MATOHE
A LABOUR OF LOVE

By Cathy Smoot Carson
For
MY GRANDDAUGHTERS
TRACY MICHELLE and AMANDA KATHERINE

In Memory Of
MY GRANDMOTHER
MARY JANE JACK SHANKS
1877----1956

and

EMORY NICKOL VESS
1897----1985

DEDICATED
To
ANGIE ELLEN JACK BURKE
1895----19
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A SPECIAL LADY

Mentioned in the acknowledgments is a lady deserving an extra special recognition for her contributions to this book. The writing of "MATOHE" was a direct result of her research and never ceasing interest and helpfulness. She cared enough to help make my dream become a reality.

This special lady is Mildred B. Oliver, better known as Molly. A lady of many talents, "Aunt" Molly is a wife, a mother of seven, a grandmother of eight, a professional genealogist, and my "adopted" aunt. (Because my family and I care for her so dearly, we decided to adopt her.)

Molly became associated with MATOHE in January 1983, and over the course of the last five years, her patience, generosity, and understanding enabled me to delve deeper and deeper into my ancestry, further than I had ever dreamed of going.

The conception of "MATOHE" was mine, but the reality of its being belongs to "Aunt" Molly. Without her "MATOHE" would still be my unfulfilled dream.

Recalling the unsolved mysteries, the family secrets, the amusing anecdotes, the hilarity, the frequent frustrations, and the down-right hard work that we shared during the past five years, I give to you, "Aunt" Molly, my thanks, my deep appreciation, and my love.

Your "adopted" niece
Cathy
IN APPRECIATION

I especially wish to thank
DOROTHY DONOVAN
for typing the manuscript,
accompanying me to Rehobeth
and sharing a dream with me.
Today, we share the birth of that dream,
Together.
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The information in this book was collected and assembled with much encouragement and help from my family and friends. I especially wish to thank Aunt Thelma Shanks Davis Barker for all of her contributions and for making me aware of my Indian ancestry.

My thanks also go to Pearl Shanks McCoy for sharing her knowledge of the Shanks family with me and for providing me with access to her family Bible. I, likewise, thank Aunt Mary Shanks, Mrs. Nina Schanagel and Mrs. Virginia V. Field for giving me many old family pictures which I will always treasure. Also, I thank Virginia Field for her monetary assistance and contributions of family documents and records.

I am especially grateful to the Jack and Vess descendants living in Bath County today whom I have come to know through their gracious hospitality and assistance; and to my friends, Margaret, Henry, and Doris Vess who so readily accepted me into their lives.

Similarly, many persons whom I have not yet met shared their knowledge of the family with me through letters and telephone conversations. To these people I extend my thanks.

I express deep appreciation to my special friend, Gwendolyn Campbell, who was always there for me, continually providing wisdom, understanding, and encouragement. Her belief in my creative abilities not only fostered my self confidence, but also instilled within me the desire to accomplish those things which she thought I was capable of achieving.

I am most indebted to Molly B. Oliver of Maryland who researched this history, documented her findings, and in so doing, became my valued friend. For all of her contributions, including the many hours that she spent working on this project--many at her own expense--I sincerely thank her.

And to my husband and daughters for their patience and understanding, and for "sharing the past" with me while I traveled deep into the generations, I give my thanks and unending love.

Most especially, I thank my great-aunt, Angie Ellen Jack Burke, for all of the above mentioned contributions, the greatest of which is her abundant gift of love.
THE SETTING: REHOBETH

First, let me say that I have trouble drawing a straight line, and never before have I sketched a picture. Like the writing of this book, the preceding illustration is a first -- primitive art in its most primitive form.

Encouraged by my friends, Gwendolyn Campbell and Robin Witt, I relied upon ideas extracted from the text of the story and subsequently, attempted to create a drawing which would, within its hushed stillness, express the sentiments set forth in "MATOHE--A LABOUR OF LOVE." Included in the resulting scene are the mountains, the frame-work embracing the events in this story; the arrows, representing my Indian heritage; the gnarled apple trees, reminiscent of those which stood on the crest of Matohe and on the Shanks' property in Amherst County; the little country church and cemetery nestled in the mountains of Bath County, the place where I whispered to Nannie a final "goodbye"; the Confederate States of America Civil War emblem, a rubbing taken from my great-grandfather's tombstone; and the fence in a state of disrepair, its wire rusted and tangled with age, a remnant of the past, symbolic of the vanishing years.

I am glad that I adhered to my friends' advice, electing to create the art work myself. The feeling of satisfaction now belongs to me. To Gwendolyn Campbell and Robin Witt, for their insight, helpful suggestions, and enthusiasm, I extend my sincere gratitude.
Although, the possibility of personally researching my mother's ancestry had never entered my mind—not, that is, until a day six years ago—I think I had always harbored a subconscious desire to "know" my ancestors.

Standing beside my Grandmother Shanks' grave in Rehobeth Church Cemetery in Millboro, Virginia, one afternoon in 1982, I suddenly knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that I was going to write this family history, or at least try.

For me, wrapped in my memories of Grandmother, it was a moment in which time stood still. In the solitary quietness of the cemetery, I found waiting for me the courage, the initiative, and the inspiration that I needed to accomplish the task which I realized was mine to achieve.

Prior to the awareness, the searching, and the writing, there had been a crisis within my immediate family which had changed our outlook on life and made us each cognizant of the need and love we shared together. In an indirect way, this traumatic problem also led to the conception and writing of "MATOHE."

I am referring to the craniotomy I underwent on 11 July 1980, in the Lynchburg General Hospital in Lynchburg, Virginia. During this surgical procedure, an egg-sized tumor was removed from the lining of the frontal area of my brain.

Being informed by the doctor that I had a brain tumor was, to say the least, an overwhelming experience. Most people are fortunate enough to never hear such a diagnosis; I had a tumor and I heard the diagnosis. I also listened to the prognosis—one of probable blindness, paralysis, or death.

A manuscript detailing the complete account of this surgical procedure and its aftermath, which I wrote following the surgery, has been bought by a magazine for publication; therefore I cannot repeat it in this history in its identical form, but I have included a differently worded version entitled "SARAH AND MARCIE" within this text.

During my days of recuperation, I began thinking about Nannie (Mary Jane Jack) Shanks. Constantly, memories of my grandmother floated to the surface of my mind. I believe that because I had been so close to death, Nannie had somehow reached out to me at a critical point during the days I spent in the Neurological Intensive Care Unit, or during the surgery itself.

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During my grandmother's life, we had shared a closeness not common between most people. This relationship, I think, you will see revealed throughout the pages of this book.

During the remainder of the summer of 1980 and the following year, the past was continually seeping into my conscious being. It soon made itself apparent in the form of a great and urgent desire to travel to Millboro, Virginia and visit Nannie's gravesite in Rehobeth Church Cemetery. It had been twenty-five years since her burial there and at least fifteen years since my last visit.

The family members living east of the Blue Ridge Mountains, as a rule, returned to Millboro, Virginia, for reunions and funerals only; therefore, contact with my Bath County relatives always had been minimal. When the reunions ceased, after the deaths of the elder relatives, the visits and correspondence, likewise, decreased, becoming almost non-existent.

Due in part to this lack of association, I found it necessary to "start from scratch," as the saying goes, when I began my research relating to the family history. My "scratch" was, however, of the highest quality in the form of my great-aunt, Angie Jack Burke.

Throughout the period of my recovery, while the bruises on my forehead were fading and my hair was reappearing, I had time to reflect on my own life--past and present. After an initial bout of nervous depression, I pulled myself together and, with a pencil in my hand, began to write--not this history, but another.

I had been given a second chance, a special gift from God, and I knew this gift of time afforded me an opportunity wherein I might accomplish something special and worthwhile. God had spared my life for a purpose, and I knew He had a plan for me; although I knew not what. I also was aware that, when the season was right, my "purpose under Heaven" would be shown to me.

My first grandchild, a girl, was born in January of 1981, and she occupied much of my time during that year, but all the while, I never lost the desire to return to Rehobeth.

In the early part of 1982, I went on my long desired pilgrimage to Millboro, Virginia. On a cold afternoon in March, standing beside Nannie's grave, in the secluded mountainous area of Bath County, I knew what I had to do.

I knew many of my ancestral roots were deeply embedded within the numerous peaks and valleys of Bath, Augusta, and Rockbridge Counties.
Some had, I suspected, most likely originated many miles to the north or in other countries. I wanted to search for those roots, digging to find their deep-seated origins.

Above all else, I realized I had identified the worthwhile objective for which I had been looking. The season was right; two years after receiving my special gift of life, I knew why I had constantly been reminded of my Grandmother Shanks and our life together. These memories had been laying the groundwork and subconsciously preparing me to write the story which I have now completed.

The first root which I traced led me to Aunt Angie Burke, Nannie's youngest sister and only living sibling. Using her huge assortment of memories, I began writing this history. I've tried to preserve the memory of Nannie, of my mother, of my brother, and of all the other ancestors in my family.

Through the eyes of Aunt Angie, who is so like Nannie, and with the help of many people who supported my efforts, I collected, assembled, and preserved in writing some of our history, hoping that future generations will be aware of and appreciate our diverse ancestry.

To each of us worthy of the distinction of calling ourselves descendants of Abraham Jacke, Bishop Henry Shank, James Crow, Johann Brecht/Bright, and Hiram Vess I, herein is our story.
INTRODUCTION

Matohe is an Indian word derived from the Siouan language combining "mato" meaning bear and "he" meaning mountain, hence, Bear Mountain.

Indian folklore has always claimed a part of my romantic self, and along with my love for the mountains, "Matohe" seemed to be the word which somehow expressed my deep feelings for both.

The Tobacco Row Mountain Range includes, among others, the mountains we call Potato Hill, High Peak, and Bear. These three, along with Mill Mountain, in Bath County, have been around for more years than we can ever imagine. And what stories might they tell if they were able to converse with those of us who dwell thereon and nearby! How easy writing this history would have been if verbal communication between us had been possible. Even an old bear or two may have had some tales to tell!

Most of my life I have lived in the foothills of the Tobacco Row Mountains. While researching this book, my ties to this mountain range, and Matohe in particular, became apparent. My ties to Mill Mountain had long ago been established, learned from the stories which my Grandmother Shanks had related to me during my childhood.

In this book I have tried to show the relationship between each of the four mountains and my family. Some relationships were more complex than others, but this complexity was the ingredient which made the researching and developing of the story intriguing.

This is a book composed of recollections of many people. It is a collection of stories and memories handed down through the generations. It is a memoir of factual historical data. It is a diary of private observations. It is a sampling of fictitious short stories based on true experiences, and it is a portrait of personal profiles of members of our family as seen through my eyes.

The history within these pages is as complete and as accurate as I am able to write it. In a romantic history such as this, it is sometimes quite natural to make assumptions if the complete facts and dates are not available. If at any point I have done so, it is noted therein.

In the summer of 1982, my great-aunt, Angie Jack Burke, came to visit me, bringing with her almost eighty-seven years of memories. Seen through her eyes, the accounts in this book came alive for me.
On a warm night in July 1982, Aunt Angie, sitting on the sofa beside me, recounted the stories and happenings which she remembered regarding the past. With these memories, Aunt Angie laid the foundation for this book; others, especially Molly Oliver, who became associated with this endeavor in 1983, added the pieces which make it complete.

