* by E. Merton Coulter
20. *Last Ninety Days of the War* by Cornelia Phillips Spencer
21. *New Englanders in the 1600s: A Guide to Genealogical Research Published Between 1980 and 2005* by Martin Hollick
22. *The Pilgrim Migration: Immigrants to Plymouth Colony, 1620-1633* by Robert Anderson
23. *The Great Migration: Immigrants to New England, 1634-1635* vols. I-V by Robert Anderson
24. *Justice or Atrocity: General George E. Pickett and the Kinston, NC Hangings* by Gerard Patterson
25. *Lines South: The Publication of the Atlantic Coast Line and Seaboard Air Line Railroads* Historical Society (various years)
26. *Cabarrus County, NC Marriage Records: 1793-1868* by Frances Ingmire
27. *Brunswick County, VA Will Books, vols. I-V* by Stephen Bradley
28. *Brunswick County, VA Deed Books, vols. 1-6* by Stephen Bradley
29. *Bertie County, NC Marriage Abstracts, 1755-1869* by John Vogt
30. *Virginia Slave Births Index, 1853-1865* vols. 2-5 by Leslie Morales
31. *Patriot Sons, Patriot Brothers* by Hugh Nash, Jr. (The story of the Nash family of Prince Edward County, VA, including Francis Nash, Nash County, NC's namesake)
32. *The Ancestry of Diana, Princess of Wales for Twelve Generations* by Richard Evans
33. *Virginia's Colonial Soldiers* by Lloyd Bockstruck
34. *Boys of the Battleship North Carolina* by Cindy Ramsey

**The following titles were part of a special gift from the Bethel Heroes Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the family of Frances P. Carroll:**

1. *A Catalogue of the Names of the First Puritan Settlers of the Colony of Connecticut* by R.R. Hinman
2. *Genealogical Notes of Some of the First Settlers of Connecticut and Massachusetts* by Nathaniel Goodwin
3. *Ancestral Roots of Sixty Colonists Who Came to New England Between 1623 and 1650, 6th ed.* by Frederick Weis
4. *Some Colonial and Revolutionary Families of North Carolina, vol. 2* by Marilu Smallwood
5. *Geographic Dictionary of Connecticut and Rhode Island* by Henry Gannett
6. *Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England, vols. 1-4* by James Savage
7. *The History of Ancient Weathersfield, Connecticut* vols. 1&2 by Henry Stiles
8. *Some Connecticut Nutmeggers Who Migrated* by Grace Knox
9. *The Colonial Clergy and the Colonial Churches of New England* by Frederick Weis
10. *Pasquotank County, NC Record of Deeds, 1700-1751* by Gwen Bjorkman
11. *Wethersfield Inscriptions: A Complete Record of the Inscriptions in the Five Burial Places in the Ancient Town of Wethersfield* by Edward Tillotson
12. *The Descendants of Governor Thomas Welles of Connecticut, 1590-1658 and His Wife Alice Tomes* by Donna Siemaitkoski

## President Grant's Look Alike

**B**enjamin Fuller (b. 1765) married Polly York in Oxford, Granville Co, NC on July 10, 1787. They set up housekeeping, probably within the limits of the little town and likely in rented quarters since Benjamin owned no property when the US Census was taken two years later. In 1798, he purchased a forty acre tract near Oxford on Collings Creek.

Benjamin was later described by some of his grandchildren as a *mechanic*, which, in his day, meant a blacksmith, gunsmith, millright, wheelright, or possibly a carpenter.

Benjamin and Polly had several children: Gideon Moody, Green, Thomas, John, William, Isham, Edmund, Robin, Fanny and Polly.

By 1800, people were talking about moving to the north bank of the Ohio River. In 1811, Gideon and William began the Fuller migration to that area. Gideon and William settled in Ohio. In 1815, Benjamin Fuller lost most of his possessions in a fire and the family scattered. Edmund went to Tennessee while Isham, Thomas and Green went north toward the Ohio River. They eventually settled in Warrick Co., Indiana.

Benoni Fuller (1825-1903) was the grandson of Benjamin Fuller, the son of Isham and Amelia Hudson McMurtry Fuller. In 1825 the common school system of Indiana had only been dreamed of by her most enlightened citizens. Boys like Benoni S. Fuller who desired an education were dependent chiefly on their own efforts, yet he made such good use of his meager opportunities that he was a school teacher before he had reached his twenty-first year.

