

[Main](#) >> [Cultures & Beliefs](#) >> [Cultures & Beliefs Journals](#)

[Notify AOL](#) | [Search](#) | [Help](#)



AOL.Hometown

Our Family History

GOODSON FAMILY HISTORY: New River Valley in Virginia COMING DOWN FROM THE GOODSON SETTLEMENT by Rodger Price Goodson (1937- 2000)

[December 1984]

As far as I know, the last remains of the Goodson Settlement down below Fishers Peak were finally tractored over back during the 1930's when Harry Byrd and FDR decided to build a scenic highway for city people who could still then afford to buy cars. When I was a student at Galax High School, my granddaddy Troy Goodson, already in this 60's, told me in some confidence (as if he were hiding the information from other members of the family) that old man Leander Goodson, his granddaddy and founder of The Goodson Settlement, had been an outlaw: "one of Jessie James' boys, a-hidin' out from the law. That thar is what they always said, anyway!"

This is the way tales go in mountain folklore and it has been so wherever I have traveled in the world: Peking with its hills, Japan and the sacred mountain Fujiyama, all over the Alps of Western Europe, and of course in the Virginia Blue Ridge, where I was born and raised.

When I checked out the Jesse James connection, I discovered, of course, that old man Leander Goodson would already have been settled up on the mountain by Jesse Jame's heyday. Leander Goodson was rich, Troy told me; he had "two saddlebags full of silver," and he wouldn't ever tell anybody where he got it or what his real name was.

(Bristol, Virginia/Tennessee was once named Goodson.)

Leander was an educated man, Troy said. And his wife, she was an educated woman. Whenever they didn't want any of the younguns to understand, they would speak to each other in Latin...

As a child my granddaddy knew Leander Goodson quite well and heard him speak often enough - on those infrequent occasions, apparently when the old boy condescended to talk. William Faulkner, who was of my granddaddy's generation, has written of hearing his own grandfather speak Scots Gaelic on the Tennessee border of Mississippi. None of this proves much of anything.

Leander must have been one of few Goodson mountaineers to have flourished financially. He build a large home for that time and place, a grist mill, a one-room schoolhouse. His children and grandchildren built their cabins around Fishers Peak and Fox Hunters' Paradise, and they no doubt put up a church - whenever they weren't chasing rattlesnakes and foxes up and down the hollows.

All that remains today is the graveyard and the foundation of Leander Goodson's big house. Only the Goodsons and related families know how to find Goodson Graveyard from the Blue Ridge Parkway, with the enormous old tree planted by Leander's daughter at the foot of his grave on the day he died, the roots now growing through the bones

of every Goodson up there including my Granddaddy and Grandmaw; and the unmarked slabs to mark the graves of runaway UNION soldiers, and runaway slaves.

From the Civil War until World War One there was a neat little series of minor depressions (before the Great One), triggered not only by scoundrels but by Yankee wheelerdealers. All over the world, mountaineers are among the first to feel the axe. After going broke on the mountain and working a spell for Truman Woodruff in Low Gap (NC) (where my grandmother and great-grandmother came from). Troy Goodson settled in the new mill town then a-building on the banks of Chestnut Creek. First they named it Bonaparte - I still don't know why - then named it Galax.

During the Great Depression Troy went bust in his hole-in-the wall restaurant on Main Street with a fare ye well. And in 1932 promptly reopened Goodson's Snappy Lunch (ouch!) Cafe on West Grayson Street, where he managed to hang in there until the restaurant finally burnt down.

In the Depression also my father Price Goodson went broke as a student (as I would do years afterward), at William and Mary law school. In a story still well known in Grayson and Carroll Counties during my childhood, Price Goodson stole his law books and came home to Galax, Studied on his own in a room provided by Mayor Dacosta Woltz, and at age 19, became the youngest man every to pass the Virginia State Bar Examination (later - regulations would make it impossible to sit the bar exam at that age.) Price then mailed the books back to the law school. He later showed me the horribly slashing scar above his ankle and told how, when he was a child, they were all out cutting corn stalks in the field and he planted the axe-blade of the corncutter INTO THE BONE. Up on the mountain in those days there were generally two prescriptions for everything: homemade (and clear, Scotch-Irish, NOT

burbon) whiskey, which was used to disinfect the wounds of man and beast and was then poured straight down the throat - which is why to this day mountaineers will tell you, "My daddy never TOUCHED a drop of liquor in this life!"