I will always regard the monumental task of researching, collecting, compiling, and typing the pages of this history as none other than A LABOUR OF LOVE.

My wish is that each reader will see it as such.

Cathy S. Carson

Angie Jack Burke and Cathy S. Carson
1986
The characters within this book provided me with considerable insight into the past. Each possessed a personality uniquely his own. A few were prosperous men; some, less so. A few were outspoken while others were of a quieter breed. Collectively, they were men who walked down the path of life as they saw fit. Some of them may have taken a harder route than others, but in the end, I am sure, their lives were profitable and worthwhile. They each made a lasting and profound impression on the mind of this descendant. I hope they will be an inspiration to you, the reader, and touch your heart as they touched mine.

The first section of this book is comprised of the names of most of my direct ancestors. I have attempted to introduce each of them in family groupings, using a pedigree-type arrangement.

As you will notice, many of the spaces are blank. Hopefully, these empty spots will not unduly interfere with the continuity of the history as it is known and compiled.

At the conclusion of each family grouping, I have listed a brief set of relating references. Likewise, I've provided notations throughout, showing referrals within the entirety of the book.

In order to conserve space I have abbreviated some words and clauses. Great-great-great-grandfather may be written as "my 3rd great-grandfather;" great-great-great-grandmother may be written as "my 4th great-grandmother;" son of Letasse and Martha Bright Shanks may be written as "(s/o Letasse/Martha B. Shanks);" daughter of Benjamin Faucett may be written as "(d/o Benj. Faucett)." A direct ancestor is designated by an asterick.

I realize that the names of the descendants of Letasse and Martha Bright Shanks and those of George and Sarah Susan Vess Jack are not listed in their entirety. In this instance, as well as throughout the total text, I tried to accurately present the history as it was revealed to me. Much of the data which I would like to have had was not forthcoming, hence the many blank spaces. Nevertheless, I hope I have compiled an interesting family history.

Cathy S. Carson
THE PEOPLE
"AN INTRODUCTION TO AUTHOR'S KIN"

RICHARD (DICK) MICHAEL TURPIN*

Author's 8th great grandfather, Shepherd, highwayman; Beheaded
b. 1585 Yorkshire, England
d. 1649 Yorkshire, England
i. St. George's Churchyard "near the River Foss," Yorkshire, England
m. unknown
ch: Michael Philip I and others

MICHAEL PHILIP TURPIN I*

Came to America c1655
b. c1630 Yorkshire, England
d. what was then Henrico County, Va.
   (The parent county of Cumberland, Powhatan and Bedford Counties)
m. unknown
ch: Michael Philip II*, John, Matthew, others

MICHAEL PHILIP TURPIN II*

The son most likely the author's ancestor
b. 1655 Yorkshire, England
d. 14 August 1718 Henrico County, Va.
m. Martha Skirm Henrico County, Va.
ch: Michael Philip III, John, others

Refer to Individual Family Sheets at beginning of each chapter for detailed data pertaining to persons designated "children" in this opening chapter.

MICHAEL PHILIP TURPIN III*

Son of Michael II; the most likely ancestor next in the direct line
b. c1715 Probably in Henrico County, Va.
d. c1796 Will dated 7 Sept.1795; proved 6 June 1796 (WB 1-343)
m. Betsy Redcross (?)
ch: John, Miles, Elisha, Henry, Mary, Martha, Elizabeth
   (at times, Miles was referred to as George or George Miles)
MATTHEW TURPIN
Son of Michael I
b. 1664
Probably in Henrico County, Va.
d.
m. unknown
ch: Henry, others

HENRY TURPIN
Son of Matthew
b.
d. after 1782
Will dated 18 Oct. 1782
m. Ann
ch: Will listed 3 daughters and 4 sons, including George, Jeremiah, and Henry II. Henry II inherited his father's home plantation.

GEORGE MILES TURPIN*
Son of Michael III, and the most likely ancestor in the direct line
b. c1730
Probably in Henrico County, Va.
d.
m. unknown
Probably in Bedford County, Va.
ch: Editha (?) and others

EDITHA TURPIN*
Author's 3rd great-grandmother
b. 1785
Probably in Kentucky
d. after 1832
m. George Brooks
16 August 1804
Barren County, Kentucky
ch: Nathan
b. 10 August 1805
Mary
b. 1 May 1807
John H.
b. 5 October 1808
Nancy H.
b. 20 April 1810
Rhoda A.
b. 4 April 1812
Lilly Ann
b. 8 November 1814
Joshua H. (or W.)
b. 12 August 1815
Miles B.
b. 20 February 1817
Jeremiah Vardiman
b. 2 May 1819
Celia L.
b. 30 November 1820
Sarah Susan
b. 17 November 1822
Augusta County, Va.

(Author's great-great-grandmother, wife of George W. Vess)
George Washington  
 b. 7 March 1825  
 Augusta County, Va.

Editha R.  
 b. 5 April 1826

Johnson A.  
 b. 12 January 1828

Harriet M.  
 b. 8 March 1830

Jacob L.  
 b. 12 June 1832

The first ten children were born in Barren County, Kentucky; two in Augusta County, Virginia, and the last four were born in Hart County, Kentucky.

References: George Brooks Family Bible--Morman Library

Refer to BROOKS/TURPIN HISTORY.

**SAMUEL ROBERT BROOKS***

b.  
d.  
m. Mary Hutchens/Hutchins  
8 May 1762 (or 14 November 1761), Frederick County, Va.  
Quakers; Cedar Creek Friends Meeting (House); moved to Henrico County, Va.

ch: George W. I, others?

**GEORGE BROOKS I***

Author's 3rd great-grandfather  
b. c1765  
d.  
m. #1 Mary Grass  
(d/o Jacob)  
16 March 1786  
Augusta County, Va.  
(Augusta County, Va. Marriage Record)

m. #2 Editha Turpin  
(d/o George Miles)  
16 August 1804  
Barren County, Ky.  
(Microfilm of Marriage Record)

(See Editha Turpin Brooks)
Jeremiah V. Brooks and wife, Huldah____, had a child named Editha Brooks, (b. 7 December 1849 in Hart County, Kentucky.)

References:
1. Barren County, Kentucky 1810 Census
2. Barren County, Kentucky Land Records
3. Barren County, Kentucky Marriage Records (microfilm)
4. Bath County, Virginia Birth, Death, and Marriage Records
5. Frederick County, Virginia Records
6. Hart County, Kentucky Marriage Records
7. Henrico County Deeds
8. Rockbridge County, Virginia Marriage Records
9. Turpin Family Histories
10. Wills

THOMAS CROW* OF ESSEX COUNTY, VA.
Author's 8th great-grandfather
b. c1600
d.
m. unknown
ch: At least two—John, and a daughter who married 1 March 1685 in New Kent County, Virginia, one Thomas Butler.

JOHN CROW*
Author's 7th great-grandfather
b. 1654 Essex County, Va.
d.
m. Elizabeth Russell (or Dobyns) 1675, Essex County, Va.
ch: Thomas I, Eleanor, Judith, Mary, John, Jr., William, Sarah, Anne, (b. between 1677 and 1691, Essex County, Va.)

THOMAS CROW*
Author's 6th great-grandfather
b. 1677 Essex County, Va.
d.
m. unknown 1710, Augusta County, Va.
ch: James I, Robert, William, Deborah (b. between 1710 and 1745)

JAMES CROW I*
Author's 5th great-grandfather
b. c1710
d.
m. Eleanor Dobyns (Russell) before 1762.
ch: Walter, Philip, Thomas II, Elizabeth, Fanny, William, John, Mary, 
Margaret, Nancy, Mathias, Robert, Rebecca

WILLIAM CROW*
   Author’s 4th great-grandfather
b. c1726
m. Margaret Lewis Long, widow 19 November 1760
   ch: John J., Andrew Lewis, Philip I, others

d. c1791

WILLIAM LYNN*
   Author’s 6th great-grandfather; "Laird of Loch Lynn"
b. c1660 Ireland
   m. Margaret Patton
   (An ancestor of General George Patton)
d. 1729 Ireland
   ch: Margaret, others

MARGARET LYNN*
   Author’s 5th great-grandmother
b. 3 July 1693 Ireland or Scotland
   d. 1733 NE of Staunton, Va.
m. John Lewis 1715 Ireland
   b. Donegal, Ireland

John Lewis, founder of Staunton, Virginia and first settler in Augusta 
County, was the son of Andrew and Mary Calhoun (Colquhoun) Lewis.
Andrew was from Wales and Mary was from Scotland.

MARGARET LYNN LEWIS*
   Author’s 4th great-grandmother
b. 1726 Donegal, Ireland
m. #1 William Long
   ch: William Long, Jr.
d.

m. #2 William Crow 19 November 1760
   ch: John J. (James or Jackson), Andrew Lewis, Philip I, others

(See WILLIAM CROW, listed previously.)

Apparently between 1797--1800, Margaret, after William's death, moved 
to Kentucky.
References:
1. Deeds of Augusta, Botetourt, and Bath Counties of Virginia
2. John and Elizabeth Crow Family Bible
4. Lynn Family History/Records
5. Lewis Family History/Records

JOHN REDCROSS I*
Author’s 4th great-grandfather
b. 1757
Amherst County, Va.
d. 1851
m. unknown
ch: John, Jr., Nancy, Sarah (Sally), Eliza, others

SARAH (SALLY) REDCROSS*
Author’s 3rd great-grandmother
b. c1789
Amherst County, Va.
d. 5 November 1807
m. John J. Crow
Washington County, Va.
ch: Elizabeth, Lewis, Lindsey (twins), Catherine, Mary
(See additional data listed under John J. Crow)

References:
1. American Census Books, 1785 and 1790
2. Houck, Peter, "Indian Island in Amherst County," pp. 52, 62, 63, 66, 115
3. Reig, “EARLY OHIOAN’S RESIDENCES”
4. Washington County Marriages

JOHN J. CROW*
Author’s great-great-grandfather
b. c1765
Probably in Augusta County, Va.
d. 13 March 1787
m. #1 Willana Phipps
(S/o Joshua)
Botetourt County, Va.
m. #2 Sarah Redcross
5 November 1807
Washington County, Va.
ELIZABETH CROW/GROAH*
Author’s great-great-grandmother
b. 26 September 1810  
Ohio

d. 14 January 1892  
Augusta County, Va.

m. Peter Bright  
25 August 1828  
Augusta County, Va.

ch: eleven --See listed under Peter Bright

References:
1. Augusta County Marriages  
2. Augusta County 1850 Census  
3. Family Bible belonging to Peter Bright  
4. Washington County Marriages

MICHAEL SHANK - THE IMMIGRANT *  
Author’s 5th great-grandfather
(Original spelling was SCHENK or SCHENCK)
b. 1651  
Probably in Wurttemberg,  
Germany

d.  
Most likely in Pa.

m. Mary  
ch: Michael, Jr., John Tobias  
(Michael, Jr. sold land in Lancaster County, Pa. in 1772)

MICHAEL SHANK, JR.*  
Author’s 4th great-grandfather
b. c1715  

m. Magdalene Eyeman  
ch: Michael III, Mary, John, Elizabeth, Magdalena, Veronica (Frena),  
Henry