While Benoni Fuller was teaching, he was also planning for his future. He was able to make a down payment on a farm. In the spring of 1856 he ran for the office of Sheriff of Warrick Co. and was easily elected. The job paid more than teaching and would enable him to finish paying for his farm more quickly.

Having been elected as a Democrat, an immediate concern was to decide on the proper attitude to assume toward slaves fleeing to Canada. Most Warrick Co. settlers had migrated from the south and the new Indiana Constitution barred Negroes or Mulattos from settling in the state. However, Warrick Co. was on one of the easiest routes from the border



President Ulysses S. Grant

states to Canada and the Underground Railroad was active. Quakers, Episcopalians and others undertook to help the slaves who had run away. Ira Caswell maintained one of the largest "stations" in Indiana and was very open about it.

The slave hunters who crossed into Warrick Co. searching for runaways got no help from Sheriff Fuller. In fact, he sometimes delayed and impeded them. When told that slaves were escaping from Kentucky owners through territory under his jurisdiction, Fuller simply said, "Let 'em!"

Benoni's first wife was handsome, dashing Martha Hart. Martha was killed by a fall from a horse when she and Benoni had been married less than a year. His second wife was Martha A. Denny. The couple had a daughter, Mary L., but Martha died when this child was quite young. Benoni took charge of the little girl's rearing instead of turning the job over to some aunt or female cousin, as most men of that time would have found convenient.

Later Benoni Fuller ran for the U.S. House of Representatives as a member of the Democratic minority. There was a story published in the *Boonville Enquirer* on 1/15/1876: "Mr. Fuller...took the widow lady with whom he is boarding to the Metropolitan Church [in Washington, DC]. As soon as he entered the door, the usher bowed profoundly, and beckoning him to follow, marched up the aisle, and pushed him into an elegantly upholstered pew, and locked the pew door. A few moments afterward President Grant came in and made his way leisurely to the Presidential pew, but finding it locked, was compelled to take a seat in the rear. The strong resemblance between your Representative and President Grant, had deceived the usher, and Mr. Fuller was thereby permitted an honor never bestowed upon anybody not intimately connected with the royal family."

On Feb. 12, 1876, the *Evansville Courier* wrote: "Hon. Benoni S. Fuller has made a good impression upon his fellow members and enjoys the respect and confidence of all. ...He cannot be criticized as neglectful of his orphaned daughter—far from it—as is attested by the following 'human interest story'...DePauw College at New Albany, in which Benoni had enrolled his daughter Mary L. before he went to Washington, had been gutted by fire, in the

Fuller, Cont. On Page 17

# I Am The American Flag

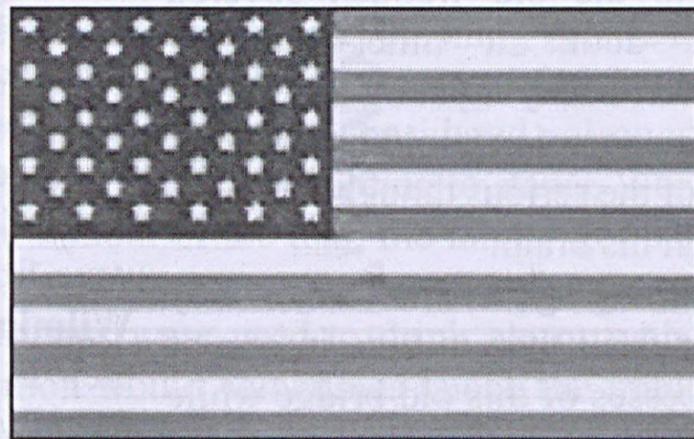
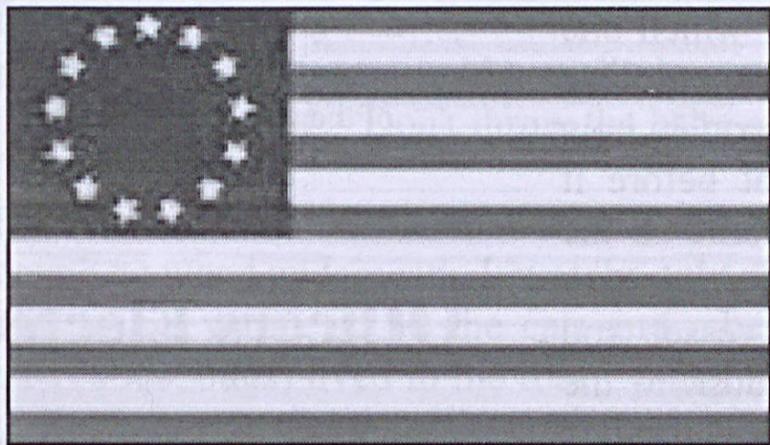
BY ROSS A. FRAZIER

