

The
Time
That Built
Us

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The Time that Built Us

Volume 2

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I dedicate this book to all of my students at
Surry Community College
Who have worked very hard to research and write these narratives
in order to share them with their classmates, their families, and
with the future. I appreciate their efforts.

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Spring 2017 Group Photo of Family History Narrative Project

Preface

Family history is a journey. Whether one's ancestors are indigenous or immigrant, their stories are journeys in time, moving from past to present. Tracing those lines of ancestry can tell us much about ourselves, but it also tells us much about the building of our nation. It tells us about the lives of everyday people: their challenges, their triumphs, their tragedies. Their lives are the backbone of our nation, they are not insignificant, and they should not be forgotten: from the farmer raising a living from the land, to the miner risking life and limb underground, to the soldier willing to stand for a cause, the unsung heroes of history are an important part of our heritage and should not be forgotten. That is what this project is all about.

Building a Nation is the result of the research and hard work of my American Literature students in the spring of 2017. They were tasked with investigating previous generations of the families they claimed, whether biological, adoptive, or chosen. They then researched the time periods and cultures within which those people lived, and they recorded their discoveries in the form of narratives.

The stories in this resulting collection range through five centuries and four continents. They tell tales of childhood hardships and dangerous careers, of hopeful dreams and tragic reality. Regardless of the time or place in which these stories take place they all contribute to the cultural and ethnic richness which is the melting pot which we call America.

All of the students who took part in this project had the opportunity to practice their skills in researching and writing, drawing upon various modes of composition. I hope that they had fun in the process, and I hope that you enjoy the results.

Contents

Preface.....	4
1100 – 1200.....	7
He Is Wise Who Watches by Kathleen D. Fowler.....	8
What Toone Do You Play? By Bryan Andrew Mills	14
1500 – 1600.....	18
The Cortes Family by Cristian Cortes.....	19
1600 – 1700.....	24
The Immigrant by Emily Lyon	25
The Journey by Cassie Roberts.....	30
1700 – 1800.....	34
A Day in the Life by Michael Myers	35
The Return: Timothy Spencer by Lisa Medlar	39
1800 – 1900.....	45
Awareness by Emily Wood.....	46
The Life of Joel Thomas Ayers by Kristen L. Sisk.....	50
John Bruner and the Peculiar Institution by Stephen Bruner	56
The Life Story of a Simple Farming Draft Dodger of the Civil War by Andrew Smith	60
Building America by Israel Card	64
The Life of Roby Glenn Brooks by Katlyn Southern	69
1900 – Present.....	73
Survival and Success through Hardship by Samuel Wilmoth	74
The Hard Life by Anna Hendrix	79
The Miner, The Shiner by Matthew Mullins	84
The Miner.....	84

The ‘Shiner.....	86
A Bold Character by Jesse Monroy	90
Man Down by Leslie Atkins	95
Prisoner of War, Hero to Men by Alexid King.....	101
Sergeant John King by Laken King	104
From the Roads to the Farms by Ivey Johnson.....	111
For the Love of the Game by Michael Hicks.....	116
Home Town Hendricks by Amber Marion	121
90 Miles Out by Abby Andrews	125
Heart of Gold (and Purple Too) by Jordan Smith.....	130
David Tenney: A Journey by Kelbey Tenney.....	136
Family over Fortune by Sadie Hooker	140
To Wish Upon a Plane by Megan Moon.....	144

1100 – 1200

He Is Wise Who Watches

By Kathleen D. Fowler

Richard Fowler (Abt. 1165-?)



The Fowler Coat of Arms

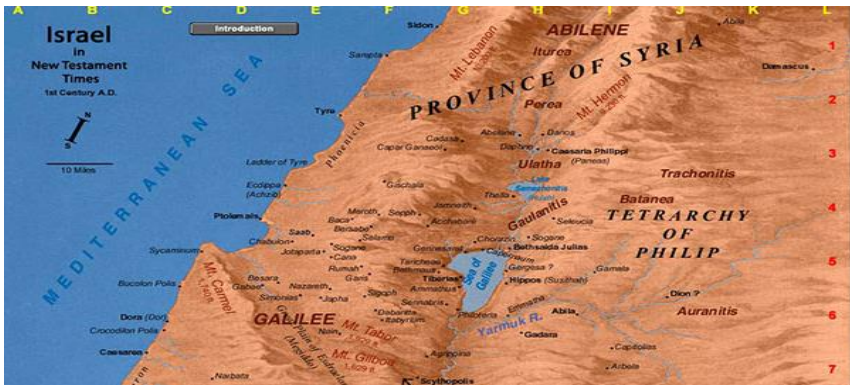
Image Source: Coat of Arms and Family Crests Store

When King Richard I went to the Holy Land, he had with him a man named Richard Fowler of Foxley, a commanding officer of Norman descent who owned a little land in Buckinghamshire, England.¹ Richard had several tenants who farmed his land, whom he had trained as bowmen, so when the call came to defend Jerusalem, he answered, bringing his bowmen with him.

When the Muslim leader, Saladin took Jerusalem, the Franks who had been defending it, traveled north to an ancient port

¹ *Burke's Commoners*, Vol. II, p. 385, edition of 1834.

city called Acre (Ptolemais) which was controlled by the Muslims.² Because it was the chief port in the Eastern Mediterranean—if the Franks could take Acre, they had a chance of regaining control over the region. Richard I and his army were sailing there to help them.



A map of the region of Israel showing Acre (Ptolemais) on the coast below Tyre.

Image source: “Ptolemais.” *Bible History Online*

The Franks besieged Acre, and Saladin sent the city fresh troops to break that siege. He had given them orders to surround the Franks and destroy them, but the besiegers were too well entrenched, so instead Saladin decided to besiege them in turn and starve them out.³ Richard’s forces were to break that siege. They arrived in May 1191, after months at sea. The starving Christian knights lit fires in honor of the English army and their king who had come to rescue them.

² This port is mentioned in the Bible in Acts 21:7 because the Apostle Paul stayed there one day during his third missionary journey.

³ Richard Bedser, *Richard the Lionheart and Saladin: Holy Warriors*, BBC2, Youtube, 23 May 2015, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hEW1Ofs7-Q>, Accessed 5 Feb. 2017.

Saladin could see those fires from where he was encamped above Acre. He expected an immediate attack, for King Richard had a fearsome reputation as a warrior, so he was surprised when he received instead an invitation to a summit to try to find a peaceful resolution to the siege.⁴ Saladin refused because he had the advantage, but when he heard that the English King had become ill with camp fever, he sent him a gift of fresh fruit to help him recover.⁵

Camp fever, or typhus, was a common illness in the crusader camps. It was spread by lice infected with the Rickettsia bacteria which thrived in the unsanitary conditions in military camps where the men were unable to wash or change their clothes regularly, especially if they were also overcrowded and undernourished like the besieged Frankish knights were.⁶ Those who are infected suffer initially from what seems like a cold: headache, runny nose, and cough.⁷ But these symptoms are soon accompanied by muscle aches and chest pain, nausea and vomiting, and chills followed by high fevers and delirium.⁸ Red spots cover the body.⁹ Many die, but if they are strong enough to survive, the disease will pass in a couple of weeks, leaving them feeling extremely weak and susceptible to relapses.¹⁰

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Ibid.

⁶Brian Williams, "Typhus," *Infectious Diseases in History: A Guide to Causes and Effects*, Department of Economic and Social History, University of Hull, England, 1997, <http://urbanrim.org.uk/diseases.htm>, Accessed 5 Feb. 2017.

⁷ Ibid.

⁸ Ibid.

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ Ibid.

King Richard survived, but it was several weeks before he was well enough to attempt to break the Muslim siege. When they finally launched the assault, he fought in the frontlines with his troops, wielding a huge battleaxe with fierce precision and earning the title, Lionheart.¹¹ Even so, it took a week of conflict before the Muslims finally had to draw back and abandon Acre.¹² It was during that time that Richard Fowler of Foxley saved the life of the king and his fellow crusaders.

One night, while Richard Fowler was sleeping, he was awakened by the screech of an owl, a bad omen heralding destruction, ruin, and death.¹³ Crawling from his tent to investigate what might be amiss, Richard found one of the sentries slain near the king's tent. He immediately raised the alarm and roused his bowmen, who held off an attack by Muslim troops long enough for the king and the rest of the camp to rise and defend themselves.

Richard Fowler's men were armed with the powerful English longbow, a six-foot long bow made of yew, which could send an arrow flying with enough force to penetrate iron armor.¹⁴ A flight of such arrows ranged against the midnight attackers would have been an effective defense, piercing mail and leather armor with ease. Since each Bowman carried five to six dozen arrows in his quiver, he could keep firing until the knights were able to arm themselves and join the fight. The surprise attack was routed and the camp was safe.

¹¹ Beder, *Richard the Lionheart and Saladin*.

¹² Ibid.

¹³ "World Owl Mythology," *The Owl Pages*. 6 Oct. 2012, <http://www.owlpages.com/owls/articles.php?a=63>, Accessed 5 Feb. 2017.

¹⁴ Gerald of Wales, *Itinerarium Cambriae* (1191).

For his vigilance and bravery in defending his king and his colleagues, King Richard knighted Richard Fowler of Foxley in the field and ordered that his crest be changed from the hand and lure of the falconer to the vigilant owl.¹⁵ That owl is white and is collared by a golden crown, indicating Richard Fowler's service to the king himself. The Fowler coat-of-arms was also designed to reflect this service. It is blue with three golden lions rampant.¹⁶ The color symbolizes the loyal protection which Richard Fowler displayed in saving the life of his king, Richard the Lionheart, who is himself represented by the lions. There are three of them to indicate that Richard Fowler served in the Third Crusade. In the middle of the coat-of-arms is a white chevron with three, black, patty crosslets. White is a symbol of honor and the shape of the chevron is that of the spurs worn by crusaders on horseback in service to their king. The three crosslets are another reference to the Third Crusade, and the color black symbolizes constancy. Originally, the family motto had been, "*Possunt quia posse videntur*: They can because they think they can." King Richard changed it to "Sapiens qui vigilat: He is wise who watches." This has been the motto of the Fowler family ever since.

¹⁵ Thomas Wotton, *English Baronetage*, Vol LV (1741) pp. 102-03, number 2101b.

¹⁶ "Armorial Rietstap." "Coats-of-Arms Descriptions," N.d. http://www.coats-of-arms-heraldry.com/armoriaux/rietstap/blasons_FOUR_FRAN.html, Accessed 5 Feb. 2017.

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What Toone Do You Play?

By Bryan Andrew Mills



Toone family seal¹

Researching my family has been quite difficult. The reason for this is that my family is virtually all over the place. I found out by doing this research that I have family from the eastern and western part of Virginia along with family from West Virginia. I had no idea that I had family from West Virginia or from the western part of Virginia. But, when I dug deeper into my family on

¹ "The House of Toone." *EnglishGathering.co.uk*. N.p., 2011. Web. 9 Feb. 2017. <http://www.englishgathering.co.uk/clan_info.asp?clanID=59161&clanletter=J>

the Toone side, I found out that I had ancestors all the way from Scandinavia. So I decided to look into the Toone side of my family.

There are many different variations of the way Toone has been spelled over the centuries. The original spelling of the name is *Tun*, and the its meaning is “one living inside of town” (Toone, America 3). The first time an *E* was found at the end was around 1201 with my ancestor Lord Edward Tune. This is the second variation of the name. The third variation is *Toon* which was used by my ancestor Henry Toon in 1364. The final variation and the one that is most seen today is *Toone*, which was first used by my ancestor Robert Toone (Toone 6-12). This is the final version that I have found to be accepted in my family.

One of the first members of the Toone family on record is Wistric Tun who was from eleventh-century Norway. This is interesting to me because I had no idea that I had Norwegian blood. (I guess that’s why I’m so good at fishing.) But, it is also interesting because not many people have information on their families going back to the middle ages. Most amazing of all is that he was a Viking (Toone 3). It’s awesome to think that I have Viking blood in me. How many people do you know can say that?

Wistric was born around 1035 in what is now present-day Norway. Between then and 1049 he sailed to what are now England, Scotland, and Wales. He found a group of Normans and settled there. While he was there, he meets a girl by the name of

Sarah. She was the daughter of a local farmer and a log cutter (Toone 3). Their story sounds like an early version of *Braveheart*.

Their first child was a baby girl born in 1059 and the decided to name her Adel. She was a very frail child which means her skin was very white, and they couldn't do anything about it because there was very little medicine around at the time. Sadly, Adel did not live long. She fell down a set of stairs in 1062 and passed away in 1063 because of her injuries (Toone 3). Wistric and Sarah later had a son, John, and shortly afterwards they had another daughter whom they named Lois.

There are no records of Lois, but there are of John and what he did. When John was born he was very pale like his sister before him. But, as he got older he began to get his color which relieved his mother and father. Growing up he worked with his father and grandfather to learn trade skills (Toone 4). While he was repairing a local farmer's barn, he fell in love with the owner's daughter. Her name was Thebe. Shortly afterward in 1080 they were married. Not even a year later in 1081 they welcomed their first child whom they named Selena. A few years later in 1084, a son, John was born.

The two grew up very fast. Selena married a Norman and shortly afterwards moved to what is now Ireland. John married a red-headed girl in 1103 who was named Thebe like his mother. It wasn't easy for John and his wife to have children (Toone 4). Their first child was born in 1105, but she was stillborn. In 1107 another

girl was born. She survived, and they named her Sarah. However, she was very frail and passed away in her sleep in 1109 (Toone 4).

I'm going to stop there at 1109 because I official don't know the year that Wistric passed away. This is very disheartening for me because it would be nice to know when he passed away and where he is buried, so one day I could go visit his grave. Nevertheless, I would have to say that Wistric Tun is perhaps the coolest person in my family.

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1500 – 1600

The Cortes Family

By Cristian Cortez



The Cortez Coat of Arms

Image Source: House of Names

The name “Cortés” has many different spelling variations. For example, it can be written as: Cortés, Cortes, Cortesia, Corte, and many other forms. ¹ Many famous Cortés’s have originated from Spain. Alonso Cortés emigrated to the Americas in 1513. Pedro Cortés settled in New Spain in 1535. Perhaps the most famous and most well-known Cortés people are aware of is Hernan Cortés, who was a conquistador of Mexico. He was born in Medellin, Extremadura in 1485 and studied law at the University of Salamanca. In 1529, he landed in Mexico and within two years,

¹ Information retrieved from <https://www.houseofnames.com/cortes-family-crest>

he had taken control of Mexico, which led King Charles V to name him governor of Mexico. Hernan Cortés would pass on his last name to his many children, since it was known he had children with many different women.

Pedro Cortés
1943-1977

Pedro Cortés Display. Photograph. Private collection.
Zurumbeneo, Michoacán, Mexico



This story starts out with a man named Pedro Cortés (1943-1977), the father of my father. He was the son of Francisco Cortés (1912-1997) and Silvina Moran (1914-2016). Since my family is from Mexico, not many records exist online or even on paper. The main reason is because of the location where my family is from. My family is about half an hour away from Morelia, Michoacán, which is considered to be a big city. They live in a rural area with many mountains. This led me to rely on family storytellers. Often times, storytellers are more accurate than actual information recorded because when information is recorded, human error is an important factor to consider.

From the stories that both my father and grandmother have told me, their lives were very different from ours here in the United States. Not only is location important when it comes to how they lived, the time period was also important. Families back then had a larger number of children than today. My grandfather had eight siblings. Education was not as important as having to work in

the fields at a young age to support the family. He, along with his brothers and sisters, had to work in the fields as well as take care of their animals, which included cows, goats, chicken, and pigs. As Pedro started growing up, he realized that there were too many people in his household and not enough food. This was the main factor for his desire to migrate. When he was only fourteen years old, he migrated to the United States seeking a better job for his family. He worked in peach fields, orange fields, apple fields, and cotton fields. Around the year 1957, he traveled all over the US. From working in the orange fields in Florida to working in tobacco fields in California. Personally, I did not know him since he passed away when my father was only eleven years old, but from what my grandmother has told me about him, he was a very brave and responsible man. It's fascinating how someone at that age would leave his family and country behind in search for a better future.

Since Pedro was only fourteen years old when he migrated to the United States, he felt homesick at times, so he worked a couple of months, and went back home to see his family when he had enough money saved up. On one of those trips back to Mexico at the age of sixteen, he met the love of his life, Lina. Pedro went back to the US when he was running low on money. After only two years of knowing Lina, they decided to get married and have children right away. When Pedro and Lina got married, it was Pedro's obligation to stay in Mexico to support his wife and kids, since his wife was unwilling to migrate with him to the US. Pedro and Lina would have seven children, one of those being my father.

Pedro and Lina continued the chain of having large numbers of children. Just as when Pedro was young, his children

also worked in the fields and took care and raised the animals on their farm. When Pedro and Lina had their sixth child, they decided that that was their last one. Little did they know they would have one more. Before Lina gave birth to her seventh child, Pedro had passed away, leaving Lina as a single mother to raise seven children.

My father was only eleven years old when his father passed away. He is the third in his family. His two older brothers had to work to support the family. From the age of fourteen to sixteen, my father would wake up even before the sun rose. He woke up so early because he had to get on three different modes of transportation to get to his job in the city, which was about half an hour away. He worked two years killing chickens and selling them in the city. When he was fifteen years old, he started to be more observant. He saw that his uncle, Lina's brother, always had nice clothes and nice shoes. As all young teenagers, my father became very curious as to what he did for a living. He asked his uncle what he did to earn the nice clothes and nice shoes. His uncle told him that he had gone to the United States for about half a year and came back to visit his family in Mexico. Just as in Pedro's family, my father was able to see that there were too many people in his household and that food was scarce. My father became astonished with that idea of going to the U.S. and asked his uncle if he could migrate with him to work.

Surprisingly, his uncle's response was, "if you can accumulate the money you will need to migrate, I'll take you with me." My father was very excited. When he was sixteen years old, he accumulated the money and went to the US to make more

money and start his life. Just as his father, my father also worked in the fields.