The only other medicine was salt, and Troy's liberal pouring of salt upon the wounds of children was, at different times, to bring both me and Price quite low. When the corn cutting agony was over, Price informed Troy that HE was never going to farm the mountain. HE was going to college and make a lawyer. In those days you went to university to be a doctor, a lawyer or possibly a preacher. Those were the options. Surely his story also illustrated why Price was a long-ball hitter for the Galax Country Club team (he was also founding Secretary of the Club, to the best of my memory), and he never EVER mowed the lawn: "Why, he's out thar a-playin' that ole GULF when he ort to be in his office!"

With some scholarships, student "defense" loans, and a year off earning cash in the Canadian Artic (Price had worked one summer on the construction of the Grand Coolee Dam), I worked my way through college and graduated at Chapel Hill. Then, while Deanna Hartsock worked in an office to support us, I took a Master's Degree with a thesis in comparative modern literature (English, German, French), and attempted to teach English and American literature in American colleges for the next 19 years. But that's another story.

Now my daughter Katherine Lee Goodson, named after my own mother and Euna Lee Hartsock, granddaughter of Price Goodson, great-granddaughter of Troy Goodson, and great-great-great granddaughter of Leander Goodson of the Goodson Settlement down below Fishers Peak, is entering Cambridge University.



HOLPIN' MOMMA WITH THE COOKIN' by Rodger Price Goodson

[February 1985]

My Granddaddy Troy Goodson was probably the most well-known and well-respected restaurant owner Galax, Virginia ever had. It wasn't just what he called "good home cookin'," or the ruinous portions he made the cooks dish out in the kitchen until threatening economic disaster literally forced him to cut back on the "holpin's." It was the man himself. Many and many's the customer - men, women, couples, families - who would call me over when I was working in Granddaddy's cafe, introduce themselves and shake me by the hand, and tell me how they'd driven fifty miles out of their way "just to come up to Galax, and eat dinner with Uncle Troy."

Now the point of this is not to brag on my own granddaddy. To do that would be a kind of insult to him. Troy Goodson was simply a remarkable man, and he came from a remarkable family of timber-cutting, farming and whiskey-cooking Blue Ridge mountaineers who, some time around or before the Civil War, settled at the foot of Fishers Peak in Grayson County, Virginia, not far from what is today the Fairview section of Galax (where many of them still live), right up beside the Blue Ridge Parkway near Fox Hunters Paradise, on the North Carolina border.

Troy Goodson got every bit of four years of schooling: "In the wintertime, when I wasn't needed about the place."

When Granddaddy was growing up on the mountain before the First World War, they made everything they needed on

their own except shoes, because they didn't have a cobbler. They made their own coffee out of chicory, bark and/or berries, they used sourwood honey for sugar, and all his life long there wasn't a single edible that Troy Goodson didn't know how to cook, dry, or cure, to make it last through the winter.

Granddaddy said the boys all wore homespun shirts down to their ankles until they were ten or twelve years old. (Grandma said the only way she could ever keep my daddy, Price Goodson, in one place for any length of time when he was a baby was to put his skirt tail under the leg of the kitchen table.) They wore those long shirts winter and summer and all the children had no shoes at all. "Why, our feet was so tough, we didn't NEED no shoes!"

In the winter, when there was time, they would clear new ground by felling trees on top of each other and light fire to them as soon as they would burn. "And when the far had melted off enough snow around it, why we would go in thar and burn off another patch."

"I had to help Momma with the cookin'." That and a little bit of arithmetic were his origins and bona fides in the restaurant business, though he first tried out clerking for Truman Woodruff down at Low Gap, on the North Carolina side, before he moved up to Galax and he acquired a Low Gap wife (Bessie Lowe) and a Low Gap mother-in-law, Mollie Sandefur Lowe Galyean, in the porcess.

With three younguns and the mother-in-law, they settled in Galax after it was first named Bonaparte and then rebaptised after the Galax leaves that Truman Woodruff had been turning into cocktail coaster for fancy New York restaurants in his factory down at Low Gap (which was still standing in August 1984). Granddaddy started out in a hole-in-the-wall on Main Street, making hot dogs, hamburgers and box lunches:

"Them factory workers had to have them somethin' to eat like everybody else. I would buy me up jist a little bit of hamburger meat at a time. The next day I'd buy me up a little more. I got my business built up pretty good. Then I put me in a couple of tables and some chairs in thar, and the next thing you knowed, I had me a restaurant business right out on Main Street, and business was good!"