BISHOP HENRY SHANK*  
Author’s 3rd great-grandfather
b. 23 November 1758/59  
Pennsylvania

d. 10 October 1836  
Rockingham County, Va.
i. Lindale Mennonite Cemetery  
Edom, Rockingham County, Va.
m. #1 (Anna) Magdalena Reiff*  
Lancaster County, Pa.
b. 30 October 1762
d. 30 March 1819 Rockingham County, Va.
i. Lindale Mennonite Cemetery Edom, Rockingham County, Va.
ch: John, Mary, Elizabeth, Martin, Peter, Henry II, Frances, Bishop Samuel, Catty, Jacob, Anne, Abraham, Preacher Michael, Preacher Hans John, Andrew, Adam

(See additional data on Family Sheets in SHANKS Chapter.)

m. #2 Elizabeth Heatwole
b. 3 September 1790
d. 3 January 1836
i. Lindale Mennonite Cemetery Edom, Rockingham County, Va.
ch: David, Ann, Barbara, Catherine, Martha Jane, Martin Luther

References
1. Breneman, Dr. C. D., "Descendants of Abraham Breneman"
2. Brunk, Dr. H. A., "History of the Mennonites in Virginia"
3. Gravestones, plus commentary by Dr. Robert Swank of Eastern Mennonite College
4. Heatwole Family Bible--Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia
5. Marriages of Augusta County, Virginia
6. Marriages of Rockbridge County, Virginia
7. Marriages of Rockingham County, Virginia
8. Morton, Oren, "History of Highland County"
9. Priode, "Executors, Administrators, and Guardian Bonds of Rockingham County, 1778--1864--abstracts"
10. Rockingham County 1810 Census

THOMAS HARDWICK*
Great-grandfather of Juliana Hardwick Smith Golladay Shank, the author's great-great-grandmother
b. c1690
d. 1761 Albemarle County, Va.
m. unknown

ROBERT HARDWICK I*
Great-grandfather of Juliana Hardwick Smith Golladay Shank, the author's great-great-grandmother
b. c1740

d. 1784
m. Elizabeth

Lived in Bedford County, Va.
GEORGE HARDWICK*
Father of Juliana Hardwick Smith Golladay Shank
b. c1764
Highland County, Va.
d. 1815
m. Susanna Rice
29 December 1785
(d/o Charles Rice, Sr.)
Bedford County, Va.
b. c1767
Campbell County, Va.
d.
ch: George II, John, Andrew, Daniel, Susanna, Sarah, Elizabeth, Eve, Jacob, Juliann

RICHARD SMITH
Father of Joseph Smith; Father-in-law of Juliana Hardwick Smith
b. 
d.
m. Jane Caruthers 13 April 1786
Augusta County, Va.
b. 
d.

JOSEPH SMITH
Son of Richard Smith
b. 
d.
m. Juliann Hardwick* 27 July 1819
(Juliana, Julia Ann, etc.) recorded in Augusta County, Va.
ch: Andrew Smith
(Julian later married Abraham Golladay and then, for a third time, Hans John Shank, the Mennonite minister.)

Refer to SHANK Chapter, Smith Connection.

References:
1. Amherst County Deeds and Records
2. Augusta County Marriage Records
3. Bedford County Deeds and Records
4. Campbell County Deeds and Records
5. HARDWICK(E) Family Bible
6. Rockbridge County, Virginia Marriage Bonds
HANS JOHN SHANK*  
Mennonite minister; Author's great-great-grandfather  
b. 27 November 1808  
d. unknown  
i. unknown  
m. Juliana Hardwick Smith  
Golladay  
ch: Letasse Delemo, Lidonia E.  

JULIANA HARDWICK *  
Author's great-great-grandmother  
b. 3 August 1800  
d. 1881/82  
i.  
m. #1 Joseph Smith  
26 July 1819  
Augusta County, Va.  
m. #2 Abraham Golladay  
28 March 1822  
Augusta County, Va.  
m. #3 Hans John Shank  
15 July 1830  
Rockbridge County, Va.  
ch: Andrew (child of Joseph Smith), Letasse, Lidonia  

LETASSE DELEMO SHANKS*  
Author's great-grandfather; "Letasse" was also written "Leetassa" in some family records.  
b. 8 June 1831  
Augusta County, Va.  
(according to a family record)  
Rockbridge County, Va.  
(according to public records)  
d. 5 October 1919  
Bath County, Va.  
i. Rehobeth Church Cemetery  
Bath County, Va.  
m. Martha Ann Bright  
20 February 1862  
Green Valley, Bath County, Va.  
ch: John Harrison, William Stuart, Elizabeth, Emma Lee, Charles, Henry, George Gratton, Thomas, Mary, Leola, Edward Earl  

MARTHA ANN BRIGHT*  
Author's great-grandmother  
b. 31 August 1841  
d. 5 June 1920  
Augusta County, Va.  
Bath County, Va.
i. Rehobeth Church Cemetery Bath County, Va.
m. Letasse D. Shanks 20 February 1862
Green Valley, Bath County, Va.

ch: ten -- See Letasse Delemo Shanks.

References:
1. Augusta County Birth, Death, and Marriage Records
2. Augusta County 1850 Census
3. Bath County Birth, Death, and Marriage Records
5. Rockbridge County Birth, Death, and Marriage Records
6. Rockingham County Birth, Death, and Marriage Records

ABRAHAM JACKE*  
Author’s 3rd great-grandfather
b. 1710  
d.  
m. Betsy  
ch: John, Andrew, possibly others

BETSY JACKE*  
Author’s 3rd great-grandmother
b.  
d.  
m. Abraham Jacke  
ch: John, others

JOHN JACKE/JACK*  
Author’s great-great-grandfather
b. 17 August 1780 Pennsylvania
d. 1860-1870 Bath County, Va.
i. unknown
m. #1 Hannah Allerton 22 June 1807 Shenandoah County, Va.

m. #2 Lucy Smith 23 September 1823 Bath County, Va.

m. #3 Jemima Gray 4 June 1855 Bath County Va.
ch: Polly, James, Susan, John, Mary A., David, Rachel, Isabella, Rebecca A., William T., George Thomas, John Franklin. (Two sons were born (1807-1810) and died before 1820. One son was born
(1811-1820) and died before 1830. They were not listed by name.)

In all there was a total of fifteen children born to John and his first two wives.

LUCY SMITH*
Author's great-great-grandmother
b. 1801 South Carolina
d. between 1851-1853 Bath County, Va.
m. John Jacke/Jack 23 September 1823 Bath County, Va.
ch: fifteen--See John Jack/Jacke.

References:
1. Bath County Marriage Records and Minister's Returns
2. Censuses--Bath County, 1820--1880; Brooke County, W. Va., 1850;
   Shenandoah County, 1810, 1820
3. Strassburger's Book on German Immigrants Vol. I, p. 162
4. Wayland, J. J., "History of Rockingham County"

GEORGE ADAM BRIGHT I*
Author's 4th great-grandfather
b. 1731 Berks County, Pa.
d. Augusta County, Va.
m. #1 Mary Baltimore, Md.
m. #2 Catharine Cawfel (Kaufelt) Augusta County, Va.
ch: Johannes (John, Johan Wendel), Jean (Jenetta), Mary, Rebecca,
   Barbara, Elizabeth, George Adam II, Sarah, David

JOHANNES (JOHN) BRIGHT*
Author's 3rd great-grandfather
b. 18 January 1756 Baltimore, Md.
m. #1 Ann Fawcett/Faucett Prior to 1786 in Rockingham
   County, Va.
d. 1802 County not documented
m. #2 Susannah Fulwider 29 October 1802
   Augusta County, Va.
ch: George, John, Jacob C., Adam, Stephen, Margaret, David, Samuel,
   Henry B., Susanna, Peter
PETER BRIGHT*

Author's 2nd great-grandfather
b. 22 March 1806
   Augusta County, Va.
d. 6 August 1872
   Bath County, Va.
m. Elizabeth Crow/Groah 25 August 1828
   Augusta County, Va.
ch: Josiah F., Mary Margaret, Elizabeth Ellen, David Franklin, Thomas M., John E., Martha Ann, George Franklin, William Henry, James Luther, Susan C.

References:
1. Augusta County Marriage Register
2. Bath County Civil War Veterans Records
3. Bath County Marriages
4. "BRECHT FAMILY GENEALOGY IN AMERICA: A PARTIAL STUDY OF 85 BRECHT FAMILIES IN AMERICA," by David C. Brecht
5. Peter Bright Family Bible
6. Rockingham County Marriages
7. Will--George Adam Bright
8. Will--Ulrich Fulwider, dated 1781/1804-1809, Augusta County Will Book

SAMUEL H. VESS/VEST I*

Author's 5th great-grandfather
b. c1730
   Rockingham County, Va.
d. 1826
   Rockbridge County, Va.
m. unknown
ch: Samuel H. II, Hiram, Sr., others

SAMUEL HARVEY VESS/VEST II*

Author's 4th great-grandfather
b. c1751-60
   Rockingham County, Va.
d. 12 August 1842
   Rockingham County, Va.
m. unknown
ch: John, Samuel III, William, Soloman, Hiram I, Elizabeth, Andrew, daughter?

HIRAM VESS I*

Author's 3rd great-grandfather
b. c1798
   Rockingham County, Va.
d.
m. Julia Cohenour (Polly) 22 June 1819
Rockbridge County, Va.

ch: Polly, Harvey, Matilda, Matthew, George W. II, Andrew J, Lucinda, Madison, Nancy Ellen, Crosberry (Causberry) Duncan

GEORGE W. VESS II*
Author's great-great-grandfather
b. c1830
d. 9 August 1862
m. Sarah Susan Brooks
ch: Mary M., William, Sarah Susan, Angelina (Angie), two unnamed children who died at birth.

GEORG W. VESS II*
Author's great-great-grandfather
b. 17 November 1822
d. 19 February 1861
m. George W. Vess
ch: six -- See George W. Vess II.

GEORGE THOMAS JACK*
Author's great-grandfather
b. 1841 or 1847
d. 12 September 1931
i. Rehobeth Methodist Church Cemetery
m. Sarah Susan Vess/Vest
ch: Mary Jane, George Martin, John Lafayette, Lilly Agnes, Clara Lee, Maggie Elizabeth, Angie Ellen

Refer to VESS/VEST and JACK Chapters.

SARAH SUSAN VESS*
Author's great-grandmother
b. 19 January 1857
d. 28 April 1934
i. Rehobeth Church Cemetery
m. George Thomas Jack

Refer to VESS/VEST and JACK Chapters.
References:
1. Augusta County Marriage Register
2. Augusta County Tax Records
3. Augusta County Will Book 7-178, 1785; WB 6-525, 1785; WB 11-443, 1815
4. Bath County Confederate Veterans (Lists by Oren Morton)
5. Bath County Birth and Death Records
7. Millboro, Virginia 1860, 1870, 1880 Censuses
8. Rockbridge County Marriages
9. Rockingham County Marriages

MARY JANE JACK*
Author's grandmother
b. 10 February 1877 Bath County, Va.
d. 30 July 1956 Waynesboro, Va.
i. Rehobeth Church Cemetery Millboro, Bath County, Va.
m. William S. Shanks 27 December 1894 Bath County, Va.
ch: Rosetta Belle, Walter Stuart, Edloe Herman, Edith Pearl, George Lee Russel, Ruth Elinor, Richard Clayton, Thelma Elizabeth

WILLIAM STUART SHANKS*
Author's grandfather
b. 31 October 1865 Bath County, Va.
d. 15 September 1939 Amherst County, Va.
m. Mary Jane Jack 27 December 1894 Bath County, Va.
ch: eight -- See Mary Jane Jack (Shanks).