My father did not follow all of his father's footsteps. The difference in Pedro's and my father's lives was that my father waited until he was about twenty-five years old to get married and also waited until he was stable to begin a family. When my parents got married, they worked about five years together to construct a house in Mexico. It's quite fascinating how they accomplished that, together. In three years, they completed their house with all of their hard work. After they had accomplished that, they decided to start a family. My father decided that he wanted to break the chain of having to start working at a young age and give his children a better life than the one he and his father had. In 1996, they migrated to North Carolina. In the following year, they would have their first child, which they would name Cristian.

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1600 – 1700

The Immigrant

By Emily Lyon

Peter Montague (abt. 21 January 1603- 1659); Married Hannah (abt. 1629-??); then married Second Wife, Cicely (abt. 1633-??). Peter immigrated to Jamestown, Va. in 1621/2. He had six children, three with Hannah and three with Cicely.

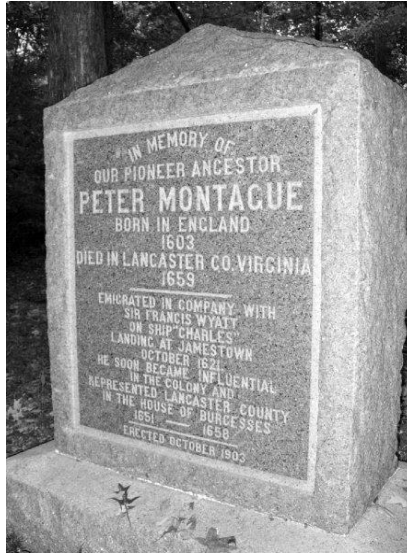


Photo Source: Montague Family Association Inc.

I ran away from home.¹ I ran away from home to the beautiful state of Virginia to find my destiny, to go on adventures. It is so much more beautiful than dreary England. I've only been in this country for a few weeks, but so much has happened in the short amount of time I have been here. To start off, I am a slave.² I could not pay the fee for English citizens, so I snuck onto the ship.

¹ Hylbom, Tor. "Montague #6114." Hylbom Family Ancestry Project. N.p., 28 Aug. 2016.

² Ibid

I did not care about the consequences because I am going to live my life as I please. I am an adult, I'm twenty-one.³ I thought I knew how my life was going to unravel. The ride over to this beautiful country was not the best, but I was immensely excited to get here. I snuck onto the main deck with a crowd. I had only brought extra clothes and enough food for the trip. I tried to seem like I was supposed to be there. We landed in Jamestown. I may have overestimated how great of friends I had made. I thought I could confide in them, but my new friends were not happy whenever they found out I had not paid my way on to the ship. I thought we were close, but they reported me to the captain. Instead of making me take the next ship back to England, the captain decided to keep me as his slave. I guess consequences come with being the "wild" child in the family.⁴

Captain Samuel Mathews works his slaves to the brink of exhaustion. However, I had my work cut short. All of the friends I made while working were so jealous. I hurt my hands very badly while I was working.⁵ On accident, of course. I was tilling the soil, so the others could plant some seed. I had to make sure I turned the soil extra well, because my master said this year's harvest is really important. Since I've never really had a job working hard labor, my hands were not used to the effort I was putting out. My hands quickly became so blistered my master told me I needed to rest for a few days. He did want me to keep working, but I could not do

³ "Southampton 1622 - 1624." Southampton 1622 - 1624, www.packrat-pro.com/ships/southampton.htm.

⁴ Hylbom, Tor. "Montague #6114." Hylbom Family Ancestry Project. N.p., 28 Aug. 2016.

⁵ Ibid.

fieldwork. He had me working with the maids. I was taken aback when he told me I had to do housework. I'm not used to manual labor, but housework is for the women. He told me that if I wanted to stay with him and not be sold again, I had to do the housework. I stayed because I don't think my next master would have been as nice. I didn't mind working around the house. I mainly washed dishes, because it hurt my hands to scrub the floor.

I didn't mind doing the dishes because another slave would talk to me as she dried the dishes. We talked about our previous homes and about how we ended up as slaves. She had come from a small village in England as well. She was quite the talker, she loved talking about how she was trying to earn enough money in America to be able to bring her parents over to this new country. She told me about her fondness of books. I told her about how I had read my entire library's worth of books back home. Some days she would sneak books in her apron, so that I could read them at night. She learned my love of Latin and snuck mostly Latin books to me. Latin is such an interesting language. I have always been very fond of it.⁶

Whenever I had spare time, usually a few minutes while we eat or at night after work, I tried to read as much Latin as I can. I try not to let my master see because I didn't know if he minded that I was reading his books. As I was trying to finish up the last paragraph of my latest read, my master walked in. He seemed shocked that I was able to read and speak Latin as fluently as I could. I found out that he didn't mind me reading books. Once he learned that I could read Latin, he told me that the way I could pay

⁶ Ibid.

my passage back was through teaching Latin.⁷ He told me that he wanted me to start a school to teach the kids that immigrated with me Latin. Since there were no established schools yet in Jamestown,⁸ he wanted me to start one. I jumped at the chance to teach students over doing housework. We met on sunny days under a large oak tree, while the school was in the process of getting built. For the first few weeks under the tree, thankfully it only rained a few days. But we couldn't meet on rainy days until the school had been built.

Once we were settled into the school room, it allowed the students to learn Latin much quicker because it was quieter, and it allowed them to focus. I learned that not every student learned the same as others. Some kids were better at writing Latin than they were at speaking it and vice versa. Some kids needed to stand up while they were learning it or some needed to walk around.

It is now 1622, and I am still working as a teacher. I have finally found something I don't want to run from. Teaching has become my passion, and I love all of my students. Coming to America has been the greatest experience that has ever happened to me. I knew that one day my wild behavior would get me somewhere. That behavior got me into a brand new country and new experiences I would never give up for the world.

⁷ Ibid.

⁸ Ibid.

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The Journey

By Cassie Roberts

William Elliott was born July 12, 1699 in Northern Ireland and at the age of 21 married Margaret Graham. They moved to Rockbridge, Virginia in 1737. He later died there at the age of 95.¹



Settlers make their home in the new world.²

Source: L. Evans Find a Grave

America is made up mostly of people who want to start fresh and by those who want to take an adventure. And this is also how my family made it here in America. It began all the way back in Ireland where Janet and Alexander Elliott had a son, William Elliott, born in 1699. William grew up in the town of Antrim, and it is where he met his wife, Margaret Graham, at the age of 21.³ They lived together happily for seventeen years in Ireland until they decided to leave their family and take the journey of a

¹ N.A. "William Elliott-Lifestory." Database. Ancestry.com

² L. Evans. "Find A Grave - Millions of Cemetery Records and Online Memorials." *Find A Grave - Millions of Cemetery Records and Online Memorials*. Newspaper.com, 23 May 2014. Web. 09 Feb. 2017.

³ N.A. "William Elliott-Lifestory." Database. Ancestry.com

lifetime. They were then on their way to the new land to start new and take the adventure not many had been on. This new land is where they will start their family.

The journey that they must take will be one of the biggest struggles that they will ever have to tackle. The only way to get to this new life is to take a ship, which is not the most comfortable ride. Stuck on a ship for what could have taken over 100 days, William and Margaret began their journey. Nights were long and days were longer cramped on a ship full of other men, women, and children. Fighting with the retched smell of body odor from having hundreds of people who haven't showered for days. Not to mention how easy it is for people to become sick. Having to see children so sick that they could end up dying of from their disease.⁴ William and Margaret had to struggle to stay healthy and to just survive to have the life they had always dreamed of.

The ship ride was not the only struggle they had, they had to leave almost everything they owned behind because they had to share the ship with hundreds of people. Not only had they left their belonging, but they also had to leave the ones they loved and all of the people they knew. This wasn't the easiest thing to do, which could have caused William and Margaret to have had second thoughts, wondering if it was going to be worth the risk of dying just to get to their new land. Now the journey they had just taken was rough but they had the ability and the drive to finally make to their new home. Now they had their second journey to tackle.

⁴ "Passage to America, 1750." *Passage to America, 1750*. Ancestry.com, n.d. Web. 05 Feb. 2017.

Their first stop on their second journey in this new world was in Pennsylvania. It wasn't until later that William and Margaret found their permanent home in Rockbridge Co., Virginia.⁵ It is there that William became a cattle man, very wealthy and well known by the town and surrounding area through his new-found job.⁶

William and Margaret gave birth to a son, Robert, on July 7, 1743.⁷ Even though William and his wife started having a family in Virginia, they still had family in Ireland that they had to be away from. It is unknown whether or not he had other family that came to this new land. About twenty years after their son was born, back in Ireland William's father, Alexander Elliott, passed away.⁸ This had to have been hard for William because they were unable to take a ship back and forth to visit family. The struggle is why this was such a journey for them because it was a permanent decision and no turning back. There were always going to be some hard times while trying to start a new life in a strange land. Despite the struggles, they had a wonderful and successful life.

William's world was changed on January 11, in 1780 when the love of his life passed away in Virginia. William and Margaret had been married for 60 years.⁹ This ended William and Margaret's journey together, but this was not the end of their legacy.

⁵ Evans, L. "Find A Grave - Millions of Cemetery Records and Online Memorials." *Find A Grave - Millions of Cemetery Records and Online Memorials*. Newspaper.com, 23 May 2014. Web. 09 Feb. 2017.

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Ibid.

⁸ N.A. "William Elliott-Lifestory." Database. Ancestry.com

⁹ Ibid.

William's legacy kept going, his family took their journey up towards Kentucky, his family left him behind due to his old age and declining health.¹⁰ His family kept the journey going. Sadly William was 96 years old when he passed in his home town in Virginia causing his journey to end.¹¹

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¹⁰ Evans, L. "Find A Grave - Millions of Cemetery Records and Online Memorials." *Find A Grave - Millions of Cemetery Records and Online Memorials*. Newspaper.com, 23 May 2014. Web. 09 Feb. 2017.

¹¹ Evans, L. "Find A Grave - Millions of Cemetery Records and Online Memorials." *Find A Grave - Millions of Cemetery Records and Online Memorials*. Newspaper.com, 23 May 2014. Web. 09 Feb. 2017.

1700 – 1800

A Day in the Life

By Michael Myers



A small barn, similar to one Marmaduke Myers would have used

Image Source: *Old Barn*. N.d. Photograph, North Carolina. Google, <https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/originals/07/26/66/072666113d62daf5c715578002d602e5.jpg>, Accessed on 9 Feb. 2017.

Marmaduke Ransom Myers (1772-1831), my fifth great-grandfather was a poor peach farmer. His Daddy was a poor peach farmer, his Daddy's Daddy was a poor peach farmer, and even his Daddy's Daddy's Daddy was a poor peach farmer. Born in Montgomery County, North Carolina in 1772 to his mother Elizabeth Carney (1734-1790) and his father Thomas Bartlet Meers Myers III (1733-1794), Marmaduke had a simple life, sharing his parents' small farmhouse with his twelve siblings.¹ The household was hectic from time to time, with thirteen short

¹ "Facts of Marmaduke Ransom Myers." Ancestry, Ancestry. <http://person.ancestry.com/tree/108004447/person/230063771682/facts>. Web. 29 Jan. 2017.

attention spans under the same roof. Since Marmaduke was twelfth out of thirteen, he received far from special treatment.

Marmaduke was three years old, going on four when, the United States declared its independence from Britain in 1776, and he was only eleven when the Revolutionary war was officially over. Though, the war had very little effect on Marmaduke and his family. None of his direct family members have any records of serving in the war. Further, because of the difficulty of long-distance communication, poor farming communities like the one Marmaduke lived in had a very thin line of communication to places. Even considering the letters and news articles that do reach rural areas, the lack of education and extremely low literacy rates in these very poor areas made it hard for many colonists to become involved. Poor farmers had very little political leverage anyway.



A peach farm located in Georgia very similar to the North Carolinian farms Marmaduke worked in.

Image source: *GA Peach Farmers*. N.d. Photograph. Georgia, United States. Google, <http://www.gapeachfestival.com/userfiles/Image/Old-Peach-Shed7-2.jpg>, Accessed 9 Feb 2017.

The days were long and unrewarding out in the peach fields. Peaches grow in the Piedmont area of North Carolina because of the distinctly fertile soil that allows many different plants to grow. Marmaduke and his family did not know why the peaches grew, they just picked them, bundled them up, and sold them. According to census records, Marmaduke lived in his father's house since he was a baby, and his residence did not change until he was in his thirties, moving to a residence in the same county.² It is likely that Marmaduke lived in the same farm community for his whole life.

At the ripe age of 18, Marmaduke married his first wife, Elizabeth Carney (? -?). Little is known about her, other than the fact that she died soon before Marmaduke married his second wife. This is a common occurrence throughout my lineage of poor peach farmers. A man could have two or three wives before he died, each a year or two apart. It appears that such was life for the poor farmer; no wife means no kids, and no kids means no farm hands, and no farm hands mean there is no way to make money. Marmaduke and his families never made nearly enough money to purchase any slaves, so children had to suffice. Marmaduke married his second wife Rebecca Brewer (1789-?) in 1807. He was 35, and she was only 18. Their first son together, my 4th great-grandfather, was born in 1811, named Wilson Shepherd Myers (1811-1884).³ They lived in Anson County, North Carolina, where they lived on a small farm, in a small farm house, making a small amount of money.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

Marmaduke Ransom Myers and his wife went on to have five children in their lifetime. After skipping a few people, here or there, I was born. I, gladly, am not a poor peach farmer, so things do change. But for Marmaduke Ransom Myers—though his name is one of the coolest on my family tree—life was not too kind.

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The Return: Timothy Spencer

By Lisa Medlar

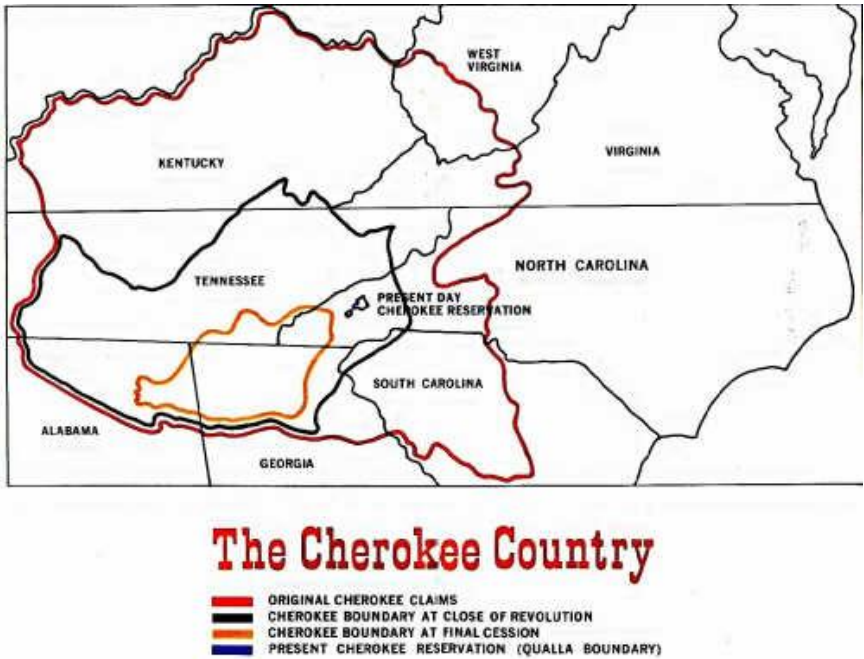


Figure 1: This map shows Cherokee country shrinking due to cessation.
CHEROKEE HISTORY TIMELINE.

In 1776, the founding fathers of America signed the Declaration of Independence during a chaotic time. The Patriots were fighting for the right to become a sovereign nation, and they were also destroying Cherokee towns and burning their crops in order to expand their new nation. It was in the fall of this year that

Timothy Spencer enlisted in the Continental army and joined the Patriots in their battles.¹

The Cherokee lived in their territory that spanned several states from Kentucky to Georgia longer than the English settlers could ever claim to be in the area. The expansive territory is exactly what the colonists wanted. So, the conflict escalated between colonists and Indians as the colonies grew and encroached onto the Cherokees' homelands. The Cherokee were an aggressive Indian tribe and unafraid of going to battle.² They lived for the battles that they had with other tribes and were willing to fight the colonists for their land. Unfortunately, the Cherokee people became divided over the decision to fight or sell their land to the colonists because they had brought goods that made Cherokee Indians' way of life easier.³

The colonists were determined to have more land to spread the new nation out west and wanted the Cherokee territory that bordered them. So, the settlers began bartering with the Cherokee and started buying land from them. The combination of conflict within the Cherokee people halted the process, and the fact that the Cherokee sided with the British, the colonists were not ashamed to use force in any way.⁴ With the Revolutionary War underway, there were companies within the Continental army that could be

¹ "Grayson County Revolutionary War Pension Applications 1832." *Grayson County Revolutionary War Pension Applications 1832*. *New River Notes*, Accessed 01 Feb. 2017. p. 22.

² Woodward, Grace Steele. *The Cherokees*. Norman: U of Oklahoma Press, 1963. p. 3, 33.

³ Woodward, Grace Steele. *The Cherokees*. Norman: U of Oklahoma Press, 1963. P. 88

⁴ Lee, Wayne E. *Crowds and Soldiers in Revolutionary North Carolina: The Culture of Violence in Riot and War*, Gainesville: U Press of Florida, 2001. Page unknown.

utilized for the destruction of Cherokee towns to claim more land. One of the soldiers in those companies was Timothy Spencer.

Pennsylvania-born Private Timothy Spencer had set out with his company from Salem, North Carolina to travel three hundred miles to fight the Cherokee in various missions such as destroying Cherokee towns and burning their crops. One of his missions was to return a mother, Mrs. Bean, to her children, after she had been held captive by the Cherokees.

Cherokees attacked Fort Caswell and captured Lydia Bean when she was outside the fort's walls tending to the cows. Lydia and thirteen-year-old Samuel Moore were captured and taken deep into Cherokee Country where Lydia was bound to a stake and a spark set to the kindling at her feet. Just as smoke started to rise, Lydia was saved. Nancy Ward, "Beloved Woman" of the Cherokee people, rescued Lydia from burning on the stake and took Lydia into her home.⁵ Nancy was a prominent female member of the Cherokee, her "Beloved Woman" title equaling as much as a Chief's title.⁶ She earned her title through her battles she fought alongside her husband and after his death during a battle, she used her title to promote peace with the colonists. She felt that the white people were brothers and sisters of the Cherokee and she didn't believe in the fighting; therefore, she warned settlements of incoming attacks.