Troy couldn't have seen the Great Depression coming any better than anybody else at the time even though the Goodsons had been just about completely wiped off the mountain at Fishers Peak by World War I, after that series of minor depressions that just kept on keeping on over the fifty years following the Civil War.

Troy and Bessie Goodson had an older daughter, my Aunt Ila, who would marry Howard Chappell of Woodlawn (and later John York, Jr. of Marion, VA), and my father, Price Goodson, who would be Commonwealth's Attorney of Carroll County during World War II, and who raised so much hell at Galax High School they had to send him off to a military academy. And there was the baby, my Aunt Beulah, who would be President of the Student Body at Radford College and today lives surrounded by her children and grandchildren on a farm near Jackson, Tennessee. Granddaddy outlived my father (b.1913-d.1947) and Aunt Ila (b.1908-d.1954) by a good number of years, and their premature deaths were the great grief of his existence. (Troy died in 1970.)

It was my father Price who claimed he first saw the Depression coming. He was at William and Mary by then and he hit the road running for law school and got in another year or so before the Crash hit and that was that. I have mentioned elsewhere that he stole his law books, studied on his own with Galax Mayor Decosta Woltz and Judge Horace Sutherland, passed the bar exam and

mailed the books back to the law school.

At 19, Price had to wait two years before he was leagally allowed to practice law. In the meanwhile there was a busted restaurant business to get back on the road, and with my father's help and mainly with the strong and feisty, devoted shoulders of my Aunt Ila, Troy Goodson reopened Goodson's Snappy Lunch Cafe on West Grayson Street, right behind Main Street and the First National Bank. And again, for a short while, he prospered and became famous all over Grayson and Carroll Counties for his home cooking and for his natural-born human kindness to man, woman and child, of whatever race, creed or color.

Granddaddy was fairly flush before the 1950's. I remember as a child when he knocked down the wall to the store next door doubled the size of the restaurant. Like all mountaineers back in those days, he was a Republican, for the very precise reason that the entire Byrd machine down in the flatlands was Democrat.

I remember vividly also when Granddaddy started repainting the restaurant around 1948. He told everybody proudly that after the inauguration he was going to invite Mr. Dewey down to Galax to eat dinner with him. The day after Harry Truman won the election (to everybody's general surprise), Granddaddy stopped painting and certain parts of the cafe would remain two-toned to the very end.

Troy lost his two eldest children, as I have already mentioned, and the Eisenhower '50's didn't really bring him a whole lot of luck, though they brought me a university education toward the end - my diploma at Chapel Hill was the second university degree in the family after my Aunt Beulah's at Radford and my Masters of Arts was, I suppose, the first graduate degree in (our) Goodson history.

To me, the struggle of Troy Goodson to maintain quality and survive in the 1950's, the desperate struggle of the small businessman to survive under changing and degenerating economic circumstances, will always be represented by his losing battle over the price of a cup of coffee.

Nobody ever questioned that Troy Goodson made the best coffee in town. He hand picked expensive coffee - he would only buy one brand - and he had two great metal dripolators with huge cloth filters - he didn't believe in percolator coffee except in a pot on an open fire, and then you had to be real careful it didn't cook too long.

Granddaddy believed that his regular morning customers ought to have their furst cup of coffee for a nickle and the second cup for free. In the early 1950's he agonized for months before he finally had a sign painted that said: "First cup of coffee 5 cents, second cup 5 cents." Months again, years even, before he was forced to take the fateful step, so contrary to his in-born sense of hospitality: "Coffee 10 cents a cup." I don't think Granddaddy ever got over the rise in the price of coffee, or the fact that he couldn't always dish out second and third "holpin's" of everthing - the way he was brought up on the mountain, you just didn't treat people thataway!