Author's Note:
Author's grandfather's middle name is inscribed "Stewart" on his gravestone; other sources spelled it "Stuart" as I have above and throughout this book.

RUTH ELINOR SHANKS*
Author's mother
b. 14 July 1907 Amherst County, Va.
d. 9 February 1978 Lynchburg, Va.
m. Walter E. Smoot 24 December 1938 
Nelson County, Va. 
ch: Catherine Nadine Smoot (Carson); Lowell Clayton Smoot, who died 
23 August 1965. 

WALTER EDWARD SMOOT* 
Author’s father 
b. 18 April 1904 Amherst County, Va. 
d. alive in 1988 
ch: two -- See Ruth Elinor Shanks. 

References: 
1. Amherst County Birth and Death Records 
2. Bath County Births and Deaths 
3. Bath County Marriages 
4. Nelson County Marriage Records 
5. Shanks Family Records
THE PEOPLE

MARRIAGES OF AUTHOR’S DIRECT ANCESTORS AND AUTHOR’S DESCENDANTS
(A Partial Listing)

BALTHASAR BRECHT  m.  Anna Margaretha Christman
  9 September 1703
  Schriesheim, Germany

JOHANN BRECHT  m.  Anna Katharina Hoffman
  29 July 1864
  Schriesheim, Germany

JOHANN STEPHEN BRECHT  m.  #1
  Germany
  m.  #2  Veronica
    Pennsylvania
  m.  #3  Elizabeth Fisher

JOHN REDCROSS I
(Sioux Indian)  m.  

SARAH SALLY REDCROSS  m.  John J. Crow
  5 November 1807
  Washington County, Va.

JAMES CROW I  m.  Eleanor Dobyns
(RUSSELL)?

WILLIAM CROW  m.  Margaret Lewis LONG
(d/o John Lewis)
  19 November 1760

MICHAEL SCHENCK
(immigrant)  m.  Mary

18
MICHAEL SHANK, JR. m. Magdalena Eyeman

BISHOP HENRY SHANK
m. #1 Anna Reiff
c1779
Rockingham County, Va.?
m. #2 Elizabeth Heatwole
c1821
Rockingham County, Va.?

JOHANNES (JOHN) BRIGHT
m. #1 Ann Faucett
date--illegible
filed in Rockingham County, Va
m. #2 Susannah Fulwider
29 October 1802
Augusta County, Va.

HANS (JOHN) HARRISON SHANK
m. Juliana Hardwick SMITH GOLLADAY
15 July 1830
Rockbridge County, Va.

HIRAM VESS I
m. Julia Cohenour
22 June 1819
Rockbridge County, Va.

GEORGE W. VESS II
m. Sarah Brooks
(d/o George Brooks I)
7 January 1850
Bath County, Va.

PETER BRIGHT
m. Elizabeth Crow/Groah
(d/o John J. and Sarah Redcross Crow)
25 August 1828
Augusta County, Va.

ABRAHAM JACKE m. Betsy ________
JOHN JACKE/JACK  
m. #1 Hannah Allerton  
  22 June 1807  
  Shenandoah County, Va.  
m. #2 Lucy Smith  
  23 September 1823  
  Bath County, Va.  
m. #3 Jemima (Gemima) Gentry Gray (Widow)  
  (d/o George Gentry)  
  4 June 1855  
  Bath County, Va.  

LETASSE DELEMO SHANKS  
m. Martha Ann Bright  
  20 February 1862  
  Green Valley, Bath County, Va.  

GEORGE W. BROOKS I  
m. #1 Mary Grass  
  (d/o Jacob Grass)  
  16 March 1786  
  Augusta County, Va.  
m. #2 Editha Turpin  
  16 August 1804  
  Barren County, Ky.  

GEORGE ADAM BRIGHT  
m. #1 Mary ________  
  Baltimore, Md.  
m. #2 Catharine (Kaufelt) Cawfel  
  Augusta County, Va.  

GEORGE THOMAS JACK  
m. Sarah Susan Vess  
  1 March 1875  
  Rockbridge County, Va.  
  Reverend Penick officiating  

WILLIAM STUART SHANKS  
m. Mary Jane Jack  
  27 December 1894  
  Bath County, Va.  

20
RUTH ELINOR SHANKS m. Walter Edward Smoot
24 December 1938
Lovingston, Nelson County, Va.

AUTHOR'S MARRIAGE
AND THOSE OF AUTHOR'S CHILDREN

CATHERINE NADINE
SMOOT m. Herman Eugene Carson
1 August 1958, Chapel First
Baptist Church
Lynchburg, Va.
Reverend Stembridge
officiating

DEBORAH JOAN
CARSON m. Gregory Stinritte Mays
14 July 1979, Chapel First
Baptist Church
Lynchburg, Va.
Dr. Kenneth Bryan
officiating

KELLY RENEE CARSON m. Dennis Carroll Ford
8 September 1984
Home of Gregory S. Mays
Amherst County, Va.
Rev. Eugene C. Campbell,
officiating
Divorced 1988
MARRIAGES

CHILDREN OF HANS JOHN (JOHN HARRISON) and JULIANN HARDWICK SMITH GOLLADAY SHANK

LETA SSE DELEMO SHANKS m. Martha Ann Bright 20 February 1862 Green Valley, Bath County, Virginia

LIDONIA E. SHANKS (d/o John and Juliatt) m. #1 William J. Heizer 22 October 1858 Rockbridge County, Va. "consent" was given by Leetassee D. Shank

Take note of the spellings of Juliann and Letasse. Notice Lidonia's father, John, did not "give her away." William J. Heizer was born in 1832 in Rockbridge County and was the son of Hezekiah and Elizabeth C. Heizer. He was killed during the Civil War and, most likely, fought for the Union.

m. #2 Abraham Burkholder Probably in Ohio

Refer to JU LI ANN HARD WICK SMITH GOLLADAY SHANK.

References:
1. Bath County Marriage License (1791-1860 and 1881-1889) Reel 16, Archives, Virginia State Library
2. Rockbridge County Courthouse Records and Marriage Register
3. "HISTORY OF ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY," by Oren F. Morton
4. Burkholder Family Bible

CHILDREN OF LETASSE and MARTHA BRIGHT SHANKS (Those who married)

JOHN HARRISON SHANKS m. Mazie Belle Woodzell 26 December 1895
ELIZABETH ANNYA BELLE SHANKS
m. #1 Samuel Wilson Beard 7 August 1897
m. #2 George M. Tisdall 26 December 1911

EMMA LEE SHANKS m. James Wilson Rhea 18 December 1890

LEOLA VIRGINIA SHANKS m. David Crockett Stratton December 1919

EDWARD EARL SHANKS m. Lochie Edna Simpson 13 February 1907

WILLIAM S. SHANKS m. Mary Jane Jack 27 December 1894 Bath County, Va.

Letasse and Martha's other four children did not marry. They were: Charles Henry, George Gratton, Thomas and Mary (twins who died in infancy). (See birthdates in SHANKS Family Sheets.)

References:
1. Bath County Marriage Records
2. Family Records
3. Pearl Shanks McCoy

CHILDREN OF JAMES W. and EMMA LEE SHANKS RHEA

MAZIE BROWN RHEA m. Howard Loan 21 May 1912

LEOLA A. RHEA m. Johnny Roach 12 December 1917

ALLIE MAE RHEA never married
OCTAVE T. RHEA  m.  Charlie James Hinton
24 December 1927

DAVID F. RHEA  m.  Francis (Sassy) Mines
4 January 1952

BOYD E. RHEA  never married

JAMES FLOYD RHEA  never married

References:
Family records; Pearl Shanks McCoy

CHILDREN OF JOHN and MAZIE WOODZELL SHANKS

CHARLIE HARRISON SHANKS  never married

ERNEST WATSON SHANKS  m.  Ida Delia Minor
3 July 1926

BENJAMIN LEE SHANKS  (died at birth)

RAYMOND WILSON SHANKS  m.  Elva I. Loan
6 August 1930

STELLA PEARL SHANKS  m.  Roy Philip McCoy
13 June 1931

References:  Family records; Pearl Shanks McCoy

CHILDREN OF DAVID and LEOLA RHEA STRATTON

DAVID CROCKETT STRATTON, Jr.  (died at age two)
CHILDREN OF EDWARD E. and LOCHIE SIMPSON SHANKS 
(Only six of the ten children married)

BEDFORD MACKEY SHANKS m. Eunice May Taylor 22 August 1942

NELSON SIMPSON SHANKS m. Vema Lois Burford 3 October 1944

MEREDITH H. SHANKS m. Jane P. Armentrout December 1947

DELMUS E. SHANKS m. June J. Bowles 2 November 1948

CLINTON W. SHANKS m. Margaret Carr

HERMAN WILMORE SHANKS m. Wilma Batkin

The other four children who did not marry are: Alta Virginia, Rembert Aldin, Letha Helen, and Glenna Marie.

References: 
Family records; Pearl Shanks McCoy

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM S. 
and 
MARY JANE JACK SHANKS

ROSETTA BELLE SHANKS m. George Leslie Dunford 17 November 1919 Lynchburg, Va.

WALTER STUART SHANKS m. Mary Ann Marshall 18 November 1924 Amherst County, Va.
EDLOE HERMAN SHANKS  m.  Mary Belle Blankenbaker
20 December 1925
Amherst County, Va.

EDITH PEARL SHANKS  m.  Henry Sterges Margaret
(of Greek ancestry)
25 October 1925
Lynchburg, Va.

RUTH ELINOR SHANKS  m.  Walter E. Smoot
24 December 1938
Lovingston, Nelson County, Va.

THELMA ELIZABETH SHANKS  m. #1 William H. Davis
15 July 1941
Timber Ridge, Va.
m. #2 C. Preston Barker
22 May 1982
Waynesboro, Va.

Richard (b. 1912) died at thirteen months of age, and George (b.
1904) never married. (See birthdates in Shanks Family Sheets.)