⁵ "RootsWeb's WorldConnect Project: Russell Family." *RootsWeb's WorldConnect Project: Russell Family*. Ancestry.com, Accessed 04 Feb. 2017.

⁶ Woodward, Grace Steele. *The Cherokees*. Norman: U of Oklahoma Press, 1963. P. 34, 94.



Figure 2: The statue is in memory of Nancy Ward and presents Nancy as holding a lamb in her right arm and a plaque in her left hand, “Nancy Ward, Watauga, 1776” etched into the plaque. She saved the pioneers from her Cherokee relatives by warning them of the oncoming attack.

Image Source: "Nanye'hi." Genealogy. We Relate, N.d. 07 Feb. 2017.

Lydia felt grateful to Nancy and taught her skills that most settler women knew, such as making cheese and butter, weaving fabric and tending to livestock. In teaching Nancy these skills, she blessed the Cherokee with capabilities they didn't have before.

The fighting between Cherokee and revolutionary soldiers was getting worse and closer to Nancy's town. So Nancy worked out a trade for Lydia's return and her town's safety from the fighting. The army agreed and Lydia wound up in the care of a

militia known as Flower Swift's Company⁷, guarded by soldiers such as Pvt. Timothy Spencer. He protected and watched over her until she arrived at her children's reaching arms. He witnessed a heartfelt return of a mother to her children that was long waited.

Timothy Spencer left a remarkable military history that in the fact he met and interacted with some key historical characters in the revolutionary war and avoided battles that could have led to his end and no return. For the freedom of his country, he managed to complete three tours of duty and return home to his family to live to the impressive age of 78. One could only imagine the stories he could have told his children.

⁷ Alderman, John P. Carroll 1765-1815, *The Settlements: A History of the First Fifty Years of Carroll County, Virginia*. Hillsville, VA: Alderman, 1985. P. 404.

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1800 – 1900

Awareness

By Emily Wood

It hadn't always been just a church, of that much it was certain. It used to creak and groan in the wind as it's white, painted, wood boards barely held out the galls of icy wind that were produced in these mountains. It had been a good life, having children in and out, learning and playing. The services every Sunday stood out in a different context, each marriage, baptism, and death stinging just as sharp as the next. Several names stuck out amongst the many that had passed inside it's great walls: Miller, Voncannon, Cable, Dugger, Goodwin, and Potter.



Not surprising, but the memories just seem to start. One day, awareness awoke where there had been before blackness. It's first memory is on Jacob Voncannon coming to pick up his children from inside its halls. Hearing the hoarseness of his voice from the many hours spent in the mill down the river. There had been many days that followed, both

school, church, and other activities where the whole community would gather day in and day out for many years.

Then... the fire happened. It had been so simple, the children and principle had gone out to enjoy the snow, seeing as the children couldn't concentrate as it was just enough to play in but not enough to cause worry. It had been a young Voncannon girl... or was it a Miller... It doesn't matter now, but one of the children knocked over the candle off the desk into a pile of papers that had been sitting there. The dryness of the previous day's helped to send them up into flames. These very flames soon consumed the building. The principle had tried to save it alongside some of the older boys, pulling pails from the river as the younger ones through snowballs at the flames. There had been no point. It hadn't so much been a fiery agony, the cold on the outside had provided a small relief even as it had burned to the ground. It's last thought before it completely turned to ash was that it hoped the children were ok.



It's second reawakening was more abrupt, it was to cheering, then it noticed that it had no WALLS! All it comprised of was a wood floor with a square of river rocks around the edge. It took many years. Gradually four walls were added to my structure. Each rock was carried by members of the community that had time to help. The walls were made of stone this time, but special stone. It was river stone, each one unique and special. The small children that helped bring stone from the river like Andrew Miller and even young Betty Cambel. As a church it was finished in twelve years, the bell in its tower being the last thing to be added. The members inside it decided to call it the Elk Mills Christian Church, Elk Mills being the name the area had earned thanks to the old miller Jacob Voncannon.



One story that stood out was the disappearance of Andrew J Miller. The young boy who had helped build the church in his youth just up and vanished one day. It had been the talk of the church because he left behind a wife and two daughters. Those girl's girls grew up and had

families of their own but Andrew never came back, not even to be buried like so many in its room had been.

Most of these stories have seldom been heard, it wasn't until just recently that it had a chance to share its stories with one of those inside it. Its memories last much longer than those kept by the one's in its halls, but what's written word when memory serves a building such as itself so much better. So many names from times long past have been lost over the years, being replaced as new names came to its attention. One name was Wood. Several of these children grew up inside its walls being baptized and churched. Slowly they all vanished, that is until one reappeared. The numbers had fallen greatly over the years, once numbering in at 200 now it was down to just eight old timers. So many had died and even more had moved away. This one Wood would only be there for one service but the halls shined in gaiety and it pumped all the good emotions it had picked up over the years into the atmosphere and as she sat there and listened to the Sunday service, it gradually and gently put impressions of its memories into her mind. This would probably be the last and only time it would see her, but it would have its stories remembered if it could.

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The Life of Joel Thomas Ayers

By Kristen L. Sisk



The Ayers Family Crest, N. d. Photograph. *Private Collections*, North Carolina.

Joel Thomas Ayers was born and raised in Patrick County, Virginia on September 29, 1827.¹ He had blue eyes, light hair, and a light complexion.² As Joel matured, he grew to be five feet and five inches tall and decided to move to the beautiful state of North Carolina and settle in the Shoals community.³ In 1848, Joel met the love of his life formally known as Martha Patsy Whitaker.⁴ On January 18, 1849, Joel married Martha and over the course of their marriage, they had nine children. Six of those children were born

¹ Paul T. Ayers, *The Ayers Family*. Winston-Salem: N.p., N.d. Print.

² Raenell, Sisk. *Personal Interview*. 2 Feb. 2017.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Paul T. Ayers, *The Ayers Family*. Winston-Salem: N.p., N.d. Print.

before the Civil War broke out in 1861.⁵ They were Abraham A. Ayers, who was born in 1850; Henry Frank Ayers, who was born in 1852; Andrew Jackson Ayers, who was born in 1853; Mahala F. Ayers, who was born in 1856; Joel R. Ayers, who was born in 1859; and John Ellis Ayers, who was born in 1860.⁶ After the war, Martha and Joel had three more children: Sara Melissa Ayers who was born in 1866, Robert L. Ayers who was born in 1873, and David Ayers who was born in 1869 and died the same day due to being a stillborn child.⁷

Joel was known to family and friends as a farmer and a carpenter until 1861.⁸ The war between the States broke out that year, and Joel bravely volunteered to defend the southern states. He enlisted in Company H., also known as the 11th North Carolina Volunteers.⁹ Later that year, his company was renamed as the 21st North Carolina Regiment.¹⁰ This Regiment was organized in Danville, Virginia in June of 1861 and recruited men from Davidson, Surry, Forsyth, Rockingham, Stokes, and Guilford counties.¹¹ Joel was ranked as a private and was known as M230 Roll2.¹² Joel and his unit fought hard in the Battle of First Manassas, Plymouth, Drewry's Bluff, Cold Harbor, and

⁵ Ibid.

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Ibid.

⁸ Raenell Sisk. *Personal Interview*. 2 Feb. 2017.

⁹ Paul T. Ayers, *The Ayers Family*. Winston-Salem: N.p., N.d. Print

¹⁰ "19th North Carolina Troops (2nd North Carolina Cavalry)." *19th North Carolina Troops (2nd North Carolina Cavalry)*. N.p., N.d.

<http://nccivilwar.lostsoulsgenealogy.com/rosters/19troops2ndcalvary.htm>, Accessed 2 Feb.2017.

¹¹ Ibid.

¹² Ibid.

Appomattox.¹³ He sustained a wound from an explosion in his lower thigh on his left leg at Hatcher's Run, but he proved to be dedicated by continuing to fight hard through the war.¹⁴ As the fighting continued, his unit was stationed at First Winchester where Joel sustained another wound on his left leg and had to be discharged from the army in September of 1862.¹⁵ Joel returned home to his wife to heal and reenlisted a year or two later. The date that Joel reenlisted is unknown, however his name was on the muster rolls in 1864, and it was evident that he continued to fight until the end of the war in April of 1865.¹⁶ Joel's unit surrendered that year with a total of six officers and only one hundred and seventeen men.¹⁷ The total casualties were two-thousand, four hundred nineteen.¹⁸

After the war, Joel returned home to his wife, Martha in Surry County, North Carolina. He worked hard farming the land to provide for his family. They raised tobacco, corn, soybeans, and many other crops.¹⁹ In 1880, Joel and Martha had three children still living at home with them. To his family, Joel was a hero. Along with countless others, he risked his life to fight for what he believed in. Martha was known to pray for Joel everyday while he was away at war, and when he came home safe, although he was

¹³ Ibid.

¹⁴ Paul T. Ayers, *The Ayers Family*. Winston-Salem: N.p., N.d. Print

¹⁵ Ibid.

¹⁶ Ibid.

¹⁷ "19th North Carolina Troops (2nd North Carolina Cavalry)." *19th North Carolina Troops (2nd North Carolina Cavalry)*. N.p., N.d.

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¹⁸ Ibid.

¹⁹ Raenell, Sisk. *Personal Interview*. 2 Feb. 2017.

injured, she believed her prayers had been answered.²⁰ Joel and Martha were very religious people. In fact, when Joel moved to North Carolina, he helped many others to build Shoals Methodist Church and became a charter member there.²¹ According to family members, Joel kept a small Bible tucked in his pocket through out the war as a symbol of home.²² Martha and Joel remained members of Shoals Methodist Church until 1885 when they moved to Pine Ridge, North Carolina.²³

Six years after Martha and Joel moved there, Joel suffered a fear that every husband dreads. His wife Martha passed away at the age of seventy-three on February 8, 1901.²⁴ Martha was buried in her home town of what is now known as Toast, North Carolina. Her grave is located at Antioch Baptist Church Cemetery, in that township.²⁵ In the same year, Joel applied for a pension at the age of seventy-three years old.²⁶ Also at the age of seventy-three, Joel and Martha had a total of thirty-three grandchildren!²⁷ Unfortunately, the date Joel Thomas Ayers died, along with his resting place, are unknown.

Joel Thomas Ayers will always be remembered as a hero to his family. He fought hard and even after he was wounded, he made the decision to continue fighting for his beliefs. He will be

²⁰ Ibid.

²¹ Ibid.

²² Ibid.

²³ Ibid.

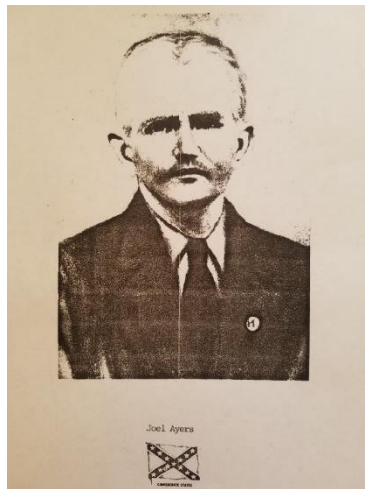
²⁴ "Martha Patricia Whitaker Ayers (1828 - 1901) - Find A Grave Memorial." *Martha Patricia Whitaker Ayers (1828 - 1901) - Find A Grave Memorial*. N.p., N.d. <https://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=66031649>, Accessed 29 Jan. 2017.

²⁵ Ibid.

²⁶ Paul T. Ayers, *The Ayers Family*. Winston-Salem: N.p.,N.d. Print

²⁷ Ibid.

remembered as a man of God who loved his family dearly. Joel was a man with a big heart and was known to do whatever it would take to protect the ones he loved.²⁸ Many of Joel's grandchildren and great-grandchildren looked up to him and aspired to be as brave as him one day. Joel is still to this day looked up to by his great-great-great-great grandchildren who are beyond proud to be related to such an amazing and brave man like Joel Thomas Ayers.



Joel Ayers of the Confederate States. N.d. *Private Collections*, North Carolina.

²⁸ Ibid.

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John Bruner and the Peculiar Institution

By Stephen Bruner



“Am I Not a Brother.”

Wordpress.com, aroundtheredmap.files.wordpress.com/2012/08/slavery.jpg.¹

It is no secret to Americans that the issue of slavery has been at the forefront of discussion since before our country was ever founded. There have been opposing sides who have fought both verbally and physically over the issue throughout the years. One thing that several Americans fail to realize, however, is that their ancestors took part in the conflict in some shape or form. The

¹ “Am I Not a Man and A Brother.” *Wordpress.com*, aroundtheredmap.files.wordpress.com/2012/08/slavery.jpg.

Bruner family is no different. My family was definitely involved in the institution of slavery in the nineteenth century.

I have always been told growing up that my mother's family (the McDaniel's) owned slaves. However, when I began to do the research I wasn't able to find evidence to back it up. What I was surprised to find, was that on my father's side of the family, my great-great-great grandfather, John Bruner owned a slave. The 1830 Census of Stokes county shows that he registered having 10 people in his household including 9 free whites and 1 slave.² Later on, in the 1860 census, he lists that his occupation is a tenant.³

A tenant is a person who leases land/property from a landlord. He and his family most likely farmed this land themselves in Stokes County. Although when learning about history we tend to focus on rich plantation owners and planters who owned hundreds of slaves, it was not uncommon for average plain folk in the South to have a few slaves.⁴ Even though it was common for an owner to just have one slave, it probably put that particular slave in an uncomfortable position. I say this because, even though slaves on large cotton plantations were often overworked and mistreated, they at least could take comfort in bonding with other slaves. Some of the ways that slaves could bond amongst their oppression included but was not limited to family, religion, and working in their own personal gardens if they

² "1830 United States Federal Census." Database. *Ancestry.com* <http://www.ancestry.com> 2017.

³ "1860 United States Federal Census." Database. *Ancestry.com* <http://www.ancestry.com> 2017.

⁴ Ford, Lacy K. *A Companion to the Civil War and Reconstruction*. Malden MA, Blackwell Pub. 2011. 80.

were fortunate enough to have one.⁵ So, for slaves that didn't have any other slaves to bond with, they missed out on these opportunities. It was more than likely going to be a lonely life for this slave unless he was fortunate enough to have a good relationship with his owner.

My great-great-great grandfather John lived a pretty common life for a tenant/farmer. He was very self-sufficient and focused the majority of his working life providing for his family. As the census records indicated, sometimes this meant moving multiple times in order to find the best place to farm and raise a family. In John's case, it involved moving from Surry County to Stokes, to Forsyth, and then back to Surry.⁶ It was while he was in Stokes County that he experienced his most success. He and his family experienced a great year of farming and they had enough crops leftover that they were able to sell them in the local markets and take in a profit. This was sometimes an option for the plain folk in the South.⁷ With this extra money, he decided that he would purchase a slave to help him provide for his family.

Fortunately for his slave, John was very kind hearted and respectful to him. He was a very hard working man and all of his time and energy was put towards providing for his family. He chose to purchase a slave out of necessity instead of racism. He treated the slave as if he was part of his family (which was extremely rare). He and John would work all day out in the field farming and then come in at night and eat supper with the family. He had his own little cabin away from John and his family, but in

⁵ Ford, *A Companion to the Civil War and Reconstruction*, 69-71.

⁶ 1830 Census, *Ancestry.com*

⁷ Ford, *A Companion of the Civil War and Reconstruction*, 84.

case of storms or cold weather they let him spend the night in the main house. The slave and the Bruners were having a good relationship until the outbreak of the war.

Soon after news of the war hit Stokes County, John had to begin thinking what the options were. Should he go fight in the war, or should he stay home and provide for his family? Also, he wondered what to do with his slave? Ultimately, he decided to stay home with his wife and children because he really didn't align with the Union or the Confederacy. He also decided to let the slave go after the start of the war. Although he missed his help and company, he figured this would be the best way to avoid controversy during the war.

Although John and his slave's relationship ended peacefully, this was not the case for most slaves and whites in the south. A lot of blood was shed in order to preserve the Union and end the disaster that we commonly refer to as slavery. Even though John and his slave proved that it was possible to have a good relationship even amongst the atrocity of slavery, I believe blacks and whites alike, as well as our country is much better off as a result of slavery being abolished.

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The Life Story of a Simple Farming Draft Dodger of the Civil War

By Andrew Smith

Meet Jacob Smith or as most friends and family called him “Jake.” His father Conrad and his mother Ruth both were thirty-two when Jake was born on January 18, 1837 in Yadkin County, North Carolina.¹ When he was one, his little brother Eli Smith was born in 1838 in Trap Hill, North Carolina.² At the age of five, Jake received another sibling, his little sister Susan Smith, she was born in 1842 in Trap Hill, North Carolina.³ Jake grew up on his mother and fathers farm with his siblings. Jake Smith got married to Winnie Angeline Hanks on March 7, 1861, in Wilkes, North Carolina when he and Winnie were both twenty-four years old.⁴

One month after their marriage, the Civil War started, and two months later North Carolina succeeded to the confederacy on May 20 of 1861.⁵ It is most likely that Jake and Winnie got married because they knew that things were about to heat up in America. Once the war started Jake and Winnie knew that that the draft would probably carry him away far from home to fight a war

¹ Fletcher. "Jacob Smith. 1837-1916." database. Ancestry.com (<http://www.ancestry.com>: Accessed 1 February 2017). entry for Jacob Smith. life time story, 28 January 1837 - 19 February 1916; citing ProQuest's database, "Jacob Smith. life time story. 1837-1916. Database downloaded from <http://www.proquest.com>"

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ (2017). Secession and war.