My great-grandmother (Mollie Sandefur Lowe Galyean) went first, when I was still at Galax High School. We buried her in Low Gap. My Grandmaw (Bessie Lowe Goodson) died right around the time that Goodson's Cafe burnt down, in 1961. Granddaddy died some nine years later. Now, Troy and Bessie Goodson lie side by side in the Goodson Graveyard, up at the foot of Fishers Peak. The Blue Ridge Mountains have recalled their own.

~~~~~

FOOTNOTE: RODGER PRICE GOODSON died 25  
December 2000 in Switzerland and in June 2001 was laid

to rest beside his beloved granddaddy, Troy Goodson at the Goodson Cemetery (Graveyard) in Grayson County, VA.



## **GOOD HOME COOKIN' by Rodger Price Goodson**

[April 1985]

I have tried to describe elsewhere my Granddaddy Troy Goodson as owner and sole prop. of Goodson's Cafe on West Grayson Street in Galax, Virginia, from the Depression until the restaurant finally burned down in 1962. What I wasn't really able to get at was his cooking, and his Christian charity. Somehow they both go together.

Granddaddy said he learned how to cook because, as (next to) the youngest of five sons in the cabin at the Goodson Settlement at the foot of Fishers Peak, he always had to "help Moma get dinner for the rest of them." What made his cooking so good is another matter.

For one thing, in my opinion, it was partly because he learned to cook over an open fire, and because he was on a first-name, first-hand familiarity with every ingredient he ever used. But his was "good ole home cookin'." There was nothing at all fancy about it: not a drop of wine in a sauce or a gravy, not a dab of spice beyond salt and pepper (except in his home-made sausage), not even a dash of whiskey.

Granddaddy was a fatback and frying pan cook. I never knew him to use any other grease than pork drippings, except for butter, or any other weapon besides a skillet,

except for a cookpot to bile his taters in. In the old days, as everybody knows, the hogs ranged the mountain all summer long, getting fat; then they were "druv in" and butchered in the fall. As everybody knows, when they got done butcherin', there wasn't nothin' left on that pig but the whistle! Troy Goodson made the best country sausage I ever tasted, but somebody who knows more about it than I do will have to seend in the righ recipe. And of course he fried it in round hamburger patties, as Southerners tend to do, where as in Europe (or in Pensylvania or Wisconsin, for that matter) they stuffed the sausage into the pig's intestines, and it came out looking somthing like your common frankfurter or hotdog - tru sausage lovers will appreciate that I have left out a whole range of regional sausages still available, at least in Europe.

I Kon't even need to say that Granddaddy's real specialty was country ham. Of course, he didn't put a lick of grease in the pan to cook that, but when I knew him best, he'd been cooking ham for nigh on to 50 years and he knew just when to turn it and just what heat to cook it at.

His pan-fried potatoes came next, and to the best of my memory he first "biled them up" with chopped onions in whater in his frying pan, then drained off the water, dropped his glob of pig fat in there and fried his tater slices good and proper.

But I still haven't got to Troy Goodson's secret weapon: his white flour gravy. Ham grease, flour and then, at just the right moment, milk, a little salt and pepper, and nothing else a-tall.

Whenever Grandmaw and Granddaddy had a family feast at the restaurant, particularly in my father's time, there would be pan-fried fresh trout in season or pan-fried pearch, there would be country ham, turkey, fried chicken, pork, beef, there would be taters and sweet taters, maters,

tommytoe tomaters, cow-cumbers, string beans, lilma beans, navy beans, green peas, blackeyed peas, boiled corn on the cob, fresh shelled corn. . . Granddaddy always had his contacts for fresh food in season from up on the mountain. Then there would be aoubt five different kinds of homemade desert, and Grandmaw (Goodson) would always say before she sat down, in her demure Low Gap country girl way: "Well, we ain't got much, but you're right welcome to what they is!"

Without a doubt, Granddaddy's favorite cooking was done on an open fire up on the mountain. With the construction of the Blue Ridge Parkway came the Cumberland Knob park, with any number of proper stone outdoor fireplaces and picnic tables where you can park your car and have a cookout. Right there on the turf of his childhood, where he had farmed, hunted, and cooked, Granddaddy would carefully build his fire - I've never seen a man who knew so much about building fires, or banking them up to last through the night - then put on a big white restaurant apron and set in to work with a couple of great big frying pans, and all us kids stepping and fetching for him with considerable enthusiasm. Often enough, all the women in the family got to do was sice the tomatoes and sit around and watch (and, of course, wash up the pots and fry pans - in my time Granddaddy used paper plates when he cooked outdoors, like everybody else).