References:
Family records; Marriage registers

DESCENDANTS OF
LETASSE and MARTHA BRIGHT SHANKS
GRANDCHILDREN and GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN

RAYMOND WILSON SHANKS
Children:
Wilson Gray  b. 8 June 1931
Maxine Moore  b. 25 November 1932
Leo Davis  b. 10 December 1934
Johnny Franklin  b. 3 August 1937  d. 2 October 1958

26
STELLA PEARL SHANKS McCOY
Children:
Cleo Harris  b. 7 November 1933 (stillborn)
Leona Faye  b. 19 April 1937

ERNEST WATSON SHANKS
Children:
none

DELEMO LETASSE (LEETASSA) BEARD
Children:
Benjamin  b. 3 October 1932  d. 3 October 1932
Delemo L. Jr.  b. 10 January 1934
(Dee Lee)  b. 31 October 1939
Caroline Elizabeth

CHARLIE HARRISON SHANKS
Children:
none

BENJAMIN LEE SHANKS
(Died in infancy)

MAZIE RHEA LOAN
Children:
Earl
Anna Lee

OCTAVE RHEA HINTON
Children:
Charles J. III  b. 11 November 1928
Ruth Thanat  b. 12 June 1930
Christine Lee  b. 15 February 1933  d. 30 April 1960

LEOLA A. RHEA ROACH
Children:
James Beverly  b. November 1918

DAVID FRANKLIN RHEA
Children:
Births beginning c1952/53
Heida  No other data
Loretta

27
Michael
James
Cathy
Cindy
Others?

ALLIE MAE RHEA
Never married

BOYD HOWARD RHEA
Never married

JAMES FLOYD RHEA
Never married

ALTA VIRGINIA SHANKS
(died in infancy)

REMBERT ALDIN SHANKS
(died in childhood)

LETHA HELEN SHANKS
Never married

GLENNNA MARIE SHANKS
Never married

BEDFORD MACKEY SHANKS
Children:
   Lorain Carol b. 23 May 1945
   Cheryl b. 8 January 1949

MEREDITH HILEMAN SHANKS
Children:
   Richard
   Susan
   Mary
   Jeffrey

DELMUS E. SHANKS
Children:
   Delmus E., Jr. b. 10 July 1949
   Tanya Kaye b. 7 July 1952

NELSON SIMPSON SHANKS
Children:
   none

CLINTON WILSON SHANKS
Children:
HERMAN WILMORE SHANKS
Children:
Sonny
Gary
DAVID CROCKETT STRATTON, JR. (died in childhood)

GRANDCHILDREN and GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN
OF GEORGE THOMAS and SARAH SUSAN VESS JACK

ROSETTA BELLE SHANKS DUNFORD
Children:
George Leslie, Jr. b. 8 March 1921
William Earl b. 18 May 1922 d. 4 Feb. 1988**
Carl Edward b. 9 October 1924

WALTER STUART SHANKS
Children:
Shirley Juanita b. 2 April 1929
Walter S., Jr. b. 5 April 1930
(Billy)

EDLOE HERMAN SHANKS
Children:
none

EDITH PEARL SHANKS MARGARET
Children:
Harry S., Jr. b. 1 February 1926
Anna Virginia b. 7 February 1927
Helen Kathleen b. 11 September 1928

GEORGE LEE RUSSEL SHANKS Never married

RUTH ELINOR SHANKS SMOOT
Children:
Catherine Nadine b. 7 April 1941
Lowell Clayton b. 11 December 1944 d. 23 August 1965
RICHARD CLAYTON SHANKS  Died in infancy

THELMA ELIZABETH SHANKS DAVIS BARKER
Children:
Stephen Edward  b.  6 March 1943
Rebecca Annette  b.  14 April 1947

Refer to Grandchildren and Great-grandchildren of George T. and Sarah Susan Vess Jack for additional Jack descendants -- JACK chapter.

**William Earl Dunford was buried in the Smyrna Methodist Church Cemetery in Monroe, Virginia. His gravesite is located in the mountains - at the base of MATOHE. In 1851, Earl’s 4th great-grandfather, John Redcross I, was buried on the crest of MATOHE (Bear Mountain), in the Indian Cemetery along with the other Indians who died in the Bear Mountain Indian Settlement.

ANOTHER GENERATION OF DESCENDANTS
GREAT and GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN OF
LETASSE and MARTHA B. SHANKS
and GEORGE T. and SARAH SUSAN JACK
(Other Jack Descendants Listed in Jack Chapter)

CATHERINE NADINE
SMOOT (CARSON)  m.  Herman E. Carson
Children:
Deborah Joan  b.  6 October 1959
Teresa Jannette  b.  27 December 1960
Kelly Renee  b.  14 February 1965

LOWELL CLAYTON SMOOT
(Died in 1965--age twenty)  Never married

STEPHEN EDWARD
DAVIS  m.  Fran W. Gabbertt
Children:
Stephen Anthony  b.  28 August 1965
Brian Edward  b.  18 July 1971

REBECCA ANNETTE
DAVIS (PHILLIPS)  m.  Rick Phillips
Children:  
Aimée b. 14 January 1971

WILLIAM EARL DUNFORD  
Children:  
Earl Wayne  
Michael Scott  
Donna Maria m. Thelma Davis  
b. 20 September 1943  
b. 2 November 1946  
b. 30 November 1950

CARL EDWARD DUNFORD  
m. Violet Smith  
6 February 1949  
Lynchburg, Va.  
Children:  
Linda b. 27 December 1949  
Holly b. 17 April 1957

GEORGE LESLIE DUNFORD, JR.  
Children:  
none

HARRY MARGARET, JR. m. June Howard  
Children:  
Michael S. b. 11 May 1963 d. 21 August 1984  
(adopted)  
Howard Scott b. 11 June 1966  
Allyson Faye b. 11 February 1970

HELEN KATHLEEN MARGARET (ZUKOWSKI) m. Chester Zukowski  
Children:  
Deborah Ann b. 3 January 1956  
Steven Mitchell b. 4 August 1958

ANNA VIRGINIA MARGARET (EROTAS) m. Edward Erotas  
Children:  
Terry Lee b. 24 July 1954  
Edward, Jr. (Skip) b. 27 May 1956
SHIRLEY JUANITA SHANKS (FRONTUTO)  
m. #1 Luther Howard Kidd  
#2 Paul James Phillips (deceased)  
#3 Gerald Frontuto

Children:  
Mary Elizabeth Kidd b. 15 November 1951  
Sharon Elaine Phillips b. 12 January 1955  
Robert Hames Phillips b. 6 November 1956  
(Mary Elizabeth Kidd was adopted by Paul James Phillips)

WALTER S. SHANKS, JR  
(Billy)  
Never married

DESCENDANTS OF LETASSE and MARTHA SHANKS

WILSON GRAY SHANKS  
m. Marie Golden

Children:  
Michael Gray b. 5 August 1951  
Pamela Sue b. 5 December 1955  
Donna Kaye b. 28 October 1957  
Jeanie Lynn b. 12 March 1966

MAXINE MOORE SHANKS (STEWART)  
m. Irving M. Stewart

Children:  
Gregory (adopted) b. 27 October 1960  
Sandy (adopted) b. 19 October 1963

LEO DAVIS SHANKS  
m. Emma Jean Cauley

Children:  
Wanda Lee b. 27 June 1952  
Gary Davis b. 15 May 1957  
Amy Dee b. 2 October 1969

LEONA FAYE McCOY (SIMMONS)  
m. Kenneth Lee Simmons

Children:  
Duane Lee b. 15 May 1957  
Susan Faye b. 3 June 1958

3 2
Cynthia Marie b. 22 October 1960
Crystal Paige b. 27 February 1962
Patricia Louise b. 27 April 1966

DEE LEE BEARD, Jr. m. Barbara Lee Currence

Children:
Linda K. b. 2 November 1958

Author's Note:
I am greatly indebted to Mrs. Pearl Shanks McCoy of Bath County for supplying most of the names and dates found on the foregoing pages. Without her contributions, I would have had a tough job accumulating and documenting the SHANKS data.

References:
Pearl Shanks McCoy; Virginia M. Erotas; Shirley S. Frontuto
Helen Zukowski; June H. Margaret

GREAT-GREAT AND GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN OF LETASSE and MARTHA SHANKS AND GEORGE T. and SARAH S. JACK
(A Partial listing)

PAMELA SUE SHANKS (HICKS) m. Jeffrey A. Hicks

Children:
Amber Marie b. 16 February 1979
Sarah Christian b. 17 June 1981

DEBORAH JOAN CARSON (MAYS) m. Gregory S. Mays
14 July 1979
Lynchburg, Va.

Children:
Tracy Michelle b. 8 January 1981

TERESA JANNETTE CARSON not married as of 1988

33
KELLY RENEE CARSON (FORD) m. Dennis C. Ford
8 September 1984
Amherst County, Va.
Divorced Oct. 1988

Children:
Amanda Katherine b. 16 September 1985 (3:27 pm)

(Named Katherine after her grandmother, Catherine Smoot Carson. Because I, myself, have always been partial to spelling "Katherine" with a "K" instead of a "C," my granddaughter was so named.)

EARL WAYNE DUNFORD m. Vicky Bryant

Children:
Toni Lynette b. 8 September 1965
Kimberly Shawn b. 12 June 1968
Sherrie Renee b. 14 July 1973
Misty Dawn b. 11 July 1977

MICHAEL SCOTT DUNFORD m. Janet

Children:
William Mark b. 27 June 1974
Jennifer Lynn b. 6 August 1975

HOLLY DUNFORD (MUNSON) m. Richard Lee Munson
17 September 1977
Clifton Forge, Va.

Children:
none as of 1988

LINDA DUNFORD (HAMBRICK BRADLEY) m. #1 Edward Lorenzo Hambrick
14 June 1968
Clifton Forge, Va.

Children:
Julia Ann b. 13 November 1972

m. #2 James Holland Bradley
27 February 1975
Burlington, N.C.
Children:
Jessica Lorraine

b. 21 May 1976

STEPHEN ANTHONY
DAVIS

Children:
Jason
Jamie Scott

b. 31 January 1986
b. 3 April 1988

BRIAN EDWARD DAVIS

not married as of 1988

AIMEE PHILLIPS

not married as of 1988

MARY ELIZABETH
PHILLIPS (ZeRUTH)
(Cricket)

m. Wallace Lee ZeRuth
14 April 1972
La Plata, Md.

Children:
Robert Scott
Wallace Lee
Walter Lewis (Walt)

b. 18 July 1971
b. 20 February 1978
b. 12 March 1981
Richmond, Va.
Columbia, S.C.

SHARON ELAINE
PHILLIPS (SMITH)

m. James Wallace Smith
29 August 1980
Columbia, S.C.

Children:
Juanita Mary Katheryn
James Wallace
David Joseph

b. 1 December 1979
b. 22 March 1981
b. 18 January 1983
Columbia, S.C.
Lakeland, Fl.
Lakeland, Fl.

ROBERT JAMES
PHILLIPS

m. Brenda Register
19 August 1978
Columbia, S.C.