<http://www.nccivilwar150.com/history/secession.htm>.

he didn't think really mattered to him; therefore; he hid up in a cave at Wells Knob.⁶

He most likely shared the cave with other draft dodgers around his age. There wasn't much to eat at Wells Knob, so his family would sneak food to him in the middle of the night.⁷ One time, his family must have been blocked from the chance to send food because he got so hungry that he even was forced to eat a raw duck.⁸ He was not willing to risk a fire to cook it since that could reveal his location. Jake like his father Conrad, was just a simple farmer with a wife, and later a little one to provide for.⁹ So like some farming draft dodgers of that time, he would go to his fields during harvest and planting season at night to work his fields and leave the less strenuous labor to his wife and other relatives.¹⁰ He might have even bought a couple hundred-pound steer before he left that would have been left behind for his family to use.¹¹ If he had a horse it might have been taken by the confederacy when passing by. During that time in the western side of North Carolina, in the mountains especially, there were a lot of people helping in a type of "underground railroad system" to assist draft resisters, defectors, and even confederate prisoners out of the state.¹² So it

⁶ Smith, Raymond. Personal interview. 29 Jan. 2017.

⁷ Ibid.

⁸ Ibid.

⁹ "1880 United States Federal Census," database, Ancestry.com (<http://ancestry.com>: Accessed 1 February 2017), 1880 Federal Census, entry for Jacob Smith, 45, Town of Trap Hill, Wilkes County.

¹⁰ Michael K. Honey, "The War Within the Confederacy: White Unionist of North Carolina," article, Ancestry.com (<http://homepages.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~ncuv/honey1.htm>: Accessed 1 February 2017), citing prior publication in *Journal of the National Archives* (Summer 1986).

¹¹ Smith, Raymond. Personal interview. 29 Jan. 2017.

¹² Honey, " War Within the Confederacy: White Unionist of North Carolina."

would not have been surprising if Jake's cave had been a safe house during this time.

Two years into the war in 1863, when he was twenty-six, Winnie gave birth to his daughter Sarah L. Smith in North Carolina¹³. Two years after the war in 1867 on June 9 when he was thirty, Winnie gave birth to James Conrad "Coonie" Smith his eldest son in North Carolina.¹⁴ On May 29, 1879 Winnie gave birth to Jacob Calvin Smith Jake's second son in Wilkes, North Carolina when Jake was forty-two.¹⁵ On August 10, 1881 Winnie gave birth to their youngest child and son Eli William Smith in Wilkes, North Carolina when "Jake" was forty-four.¹⁶

Years later hardship struck, his son Jacob Calvin passed away due to unknown reasons on January 11, 1903, in Wilkes, North Carolina, at the age of twenty-three, Jake himself was sixty-five.¹⁷ A while later Jake lost his older sister, Rachel Bogus who died on March 24, 1910, in Wilkes, North Carolina, when Jacob was seventy-three years old.¹⁸ She however was born in 1824. Between 1900-1910 Jake lost his ability to be able to read likely slowly losing his sight overtime due to his older age and the unlikeliness of having owned glasses.¹⁹ Six years later after his

¹³ Fletcher. "Jacob Smith. 1837-1916." database. Ancestry.com. entry for Jacob Smith. life time story, 28 January 1837 - 19 February 1916.

¹⁴ Ibid.

¹⁵ Ibid.

¹⁶ Ibid.

¹⁷ Ibid.

¹⁸ Ibid.

¹⁹ "1910 United States Federal Census," database, Ancestry.com (<http://www.ancestry.com>: accessed 1 February 2017), 1910 Federal Census, entry for Jacob Smith, 73, Town of Edwards, Wilkes County.

sister's death Jake passed away on February 19, 1916, in Wilkes, North Carolina and was buried there.²⁰

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Building America

By Israel Card

William W. Card (1890-1961) was a laborer, who's occupations included logging. He resided his entire life in the rural town of Wells, ME.



Twentieth century logging in the White Mountains of New Hampshire or Maine.¹
Source: "North Wind Picture Archiver"

For a twentieth century American laborer, work started at the crack of dawn. The day's tasks would be long and daunting, leaving one mentally fatigued, but it was necessary to provide for one's family and create the best life possible for your loved ones. That was the case of my great-grandfather William W. Card.

¹ "North Wind Picture Archives." N.p., n.d. Web. 29 Jan. 2017.
<www.alamy.com/stock-photo/19th-century.logging.html>.

William Card was born in 1890 to Charles Card (Oct. 1850-?)² and an Emily M. Card (1851-?)³ in the small town of Wells, Maine. The town is in Wells County, the southernmost county in Maine. Wells' primary source of income as a community in the early twentieth century was farming and tourism⁴, so it would make sense that William's first job was to work on a farm. The primary crops grown were hay and fruit-bearing trees⁴, so the field work would've been very tedious, work that a slave would've done less than 50 years before in the southern United States, but a poor country boy of Irish and English descent didn't have much of a choice. William Card continued farming into his 30's, until he started working as a state road worker leveling the land and setting the streets that were the basis of modern Maine's road system⁵. William was also a logger later in his life, up until the day he died while in the woods chopping down a tree at seventy-one years old. He was a man that worked hard from a very early age until the day he died, and he embodied the spirit of the rural American who got by on his own accord.

William Card lived with his mom and younger siblings, to help support a single parent household, until he married Gertrude

² "Charles Card. *1900 United States Federal Census*. Ancestry.com., search.ancestry.com, 9 Mar. 2017.

³ "Emily M. Card. *1900 United States Federal Census*. Ancestry.com., search.ancestry.com, 9 Mar. 2017.

⁴ "History of Wells | Wells, ME - Official Website." *History of Wells | Wells, ME - Official Website*. N.p., n.d. Web. 29 Jan. 2017. <<http://www.wellstown.org/601/History-Of-Wells>>.

⁵ "1930 Census William W. Card." *Ancestry.com*. N.p., n.d. Web. 29 Jan. 2017. <http://interactive.ancestry.com/6224/4584742_00498>.

Matthews on December 11th, 1921, when he was 31 years old⁶. Gertrude was 13 years younger than William, and she had a son out of wedlock, but that did not stop them from having six more children, two more sons and four daughters. Gertrude worked at a shoe factory⁷ and raised the children, while William worked various manual labor jobs throughout his life. They purchased a home in Wells, ME shortly after they were married for \$500, and that was the house that they lived in for the rest of their lives, until 1961 and 1962 respectively.⁷

Life wasn't easy for the Card family. William Card went from living in a single parent household, to having to support a household of 9 during the great depression. My grandfather was arrested as a juvenile for poaching deer outside of deer season, but he was doing this to feed his family, which was barely getting by. All three of William and Gertrude's sons ended up joining the military to fight during World War Two, which must've been strenuous for the family because they had less support for the household and the constant worry remained in the back of their minds, but thankfully none of them were injured or killed during the war.

William Card never had the chance to go to school or drive a vehicle, as he would walk everywhere that he went, whether it was to work or the general store to buy necessities for himself, his

⁶ "Maine, Marriage Records, 1713-1937 for William W Card." *Ancestry.com*. N.p., n.d. Web. 29 Jan. 2017. <http://interactive.ancestry.com/1961/31515_204094-05434>.

⁷ "1930 Census William W. Card." *Ancestry.com*. N.p., n.d. Web. 29 Jan. 2017. <http://interactive.ancestry.com/6224/4584742_00498>.

wife, and their seven children. Although he did not have a formal education, he could read and write. Due to the nature of his work, William endured the brutal Maine winters because the cutting season for logging is during the fall and early winter, and the transport season is mid-winter for the paper companies, which were amongst the largest employers in Maine during his time, which means it is likely that he was employed by one of them⁸. After the long grueling walk in the often-wintery conditions, he would get to work with an axe and bucksaw, to fall as many trees as he could, or he would chunk the trees into pieces that could be dragged out of the woods by horses. Due to the short daylight hours during the winter, the workday was only ten hours, but it was more than enough for most people to endure. Nevertheless, William was a big burly man; he had to duck through doorways and was also as wide as the door, so he was well adapted for this harsh work.

Although William was a poor hardworking man his entire life, he set his children up for success by providing for them throughout the years. I'm sure a man who bought his first house for \$500 would've never thought that one of his sons would become a millionaire because of his many shares of stock in Exxon-Mobil, and live a life that was leagues more comfortable than his. All his children that I have met I would at least consider middle class, and they are not working the physically taxing jobs that he had to. He instilled a resilient spirit in his children, that would be

⁸ "Early 20th Century Loggers." *Early 20th Century Loggers*. N.p., n.d. Web. 29 Jan. 2017.

<http://www.heritage.nf.ca/articles/economy/loggers.php>

passed down from generation to generation. The hardest working man that I have personally met is my father, and my father says the same thing about his father, who was William Card's youngest son. He lived during a time when America was rising, and thanks to people like him who were the support of this country, we have become the great country that we are today.

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The Life of Roby Glenn Brooks

By Katlyn Southern

(January 14, 1893-February 22, 1968)

Roby Glenn Brooks, also known as Glenn, was born to Ardilla Jane and Calton Rueben Brooks in Alleghany County, North Carolina on January 14, 1893.¹ Roby was one of four children that Ardilla and Calton had together. When Roby was a little boy, his family moved to Franklin Township, Surry County, North Carolina.² There, his family bought the land that Roby would keep and pass down to his children, who would keep it in the family for generations. Roby went to school up until the fifth grade, where he was taught to read and write. When he wasn't in school, he was helping his father on the farm, and continued the occupation of farming for the rest of his years.

When Roby was 21 years old, on April 13, 1914, he and the love of his life, Carrie Carolyn McCann, eloped on a horse and buggy in Bryan County, North Carolina (now known as Mt. Park, North Carolina). On May 20, 1918, Roby's father, Calton, died from a bee sting under his eye³, after his death, Roby and Carrie moved into the home that Roby grew up in to take care of Roby's mother Ardilla. Two short years later,

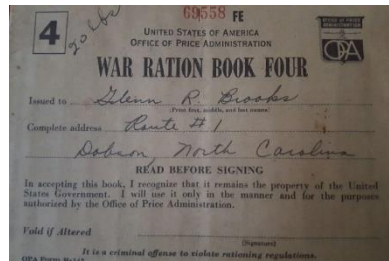
¹ Ancestry.com. "1900 United States Federal Census." Database. *Ancestry.com*. <http://person.ancestry.com/tree/108047463/person/290065654727/facts>: 2004.

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³ Ancestry.com. "North Carolina, Death Certificates, 1909-1976". Database. *Ancestry.com*. <http://person.ancestry.com/tree/108047463/person/290065656008/facts>: 2007.

Roby and Carrie had their first child, Bethel Dora Brooks, and within fifteen years, they had a total of five children.

Roby supported his family by walking to a local farm where he worked as an operator for seventy-seven cents a day. While Roby was away at work, Carrie would get the children ready for school. Carrie packed each child a sweet potato for lunch every day and sent them on their way. The children attended McMickle school house, which was located at the end of the road they grew up on. They walked to school together every day. She stayed home and cleaned house, hand-washed and dried their clothes, and prepared supper for her family. She tended to their garden—picked, cleaned, and canned each vegetable. She taught her children how to do the same, and it became a tradition in the family.



Scans of actual pages from a War Ration Book

On Sunday mornings, the Brooks family traveled by foot to their family church. Roby Glenn and his family were strong believers in the Baptist faith. He was a part of the Little River Regular Baptist Association. He was a Deacon at his home church, but he traveled from church to church with the Little River Regular Baptists Association. The LRRBA traveled to churches as far as Maryland and Pennsylvania. He kept up with all the church minutes from each church he traveled to.

Roby and Carrie ensured their children were raised to believe in the Lord, and that they used their light to teach others. Their oldest son, Marshall Glenn Brooks, became a Deacon like his father.



An example of the church minutes Roby Glenn collected from each church he traveled to.

Roby and his family lived through the hard times of the Great Depression, each of them had their own war rations; only allowing them to get so much food per person. By this time, there were only two children left in the home. The four of them used their war rations once a month to purchase supplies they didn't grow themselves, like flour and sugar. Each page in the ration book is created for a different type of food, but only a few things are missing from each of the rations books Roby and his family had.

On February 22, 1968, Roby Glenn Brooks died from a heart disorder. He loved and supported his loving wife and five children until he was 75 years of age, after his death, his five children helped take care

of their aging mother. Before leaving the home, Marshall, the oldest son, built the family a new home that was worth seven hundred dollars at the time. In this new home, Roby and Carrie's son Roby Ray, the second to youngest child, stayed home to take care of his mother until she died at the age of 96 on September 12, 1993. After the death of her husband, Carrie never remarried. She stayed in the same home and continued to cook and clean for her son Roby until she was no longer able. After the passing of his mother, their son Roby continued to live in the home. The house that they lived in is still standing today, and holds many memories and traditions created and passed along by this loving family.

(Examples of the war ration books used during the great depression)

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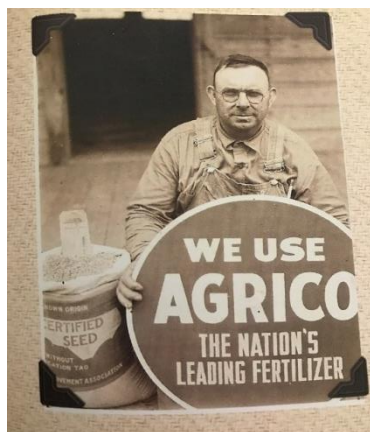
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1900 – Present

Survival and Success through Hardship

By Samuel Wilmoth



This is a Picture of my Great, Great Grandfather Hoyt Lee Badgett.

Source: *Wilmoth, We are Made by Our Memories*

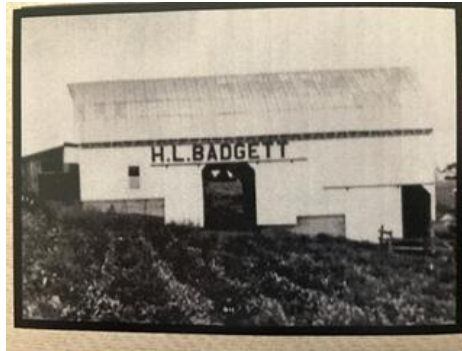
My name is Hoyt Lee Badgett. This is the story of my life, how I had to overcome obstacles in order to become successful. A tragedy caused much difficult in my life. I was just 16 months old in 1902 when I was lying in bed with my Father Coleman Badgett and Mother Mary Badgett. A severe storm arose in Surry County, North Carolina. We were lying in bed praying that everything would be alright, as the storm grew worse and worse. My father was grasping the iron bed frame as a big bolt of lightning struck. The lightning had struck both my mother and father, the strike was so intense that it killed my father Coleman, but it only injured my mother Mary.

This tragedy affected me and my mother Mary who was pregnant with my little brother Roy at the time. Mary was to the point where you could not leave her alone, she always had to be cared for. Soon after, we moved back in with my grandparents, Elizabeth and Austin Taylor so they could help care for her and Roy. The next several years were very difficult due to living in the home with so many. I lived with five older uncles, it seemed that they always had extra work for me to do. It became so difficult on me that I decided to move in with my uncle Jim Jones and his wife Lizzy Jones at the age of 14. They payed me 50 cents a day to work with them on the farm. I saved what money I could, to help purchase a farm for me and my mother and brother.

When I turned 16 years of age, I had enough money to buy my own farm so my mother, brother, and I would have a place of our own. On the farm, I built a two-room house with the help of my neighbors. One of the difficulties I had to overcome before I could start farming was, clearing the land of timber. Clearing the land of the timber is a slow process. It's done in small increments. Summers were used to farm the cleared land and winter time was used, to clear more land for the years to come. The timber that was cleared off was used to build my home, sheds, barn and used for fire wood.

In 1920, my little brother Roy moved to Winston-Salem North Carolina, and in 1928 my mother moved out and married Mr. Joyce. In 1923, I married the love of my life Ruby Denny, in this union it brought 10 wonderful children. This was such an asset to me and the farming that was ahead. It was felt at that time, the more children you had, the more farming you could do. I credit my

wife and my children for helping me for the accomplishments I made in farming.



This barn was built in the early 1940's, it was used to store cops and certified seeds.

Source: Wilmoth, *We Are Made by Our Memories*. 31

I attribute my success in life in the early 40's in communicating with my family out west, they encouraged me to come out there to see the type of farming they did in the west. In 1946 I was financially able to make the trip out west. That trip proved to be profitable to me as I brought back from Portland Oregon the seed necessary to start growing certified corn, wheat, and oats. I was the first man in Surry County to start growing certified crops. The difference in a certified crop and a non-certified crop is a certified crop is a better quality, and it's not a bunch of seeds mixed up from the previous farming year. The certified crops did require a lot more work. It was planted with 6 rows of what they called female corn and 2 rows of male corn (Wilmoth, Edna. *We are Made by Our Memories: 1935-1951. Those Were the Good Ole Days*. Shutterfly.2016.) The female corn

grew shoots out of the top, we would have to go through and pull the shoots out of the top that way the male corn could pollinate the female corn. The certified crops opened up a new window of success for me as I was able to share the knowledge I gained from out west. It allowed me to help other farmers become more successful in the area.

A Woman lost her husband at a young age, to a tragic death. At the time she had one child and was expecting another. She must have felt that her very life had been taken away. From that time, she was never able to completely pull herself together to enjoy life. Her life gave the appearance of one who was unhappy and frustrated. This caused her to be dependent on others. She was not ever completely satisfied of where she was, and always looking for something different. Mary lived to be 94 years old. I Hoyt Badgett stand before you today, to assure you that no journey in life will be easy. Life is full of hardships, troubles, and decisions. Choices have to be made, at times your choices will be good, but sometimes they are not so good. At times you may feel that you may be losing the fight in life. The strength and courage you receive in believing in yourself and a higher power to help you is the beginning of your success in life (Wilmoth, Edna. Personal Interview. 7-8 Feb. 2017) I was blessed by having a wonderful supportive wife, and my 10 children with their help I became a very successful farmer in my day.

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The Hard Life

By Anna Hendrix

Josie Anna Cranfill-Pickett (Feb. 19, 1903-Apr. 23, 1986)
Married Lester Pickett (Dec. 1, 1922)



Josie Anna Pickett with her grandmother and grandfather when she was a little girl.