I was there. Oh yes, I have been there from the beginning. You could not see me then, but I was there. In the early days I was with those great noble men like **Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Adams,** and so many others. And I remember the shot heard around the world because I was with them when it was fired. But, as I said, you couldn't really see me because in truth I represent a spirit, an ideal and a belief. I looked different at first, but in 1777 the continental Congress passed the first flag act giving me official status.

**Betsy Ross**, that kindly old **Philadelphia** seamstress, created me; some of you credit Mr. **Francis Hopkinson**. He was a Congressman from **New Jersey** and had signed the Declaration of Independence. None

of you know for sure who designed me, how the colors were selected or what they represented. Of course, I know the answer. It was ... well, I'd probably better not say. I had 13 stars on a blue field with 13 alternating red and white stripes. Both were to represent the colonies that became 13 original states. The idea was to add a stripe and a star for each new state. I don't think they had any idea how big this nation would become. By the time there were 15 states, adding more stripes became unworkable, so I went back to 13 and just added another star for each new state. Throughout the years I have changed as more states were added. But what I am has never changed. Far more than just an assembly of colored cloth, I am truly the spirit of a free people, the spirit of America. ...

[Contributed by Bettie Arthur, TRC Member. Reprinted with permission of the *Scottish Rite Journal*, May-June, 2005]



**FULLER, CONT. FROM P. 16** course of which, according to the New Albany newspaper: "A very affecting scene occurred at the College yesterday. Mary L. Fuller, the ten year old daughter of Hon. Benoni S. Fuller, Congressman from the First District, after her fright was over, coolly went to her room while the fire was all around and about it, and took a large photograph of her father from the wall, hugged it closely to her and triumphantly walked into the yard, leaving her clothing and other property to perish in the flames. She is the only daughter of Judge Fuller, who has been not only a father, but has reared her since her mother's death some eight years ago."

Fuller's third marriage was to a much younger Mrs. **Mary Emma**

**Lynes** on 11/26/1876. The couple immediately left for Washington. Fuller had difficulty making financial ends meet in Washington, at home and traveling in between. Mary Emma did not like Washington or politics and she impressed her distaste upon her husband. However, she made an error when she urged her husband to abandon his career and planned another for him. She was convinced that Benoni, after serving in Washington, could soon gain enough knowledge of law to become a successful attorney. Benoni allowed himself to be persuaded. However, at the age of 51, the going was hard. The couple had little income, not nearly enough to maintain the standard to which they had become accustomed. Fuller developed a mild heart condition and things went from bad to worse.

Mary Emma sued Benoni for divorce. After the divorce, she began accepting the attentions of **Gurley Taylor**, a race-horse-man-sheriff-farmer. On 12/27/1887 they were married. Emma took her four children, **Ewing, Daniel Voorhees, Robin, and Rhetta**, to live at the Taylor farm.

Loss of his wife and family was far worse than any loss of money. Fuller was too old, and too hurt, to make a comeback. His last years were most tragic—no home, no family ... a fallen hero. He was described as "a patriarchal town figure in linen duster, old straw-weave brown hat with a homemade walking stick. He trimmed his flowing beard on convention days."

[Taken from *Benjamin Fuller and Some of His Descendants: 1765-1958*, by R. E. Banta, 1958]

## Rocky Mount of 1870's Is Portrayed By Former Citizen

DR. RYLAND O.  
SADLER, D.D.S

Editor's note: the following brief history of Rocky Mount was written by Dr. Ryland O. Sadler, a prominent dentist of Baltimore, and brother of three local persons, Mr. C. H. Harris, Mrs. George S. Edwards, and Mrs. J. S. Thomas. The author left Rocky Mount in 1886.