Children:
two step-daughters
two step-sons

TERRY LEE EROTAS
(BIGGS)

m. Jeff Biggs

Children:
Allison Ashley

b. 16 November 1986
EDWARD (SKIP) EROTAS  
Children: 
   Peter Edward  m. Chris  
b. 30 November 1986  

DEBORAH ANN  
ZUKOWSKI (HILTWINE)  m. Craig D. Hiltwine  
Children: 
   Jennifer Ashley  b. 4 November 1958  

STEVEN MITCHELL  
ZUKOWSKI  m. Janet Garris  
Children: 
   none as of 1988  

References:  
   Mrs. W. E. (Thelma) Dunford; Mr. Carl E. Dunford; Mrs. Shirley Shanks Frontuto; Mrs. Preston (Thelma) Barker; Mrs. Helen M. Zukowski; Mrs. June H. Margaret; Mrs. Virginia M Erotas
### ILLNESSES

(Various members of the family)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Illness Description</th>
<th>Year(s)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>LUCY JACK</td>
<td>Died in childbirth or from complications shortly thereafter</td>
<td>1853/54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SARAH BROOKS VESS</td>
<td>Complications in childbirth</td>
<td>1861</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LETASSE D. SHANKS</td>
<td>Malignancy of lip, nose, and face. A portion of his lip was removed late in his life.</td>
<td>early 1900’s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WILLIAM S. SHANKS</td>
<td>Bronchial disease</td>
<td>1939</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARY JANE JACK SHANKS</td>
<td>Cancer of the stomach</td>
<td>1956</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RICHARD CLAYTON SHANKS</td>
<td>Diptheria croup. At his death, he was only thirteen months old. He was attended by Dr. Edmunds. Millboro, Bath County, Va.</td>
<td>1913</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHARLIE SHANKS</td>
<td>Influenza</td>
<td>1919</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. FLOYD RHEA</td>
<td>Influenza</td>
<td>1918</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RUTH MILLER</td>
<td>Epilepsy -- died at age twenty-one at the Lynchburg Training School, Madison Heights, Amherst County, Va.</td>
<td>early 1900’s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EMMA VALERIE NUCKOLS MARSHALL</td>
<td>Astro Systoma brain tumor. She was the granddaughter of Lilly Jack Miller. The tumor was removed in October 1971. She died on 12 June 1980 as a result of Necrosis of the brain tissue caused by cobalt; or, possibly by the regrowth of the tumor. An autopsy was not performed. (29)</td>
<td>c1961</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RUTH SHANKS SMOOT</td>
<td>Undetermined “blood disorder” involving the blood cells and platelets;</td>
<td>9 Feb. 1978</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

EDLOE HERMAN SHANKS
Heart attack, fluid on lungs. 1979

WALTER S. SHANKS
Heart attack 27 Feb. 1984

CATHERINE SMOOT CARSON
Sub-frontal, tubercular-cell meningioma brain tumor. This tumor located in the frontal head area with its roots situated on the olfactory groove had attached itself to the lining of my brain. Possibly the tumor had been growing, or sitting dormant, for many years, maybe even since birth. There was no way to confirm the length of time it had been there. Its size was that of an egg and it was encased in a "balloon-like" covering. My symptoms included migraine headaches, visual disturbances, mood changes, and episodes of "panic." The tumor was successfully removed on 11 July 1980 at Lynchburg General Marshall Lodge Hospital in Lynchburg, Va.

VALERIE NUCKOLS MARSHALL and CATHERINE CARSON were granddaughters of two sisters, Lilly and Mary Jane Jack. Their tumors were very similar in type.

References correspond to the SHANK, JACK, BRIGHT, VESS, FAUCETT, RHEA, and PUTNAM History References.
MILITARY RECORDS
(Varied and incomplete)

BENJAMIN CROW
b. c1757
Continental soldier 1777
Rockingham County, Va.
American Revolutionary War
1775-1783 (40)

JOHN JACKE
b. Pa. 1789
Great-great-grandfather of Cathy S. Carson
116th Regiment of Va. Volunteers
Entered service on 7 July 1813
Rockingham County, Va.
War of 1812 (40B)

JOHN REDCROSS I
b. 1757
4th great-grandfather of Cathy S. Carson
Continental soldier
Enlisted Amherst County, Va.
American Revolutionary War
1775-1783 (40)

WILL JOHNS
b. c1770
Continental soldier
Enlisted Amherst County, Va.
American Revolutionary War
1775-1783 (40)

BENJAMIN JOHNS
b. c1750
Lieutenant Continental Army
Enlisted Augusta County, Va.
American Revolutionary War
1775-1783 (41)

JACOB VEßS
b. 1843
Step-son of James Jack; son of John and Matilda Vess. He was a fur trader and trapper. Enlisted in 1861 at age 18.
Rockbridge Grays, Co. H., 4th Virginia Infantry
Civil War
1861-1865 (37A)

ANDREW JACKSON VEßS
Rockbridge Artillery
Enlisted 23 July 1861  
Rockbridge County, Va.  
Discharged  
Civil War  
1861-1865 (37A)

**JOSIAH BRIGHT***  
b. 1830  
Killed on 3 July 1863  
Battle of Gettysburg  
Civil War  
1861-1865 (23)

**DAVID BRIGHT***  
b. 1836  
Died 25 Feb. 1865 of "camp fever" (typhus) at a prisoner of war camp at Point Lookout, Md.  
Enlisted Bath County, Va.  
Civil War  
1861-1865 (23; 40C)

**JOSHUA O. JOHNS**  
Enlisted in Orange County, Va.  
Civil War  
1861-1865 (40A)

**GEORGE F. BRIGHT***  
Missing 20 May 1864 between Richmond and Petersburg, Va.  
Civil War  
1861-1865 (23)

**WILLIAM T. JACK**  
(Uncle Billy)  
Enlisted 1861 at age 17; brother of George T. Jack  
Confederate Army  
Civil War  
1861-1865 (37)

**GEORGE THOMAS JACK**  
Great-grandfather of Cathy S. Carson  
Confederate Cavalry; carried water and mail to the soldiers. General John D. Imboden was the commanding officer**  
Civil War  
1861-1865 (29; 31)

**GEORGE W. VESS**  
Great-great-grandfather of Cathy S. Carson  

40
Private; Enlisted 9 April 1862 by Lt. Col. M. G. Harmon, Shenandoah County, Va., Co. K, 52 Reg't Virginia Infantry
Killed at Battle of Cedar Mt./Run near Culpeper, Va. 9 August 1862
(exactly four months after enlisting)
Civil War
1861-1865 (40A)

*Sons of Peter and Elizabeth Bright

**General John D. Imboden was engaged in the Battle of Lynchburg, helping defend the city 17-19 June 1864. He was again in this city 6-7 April 1865, with his cavalry from Staunton, Virginia while the final battle was being fought in Appomattox, 30 miles away, and during the time that the surrender was taking place. (36)

CROSBERRY VESS
Fought and served under Capt. Donald's Co. Virginia Light Artillery. He originally served with Co. B 52 Reg't. Virginia Infantry, which also served as artillery in McIntosh's Battalion.*** He was wounded at the Battle of Cross Keys in 1862 and again on 3 July 1863, at the Battle of Gettysburg. He was wounded on 3 July 1863, at the Battle of Gettysburg. He was captured on 20 July 1863, at Martinsburg, Va. His name appears as a signature to a roll of Prisoners of War at West's Buildings Hospital, Baltimore, Md. on 12 November 1863. He was transferred to City Point, Va. I found no release date. As a result of his wounds, he suffered the loss of a leg. Records point to the fact he enlisted on 25 May 1862, at Strasburg, Va., and his rank was that of Private (29; 37A; 56)

ANDREW J. VESS
There may have been more than one A. J. Vess serving in the Civil War. The name appears on a list of Rockbridge County Veterans showing an enlistment on 23 July 1861 with the Rockbridge Artillery. (37A)
The name also is recorded in the National Archives stating that one Andrew J. Vess (born 1818) enlisted on 6 June 1864 in Lexington, Virginia with the Company of Captain A. S. Bacon's Company, Rockbridge County Virginia Reserves, organized 16 April 1864 with four companies. It was consolidated into three companies 8 August 1864 by order of Col. E. G. Lee, commanding Reserve Forces of Valley District, and assigned to the 10th Battalion Virginia Reserves as Company C. (40A)

***This Company was successively designated as Captain Miller's, Captain Lusk's, and Captain Donald's Company Virginia Light Artillery. It was organized 10 July 1861 and assigned to the 52nd Regiment Virginia Infantry as Company B., where it served until reorganized as a light artillery command by S. O. No. 165, A & I. G. O., dated 28 September 1861. It served for a time in McIntosh's Battalion of Artillery, a temporary field organization composed of independent batteries from various states. (40A)

**JOHNNY F. SHANKS**
(s/o Raymond Shanks)

Was stationed with the U. S. troops in Turkey. While home on a furlough, he was in a car accident which resulted in his death 2 Oct. 1958. He was 21 yrs old.

**NELSON SIMPSON**
(s/o Edward Earl Shanks)

Nelson SHANKS was a bombardier in the U. S. Air Force.

W. W. II

Missing in action 22 June 1945

Luzon, Phillippines (29)

**LOWELL CLAYTON SMOOT**

Brother of Cathy S. Carson

Service ID # RA13743973, Private E2

U. S. Army

Enlisted 12 February 1962, at age 17

Training Camps

Arlington Hall Station, Arlington, Va.

Fort Jackson, S. C.
Division
Signal Corp; United States Army
Strategic Communication Command
U. S. Starcom Station, Hawaii, U. S. A.
Charles E. Cox, Captain,
Chief Construction Branch

Promotion
Private E4
Bruce W. Caron, Colonel
Signal Corp Director
Communications Systems

Stationed
Hawaii, USA
Departure date 1962--port California
Return date 1965--port California

Special Trophy Award
Softball--1964 Hawaii

A few months after returning home, Lowell sustained fatal injuries on 18 April 1965 (an Easter Sunday) in an automobile accident on Route 29 North in Amherst County, Virginia. He died on 23 August 1965, having never regained consciousness. To this very day, the details of the accident are a mystery. He died as he had often lived--alone. We do not know how or why his car left the road and overturned. We do not know where he had been or with whom he spent his last hours. No one ever came forth with the answers. Leaving home the previous afternoon, he had said to Mama in reply to her inquiry, "I don't know when I'll be home. You will see me whenever I return." Mama never forgot those final words spoken to her by her only son. (29; personal knowledge)

References correspond to the JACK, SHANKS, VESS, RHEA, HARDWICK, BRIGHT, PUTNAM, and FAUCETT History References.
JACKE/JACK

Individual Family Sheets

1710--1988

Including Concise Data and References
ABRAHAM JACKE
Author's great-great-great-grandfather
b. 1710 Germany
d. after 1780 Probably in Pennsylvania
i. Betsy
m. Betsy

Children:
1. James (?)*
2. Andrew (?)
3. John
4. Possibly others

b. c1758 d. Wetzel County, Va. (now WV)
b. c.1776 d. before 1830
b. 17 Aug. 1779/80 d. 1860-1870
b. prior to 1775

*In my files are various pieces of data relating to James. I was not able, however, to document the data in its entirety.

JOHN JACKE/JACK
b. 17 August 1779/80 Pennsylvania
d. between 1860-1870 Bath County, Va.
i. Probably in Bath County, Va.
m. #1 Hannah Allerton 22 June 1807 Shenandoah County, Va.
m. #2 Lucy Smith 23 Sept. 1823 Bath County, Va.
m. #3 Jemima G. Gray (Gemima) 4 June 1855 Bath County, Va.

Children:
fifteen -- See Children of John Jacke/Jack -- grouped according to separate marriages

Wives are listed on the next page.
(1; 2; 3; 7; 8)
HANNAH ALLERTON
b. Shenandoah County, Va. (possibly)
d. before 1823 Shenandoah County, Va. (possibly)
i. Shenandoah County, Va. (possibly)
m. John Jacke/Jack 22 June 1807 Shenandoah County, Va.

Children:
    seven -- See Children of John Jacke/Jack -- grouped according to separate marriages

LUCY SMITH
b. 1801 South Carolina
d. between 1851-53 Bath County, Va.
i. Bath County, Va. (likely)
m. John Jacke/Jack 23 September 1823 Bath County, Va.