~~~~~

This site is under construction by:

Jalanda York Smith
Tucson, AZ
e-mail: Jalandays1@aol.com



Taken by the within Named Joseph Martin and by him
Delivered to the within Named John Davis to be by him held
According to the within written Indenture

Received the day and year within Mentioned of the within
Named John Davis Ten Shillings it being the Consider-
ation within Mentioned

Louisiana
County
Deed Book
D

Ma Court Held for Louisiana County on the 21st day of March
1757

Joe Martin 

This Indenture &c was this day in open
Court proved by the oaths of two of the Witnesses thereto
and is by the Court Admitted to Record &c Recorded
Test

James Littlepage Clerk

This Indenture made this 11th day of March in the year
of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Fifty Eight Between
John Snow and Sarah his wife and John Goddall of the County of
Orange of the other Part Witnesseth that the said John Snow & Sarah
his wife for and in Consideration of the Sum of Thirty Pounds current
Money of Virginia to him in hand paid by the said John Goddall
before the Ensigning & delivery of these Presents the Receipt where
of he the said John Snow and Sarah his Wife doth Acknowledge &
Confess themselves fully satisfied & paid and thereof do clearly Acquit
Exonerate and discharge the said John Goddall his Heirs
Executors Administrators and assigns forever and by
These Presents have given granted bargained sold conveyed
and confirmed and by these Presents do fully clearly
and Absolutely Bargain Sell convey and confirm unto
The said John Goddall his heirs and assigns forever
One certain Tract or Parcel of Land containing by
Supposition Two Hundred Acres be the same more or

21-Mar-1994

Family group sheet

Husband: Leander L. Goodson #11266

Born: cir. 1793 in: VA
Baptized: in:
Died: after 1880 in: Grayson Co., VA
Buried: Goodson Cem. in: Grayson Co., VA
Other: in:
Ref: Occupation: Farmer
Father:
Mother:

Wife: Polly Miller #11570

Married: 14-Jun-1825 in: Wythe County, VA
Marr. Ceremony? Y/N: Divorced/Annulled/Separated: End Year:

Born: in: Wythe County, VA
Baptized: in:
Died: in:
Buried: in:
Other: in:
Ref: Occupation:
Father:
Mother:

Wife: Nancy Brannock #11267

Married: cir. 1840 in: North Carolina
Marr. Ceremony? Y/N: Divorced/Annulled/Separated: End Year:

Born: cir. 1820 in: NC
Baptized: in:
Died: in: Grayson Co., VA
Buried: Goodson Cem. in: Grayson Co., VA
Other: in:
Ref: Occupation: Midwife and baby doctor
Father: Train Brannock #10748
Mother: Kenely Jane (?) #10749

1 F Eliza Goodson #11268	Born: 1840	Surry Co., NC
	Died:	Grayson Co, VA
	Buried:	
2 F Prudence Goodson #11269	Born: 1842	Surry Co., NC
sp. David Norman #11293	Married:	
	Died:	
	Buried:	
3 M Joseph Goodson #11270	Born: 1844	Surry Co., NC
sp. Martha Smith #11292	Married:	
sp. Jane Smith #11302	Married:	
	Died:	
	Buried:	
4 M Elijah John Goodson #11271	Born: 1841	Grayson Co., VA
sp. Sarah Caroline Shrader #11588	Married: 9-Jan-1864	Wythe Co., VA
Born: 1841	Died: 7-Jan-1865	Indianapolis, Indiana
	Buried:	Green Lawn Cemetery Grave #1246

From the files of Betty A. Pilson, P. O. Box 742, Stuart, VA (703) 694-5963

(Family of Leander L. Goodson - Continued)

5	M	Thomas Jefferson Goodson #11272	Born: 1845	Grayson Co., VA
		sp. Sarah "Sallie" #11289	Married:	
		Born: 1852	Died:	
		Died:	Buried:	
6	M	Train R. Goodson #11211	Born: 1843	Grayson Co., VA
		sp. Marry J. Bedsaul #11212	Married:	
		Born: 1843	Died: 12-Mar-1925	Grayson Co., VA
		Died: 5-Jan-1927	Buried: Grayson Co., VA Goodson Family Cem.	
7	M	Benjamin Goodson #11273	Born: 6-Apr-1843	Surry County, NC
		sp. Edith Virginia Lowe #11291	Married:	
		Born: 10-15-1852	Died: 2-25-1927	Grayson Co., VA
		Died: 28-Aug-1946	Buried: Goodson Family Cemetery	
8	M	Moses G. Goodson #11274	Born: March, 1846	Grayson Co., VA
		sp. Laura Ann Howlett #11279	Married: 18-Apr-1872	Carroll Co., VA
		Born: Jan., 1845	Died:	Grayson Co., VA
		Died: 1900-1910	Buried: Goodson Family Cem.	
9	F	Mary A. Goodson #12845	Born: 1847	Grayson Co., VA
			Died:	
			Buried:	
10	M	Charles Goodson #11275	Born: March, 1850	Grayson Co., VA
		sp. Gestin (Justin)Jeston Lowe #11528	Married: cir. 1873	Grayson Co., VA
		Born: 7-May-1848	Died:	
		Died: 13-Apr-1923	Buried:	
11	F	Jane Goodson #11276	Born: 1865	Grayson County, VA
		sp. Samuel Lowe #11278	Married:	Grayson Co., VA
			Died:	
			Buried:	
12	M	George Goodson #11277	Born: 1866	Grayson County, VA
			Died:	
			Buried:	