Josie Anna Cranfill was born on February 19, 1903 in Surry County, North Carolina to her mother Nancy ‘Nannie’ Luvena Cranfill, 31 and her father Joseph L. Cranfill, 24.¹ She was born in a very historic year for North Carolina, for she was born at the beginning of 1903 and at the end of that same year the Wright brothers made their first ever successful flight, and it was right here on North Carolina soil. When she was only two years old, her

¹ Durham, Lisa. Telephone interview. 24 Jan. 2017.

father died and her mother married again, this time to a man named Louis Hampton Williams on June 4, 1905.² He already had a little girl named Effie Williams who was born around the same time as Josie Anna.³ Her mother and Williams had three more kids after their marriage. Josie Anna was sent to live with her father's parents Susan Elizabeth and William Burgess Cranfill when she was very young, they are the ones who raised her.⁴ But, why would she have to go live with her grandparents? Was it because her new step father didn't like her because she was not his? Or was it by choice? The only for sure thing that can be said is that Josie Anna's life started out hard, and it never got any easier.

When she was only nine years old she got the disease polio. She lived, but her life would never be the same. The effects of the polio made her almost paralyzed on one side of her body, and she walked with a limp.⁵ After being raised by her grandparents and lightly working in tobacco through her teenage years with them, she decided it was time to go out on her own. She met a man named Lester Earlie Pickett. They didn't wait anytime; they were married by the end of the year on December 1, 1922; she was nineteen and he was seventeen.⁶ They moved to Winston Salem, North Carolina before getting pregnant with their first child.⁷ On October 12, 1923, almost a full year after their marriage, they were having their first child, a baby boy who they named Oliver Aldeen

² Ancestry.com. "North Carolina, Marriage Records, 1741-2011." Database. Ancestry.com.

³ Durham, Lisa. Telephone interview. 24 Jan. 2017.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Durham, Lisa. Telephone interview. 24 Jan. 2017.

⁶ Ancestry.com. "North Carolina, Marriage Records, 1741-2011." Database. Ancestry.com.

⁷ Ancestry.com. "U.S. City Directories, 1822-1995." Database. Ancestry.com.

Pickett, but they just called him Aldeen. In 1926 she became pregnant again, this time with a girl. Throughout this pregnancy, the half of her body that the polio almost paralyzed became increasingly numb. There was no warning or labor when their daughter Fairy Jacqueline Pickett was born because she was pretty much completely numb by the time the baby was ready to come out. The stories say she just said that her stomach was hurting, so she went to use the bathroom and out came Fairy.⁸

Josie Anna always loved staying at home with her children, cleaning, and cooking. So, it was no surprise that in 1929, only three years later, she was giving birth to another little girl. They named her Mildred Mae Pickett. Shortly after Mildred was born the family packed up and moved to Boonville, North Carolina.⁹ They lived here for five years, during which time things at home started to get bad, Josie Anna's husband Lester started to become abusive towards her and the three children, but Josie Anna stayed strong and prayed.¹⁰ In 1935 they moved to Knobs, North Carolina, and they also had another son, whom they named James W. Pickett.¹¹ Around this time not only were times tough in the Pickett home, but everywhere else as well because of the Great Depression. In North Carolina, most of the population was farmers and farm hands, and in North Carolina the Great Depression hurt farmers more than anyone else. The Pickett's lived in Knobs for a long time, during this time Josie Anna developed diabetes and

⁸ Durham, Lisa. Telephone interview. 24 Jan. 2017.

⁹ Year: 1930; Census Place: Boonville, Yadkin, North Carolina; Roll: 1729; Page: 15A; Enumeration District: 0002; Image: 1115.0; FHL microfilm: 2341463.

¹⁰ Durham, Lisa. Telephone interview. 24 Jan. 2017.

¹¹ Year: 1940; Census Place: Knobs, Yadkin, North Carolina; Roll: T627_2991; Page: 9A; Enumeration District: 99-18.

became pregnant again with their fifth and final child.¹² On May 29, 1942, their son Lester Earlie Pickett Jr. was born.

Throughout Josie Anna's life she talked to and had a good relationship with her mother, in December of 1943 Nancy 'Nannie' Cranfill, Josie Anna's mother, passed away at age 72. It was a hard time for the whole family.¹³ The latter part of Josie Anna's life was just as hard as the former. Her daughter Mildred had a baby and gave it to her mother Josie Anna to raise. Soon after Mildred moved away to Maryland.¹⁴ Josie Anna also watched the rest of her children grow and leave and start families of their own. In 1966, her husband Lester passed away at age 61; they had been married for 43 years. She never remarried. When she was in her mid-60's, just a few years after the death of her husband, she developed Parkinson's disease.¹⁵ About twelve years later when she was about 77 years old, she developed breast cancer. She lived through the cancer but was soon after put in a home. She lived out the rest of her life comfortably and discovered she had a love and talent for putting together puzzles.¹⁶ She died on April 21 1986 at age 83. She was buried in Yadkinville, Yadkin County, North Carolina.¹⁷

¹² Durham, Lisa. Telephone interview. 24 Jan. 2017.

¹³ Ibid.

¹⁴ Durham, Lisa. Telephone interview. 24 Jan. 2017.

¹⁵ Ibid.

¹⁶ Ibid.

¹⁷ Ancestry.com. "U.S., Find A Grave Index, 1600s-Current." Database.

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The Miner, The Shiner

By Matt Mullins

The Miner



Family Photo with Arlie (Father), Charles (Boy), and Janice (Girl)
Circa 1941 Justin Cook Family Tree ¹

Arlie Goode was born Mar 2, 1912 in the town of Mullens of Wyoming County in West Virginia to Joseph E. Johnson and Rebecca Ann Belcher. Arlie spent his youth, and part of his adulthood in the town of Itmann, WV a “mining town” located

¹ Photo taken from “Justin Cook Family Tree” Digital Images. *Ancestry.com*
<http://person.ancestry.com/tree/33997799/person/29108456905/facts>

near Mullens, WV². He married Elsie Cook in 1935 in Wyoming County and had two children Charles Goode born June 6, 1936, and Janice Goode born in April, 1935. Arlie and his new family started their life together in the mining town of Itmann.

Arlie Goode had a rough, extremely poor childhood growing up in Coal Town, USA. His parents were close to indentured servants to the coal company, Pocahontas Fuel Company, and Arlie, with little to no education and no money, followed his father's footsteps. He landed his first job at the age of sixteen³, after giving up on an education.

Coal mining in the early 1900's was an extremely dangerous profession. In fact, in 1928 when Arlie first started mining, there were 682,831 employed miners in the United States, and 2,176 of them died that year.⁴ Not long after his first coal mining job came his first coal mining accident, and he would go on to witness at least five more, one of which at the Bartley mine killing 91 men.⁵ Arlie Goode somehow made it through these disasters comparatively unscathed. Although he escaped death and severe injury a few times, the dangerous nature of coal mining did catch up with Arlie in sometime around 1940 close to the time of the above photo. Twice Arlie was crushed between two coal cars, which is a small cart carrying approximately 1 ton of coal at a time

²McGhee, C. Stuart. "Itmann Company Store." E-WV: The West Virginia. 28 Mar 2013.

<http://www.wvencyclopedia.org/articles/926>, 06 Feb, 2017.

³ Goode, Charles. Personal interview. 2 Feb, 2017

⁴ "Coal Fatalities for 1900-2016" U.S. Department of Labor. 2016
<https://arlweb.msha.gov/stats/centurystats/coalstats.asp> 5 Feb, 2017.

⁵ Beitler, Stu "Bartley West Virginia Gas Explosion" Gendisasters.com.
<http://www.gendisasters.com/west-virginia/5379/bartley,-wv-coal-mine-gas-explosion-disaster,-jan-1940>. 4 Feb, 2017.

out of the mines.⁶ The first occasion he only sustained minor injuries, but the second incident almost took his life. It was at this time the reality of death being all around him every day, and the fear of no one being around to take care of his wife and young children, began to truly sink in. Shortly after his accident something peculiar started to happen to the Goode family. Charles started to get new clothes, and shoes. Elsie, Arlie's wife, started to get new Sunday Dresses. The family got a new car. Arlie even bought his own farm on Bent Mountain, not too far from Mullens, WV. Arlie eventually recovered from 8 broken ribs, a collapsed lung, and two broken collar bones, and went right back to working for Pocahontas Fuel Company.⁷ The fear of death for a coal miner is very real and almost celebrated by the miners. You are a part of a brotherhood and escaping death everyday are the entry requirements. He often spoke to his son, Charles, about the adrenaline rush he experienced on the ride down the mineshaft he experienced at the start of every shift. This lust for danger, and curious stroke of wealth leads us to the next part of our story.

The 'Shiner

For the first time in his life Arlie Goode didn't live in a mining town. His wife, Elsie, was certainly suspicious of their new luck, but didn't ask too many questions, for fear of having to give all her new dresses back, and live in the dreaded coal camp again.⁸

⁶ Goode, Charles. Personal Interview. 2 Feb, 2017.

⁷ Ibid.

⁸ Ibid.

Elsie had feared the worse about her husband's new way to make money because she knew in Wyoming County there were two ways to make a living: mining, or moonshining.

Arlie Goode had been in the moonshine business for approximately six years in 1944. The first two of those six he spent as what is called a runner, which is a driver with a fast car that transports moonshine. After a couple of years of seeing the distillers making real money, he decided to start his own distillery. My grandfather, Charles Goode, learned how to make moonshine at the ripe age of five for the first time. Hidden in a mountain cave with a fresh stream nearby feeding it was the first Goode distillery. While Arlie was in the mines during the day Charles would be tending the moonshine, packaging the finished product, and preparing it for transport at the end of each week. This is also the time when Charles learned how to be an automobile mechanic. Arlie and Charles, now owning a prestigious Flathead V-8 Ford, fabricated their own beefed up suspension system, a larger exhaust for more horsepower, a bigger carburetor for more power, and turned the Ford into a rocket ship. At the time Charles had no idea why he was working on this car to make it faster, it was already a flathead V-8 Ford, fastest on the market at the time. It was a couple years later that he would understand. Elsie and Charles were on their way in to the nearby town of Princeton on Highway 460 for some groceries. As they approached a large hill a black, flathead V-8 Ford came "haulin' ass" over the hill. As the ford came closer at a speed that "had to be close to a hundred" Charles recognized Arlie in their Flathead V-8 rocket ship, as he called it, and in the split second it passed in the other direction he caught a glimpse of

Arlie's face.⁹ A minute later, just as Elsie had stopped cussing Arlie, two West Virginia State Troopers came speeding behind Arlie. It was then Charles realized why they needed their Ford to be so fast. According to Charles, Arlie said later that week that, "Sometimes you just gotta' be faster son."¹⁰ It all made sense to Charles now.

They continued their distillery, without being caught until Charles was the age of 13, and Arlie 36. By this time Arlie had already paid off his farm, and put away enough money to take care of his family for the rest of his days. The fear of prison had finally defeated his lust for adrenaline and money. Arlie Goode stopped making moonshine in approximately 1948-1949. At this time Charles was old enough to understand the dangerous nature of moonshining, and according to Arlie, "The damn cop V-8's are just too fast, they got more money than me to fix them." Arlie continued his job as a miner and eventually got a management position that wasn't quite as dangerous. Arlie retired from Pocahontas Fuel Company at the age of 56, early for his time, and tended his farm and family until the ripe old age of 93. In April 2005 Arlie died from a car accident. Yes, he was still driving at 93. The accident happened while allegedly driving too fast in his new "Hot rod Cadillac"¹¹ as Charles called it. He wrecked on Bent Mountain road, and died a few hours later in Princeton Community Hospital. The adrenaline, speed freak nature of Arlie held true even until the day he died.

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ Ibid.

¹¹ Ibid.

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A Bold Character

By Jesse Monroy

My name is Crecenciano Monroy Guerrero and I was born on September 15, 1919 in Jerécuaro Guanajuato and died on October 31, 1982 in my hometown. I was the son to Agustina Guerrero and Julian Monroy who always told me that my name was of Spanish decent which meant we were practically royalty to everyone else in rural Mexico. This will be the story of a hardworking man who lived an eventful life and with a low moral compass. As a child, I suffered and took part in the Cristero Civil War which occurred in Mexico spanning from 1926-1929. Later in life I was betrayed by my best friend over money in an event that ended my life but sustained my legacy as the most feared man in the rural town of San Pedro de los Agostino's.



Crecenciano Monroy¹

¹ Photograph of Crecenciano Monroy, Property of Rodolfo Monroy.

My early life was plagued with the hardships of the Cristero Rebellion. ²In the early 1900's leading up to the twenties it was practically illegal to be Catholic and to practice Catholicism publicly. Just saying "adios" in public (which means "with god") could lead to public execution in these times. Mexico at the time was 95% catholic but was under a dictatorship and a regime which sought to end the practice in Mexico under all circumstances. This led to a war which began in 1926 when I was merely 7 years old. By the time it ended when I was 10 in the latter stages of the rebellion I contributed to the resistance (Lisa, *The Catholic Gene*, 2012). Being a child I did not suit up and go directly into battle with the rest of the rebels; however, I did not let fear get the best of me and as men of the Mexican government searched houses for articles connected to Catholicism I hid under my bed and waited for the men to turn their backs to fire a bullet at them and kill them. I did what was necessary for my survival at such a young age and for that reason I was not a casualty of the rebellion, but a survivor.

VIVA CRISTO REY
(Photographer, 1927)

**Rebels of the Cristero
Rebellion³**



² Lisa. "Mexico's Forgotten Pain: The Persecution of Catholics and the Cristero War." *The Catholic Gene*. N.p., 06 June 2012. Web. 09 Feb. 2017.

³ Churchmilitantblog. VIVA CRISTO REY! 2014.

On another occasion in the rebellion I was a lookout for the rebels on a mountainside in rural Guanajuato. When I saw “los federales” (Federal soldiers) coming towards the mountain, I notified the rebels which allowed sneak attacks on los federales.⁴ After a short time of being involved with the rebels, the Cristero Rebellion ended in 1929 by a treaty between church and state and even though a constitutional ban on Catholicism was not overturned, my right to practice it was for the most part undisturbed. Many of the men who were rebels in the war were hunted down after the war in the thousands. Had I not been a child of the rebellion and not a man like them, perhaps it would have been me hunted down and slaughtered for defying the dictatorship.

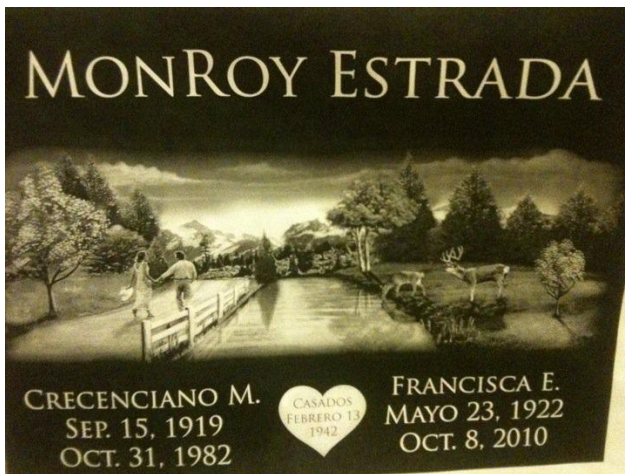
⁵In my adulthood I was a hardworking man, I owned over 100 acres of land which was primarily used for farming and agriculture but a big portion of the land is unknown to the public to this day and remains untouched. Most people from my hometown never left and spent their entire lives working their family farms and markets, but I choose to travel the country and work anywhere I could. I resided for the most part in the town of San Pedro de los Agustinos in which I resided in with my wife and kids. I spent a few years of my life working in the state of Veracruz where I drove a truck with sugar cane to be processed, and I often traveled to Mexico City which led many people including my wife and children to believe I had a second family in Mexico City, which has never been confirmed. I was the first person to own a vehicle. For my entire life since I was a child I never stopped working, I

⁴ Estrada, Rodolfo M. Interview Feb. 1, 2017.

⁵ Monroy, Rosalva. Interview Jan. 28, 2017.

was raised to always provide for myself and my family, and I passed that on to all twelve of my children who turned out to be successful in their own lives. In one instance I hired a man to work for me and after a disagreement we were both angry, and I drove off to leave him behind. As I backed my truck out, I ran over his leg and caused it to be amputated. Later on the granddaughter Rosalva Sanchez of the man whose leg I severed went on to marry my youngest son Rodolfo Monroy Estrada.

Shortly before my death I was settled down in San Pedro and stuck to doing business locally and tending my land and farm. Most of my kids at this point were married and living their own lives parallel with mine. I often got involved with bad people doing business during this stage of my life, and for this reason I never stopped carrying my revolver on my side and hardly spoke to anyone including my own sons and daughters I never attended any of their weddings or was there for any important moments in their lives.



On October 31, 1982 I was traveling back home on horseback after leaving a bar when a person whom I considered a close friend, Bernardino Peña, drew out a gun and he murdered me on my horse. It was said that Peña was paid by someone to do it. For many years my sons searched for this man to avenge me, but eventually after many years of searching my wife advised them to let it go and justice was never served. While I was often considered a cold-hearted man my work ethic was never questioned, and I lived a life that was cut too short and I never met most of my grandchildren. For this reason, I remain a fascinating mystery to them and my stories will never die.

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Man Down

By Leslie Atkins

Troy Ellis Whitaker (1925-1997) fought in the World War II as an Army Soldier.



Medics helping an injured soldier during World War II¹¹

Image Source: World War II Combat Medic

Troy Ellis Whitaker was my grandpa from my mom's side of the family. I was born in 1996 and my grandpa died in 1997. The reason I chose to write about my grandpa was so that I could learn more about him. I knew that he was in the Army, and he committed suicide, but that was about all I knew. Before I had an interview with my mom for this paper, my mom nor the rest of my family really talked about him that much so this was my way of

¹ *Medics help a wounded medic in France*. 1944. Photograph. National Archive. Washington, D.C. Sponsor, <http://www.mtaofnj.org/content/WWII%20Combat%20Medic%20-%20Dave%20Steinert/>, Accessed 05 February 2017.

trying to figure out more about him. I will be writing my story as if I were him and what he experienced in the Army.