... A favorite Sunday afternoon walk—and one mostly walked in those days—was down the railroad track to the old wooden covered bridge—about a mile—spanning Tar river. Many a young swain has, on these occasions, told his best girl some of the serious thoughts surging through his brain.

Nothing gave the small boy greater thrill than to hide in one of the recesses of this old bridge while a train whirled by. Being wood, and to guard against fire and any unobserved physical defects, a watchman lived near by, and made his trip of inspection after the passing of each train.

### Poor Rolling Stock

Those were the days of very poor rolling stock on the railroads. The locomotives were rather small and used wood to generate steam. All coaches were of wood, and rather small. They were lighted by coal oil lamps. Hand brakes were much in evidence, and the brakeman was usually a busy as well as a husky fellow.

An occasional tournament, held usually just North of Gray's hotel, on the street, was an event of much local and even broader interest. These skilled horsemen would tilt with their lances at rings suspended

in the air. The gallant knight engaging the greatest number of rings on his lance had the honor of crowning his favorite ...

...sweet spirits of nitar, tincture of iron, salts of senna leaves.

Where one was burning up with fever—I speak most feelingly—all water was withheld. If you begged hard enough, one was allowed to press a wet cloth to one's parched lips, and a piece of brown paper, dipped in vinegar, was laid on one's fevered brow. Fortunately, this practice has all changed now.

### Ice Rare Element

The day of the electric refrigerator was yet in the distant future. The only available ice to be had in the summer was through the kindness of the local bar keeper, for which one paid about five cents per pound. This was cheap when one considers how unstable ice is, and that before it reached you, it had to come all the way from the rivers of Maine to Wilmington by sailing vessel, and then in a barrel of sawdust, to the friendly bar man, before it reached your sick room.

We buried our dead always the next day after decease. We had no embalmers or regular undertakers, as we now know, then in our midst. Kind friends prepared the bodies for burial. The coffin was usually made by the local carpenter or the coach maker. This plan, too, has been improved upon in later years.

M. L. Hussey conducted a general coach business. He was succeeded by Hackney Bros. Their factory was on Church street and Sunset avenue. The product turned out there was of the very best. The young man who was fortunate enough to own a ...

### Cotton Ginning Changes

This decade saw a rapid change in the ginning of cotton. I recall that during the early part of the seventies, slow horse power was used to both

gin and pack the bales of lint cotton. Later on, the rapid steam driven gin revolutionized this process. There were several cotton gins in the environs of the towns. Riding around on one of the long levers drawn by the mules of horses to furnish power to drive the old style gin, was a merry-go-round in the crude for the small boy.

Spencer K. Fountain and his Rocky Mount Foundry and Iron Works on South Main street, was some institution in its day. Mr. Fountain was an enterprising citizen, and his energy knew no bounds. He was also the leading spirit in the old Rocky Mount Band. This was a real band, as some of the "old guards" yet living will vouch for.

...  
[The Evening Telegram, 10/30/1935. Part of the article is missing.]

## Officers Elected

At a meeting of Mount Vernon Lodge, K. of H. No. 1512, held in Odom's Hall, Battleboro, N.C., Dec. 17th, 1879, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term.

J.B. Phillips,	Dictator
J.K. Lawrence,	Vc. Dictator
T.P. Braswell,	Asst. Dictator
A.J. Hobgood,	Reporter
F.M. Rawlings,	Fel. Reporter
J.F. Tylor,	Treasurer
H.W. Gorham,	Chaplain
J.P. Rives,	Guide
G.W. Smithson,	Guardian
W.P. Davis	Sentinel
Dr. W.H. Whitehead,	Medical Ex.
P.H. Johnston	Past Dictator
G.C. Battle,	
H.E. Odom	Trustees
H. W. Gorham	

[The Battleboro Progress, Jan. 2, 1880]

## Those Were The Days

The next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just right, think about how things used to be. Here are some facts about the past.

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May, and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. Hence, the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other males, then the women and finally the children and last of all the babies. By then



the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying: "Don't throw the baby out with the Bath water."

Houses had thatched roofs—thick straw—piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof. Hence, the saying; "It's raining cats and dogs."