Children:
    eight--See Children of John Jacke/Jack --grouped according to separate marriages

JEMIMA GENTRY GRAY (GEMIMA)
b. 1798 Louisa County, Va.
d. between 1855-1860 Bath County, Va. (likely)
m. John Jacke/Jack 4 June 1855 Bath County, Va.

Children:
    none fathered by John Jack

Jemima was a widow and a daughter of George and Sally Gentry. (1; 2; 3; 7)

CHILDREN OF JOHN JACKE/JACK*

At some point during the early 1800's, JACKE became JACK, dropping the "e."

John and his first wife, Hannah Allerton, had the following children born in Shenandoah County, Va., excluding John Jr., who was born in Bath County, Va.:
1. Son (name unknown)  
b. 1807-1810  
d. before 1820
2. Son (name unknown)  
b. 1807-1810  
d. before 1820
3. Polly  
b. c1813  
d.
4. James  
b. c1814  
d.
5. Son (name unknown)  
b. 1811-1820  
d. before 1830
6. Susan  
b. 1820  
d.
7. John, Jr.  
b. 1822  
d.

There is a possibility that John and Hannah had another son, Andrew, born in Nicholas or Greenbrier County, West Virginia, c1810. If so, he most likely was their first child to survive. Andrew later lived in Wood County, Virginia, west of Nickolas County on the Ohio River.

John and his second wife, Lucy Smith, had the following children born in Bath County, with the possible exception of George Thomas, who was born in Nicholas or Randolph County, West Virginia. Lucy was born in South Carolina in 1801 and died between 1851-1853.

8. Mary A.  
b. 1825  
d.
9. David  
b. 1827  
d.
10. Rachel  
b. 1833  
d.
11. Isabella  
b. 1835  
d.
12. Rebecca  
b. 1838  
d.
13. William T.  
b. 1843  
d.
14. George Thomas  
b. 1841 or 1847  
d. 12 Sept. 1931
15. John Franklin  
b. 1851/52  
d. c1854
(Frank)

John and Gemima (Jemima) Gentry Gray, his third wife, had no children together. At the time of their marriage in 1855, John was seventy-five compared to Gemima's fifty-seven.

*I am reasonably sure that this great-great-grandfather of mine was buried in Bath County, although I have not been able to find his death record. I do not know in which cemetery he and his wives are interred.
(1; 2; 3; 7; 9)

According to the Brooke County Census of 1850, John Jack, Jr. was a stonemason. He was living in Brooke County along with his boss and eight other fellow workers, most of whom were from Bath County.

John's daughter, Polly, married George Green in Bath County on May 3, 1831.
John's eldest living son, James, married twice. His first wife's name was Mary. Secondly, he married Matilda Vess, a widow, and lived in Bath County. He and Mary were the parents of three children, including William Overton Jack (b. 1847). I discovered him to be the cousin Ove whom Aunt Angie Burke recalls. Also, he and Matilda were the parents of Andrew J. Jack, (1852) Aunt Angie's cousin, Andy Jack.

Susan, daughter of John, married James Wine (b. 1812). They had the following four children:

1. James b. 1835
2. Robert b. 1834
3. Edward b. 1842
4. Mary b. 1849

Mary, daughter of John, married John Gwinn (b. 1816). He was listed as a "rich farmer" in the Bath County Censuses.

David, son of John, married Nancy C. Swearingen (b. 1835) in May of 1862 in Bath County. David lived with Albert Faucett prior to the 1860 Bath County Census. Nancy was the daughter of W. Swearingen.

Daughter Rachel married James True, also noted as a "rich farmer" in the census. They were married around 1851.

John's daughter, Rebecca, according to the census and other records, never had a legal husband, although she was a mother of ten children. The births were reported by a Mr. Henry Marshall, a neighbor, according to the census. Listed here are four of the children:

1. Thomas B. b. 1862 d.
2. John Louis b. 20 July 1868 d. 1955
3. Beauregard b. d.
   Ch.: Johnnie m. Bessie E. Madison
   Mary m. Henry Nelson
   Lilly m. Underwood
   Bland m. Riley
   (twins) m. Bessie E. Madison
   Blandy m. Henry Nelson
4. Martha J. b. 1869 d.
   (0; 1; 2; 3; 9)
George Thomas, John's fourteenth child, was the author's great-grandfather. He also lived in the care of Albert Faucett.

John's fifteenth and last child apparently lived with Albert Faucett along with his older brothers, David, William T., and George Thomas. Frank, as he was called, died one night in 1854 while sleeping in the bed with George Thomas, a child of less than ten years himself.

JOHN LOUIS JACK
Son of Rebecca; grandson of John Jack/Jacke
b. 20 July 1868
d. 1955
i. Millboro, Va.
m. Rachel (Martha R.) Ford (d/o Henry Ford)
b. 1873
d. 1945
i. Millboro, Va.

Children:
1. Arnold
   b. 4 August 1891
d. 3 May 1955
2. Neolia
   b. June 1893
d. 17 Nov. 1968
3. Clifford
   b. 1896
d.
4. Lilbum
   b. 1898
d.
5. John, Jr. (Molden)
   b. 1900
d.
6. Charles
   b. 1902
d.
7. Jessie
   b. 22 April 1907
d. 11 Oct. 1963
   (twins)
8. Jasper
   b. 22 April 1907
   d.
9. Mamie
   b. 19 Feb. 1909
d. 13 Oct. 1980
10. Meryl
    b.
d.
11. Carl
    b.
d.
12. Guyotha
    b.
d.
13. Virginia
    b.
d. (1; 2; 9)


Jessie married Cora Windsor and they had six daughters:

1. Jessie Conine
2. Thelma (Tootsie)
3. Florence
4. Kathleen
5. Shirley
6. Joyce

Thomas B. Jack, son of Rebecca, married Annie Curtis (b. 1865), daughter of Joseph and Lucy Curtis, on 13 September 1885.

Martha J. Jack, daughter of Rebecca, married John W. Hayslett (b. 1867) son of R.B. and Hitty Hayslett, on 17 October 1888.

The 1910 Bath County Census lists this family on Mill Mountain Road, near the county line in Millboro:

JACK,
John, laborer, b. 1869 m. 1890
   odd jobs, head of household
   Martha R., wife b. 1874
   Arnold C. b. 1892
   Neolia b. 1894
   Clifford L. b. 1896
   Lilbum b. 1898
   Molden b. 1900
   Charles b. 1902
   Jesse b. 1907
   Jasper b. 1907
   Mamie b. 1909
JACK, Rebecca (Mother) b. 1837
   (10 children--five still alive)
   (Reported as having her own income)

Author's Note:
Notice the discrepancy in the birthdates of John and Martha in the census as compared to the previous JOHN LOUIS JACK chart. Sometimes the census taker elicited information from family members who may not have been aware of the correct birthdates, etc. of the household members. For that reason a genealogist learns to check at least three sources in order to document data.

In the Millboro Cemetery are the graves of Arnold C. Jack, Neolia Jack Welsh, Jesse Jack, and Mamie Jack. (1; 2; 9)
GEORGE THOMAS JACK

Author's great grandfather; son of John and Lucy Jack

b. 1841 or 1847 Nicholas or Randolph County, W.Va.
d. 12 September 1931 Bath County, Va.
i. Rehobeth Church Cemetery Millboro, Va.
m. Sarah Susan Vess 1 March 1875 Rockbridge County, Va.
b. 19 January 1857 Rockbridge County, Va.
d. 28 April 1934 Bath County, Va.
i. Rehobeth Church Cemetery Millboro (Bath County), Va.

Children:
1. Mary Jane b. 10 Feb. 1877 d. 30 July 1956
2. George Martin (Moten) b. 1879 d.
3. John Lafayette b. c1882 d. killed in coal mine
4. Lilly Agnas b. 1886 d. 1960
5. Clara Lee b. 25 Nov. 1888 d. 5 Mar. 1973
6. Maggie Elizabeth b. 21 Nov. 1891 d. 25 Feb. 1965
7. Angie Ellen b. 15 Sept. 1895 d.

All of the above children were born in Bath County. With the exception of Angie who, today (1988), is living in Lexington, Va. and John Lafayette, who is believed to have been killed in a coal mine in W. Va., they are all buried in Bath County, Va.

George Martin married Mary Ann LOAN and fathered Pearl, Carrie, and Roy Dewitt.

John Lafayette married twice. His wives were Polly Stanley and Lulu White. He fathered Ada, George, and at least three other children. I have been unable to trace their whereabouts and have no other data regarding their families.

Lilly married John Miller and had the following children: Lawrence, Ardelia, Ruth, Lois, Elizabeth, Wreathie, and David.

Clara married Albert Miller; they had no children.

Maggie married Ernest Allen and had the following children: Margarete, Bedford, George, Hamilton, and others. (0; 1; 2; 9)
Angie married Charlie Burke and their daughters are Ardelia McDonald and Isabelle Thompson.

Mary Jane, author’s grandmother, married William Stuart Shanks. They moved to Amherst County in 1895, and were the parents of eight children.

MARY JANE JACK
Author’s grandmother-Nannie Shanks; eldest daughter of George T. Jack
b. 10 February 1877 Bath County, Va.
d. 30 July 1956 Waynesboro, Va.
i. Rehobeth Church Cemetery Millboro, Bath County, Va.
m. William Stuart Shanks
b. 31 October 1865 Bath County, Va.
d. 15 September 1939 Amherst County, Va.
i. Rehobeth Church Cemetery Millboro, Bath County, Va.

Children:
1. Rosetta Belle b. 31 June 1896 d. 22 August 1977
2. Walter Stuart b. 14 January 1898 d. 27 February 1984
3. Edloe Herman b. 11 February 1900 d. 13 Nov. 1979
4. Edith Pearl b. 17 June 1902 d. 1 October 1974
5. George Lee Russell b. 1 May 1904 d. 8 February 1940
6. Ruth Elinor b. 14 July 1904 d. 9 February 1978
7. Richard Clayton b. 16 July 1912 d. 30 August 1913
8. Thelma Elizabeth b. 17 July 1916 Not deceased

ANGIE ELLEN JACK
TO WHOM I DEDICATE THIS BOOK OF FAMILY HISTORY
Youngest daughter of George T. Jack
b. 15 September 1895 Bath County, Va.
d.
i.
m. Charlie Burke 29 August 1912

Children:
1. Isabelle b. 5 May 1914 m. Emory Thompson
2. Ardelia b. 7 June 1916 m. James McDonald

Charlie Burke died on 25 February 1956. (0; 1; 2; 9)
DESCENDANTS OF
GEORGE T. AND SARAH SUSAN VESS JACK
(Grandchildren and Great-Grandchildren)
(Not previously recorded herein)

Children of George Martin Jack:
1. PEARL JACK
   Children:
   Arnold
   Mary Aileen

2. CARRIE JACK
   Children:
   George Clifton
   Gladys
   Edgar McDonald
   Charles McArthur

3. ROY DEWITT JACK
   Children:
   Roy Dewitt, Jr.
   Bonnie
   Charles Martin

Children of Lilly Agnas Jack Miller:
1. ARDELIA
   d. at age thirteen

2. WREATHE
   Children:
   Emma Valerie

3. LOIS MILLER
   Children:
   Hunter Miller
   George Hutchison, Jr.

4. LAURENCE
   d. in his twenties

5. ELIZABETH
   Children:
   four boys
   one girl
   Names unknown to author
   Name unknown to author
6. RUTH d. at age twenty
7. DAVID No data

Most of Lilly’s children suffered with familial hemolytic anemia.