My name is Troy Ellis Whitaker, and this is my story. I was born December 22, 1925. My father's name was Mauers O. Whitaker and my mother's name was Josephine Whitaker.² When I was a boy, I was just like any other boy. My favorite activity was being outside. Also, I would play in every mud hole that I could. Ever since I was a young boy, I knew that I wanted to server my country. When I was 18 years old, I enlisted on September 28, 1944. I got drafted into the World War II.

REGISTRATION CARD (Men born on or after July 1, 1924, and on or before December 31, 1924) (Also for the registration of men as they reach the 18th anniversary of the date of their birth on or after January 1, 1943.)	
SERIAL NUMBER	ORDER NUMBER
W. 286	11,863
1. NAME (PRINT)	
Troy Ellis Whitaker	
2. PLACE OF BIRTH (PRINT)	
Rt. 2, Dobson, Surry, N. C.	
3. PLACE OF RESIDENCE GIVEN ON LINE 2 ABOVE WILL DETERMINE LOCAL BOARD JURISDICTION; LINE 2 OF REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE WILL BE IDENTICAL	
3. MARITAL STATUS	
Same	
4. TELEPHONE	5. AGE IN YEARS
	18
	DATE OF BIRTH
	Dec. 22, 1925
	6. PLACE OF BIRTH
	Surry County, N. C.
7. NAME AND ADDRESS OF PERSON WHO WILL ALWAYS KNOW YOUR ADDRESS	
Mauers Whitaker, Rt. 2, Dobson, N. C.	
8. EMPLOYER'S NAME AND ADDRESS	
Father, as above	
9. PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT OR BUSINESS	
Rt. 2, Dobson, Surry, N. C.	
I ATTEST THAT I HAVE VERIFIED ABOVE ANSWERS AND THAT THEY ARE TRUE:	
DNSS FORM 1 (REV. 11-16-42)	418-21880-4 (OVER)
	<i>Troy Ellis Whitaker</i>

U.S. WWII Draft Cards Young Men, 1940-1947³
Image source: Ancestry

² Atkins, Martha. Personal Interview. The following information, except pictures, came from this interview. 06 February 2017.

³ *World War II Young Men's Draft Card*. 1944. Photograph. Ancestry, www.ancestry.com-U.S. WWII Draft Cards Young Men, 1940-1947, Accessed 05 February 2017.

I knew that this is what I wanted to do in life, but I was still scared. I was scared for my parents and how they might feel about my choice. I was scared for my girlfriend, who later became my wife. And most of all, I was scared for myself.

I got my bag together, said goodbye to my family and loaded up on the bus. This was probably the longest bus ride I have ever experienced. There were other soldiers on the bus. I could tell that most of them were scared too. Little did I know that the boy sitting beside me was going to be the one who got me through the war. I started talking to him because I knew that he was probably feeling the same way I was. I asked where he was from and about his family. After talking to him, I felt better, and I think he did too. We were there to help each other and others on the bus as well.

We got off the bus and all of our feelings were mixed. We were all scared but excited to see where life was going to take us. We went to our barracks and unloaded all of our stuff and everything started. I could hear gunshots coming from everywhere. I could hear other soldiers shouting back and forth to one another. “MAN DOWN!!!” “FIRE, FIRE, FIRE” “LOAD UP THE BOMBS”. I was shocked by it all and then I heard it...” Private Whitaker!” “Private! Get your gun and get out there.” So much had happened at one time. I did not even know what to think or what I am doing.

And then it was all over, I had survived my first encounter with the enemy. A few months had passed and everything was going smoothly. I was starting to settle in with the other guys and also making new friends. I missed my family a lot. I was writing to them every chance I could. It was not easy by no means, but it was getting better as the days went on.

On December 1, 1945, the enemy attacked once again. This time it was different. I was out on front line fighting back and helping my men. And then it hit me. I felt so much pain but I did not know where it was coming from. I fell flat on my back. I could hear my other men calling my name, but I did not have the breath to answer. Finally, my eye closed. I could not hear anything.

When I woke up, it was December 2, 1945, the next day. I was in the hospital shelter on base. A nurse came up to me asking me if I knew who I was, the day, or where I am. I answered them all correctly and began asking her what had happened to me. She told, "Sir, you have been shot in the leg." I could not even believe it. I knew this kind of stuff happened to soldiers, but I never thought about it happening to myself. Once everything sunk in and I got released from the doctor, I got to go home to my family.

It was good seeing my family, but it was hard knowing I had left my men back there fighting alone. I was an honor to be able to receive the purple heart. A few nights had passed and I was still waking up in the middle of the night from nightmares. My wife would try to calm me down and some nights it would work, but others not so much. I was in pain from my wound but also from other reasons. I wanted to go back and help my fellow soldiers end the fight.

On November 6, 1997, my pain and PTSD led me to take my own life. I could not handle it any longer. Even though, I had my family there to support me, I still felt depressed and like I was not there at all.



From left to right: My MeMe (Troy's wife), my dad, me, and my Grandpa Troy⁴

Image Source: From a photo album my mom had.

⁴ Atkins, Martha. Photo of Myself, My Dad, and My Grandparents. 1996. Photograph. Private collection. Dobson, North Carolina.

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Prisoner of War, Hero to Men

By Alexis King

Warren Garland King Sr., who went by Garland, was my dad's biological great-uncle, a World War II Veteran, Prisoner of War, and my adoptive great-great-uncle. He was born 6 September 1925, 74 years before me, in Ararat, Virginia, to Samuel W. King and Jettie Mae Gammons (before marriage.) His father, Samuel, was born 17 March 1886 in Ararat, Virginia. His mother Jettie, was born 31 January 1891 in "The Hollow (no longer exists,)" Virginia. His parents were married 23 December 1906.¹

When Garland was in high school; World War II broke out all over Europe and the Pacific island nations. He was in school when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. He registered for the army on his 18th birthday and on 8 November 1943 he was drafted into the army. He started out in the medical department after 3 months of basic training, he got his nursing degree and he went to Brooks General Hospital in San Antonio, Texas, the nursing degree he received in 3 months is the same one people



¹ On page 2 of a book Garland wrote in 2012.

spend 3 years getting today. He was assigned a job overseas and to get there he boarded the Queen Mary in New York and landed in Glasgow, Scotland, it took them 6 days without escort to get there. After landing in Scotland, they boarded trains and went to Southern England. The soldiers were given things such as clothing, other war items, guns, medical equipment, and whatever they could carry with them. He was a Frontline Medic for the 4th Infantry; he'd only been there a few days before he was captured.

Garland was captured months before his family back home knew, his mother, Jettie, was cleaning her clothes in the creek when the mail carrier would bring the mail. Usually he would usually just leave it on a big stone, put another rock on the mail and leave. The day that Western Union sent the telegraph to Garland's family, the carrier carried the letter up the hill, and straight to the house. When he was first captured, he was taken to Bonn, Germany, Stalag 6G, he spent Christmas of 1944 there. When he was in prison, he learned that, "you can survive more than you think." Garland and the rest of the prisoners were soon moved to Stalag 12A, which was near Limburg, Germany. There he meets his neighbor, a boy he had grown up and went to school with. He was soon moved again to Stalag 4B, near Berlin. He was there until the war was over;² afterwards, he was liberated by Russian troops, who wouldn't let them go until they had compensated for their rescue. He managed to escaped the Russian troops with 3 other people. Garland said that, "they had merely gone for a walk and 'forgot' to go back." It had taken them 2 days

² He was always a good guy, even when he was a POW, he never lost hope, and went on to lead a full life.

to find American troops at the Elbe River. They were “chastised” for getting captured but in the end they were given a hot bath and new clothes. Garland writes, “He never wanted to be a permanent “MIA.”

After returning home, he meets his neighbor again, 48 years later. Garland got U.S. Highway #70 across Tennessee and North Carolina designated as an Ex-P.O.W. Highway. He also got Shelby Street Bridge in Nashville, Tennessee, to be marked as the “American Ex- Prisoner of War Pathway.” The bridge is no longer used as a roadway; it’s only for foot traffic.

Garland served as the National Commander Ex-P.O.W., as well as being a lifetime member of the American Legion, Military Order of the Purple Heart, a Disabled American Veteran, and an honorary member of the Rolling Thunder Motorcycle Club, in addition to meeting the 43rd President of the United States. Other than being a World War II Veteran and a National Commander, Garland was also a photographer, which may not sound impressive, but he was a photographer back when you had to do everything by hand. There’s a picture in my family where Garland had taken a picture of his family, and then overlaid them on a picture of his family home, which was all done by hand. Warren G. King Sr. passed away due to kidney failure 30 May 2016 he left his wife, Mary King, after 67 years of marriage. Garland was an active P.O.W., and did all he could for veterans.

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Sergeant John King

By Laken King

Sergeant John King was born on July 11, 1926 in Cana, Virginia and lived there for most of his childhood. He moved to Pilot Mountain, North Carolina during his teen years and joined the U.S. Military. After completing his basic training, he wasn't sent overseas until after World War II was over. Mr. King was in charge of leading groups of German prisoners of war in South Western Germany that belonged to the United States during that time. He led them in reconstructing the historical buildings in Munich, Germany and watched them by day in what he referred to as the "guardhouse."



Munich, Germany in 1945¹

¹ Sputnik, "Estimated 190,000 German Women Raped by US Soldiers After WWII." *Sputnik International*. N.p. 27 Mar. 2015. Web. 09 Feb. 2017.

A cloud of dust swarmed the air as John King, a sergeant in the U.S. Military, slowed his truck to a stop in the midst of the remains of the center of Munich, Germany. It was the end of 1945. World War II had been over for nearly 3 months, but the rummage of the city made the scene look like it had been a battlefield just yesterday. The truck bounced lightly as each frail German prisoner hopped off of the truck bed and onto the dusty street. The driver's side door squeaked loudly as my Papa King opened it. He straightened his collar, dusted off his uniform, and led his German prisoners to their worksite.

Nearly 80% of Germany's beautiful historic buildings had been destroyed from the turmoil and tragedy of World War II.² On July 19, 1944, a series of carpet bombings by the United States Eighth Air Force rained from the sky in Munich, Germany.³ The first targets that were hit were two plants that held concentrated hydrogen peroxide that were used in the V-2 rocket engines and gas turbines in German planes and weapons.⁴ Small amounts of hydrogen peroxide isn't dangerous; however, since these plants held large amounts in high concentrations, the explosions were even more devastating because of the gas. Two aircraft factories,

² Leick, Romain, Matthias Schreiber, and Hans-Ulrich Stoldt. "Out of the Ashes: A New Look at Germany's Postwar Reconstruction." SPIEGEL Online. 10 Aug. 2010. Web. 09 Feb. 2017.

³ Simpson, Mike. "Jul, 1944 – 445 BG." March, 2010. Web. 09 Feb. 2017.

⁴ Ibid.

four plants that manufactured ball bearings, six railroad yards, and a river dam were all the following targets hit by the carpet bombings.⁵ Shortly after, the fifteenth U.S. Air Force bombed an aircraft factory, airfield, ordnance factory, and automobile factory.⁶ In Munich, the debris from these two significant bombings, as well as others, were scattered amongst the streets and most were in piles, some as high as ten feet tall. After the war ended in September 1945, the Allied Forces took control of Western Germany. France, the United States, and the Britain took part in restoring Germany's beautiful cities to what they once were by leading German prisoners in the process of reconstruction.⁷

My grandfather, John King, spent his time serving in the Military by leading German prisoners in construction or guarding them by day in the "guardhouse." On the days that they worked in the city, my grandpa would load them in the bed of the truck, provided by the military, before dawn and not return until after dusk. The days were long and the labor was vigorous. This was even harder on the German prisoners as they were frail and weak because of the incredible lack of food and supplies that they received. The higher-up U.S. Military personnel were extremely strict on the general sergeants like my grandfather. In Mr. King's words, "If I was to let a prisoner go, the people above me

⁵ Ibid.

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Ibid.

considered me a Nazi myself.”⁸ Great feelings of worry and anxiety consumed him at times out of fear for being imprisoned for a prisoner under his watch getting away.

A long day was ahead of them and not even the slightest dent had been made in the pile of rummage that lay on the sides of the streets. Their task for the morning was to fish out the usable bricks out of the building remains and salvage them for reconstruction.⁹ Their digging progressed and not many usable materials were salvaged because of the damage that had been done. For the rest of the day, the prisoners worked to build a solid foundation for a nearby church. Bricks were brought in by the truckloads and Mr. King ordered an assembly line to unload the bricks, slab the mortar on each individual one, and lay them.¹⁰ Even though the sight of progress being made on the new buildings was like a light in the dark, the heaviness of the catastrophic events still weighed heavy on the German prisoners and even the American soldiers, though they’d never show it.

Back at the “guardhouse”, as my papa says, the conditions were not ideal. The building was sturdy enough to keep the prisoners in but it was slowly falling apart. The roof leaked, the bars on the prison doors were too far apart, and the windows at the

⁸ King, John. Personal Interview. 24 January 2017.

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ Ibid

tops of the jail cells were difficult to open but not impossible.¹¹ These conditions set the foundation for many of the sneaky minds of the German prisoners to not only plot ways to try to escape but also be gutsy enough to act on them. With the bars already too far apart to be the door on a prison cell, there was a set of bars on the very end that were wider than the others. The smallest prisoner happened to be the quickest and the sneakiest. He was both frail and short – the perfect size for being able to smoothly slip through the gap in the bars. Mr. King caught him several times as he was testing his ability to slip in and out through the bars, but he never fully went through. Sergeant King went to the personnel ranked above him to get the issue fixed but to his dismay, no one ever came.¹²

One day, the Germans caught my grandfather's attention by asking him to try and fix the leaky roof because it wasn't just leaking anymore. The water was flowing at a steady stream onto their heads. As soon as he turned his attention to the leak, the sneaky little German zoomed through the bars and out into the open. Sergeant King took off running over the rocky ground after him. "He's not going to get away," John said to himself with determination. The prisoner was fast, but he was faster. Little did the German know, my grandfather rode nearly 30 miles on his bicycle every day of his life at home, so his fitness was

¹¹ Ibid.

¹² King, John. Personal Interview. 24 January 2017.

impeccable. With a racing heart and a face as red as a beet, out of both anger and exhaustion, he threw the prisoner roughly back in the cell. He reported the incident to the commanding officer after he was off duty and when he arrived for his shift the next morning, the bars had been fixed.

After an exhausting six months in Europe, Sergeant King finally began his journey back to Pilot Mountain, North Carolina. Before leaving, however, his troop had to attend to a few duties in France.¹³ They arrived at the shore of Great Britain just as dawn began to break and got onto a boat to cross the water over to France when John looked to his left and saw the mighty White Cliffs of Dover towering over them. The warm sunlight gently touched the very top of the cliffs and soon washed over the entire magnificent creation, turning the sandy white cliffs into a golden orange and yellow. The chatter on the boat ceased and every man stood with his eyes wide and mouth agape at the sight.¹⁴ For that moment, every detail of the turmoil that he had been in the midst of the last six months disappeared. The smell of burnt wreckage was replaced with the smell of the salty sea and the freshness of morning air. His heart that had been hardened by having to force frail, 90 pound bodies of grown men into labor was softened by the

¹³ Ibid.

¹⁴ King, John. Personal Interview. 24 January 2017.

gentleness of the sky. The filthy, devastating city was no longer in sight and instead there was an ocean that extended farther than his eyes could see. Finally, peace washed over his restless heart. John King's service to his country had been completed and he was headed home, with the warm sun against his cheek as a kiss goodbye and a long awaited farewell.

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From the Roads to the Farms

By Ivey Johnson



Left to Right: Thomas Leroy Snow (February 14, 1931-September 29th, 2005), Peggy Opaline Snow Riley (February 21, 1935-present)¹, Farrell Snow (January 24, 1937-September 18, 1996)², and Evelyn Maxine Snow Dockery (August 2, 1928-present)

Image Source: Snow Family Photo Album³

Truck driver, farmer, and Sherriff's Deputy: Thomas Leroy Snow had many professions during his lifetime. Many people knew him as Leroy, but to me, "Pa" was him name. He was born

¹ Peggy Opaline Snow. *North Carolina, Birth Indexes, 1800-2000*. *Ancestry.com*, search.ancestry.com, Accessed 7 Mar. 2017.

² Ferrell, Snow *U.S., Social Security Applications and Claims Index, 1936-2007*, search.ancestry.com, 7 Mar. 2017.

³ Snow Family Photo. Photograph. Private Collections, Elkin, North Carolina.

on February 14, 1931, to Connie Richard Verlin Snow (1911 - 1961) and Ella Re Vicky McCraw Snow (1909 - 1997).⁴ Pa had three other siblings: Evelyn Maxine Snow Dockery (August 2, 1928 - present) was the eldest, Pa, then Peggy Opaline Snow Riley (February 21, 1935 - present), and Farrell Snow (January 24, 1937 - September 18, 1996).



Connie Richard Verlin Snow (May 5, 1911 – February 7, 1961)⁵ and Ella Re Vicky McCraw Snow (May 15, 1909 – February 27, 1997)⁶

Image Source: Snow Family Photo Album⁷

Pa met my grandmother, Estell Lila Hill Snow (April 2, 1932-present) at an afterschool event. At the time, she had long flowing hair. Pa, being the jokester he was, pulled on her hair as he walked passed her. “After that, we courted for three years, I was seventeen years old, still a senior in high school, about to marry my best friend,” as she put it. They were married two days after Pa’s birthday on February 16, 1950. In April of 1950, my grandma

⁴ Estelle, Snow. *Personal interview*. 8 Feb 2017 (All further information was collected from this same personal interview.)

⁵ Connie Richard Snow. *U.S., Find A Grave Index, 1600s – Current*, Ancestry.com, search.ancestry.com, Assessed 7 Mar. 2017.

⁶ Ella Snow. *U.S., Find A Grave Index, 1600s – Current*, Ancestry.com, search.ancestry.com, 7 Mar. 2017.

⁷ Snow Family Photo. Photograph. Private Collections, Elkin, North Carolina.

turned eighteen years old, and two short years later, they were expecting their first child.