There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt. Hence the saying, "dirt poor." The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they added more thresh until, when you opened the door, it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entrance-way. Hence the word "threshold."

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly

vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while. Hence the rhyme: "Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old.."



Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man could "bring home the bacon." They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and "chew the fat."

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle and guests got the top or "upper crust."

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whisky. The combination would sometimes knock the imbibers out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of

days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up. Hence, the custom of holding a wake.

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a bone-house, and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, 1 out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch

marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive. So they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night, the "graveyard shift" to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be "saved by the bell" or was considered a "dead ringer."

And that's the truth. Now, whoever said history was boring !!!

[Contributed by Jim Stallings, TRC Member]



**Close-up of Thatch**

## Soap Making

BY RACHEL BROOKS

Some people made soap once a year. They would make enough at one time to last a whole year. Home-made soap is made out of Red Devil Lye, fat and water. There were two ways to make soap.

One way was to dissolve one can of Red Devil Lye in an iron or enamel container in two and one half pints of water. When the lye was dissolved you put the grease in it and stirred constantly until the grease was all eaten up and the soap began to thicken. The grease you used was old hog lard, fried meat grease, or butter. I think it took about five or six pounds. You then poured it into pans to get cold so you could cut it into blocks. This is the cold water method.

Most people made big pots full in the wash pot. It was better to make it on a full moon because it

didn't take as long to boil and it also did not shrink up as much. I don't remember what proportions of lye, grease, and water we used. You had to boil it until when you took the paddle out the liquid ran back in the pot. If you didn't cook it enough you would have to build a fire under it the next morning and cook it over again. When the soap was thoroughly cold you would cut it up into blocks and put it in an outhouse or the smokehouse to dry.

It sure did clean clothes well, along with plenty of water and elbow grease. If anyone had sensitive skin, their knuckles would bleed, especially when washing on the rub board in cold or windy weather. I have hung clothes on the line and they were frozen stiff before I got in the house. We were not able to buy hand cream. I used vinegar to kill the lye. And we used Vaseline for hand cream.

Rachel Brooks was born March 1, 1914. She wrote her memories of her childhood and of her mother's family. They were published as *Memoirs* in 1999.



Drawing by Lois E. Theiss

## Get The Money If You Can!

Washington, NC March 1st 1847

Mr. C.W. Lippitt

Sir

I received your letter of Feby 12 1847. Would have answered it sooner but was out of town. Sometime since I owed one **Rob't C. Watson** (a newly imported yankee) in these districts some several hundred Dollars — one **Potts** about two hundred dollars and one little fellow **Howard** by name, the like sum; This man Watson agreed to trust me for the goods Six months but took the Notes payable one day after date and passed them off.

I went to Watson paid him some money before the Notes were due, the Scamp had passed them off un-

knowingly to me, but told me his wife had them. I paid him and took his receipts. The first thing I know the d--d Sheriff Served a writ on me, I was compelled to make an assignment like my illustrious predecessors Cleveland & Mason, to Potts & Howard who by the way are right clever fellows.

I have been doing just nothing at all for the last twelve months (except kidding the old woman) but have waited for the assignment to be closed which was done last Friday.

I didn't have enough to pay Potts & Howard however they agreed to wait until I should be able and you must do the same.

Tell Cleveland & Mason they were d--n fools for trusting Watson and I say Watson was a d--n fool for trusting me. Watson's credit and mine are about ditto, that is, it is pull Dick and pull Devil, treat me two which is the best, but I rather think mine is the best. I will pay you in eighteen months and not before. If I

don't pay you by that time I wish I may be kicked to death by Grasshoppers.

I haven't got anything except my old woman and one heifer about a year old, but I will see you d--d before you shall have either of them.

After the expiration of 18 months if you will send your Note to J. Potts I will then pay the principal but not the interest. You have charged me 7 pr ct of this State. The Note was due to d--d Yankee, who lived in the State but not to a pair of them out of the State. In conclusion I would remark that if would be better for you to say no more about what I owe you, and if you get the money before I do let me know.

Signed Your Servant  
**James R. Latham**

[Beaufort County, NC GenWeb Archives: <http://www.usgwarchives.org/nc/beaufort/beaufortletters.htm>]