From the files of Betty A. Pilson, P. O. Box 742, Stuart, VA (703) 694-5963

**EXCERPT FROM 1880 GRAYSON COUNTY, VA.
CENSUS**

Household No.	Head of Household	Household No.	Head of Household
#76	John Bedsaul	#93	Albert Hodge
#77	William Jennings	#94	Alex Stamey
#78	Jefferson Goodson	#95	White Stamey
#79	Leander Goodson	#96	Berry Wilson
#80	Benjamin Goodson	#97	Clark Brannock
#81	Eli Goodson	#98	Wilson Brannock
#82	Train Goodson	#99	W. E. Higgins
#83	Alex Melton	#100	H. P. Higgins
#84	Freel Brannock		
#85	Lemuel Winesett		
#86	Floyd Brannock		
#87	Benjamin Brannock		
#88	Jerry Wilson		
#89	Clark South		
#90	William D. Woods		
#91	Letticia Woods		
#92	Hasten Edwards		

24-Mar-1993

Family group sheet

Husband: Moses G. Goodson #11274

Born: March, 1846 in: Grayson Co., VA
 Baptized: in:
 Died: in: Grayson Co., VA
 Buried: in: Goodson Family Cem.
 Other: in:
 Ref: Occupation: Tanner
 Father: Leander L. Goodson #11266
 Mother: Nancy Brannock #11267

Wife: Laura Ann Howlett #11279
 Married: 18-Apr-1872 in: Carroll Co., VA
 Other: in: at home of Amos Shockley, Minister
 Marr. Ceremony? Y/N: Divorced/Annulled/Separated: End Year:

Born: Jan., 1845 in: Carroll Co., VA
 Baptized: in:
 Died: 1900-1910 in: Carroll Co., VA
 Buried: in:
 Other: in:
 Ref: Occupation:
 Father: Pleasant Howlett #11571
 Mother: Elizabeth #11572

1 F Virginia Goodson #11280	Born: 1875	Carroll Co., VA
	Died:	
	Buried:	
2 F Eliza J. Goodson #11281	Born: 1--Sep-1878	Carroll Co., VA
sp. John Shore #11499	Married: 12-Feb-1897	Carroll Co., VA
Born: 6-27-1873	Died: 5-18-1934	Grayson Co., VA
Died: 9--Mar-1959	Buried:	Snow Hill Primitive Baptist Church Cem.
3 M Thomas Shelby Goodson #11204	Born: 1871	Surry Co., NC
sp. Caroline M. Dickens #11205	Married: 18-Dec-1894	Carroll Co., VA
Born: 2-Aug-1881	Died: 1950	Grayson Co., VA
Died: 13-Nov-1917	Buried: Grayson Co., VA	Goodson Family Cem.
4 M Shadrack Goodson #11282	Born: 1880	Carroll Co., VA
	Died: young	with dropsy
	Buried:	Coleman Primitive Baptist Church Cem.
5 F Ida P. Goodson #11574	Born: 8-Aug-1882	Carroll Co., VA
	Died:	
	Buried:	
6 F Lelia Etta Goodson #11283	Born: 8-28-1874	Carroll Co., VA
sp. Seymour Brannock #11868	Married:	
sp. _____ Payne #11869	Married:	
	Died: 1-19-1950	Carroll Co., VA
	Buried:	Coleman Primitive Baptist Church Cem.
7 F Betty Jane Goodson #11284	Born: 8-Jul-1887	Carroll Co., VA
sp. Troy Cockerham #11260	Married:	Carroll Co., VA
Born: 1892	Died: 8-Sep-1958	Carroll Co., VA
Died: 1953	Buried: Carroll Co., VA	Oakland Church Cemetery
8 F Celia Goodson #11497	Born: 25-Jun-1891	Carroll County, VA
sp. Robert Barker #11498	Married: 10-Mar-1910	Carroll Co., VA
Born: 12-7-1877	Died: 18-Nov-1978	Carroll County, VA
Died: 6-30-1942	Buried:	Coleman Primitive Baptist Church Cem.