My grandpa made a living driving a truck for Brendle's Wholesale Company. Brendle's, at this time, was only a wholesale grocery-distributing business, and Pa drove a truck delivering groceries to other stores. In 1952, their first child was born: Timothy Leroy Snow. One short year later, their second child, Gary Lynn Snow, came into the world. Pa then decided to quit driving a truck and being away from the love of his life and his two sons. He decided to help his mother and father work on the family farm growing tobacco. He said that he wanted to raise his boys knowing what hard work on a farm really was all about. In 1956, they welcomed their third child, Richard Dale Snow (Ricky) into the world. In 1961, Pa was still raising tobacco, but he had taken a second job, on the side, driving a truck for the Johnson Bros, just to make a little extra money after Ricky was born.

One night Ella, Mama Snow, called Pa to tell him that Grandpa Connie was sick, and she wanted Pa to take him to the emergency room. However, being stubborn as Grandpa Connie was, he refused to go to the hospital that night; he said they could take him "soon after breakfast." My grandma, Estelle, went with Pa and Mama Snow to take Grandpa Connie to the emergency room the next morning. They left Timmy, Gary, and Ricky at home to work in the tobacco fields. Pa stayed with Grandpa Connie until mid-afternoon and told my grandma he was going home to check on the boys while they were working in the fields. Just as Pa got home, my grandma called him saying, Grandpa

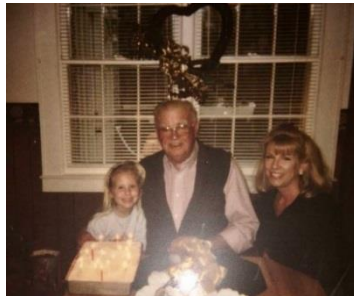
Connie had passed peacefully and that he was now in a better place.”

A few months after Grandpa Connie passed away, Pa had been trying to persuade my grandma to have another child, but they did not have the financial stability to do so after the cost of Grandpa Connie’s funeral. He then decided to quit working for the Johnson Bros and take over the family farm and make it his own. They not only grew tobacco, now they had corn and soy beans. Their farm began to flourish, and they brought in more money than Pa thought the family would. No more talk about having another child had taken place, even though Pa really wanted to have a fourth child. Nevertheless, in 1965, Pa said the greatest surprise happened to him: he and my grandma was pregnant with a fourth child. On January 6, 1966, my mother, Allison Renee Snow Eller was born. Pa finally got the blonde-haired, little girl he had always wanted.

“I guess God had another plan for our family,” my grandma said.

Later in Pa’s life, when all four children were out of the house and had families of their own, Pa retired the farm and let the boys take it over. He wanted to keep the farm in the family, so the boys said they would farm just like he did. Pa had always been a jack-of-all-trades. He drove a truck for Brendle’s and the Jonson Bros; he worked on the farm growing tobacco, corn, and soy beans. It was time for him to move on to another job. Bill Hall, the Sherriff of Surry County asked him if he wanted to work for him transporting inmates to other jailhouses. For the next few years that is what Pa did to make a little extra money. My grandma would

ride with him many times, especially if Pa was transporting female inmates. If Ma was not able to ride with Pa, they had matrons who rode with him. Pa always said this was the favorite job he had over the years. He could meet and talk to many different people and learn about their lives and the choices they've made throughout their lives.



Left to right: Ivey Reid Johnson (1994 - present), Thomas Leroy Snow (1931 - 2005), and Allison Renee Snow Eller (1966 – present)⁸ Image Source: Snow Family Photo Album⁹

Thomas Leroy Snow had a very eventful, fulfilling life. He was an inspiration to me and my hero. He made my childhood the best; I was his sidekick until he passed away on September 29, 2005. He brought so much sunshine and happiness to the many lives he graced. He was a loving husband, father, and friend. Many knew him as Leroy, but to me he will always be “Pa”.

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⁸ Snow Family Photo. Photograph. Private Collections, Elkin, North Carolina.

⁹ Snow Family Photo. Photograph. Private Collections, Elkin, North Carolina.

For the Love of the Game

By Michael Hicks

Burrell Snider (1932-2008) Married in 1949 to Joyce Bean.

Burrell Snider always had a love for the game of baseball and was a very good player as well. In 1946, at the young age of sixteen Burrell was already playing games and winning world series for a class D league team called the Chicago Cubs, and getting paid \$20 a week to play. One of the biggest advantages that Burrell had on everyone else was his vision, the people that took his vision tests told him that he had the best eyesight they had ever seen, which was a 10/15!¹ He had such good eyesight he could see the logo on a fast ball as it was coming at him no matter the speed. Being able to see the logo on the ball told him when the ball was going to break and which direction the ball would turn when it did break.

Burrell was so good that after his team won the class D world series game he was met by a man by the name of Mickey Vernon! Mickey Vernon was the first baseman for the Washington Senators; he was one of the best in the league. He told Burrell that he had a contract for him for \$10,000 a season to play for the Portland Ducks, which was a team that was part of the Pacific Coast League. Mickey told him that the only thing he had to do was the get his military service done and the contract was his.²

¹ Skeens, Sandy. "Burrell's Navy Ways". 2009. Print.

² Ibid.

Burrell was obviously very excited and very interested in this offer mainly because he got to play his favorite game for a professional team and he got offered \$10,000 to play, which in 1946 was a big amount of money. Burrell, Mr. Vernon, and Mr. Lefler, who was the people he lived with at the time, went to Burrell's father with this offer, and of course knowing that WWII was over and that he would only be in the military for a short time, his father signed Burrell up to join the United States Navy. Little did they all know the war wasn't completely over yet.

He joined the US Navy on January 3, 1946 at the very young age of sixteen years old. His birthday was a few weeks later on January 19. He started off in the Navy making \$21 a week; he was only making a dollar less playing baseball a few months' prior.³ He went to San Diego for basic training and every morning they would go out and train. On just the third night of his training his whole platoon was called for a meeting, Commodore Haggert told all of them that the platoon was too big, and they were to pull 150 of them out, and Burrell was the first to be called. Of the 150 people, they were all 5'10" or shorter and weighed 130 lbs. or less, not much for what you think your common soldier would look like.⁴

His group of 150 soldiers were taken to a place that hadn't been used in a while. They were all supposed to train there for eight weeks but after four and a half weeks of training, the officers' training them told them that they had enough training and then they were given their orders. Burrell's orders said USS

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

Flagstaff 308 Cruiser.⁵ The officers loaded them onto a truck, and they were on their way to Long Beach, where they were supposed to board a ship, but when they got there they figured out they would have to wait until the next fleet came in. For the next three days Burrell and the other soldiers picked up cigarette butts and put them in a trash bag that was slung over their shoulders while waiting for the fleet to arrive.

There was an announcement over the PA system that said they were taking volunteers to go east, but they had to pass a test to qualify. Burrell and the others were thinking that they meant the eastern part of U.S. so that maybe they could go back and see their families, so Walker, who was a person that Burrell met, said that they should go try to take the test. Burrell said that he never graduated from high school, so there was no way he could pass it. Then Walker told him that he had never been to high school, so they decided to try it out. After the test the commander said that they were the dumbest group of boys he ever had, but they were going to take 67 of them away, and Burrell and Walker were two of them.⁶

They had been riding in a tightly packed truck for a while when Walker suddenly said that he thought it was getting cold. He stood up and looked out of the side of the truck and said that he could see snow. They were headed for the Sierra Mountains where they were greeted by twelve Marine First Sergeants, and the only thing that was around was them, a plane, and a jump pole. The jump pole was about 300 yards high, and they used it to practice

⁵ Ibid.

⁶ Ibid.

their jumping for when they jumped out of planes, their first jump was about 30 degrees and they worked up from there. This is when Burrell started to realize that his baseball career was over.⁷

They were supposed to train in the Sierra Mountains for eight weeks but after about three weeks the Marine Sergeants told them to pack their stuff, go sit outside, and that their ride would be there in thirty-five minutes. The main sergeant talked to them for a while, and the last thing he said to them was, “God have mercy on your souls.” This was the first time that Burrell was actually scared. After exactly thirty-five minutes of waiting their ride came, and they were driven back to Long Beach where they were going to board the General Mann troop ship and head to Guam.⁸

There were sixty-seven of them, thirty-four were jumpers and thirty-three were deep sea divers. They told them that the war was over for everyone except them and that a battalion was coming just after them to relieve them in a few days. The sixty-seven soldiers were considered “Special Ops” because of the jobs they had to do; they couldn’t tell anyone about it; they couldn’t even speak of the Special Ops until 2005. Of the sixty-seven of them only five of them came home. They served in Marrianna, Solomen, and Marshall Islands, but the safest place said to be during that time was Guam, because there were no battles going there.

About the third time they went out, Burrell, who was the squad leader and 17 at that time, said that his friend Crowe called him over and said that he had really bad side pains. The doctor of group, Sanasousa, who was only 19 at the time, figured out that it

⁷ Ibid.

⁸ Ibid.

was appendicitis and had to perform an appendectomy after they jumped. Collins, who is another person that Burrell met, died from a gunshot wound that shot his leg off. The hospital was only 200 yards away, but he bled out before they got him there. Warren, who was another person that Burrell met, had to go down and blow up an armory dump that they found, when he blew it up a boulder landed on him and killed him.

All Burrell wanted to do was have enough military service time to play for the Portland Ducks. but instead he got almost two years of military service and no baseball career after he got back home. Nobody knows what would have happened if Burrell had been able to play without having to have military service. Maybe he would have been considered one of the best of all time for his position.

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Home Town Hendricks

By Amber Marion



Harvey Gene Hendricks

Left: Sandy Hendricks, Harvey Hendricks, Nancy Hendricks, Greg Hendricks.

Image source: Unknown Photographer. ND. Private Collection. Dobson North Carolina.

A young man left his mother and father to embark on an adventure for his country. Harvey Gene Hendricks was born in Fries, Grayson County, Virginia on March, 26 1935 to Harvey and Jane Hendricks. He joined the Air force towards the end of the Korean war in April, 1953 when he was only 18 years old. He

served his country and his fellow soldiers by fighting by their side.¹

The war ended on July 1953. About five million soldiers and civilians lost their lives during the Korean War. The war never really got that much of the attention from the media in the United States. “The only representation of this war was the famous television series M*A*S*H”.² After the war, Harvey stayed in the Air Force for about five more years creating memories and lifelong friends. He and his friends would have fun while they could by drinking and sharing stories.³



Harvey Hendricks

Image source: Hendricks Nancey. Harvey Hendricks, 1965. Private collections, North Carolina.

¹ U.S., *Find A Grave Index, 1600s-Current*. Harvey Gene Hendricks, Ancestry.com

² Korean war, *History.com*. A+E Networks 2009. 3 Feb. 2017.

³ Sandy Hendricks. Telephone and Text interview. 2 Feb. 2017.

Harvey Left the Air Force in April of 1958, leaving behind his war experience. He moved back in with his mother and father in Virginia. He would then later meet Nancy Lee Bonham and they soon married and moved to North Carolina.⁴ They lived in Dobson at the end of Zephyr Road. Harvey had many different jobs including working at Proctor Silex making toasters for a couple of years. He would move on to drive a school bus for Dobson Elementary School and even worked at Chatham Manufacturing for a couple of years. Harvey was a wild man who loved to drive fast and race anyone he could in his spare time. Then one day the Lord called out to him, and he then knew his calling was to become a preacher. He went on to preach at Mount Pleasant Church in Wilkesboro, North Carolina. He was a Baptist preacher who would teach the people about the word of God.⁵

Harvey and Nancy Had three children, Greg, Sandy, and Brenda. Harvey would not spank his children often; his one main punishment was to make them read the bible. His children could quote the bible word for word because of how many times they were in trouble. He was a loving father and caring husband who would always go out of his way to help a friend in need. He was a gifted craftsman who could build and fix just about anything. He would trade particular items with people so he could rebuild them for his own family. Harvey would trade Motorcycles for Go Karts, so his children could have fun.

In December of 1991, Harvey would meet a new member of his family, his first grandchild Justin Bennett. Then in June of

⁴ U.S., *Find A Grave Index, 1600s-Current*. Harvey Gene Hendricks, Ansestory.com

⁵ Sandy Hendricks. Telephone and Text interview. 2 Feb. 2017.

1992 he would then meet his second grandchild Nathan Marion. He loved and cherished the time he had with his grandchildren. In December of 1992 Harvey Gene Hendricks was hospitalized due to complications of the heart, and on December 10, 1992 Harvey Gene Hendricks passed away at Forsyth Hospital, Winston Salem. He was only 57 years old when he passed and he was missed by everyone. Harvey was buried at Little Vine Cemetery in Dobson, North Carolina.⁶ He left behind his experiences and life stories with his children who would go on to tell their children. Even though he did not get to meet his other grandchildren they will always know about what kind of man he was.

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90 Miles Out

By Abby D. Andrews



Virgil Lawrence Crouse

Image Source: *Headshot of Virgil Crouse*. 1970. Photograph. Private collections.

Virgil Lawrence Crouse, was born on June 13, 1940, and married on September 15, 1961 to Norma Ann Crouse; they are still married to this day. During the Cuban Missile Crisis, Virgil was a Radar Operator on Airborne Early Warning and Control.

A political and military stand-off lasted thirteen days when, only ninety miles out from U.S. shores, the Soviets placed missiles in Cuba. Tensions were high between the leaders of the U.S. and the Soviet Union to the point where panic began to break out. Virgil said, “As my wife sat home, I knew she had seen the TV address President Kennedy had sent out and would begin to worry

about the events to come.”¹ President Kennedy addressed that there were missiles present in Cuba and that the U.S. was prepared to use the military force needed to neutralize this threat to national security. ²

As a radar operator, Virgil’s job was to detect the enemy forces and alert the units of the Army using the fire finder radars which, detected various objects and their locations.

Virgil said, “I needed to stay focused because my job now was more important than ever, but my mind kept lingering back to my wife.”³ Half of the soldiers thought the world was on the brink of a nuclear war and the other half thought that this was just another threat that has been blown out of proportion. “I would like to say I was somewhere in the middle, but I knew I didn’t want me to be here and my wife to be at home alone if something did happen. How do you choose between protecting your family and protecting your country? The answer still plays on my mind to this day.”⁴

Up until this point the nuclear rivalry between the Soviet Union and the U.S. had been mainly controlled by the Americans.⁵ With the missiles being installed so close to the U.S. the fear that they would become operational entered many of the army unit’s minds.⁶ Sending the missiles to Cuba was a bit of a gamble for Soviet leader, Nikita Khrushchev.⁷ It was leveling the playing field for the Soviets, who for a while, had been uneasy at the number of

¹ Crouse, Virgil L. Telephone interview. 28 Jan. 2017.

² “Cuban Missile Crisis.” History.com, A&E Television Networks, www.history.com/this-day-in-history/cuban-missile-crisis. Accessed 1 Feb. 2017.

³ Crouse, Telephone interview.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ “Cuban Missile Crisis.”

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Ibid.

nuclear weapons that were targeted at them from the sites in Western Europe and Turkey.⁸ The plan was well thought out because the U.S. and Cuba had a very rocky relationship.⁹ Castro and Nikita Khrushchev saw placing the missiles in Cuba as a way to discourage any further aggression from the U.S.¹⁰

A picture of the U.S. anti-aircraft missiles positioned in Key West, Florida during the Cuban missile crisis.

Image Source: CNN, Patrick Oppmann. "At ground zero of the Cuban missile crisis, 50 years later." CNN, Cable News Network, 15 Oct. 2012,



www.cnn.com/2012/10/15/world/americas/cuban-missile-crisis-fifty-years/. Accessed 3 Feb. 2017.

John F. Kennedy thought the presence of missiles in Cuba was unacceptable and faced the challenge of removing the missiles without causing major conflict or possibly a nuclear war.¹¹ He decided to put in place a blockade around Cuba and prevent the Soviets from bringing over more supplies or missiles; and also that the missiles be removed. Americans began to panic and hoarded gas and food. Norma wrote Virgil saying, she was well prepared for what was to come and that she loved him dearly. Virgil

⁸ Ibid.

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ Ibid.

¹¹ Ibid.

watched the radar like a hawk; his eyes never moved. He wanted to be the first to detect any movement that looked suspicious, so he would have enough time to report it. Virgil said, “It was hard to tell what was a missile and what was just a foreign object, but I was going to assume anything was deadly at this point.”¹² Being a radar operator was such a difficult job because one mistake could cause serious repercussions.

On October 24, a tense showdown happened between the U.S. and the Soviet Union when the Soviet ships stopped just short of the U.S.’s blockade around Cuba. The stand-off lasted a week and an American reconnaissance plane was shot down over Cuba causing tensions to increase, doom was felt by everyone on both sides.¹³

Despite major tension, fear of a nuclear war caused both sides to come to an agreement. A letter sent by Khrushchev to Kennedy stated that, if the U.S. promises not to invade Cuba the Soviets would remove the missiles.¹⁴ The second letter later on in the day sent by the Soviet leader said they would dismantle the missiles in Cuba if the U.S. would remove their missiles in Turkey.¹⁵ The Kennedy administration accepted the terms of the first letter and ignored the second letter.¹⁶ On October 28, Robert Kennedy personally delivered the message to the Soviet

¹² Crouse, Telephone interview.

¹³ “Cuban Missile Crisis.”

¹⁴ Ibid.

¹⁵ Ibid.

¹⁶ Ibid.

ambassador in Washington, bringing the Cuban missile crisis to a close.¹⁷

Even though the Cold War was far from over both Norma and Virgil could rest easy knowing the world wasn't going into a nuclear war while they were apart. Virgil continued as a radar operator on the planes throughout the duration of the cold war. He looked for enemy air crafts and directed the fighter planes to intercept them. Looking back today he said the army taught him many lessons that he have taken with him throughout his life. Especially to treat every day as it was your last and tell your family you love them every chance you get.

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¹⁷ Ibid.

Heart of Gold (and Purple Too)

By Jordan Smith



Image Taken of: Assault Rifleman (Top), Purple Heart (Middle)
Medal of Good Conduct (Bottom Left), Medal of Vietnam Service (Bottom Middle)
National Defense Medal (Bottom Right)

Paul Alfred Owen Jr. was born on November 13, 1942, to Paul (whom I will reference by his nickname “Pete”) Sr. and Cora Owen. Paul would be the oldest of his three brothers and one sister. He grew up in the south end of Mount Airy, NC, a location where he continues to live today. Paul was a running back for the Mount Airy football team and would graduate from the school in June of 1961. After his graduation, he lived a normal life working in the

shipyards on submarines; however, this lifestyle would drastically change.

During this time period, America was involved in the Vietnam War. Beginning in 1954, America would insert itself in the conflict on account of preventing the spread of Communism. Given that this didn't directly affect the United States, this involvement produced mixed feelings. In the Vietnam war, the selective service was utilized, resulting in over two-thirds of American soldiers being draftees. Many of those who were drafted chose to move to neutral war countries such as Mexico and Canada to escape the draft and become "draft dodgers". As the war continued, American citizens began empathizing with the draft dodgers and promoted some anti-war sentiments.¹ These sentiments can be found in many popular songs during the period, such "War" by Edwin Starr, which states "Oh no there's got to be a better way, say it again. There's got to be a better way, what's it good for" (Starr)?² Also, John Lennon writes in his song "Imagine" to "Imagine there's no countries, it isn't hard to do. Nothing to kill or die for, and no religion too" (Lennon).³ Anti-war sentiments got so serious that soldiers were disrespected, even though many were placed in a situation they didn't ask to be in. Given draft inequities due to draft dodgers, there were multiple

1 History.com Staff. "Vietnam War History." History.com. A&E Television Networks, 2009. Web. 08 Feb. 2017; Valentine, Tom. "Vietnam War Draft." The Vietnam War. The Vietnam War, 25 July 2013. Web. 08 Feb. 2017.

2 Edwin Starr. "War." *Edwin Starr*, Motown, 1998, C.D.

3 John Lennon. "Imagine." *John Lennon*, EMI, 1970, C.D.

drafts. Of the 1966 draft lottery was my 23-year-old grandpa, Paul Owen.



Pictured: Paul Owen in Vietnam with his M16 Rifle.

Image source: Owen, Paul. *Vietnam War Photograph with M16*. 1967. Photograph.

Being filled with anxiousness, Paul never considered dodging the draft. He was drafted in September of 1966 and left for Vietnam in February of 1967. He attended basic training and became proficient with the M16 assault rifle. Upon completion of this training, he was moved to a base camp in the Binh Long Province of Vietnam. In April of 1967, Paul and some other men were guarding the base camp at night, while in the process of attacking the Viet Cong. It was around 10:00 p.m. and mortar exchange between the two enemies was visible in the sky. “We were able to distinguish between our mortars and returning

mortars, they sounded different” (Owen).⁴ Paul revealed to me. He continued to inform me that he could hear incoming mortars and that the base had been attacked. “We could see the mortars exploding in front of us and they got closer and closer. We ended up taking about 100 rounds” (Owen).⁵ During the attack, a mortar exploded near Paul, and he got hit by shrapnel from the explosion. “It hit me above my eye, and under my eye. It took probably five or six stitches to stitch the wounds up” (Owen).⁶ Paul told me in regards to the incident. He also stated that “Once the mortar strikes died down some, medevacs (helicopters) picked us up to treat us” (Owen).⁷ This incident was very serious, and he was very fortunate that the injuries weren’t more critical. “I was treated at the hospital and stitched up, then returned to the base the next day” (Owen).⁸ Although he endured a lot of pain, he was very lucky. Due to this injury, he would receive the Purple Heart medal. Paul is a very humble man, so this medal didn’t mean nearly as much to him as it did to those around him.

The next couple of months were successful; however, in November Paul got hurt again. While in the process of transporting Army Personnel Carriers, (APC’s) he and three other men fell off the top of the convoy. “We were in an APC, and then we were hauling another one” (Owen),⁹ He stated. “Me and three other men were sitting on the top of the carrier, and we were going pretty quick. [given the wartime scenario] Then, one of the belts on the

⁴ Paul Owen. Personal interview. 7 Feb. 2017.

⁵ Ibid.

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Ibid.

⁸ Ibid.

⁹ Ibid.

convoy broke, making us go into a ditch, and throwing us off. One of the other men broke his arm, and I fractured my back” (Owen).¹⁰ At this point, there wasn’t much him or the doctors could do. Paul was then medevacked to hospitals in Cu Chi, Cam Rahn Bay, and Saigon; all for an extended period of time. Considering the type of injury that he incurred, his back had to heal on its own.

In December of 1967, the Army did their best to send every able body home for Christmas. Although he was still recovering from the fall, Paul got to come back and surprise his family on Christmas Eve. Given his injuries and all the stays at different hospitals, he didn’t return to Vietnam once he was back in the States. In September of 1968, he would be discharged from the Army. Next, he would get married to Edith Johnson on February 22, 1969, and my mother would be born on September 31, 1969. Paul got a job with the US Postal Service in 1970 and would work there for 38 years, leading him to retire in 2008.

I am so intrigued by my grandfather’s story because of his courage and humbleness, as well as the fact that due to the injuries he incurred he received a prestigious Purple Heart. Paul also received medals for being in the Vietnam war as well as for National Defense, being proficient with the assault rifle, and for good conduct. He didn’t have a choice in his situation, but despite anxiousness, he did what was expected of him to the best of his

¹⁰ Ibid.



Pictured: Paul Owen with some friends.

Image Source: Owen, Paul. *Vietnam War Photograph with Friends*. 1967. Photograph

ability and didn't think twice about it. If the saying "the apple doesn't fall far from the tree" is accurate in dealing with my family genealogy, then I am one lucky man.

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David Tenney: A Journey

By Kelby Tenney



The Tenney Family Crest



WV, USA. 1971.



Stokes County, NC. 2003.

David Glenn Tenney was born on March 1st in 1951. He was born and raised in Nicolas County, West Virginia. He met his wife, Glennadean Tenney, and married her in 1975. Glennadean was only sixteen when she and David got married. In 1971, David

was drafted for the Vietnam war, along with a few of his brothers and brothers in law. Fortunately, David was never sent overseas.

David often talks about the guns, missiles, grenades, helicopters, and his companions. He would often talk about how he gave his drill sergeant the most absolute hell when in training. One friend, Ira Clark, talks to David to this day. Ira sees the youngest two daughters and the only son of David as children of his own. Once Ira and David both learned to operate Facebook, they added one another as a friend and started off talking daily.

When David came back in 1974 from the war, he transitioned into his law enforcement career. He started out as security officer in a hospital and ended up at the Stokes County Jail. He worked several different security jobs and retired two times. One night, while working at the emergency room in King, North Carolina, David was completing his tasks as the third shift security officer on duty. David had one friend that was the medical examiner, D. Beavers, he would sit and talk with when the nights were slow.

D. Beavers was covering up the body as David was entering the morgue. About twenty-five minutes passed before David stood up to return to his foot patrol duties. The body on the table slowly started raising up until it was in a sitting position on the table. David's coffee stains, to this day, still cover the ceiling tiles in the morgue. "Why, it is only the muscles in the body relaxing," said D. Beavers.

David and Glennadean had six children: five girls and one boy. Anna Frances was born in 1976, Christopher Glen in 1979, Sarah Elaine in 1986, Tamara Ashley Spring in 1992, Kelby Layne

in 1997, and Alyssa Ladawn in 1998. There is a total of seven grandchildren, and one great grandchild. Two children have been misled in life and are currently working out their mistakes while the other four are either working full time jobs or graduating school.



Left to right: Tamara, Sarah, Chris, Kelby, Alyssa, Anna. 2015.

Unfortunately, David's mother passed away on the 10th of June in 1997. This is two days before Kelby was born and one day before her own birthday. Elanor Quinn's, David's mother, funeral was held the day Kelby was born.

As of today, David is still living. Though his age is catching up with him, he isn't letting it get in his way or prevent him from working on things around the house, at least to the best of his ability. David still does most of the work on the vehicles as needed. He likes to shoot his guns, and irritate his daughters' animals with laser lights. When the days are sixty degrees or higher, and sunny, you won't find him inside on the couch watching his regular TV shows, such as *Gunsmoke*, *M*A*S*H*, or *Bonanza*.

In the eyes of his wife, children, grandchildren, and even people who do not know him, David is a hero. Though he was

drafted, the veterans of the United States, dead or alive, and from every war, are highly respected, appreciated, and loved. Their service is something that is hard to disrespect, and not appreciate because the world wouldn't be the way it is today without any of the serving personnel's service.

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Family over Fortune

By Sadie Hooker

Keith Douglas Hooker was born on January 8, 1962 in Mount Airy, North Carolina to Edward Harold Hooker, who served in the military and Korean War, and Connie Horton Hooker. Keith has two older brothers, Tony and Harold, a set of younger twin brothers, Wendell and Winfred, and a younger sister, Tammy. Keith went to Flat Rock School and played basketball. Once he got to North Surry High School, he drove a school bus (as did his brothers and parents), but grew up helping on the farm in his free time. In high school, he wasn't the "cool" kid who played sports and partied, but he was considered a "cool" kid to others because of his caring and bubbly personality. He loved to joke around and have fun with his friends, but always knew when to take things seriously and was respected for this. People at his school and people he knew always had a lot of respect for him because of how hard he worked. He was the kind of person who put everything he had into what he was doing, and this is a trait that he carried throughout his life and eventually passed down to his daughters.

At the age of twenty, he married Melissa Lynn Dollyhite, daughter of Dillon Leighton Dollyhite and Linda Faye Slate Dollyhite. Three years after getting married, Melissa found out that she was pregnant. Keith was working on his Associate's Degree at Surry Community College at the time, so he decided that it was best for his family if he quit school and went to work full-time to

be able to provide for his family. This allowed Melissa to stay in school and finish her Associate's Degree right before their first baby was due. On May 7, 1985, they welcomed their first baby girl into this world and named her Jessica Lynn Hooker.

Keith was worked at ACI Glass Company, while Melissa was worked at Piedmont Airways. In his early twenties, Keith lost his father, Edward, due to a complication during heart surgery. This was very difficult for him to go through because of the very close relationship he had with his father. Luckily, he had Melissa to help him get through it and a beautiful, little girl to raise. Around the same time, he became a district manager for ACI Glass and then got a job in the regional corporate office in Charlotte, North Carolina. Luckily, Melissa could transfer jobs from Greensboro to Charlotte, so they packed up and moved to Harrisburg, North Carolina. Harrisburg is located about fifteen miles northeast of Uptown Charlotte. They felt as if this would be the perfect place for them to raise a family because it was sort of a rural area like where they were from, but they were still close to the big city and their jobs. In 1991, they welcomed their second daughter into this world and named her Chelsea Dawn Hooker. They both agreed that this would be their last child, but Keith spoke up and said that if they ever had another little girl that her name would be Sadie Marie Hooker.

They lived in the Charlotte area for about the next seven years or so, before there was a mass transition from Piedmont Airlines to US Airways for Melissa's job. She decided that it would be best for the family if they moved back home and decided not to be part of the transition. Keith's next promotion at ACI

would mean that the family would have to move to either Greenville, South Carolina or Columbia, South Carolina, and he felt that it would be best to be around family back home while raising the kids. Agreeing with Melissa, he decided it was best if he left ACI and decided to open his own glass business.¹

They moved back home in late 1998 and remodeled Melissa's grandparents old home. Shortly after and to their surprise, Melissa was pregnant with their third child. They both thought it was a good thing that they moved back, so they could get help with raising three kids while both held jobs. Melissa worked with her sister and father at one of the two flower shops her father owned, and Keith opened his glass shop. Melissa gave birth to their third baby girl, Sadie Marie Hooker on January 13, 1999 and got a full-time job at Workforce Carolina (now named Workforce Unlimited) a few years later. Due to the growth of larger glass distribution companies, Keith decided that it was best if he closed his shop and found a job to better provide for his family.¹ He got a job as a distributor for Sara Lee Baking Company and still works for the company today as an independent contractor and operator.

All three girls were competitive dancers and two of them were cheerleaders. Keith did everything he could to be there to support his daughters, even if it meant driving all the way to a dance competition in Charleston, South Carolina on a Saturday afternoon due to work and turning around and leaving the next morning for work, while the family had been there for a few days. Jessica graduated high school in 2003 and started college at the University of North Carolina at Charlotte the following fall.

Chelsea graduated high school in 2008 and attended High Point University in the fall of that year. Keith did everything he could to pay for the girls' college, so they wouldn't be in a load of debt as they started their life. To be able to do this, he took on more hours and started working seven days a week. His youngest daughter will graduate high school in May of 2017 and will be attending college in the fall. Although he was always busy with work while the girls were growing up, they knew how much their father loved them and supported them.

Keith has been an extraordinary man all his life, but it was when he started sacrificing for his family that it became clear just how great of a person he is. His parents were the type of people to give the shirt off their back to help someone out, and Keith grew to be the same way. He has helped people all his life and sacrificed so much for his family. He had the chance to have a big role in a large company, but decided to turn it down to do what was best for his family. He just turned 55 this past January and has two grandchildren, Harrison and Rhett. He still works seven days a week and has a rough work schedule (about 3 AM to 5-6 PM everyday), but somehow he manages to spend quality time with his family. Although Keith was never in the military or was ever a "hero," he is his family's hero because they wouldn't be where they are today if it wasn't for everything he has done and sacrificed for them.

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To Wish Upon a Plane

By Megan Moon

It was 1954, my junior year, when I decided that I have had enough of schooling at the old Beulah School house. I had quit, but not before locking up my teacher in a back closet and went fishing. What was it that she was going over? Maybe it was something about geography or math. I can't really remember, anyways I sneaked up behind Mrs. Norman real quite like then I held her hands behind her back and quickly made my way to an open closet in the back and threw her in. I had help holding the doors as I dug out the keys I had snatched on my way to get her then I jumped out the window to go fishing.

I spent a few years trying to figure what I wanted to do with my life and I settled on flying airplanes. Oh, how I wanted to fly up in the sky with the sound of the propellers and roar of the engine just agoing. It was a dream to imagine how fluffy the clouds are and to find out how blue the sky really is. Well my family was not the richest in town, so I had to find a way to either come up with the money myself or enlist in the U.S. Air Force. I went with the easiest choice, so I was enlisted on October 16, 1959 into the U.S. Air Force.¹ Little did I know about my short career and the reason behind it.

I arrived at an Air Force base somewhere up in the northern portion of this great United States. Adjusting to this military type of environment had its challenges and perks. They sure do plan a

¹ "U.S. Department of Veteran Affairs BIRLS Death File 1850-2010," database, *Ancestry.com*, entry for A. Barker, enlisted 16 Oct. 1959.

full schedule filled with all sorts of classes ranging from aerodynamics to psychology and more. The classes were full, the books heavy and thick, and the teachers were strict because they themselves were once in my position, and they probably were in the advanced program. Working out is another requirement of course, but there were plenty of sports to play and choose from, so it was not all that bad.²

How could I describe the Air Force base? It was massive compared to Beulah School. The amount of buildings and the use of each one were different. There was the cafeteria of course, which was almost an unreal size so as to fit the number of future pilots or dropouts. The meals that are served were nothing like Mama's cooking, but they were decent. Then there was the library filled with all sorts of information for our studies and research. Until I arrived here, I didn't realize exactly how much information could be stored in one place. Although research and studying books is not all we do to learn, we also have training airplanes for hands-on experience before they let us fly one alone. Lastly, there were the living quarters where I was put up with a roommate. It was a tall building with what seemed like thousands of small compartments which were filled with the bare minimum to live: the bathroom was small, the beds were just twin bunk beds, and the room which housed the tiniest dresser and closet possible was small.

Unfortunately, I did not last long in the Air Force because I got released on July 16, 1960.³ The reason is a simple one, but it

² "US Air Force Academy First Graduating Class- 1959," video, *Youtube.com*.

³ "U.S. Department of Veteran Affairs BIRLS Death File 1850-2010," database, *Ancestry.com*, entry for A. Barker, enlisted 16 Oct. 1959.

seems ridiculous now. I was afraid of the heights. This is ironic because I jumped out a window to go fishing, but my fear must be from extreme heights that I could die from. How I figured this out was simple: I had to experience what it was like to fly.

Everybody was trained on the Beechcraft T-34B which had two seats, a somewhat bulky structure, and a bubble hood for good visibility.⁴ We did not fly them at first, but rather familiarized ourselves with them; then we started driving them on the ground. Learning the mechanics was a little boring, but at least I was in close contact with an airplane unlike in the classes. When we got to being able to drive them a little before taking them for a spin, I was thrilled. We drove them around to the garage to work on those in need of repair. Then the day came when we were allowed to fly them.



Shupek, John. *Beechcraft T-34B "Mentor."* 2008. Photograph. Camarillo Airshow, Camarillo, California. *Skytamer.com*, www.skytamer.com, 1 Feb 2017.

⁴ "Beechcraft T-34B "Mentor"," web, *Skytamer.com*.

I was so excited to fly one that I checked my headgear and uniform at least ten times in line as I awaited. We were lined up in alphabetical order, and luckily my last name was Barker and there were just two people in front of me, so I didn't have to wait an extremely long time. Each person flew about five to ten minutes up there. I couldn't help but count the minutes because they went by so slowly. Then the time came, and it was my turn.

I began by checking the plane all over to make sure she was good to go. I took my time taking in the details, but not too much time. Before climbing in I checked my gear and headgear one last time and cleaned my goggles really quick. Once in the cockpit I cranked her up and checked my monitors and awaited the signal to begin the flight. I got it and slowly started down the runway and started picking up speed. Then I got the signal to ascend, and I slowly pulled her up, and I couldn't see, but the widest smile was probably plastered across my face. As I began ascending higher and higher, an unusual feeling slowly crept upon me. Only when I was at the highest altitude did I realize what it was: fear.

The flight was not as glorious as I thought it would be, but rather it was terrifying. The trees and land flew past as a blur, and I saw no animals. The clouds were fluffy alright, but I did not want to go near them. The feeling of being up this high was not natural at all. I noticed that my arms were shaking a little, and I just circled back to the landing despite my instructor's orders and landed the magnificent machine as fast as I could. From that day forward I refused to fly any airplane, but I would drive them into the garage where I would work on them. I found it so ironic that I dreamed of flying high and when I did, I did not like it one bit.

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