Children of John Lafayette Jack:
1. ADA No data
2. GEORGE No data
3. THREE OTHERS Names unknown to author

Children of Maggie Elizabeth Jack Allen:
1. MARGARETE m. Bartly
   Children: Names unknown to author
   Two boys Name unknown to author
   One girl
2. BEDFORD No data
3. GEORGE No data
4. HAMILTON No data
5. MARY No data

(0)

(Refer to DESCENDANTS OF GEORGE T. AND SARAH S. JACK --- THE PEOPLE)

GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN AND GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN OF
LILLY JACK MILLER (daughter of George T. Jack)
(A Partial Listing)

EMMA VALERIE NUCKOLS (MARSHALL)
   Granddaughter of Lilly; daughter of Wreathie Miller Nuckols
   b. 10 December 1926
   d. 12 June 1980
   m. John Robert Marshall 3 January 1943
Children:
1. John R. Marshall, Jr. m. Shirley Smith  
   26 September 1964  
2. Judith Carol Marshall m. Donald I. Gillikin  
   24 August 1963  
3. Juanita Valerie Marshall m.#1 Jack Edward Wishon  
   1970  
   m.#2 James E. Jones  
   24 December 1978  
   m.#3 Patrick McDonald  
   14 February 1988  
   31 September 1974

Children of John Robert Marshall, Jr.:
1. John Marshall, III  
2. Jeffrey Warren Marshall  
3. Jason Marshall

Children of Judith Carol Marshall Gillikin:
1. Donald Irwin Gillikin, Jr.  
2. Dennis Michael Gillikin  
3. Darryl Wayne Gillikin

Children of Juanita Valerie Marshall (Wishon Jones) McDonald:
1. Jack Wishon, Jr.  
2. Samuel Warren Jones  
3. Valerie Joann McDonald

Children of Jean Lynne Marshall Wood:
1. Charlotte Roberta Wood  
2. Jessica Valerie Wood  

GRANDCHILDREN and GREAT GRANDCHILDREN  
of ANGIE JACK BURKE

Children of Isabelle and Emory Thompson:
1. PATTY b. 23 April 1945 m. Dennis Loan
   Children: 
   Daryl
2. PEGGY  
   Children:  
   Pamela  
   Jeanne  
   Anna Marie  
   Peggy Ann  
   Richard  
   b. 18 March 1942  
   m. Richard Hall  
   "Dick"

3. WANDA  
   Children:  
   Margaret Ann  
   Mary Agnas  
   Maria Angelia  
   b. 13 Dec. 1939  
   m. Sam Cataldi

4. LINDA  
   Children:  
   Robin Lynn  
   b. 13 July 1946  
   m. Ronnie Thompson

5. DELORES  
   Children:  
   Donna  
   Tina  
   Marvin  
   Gloria Dawn  
   Wendy Kaye  
   b. 18 April 1948  
   m. #1 Marvin Ingrim  
   m. #2 George Ingrim

6. DALE  
   Children:  
   Dale, Jr.  
   Eric  
   b. 14 May 1956  
   m. Elizabeth Cauley

7. WAYNE  
   Children:  
   Angelia  
   Erin  
   b. 7 February 1958  
   m. Teresa McCollough

8. JOE  
   Children:  
   b. 1 October 1935  
   m. Lois Lilley  
   (from W.Va.)
Kathy
Terry
Sheryl
Kimberly
Mike

9. JAMES OLIVER  b. 5 December 1952  
   Children:
       Jimmy, Jr.

10. GLENN  b. 20 April 1954  
   Children:
       Glen, Jr.

Children of Ardelia and James McDonald:
1. JAMES  b. 5 April 1936  
   WILLIAM
   Children:
       James
       Eddie

2. JERRY  b. 27 June 1943  
   Children:
       Joy
       Karen
       Sue
       Jon

3. DANNY  b. 28 April 1949  
   LEWIS (Pete)  
   Never married

Aunt Angie also has eight great-grandchildren.

m. Charlene Coleman
   (Buena Vista)

m. Geneva Woods
   (Craigsville)

m. #1 Bonna
m. #2 Ann Reems
m. Margaret Anderson

(0)
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<th>Generation</th>
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<th>Location</th>
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<td>ABRAHAM JACKE</td>
<td>1710</td>
<td>Germany</td>
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<td>II</td>
<td>JOHN JACKE/JACK</td>
<td>1779/80</td>
<td>Pennsylvania</td>
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<td>III</td>
<td>GEORGE THOMAS JACK</td>
<td>1841</td>
<td>West Virginia</td>
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<td>IV</td>
<td>MARY JANE JACK SHANKS</td>
<td>1877</td>
<td>Bath County, Va.</td>
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<td>V</td>
<td>RUTH SHANKS SMOOT</td>
<td>1907</td>
<td>Amherst County, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI</td>
<td>CATHERINE SMOOT CARSON</td>
<td>1941</td>
<td>Amherst County, Va.</td>
</tr>
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</table>
JACKE/JACK FAMILY SHEETS REFERENCES

0. Aunt Angie Jack Burke/Family Members
1. Bath County Censuses--1820-1880
2. Bath County Marriage Register and Ministers' Returns
3. Brooke County Census--1850
4. J. J. Wayland, "History of Rockingham County," page 450
5. Rockbridge County Marriage Records
6. Rockingham County Censuses--1810 and 1820
7. Shenandoah County Censuses--1810 and 1820
8. Strassburger's Book on German Immigrants, Vol. 1., page 162
9. Tombstone inscriptions or family records
10. Wood, Jean and Judith Gillikin

59
Ninety-one years ago there was born
In a little log cabin on a clear autumn morn
A baby, perfect in every respect--
A tiny daughter christened Angie Ellen Jack.
Born to parents after twenty years of married life,
Angie was a bundle of sheer delight.
Full of love, and always ready to smile,
She was George and Sarah’s youngest child.
She rode a horse to school when the snow was deep.
The alphabet and numbers, quickly, she learned to repeat.
A skinny little girl and not very strong,
She helped with the chores and played on the farm.
Classes spent in Sunday School were, for her, special times.
A place where she learned Bible verses and rhymes.
Eighty odd years later, you will still find her there
Each Sunday morning bowing reverently in prayer.
About Jesus, she taught children for fifty years.
In a little country church deep in the hills.
Adults, those children are today,
Folks who remember Angie encouraged them to pray.
A special person, uniquely herself,
Never complaining, many less fortunate, she’s helped.
Her legacy of love, kind-heartedness and faith
Will live on forever -- reminiscent of her life.

Dedicated to Angie Ellen Jack Burke, my great-aunt, on her ninety-first birthday, 15 September 1986.
THE STORY BEGINS

Author's Note:
Regarding the history contained in this JACK Chapter, it is not as complete as I had hoped it would be. A few blank spaces scattered down through the years still remain.

There remain various pieces of undocumented data which I can not justifiably include in this account. Also, there are numerous JACK descendants now living whom I do not know; consequently, the names of many persons deserving a place within these pages are missing. For this, I am sorry.

My grandmother, Mary Jane Jack Shanks, and her sister, Angie Ellen Jack Burke, are two JACK family members deserving specific recognition in this history. Equally, these very special ladies have profoundly influenced my life. Throughout this book, I have tried to convey to the reader the depth of the love and respect that I hold for each of them.

Grandmother (Nannie) died in 1956; Great-Aunt Angie is now residing in Lexington, Virginia, approaching her ninety-third birthday. These two honorable ladies -- sisters, born eighteen years apart -- are JACK representatives of the finest calibre. I have tried to portray them as such.

By interweaving the SHANKS, JACK, VESS, BRIGHT, RHEA, HARDWICK, PUTNAM, FAUCETT, CROW, and REDCROSS histories and my own personal recollections and stories together, I hope I have characterized and depicted the family members and events in the manner in which I intended.

I have tried to incorporate a method of referrals throughout the text of this book. Using this technique the reader can quickly obtain more data pertaining to the subject; likewise, the text is not duplicated in various chapters. As a result, much of the JACK data is found throughout the entirety of the book.
Great-Aunt Angie told me a great deal about her own life. She married Charlie Burke on 29 August 1912 when she was not quite seventeen years old. They had two daughters, Isabelle and Ardelia. During the early years, Angie had to work long hours in order to accomplish her many farm and household chores while simultaneously taking care of the two babies. She had never been a strong child and at the time of their marriage, she weighed less than one hundred pounds. She refers to herself as a "scrawny little thing" in those days.

Ardelia nursed until she was almost three years old; it was very tiring on Aunt Angie. The trick which Aunt Angie had previously played on Isabelle in order to wean her from nursing hadn't worked with Ardelia. Isabelle was scared of big, black, furry dogs, so Aunt Angie had taken a black fur hat and stuck it down her dress causing Isabelle to believe that a dog was getting her "ninny". Isabelle never nursed again! Ardelia didn't fall for that trick. Heck with the dog! She wasn't scared of him!

Once, Aunt Angie switched Ardelia's legs because she wouldn't come through the gate into the yard. Following the switching, Ardelia ran into a briar bush where she subsequently pricked her legs, causing them to bleed. She ran into the house, and crawled under the kitchen table. There, crying her heart out, she said to Aunt Angie, "Mama, you whipped the 'bleed' out of me." Aunt Angie said she doesn't recall ever having to use the switch again--once had been enough!

Aunt Angie's life reads like a book. She has seen a lot of the world via senior citizen's trips. She has experienced a great amount of happiness and endured much pain. She has outlived everyone in her generation. Laughingly, she calls herself an antique.

Most of all, I associate Aunt Angie with love. She loves everyone and can see something good in the worst of us. In return, she receives love and great respect from all who know her. She is witty, smart, happy, and outgoing. Her outlook on life is a positive one. She is the best person I know.

Aunt Angie's husband died on 25 February 1956. Since then, her life has taken many different directions. Besides visiting many places, she has lived in other cities, including Baltimore, Maryland, where she was a sales lady, a postal clerk for "The Baltimore News Post," and a practical nurse. Upon returning to Rockbridge County, she retained her practical nursing career, caring for older ladies in the area until a severe heart attack and embolism in 1969 almost ended her life.

She was in critical condition and unaware of her surroundings for a long time. She was transferred from the Lexington Hospital to Roanoke
Memorial Hospital where she was able to receive more specialized care. She remained hospitalized from April until July 4, 1969.

Since that time, Aunt Angie has taken care of her sister, Clara, until Clara's death, taken many more trips, and been more active than before her illness.

I don't think that Aunt Angie ever sits and worries about anything. She takes life as it comes. She's not afraid of dying, and once told me she looks forward to seeing her Mama and Papa in Heaven. Nightly, she still dreams of her husband, Charlie. In these dreams, she sees him as clearly as if it were only yesterday, Aunt Angie says. Death and the passing years have not dimmed the memory of or diminished the great and total love they shared together.

Isabelle recently recalled one of her favorite memories of her parents. The memory is of Aunt Angie sitting on Charlie's lap and laughing along with him. Isabelle, now a widow herself, said that each day she had seen the gentle love shared between her parents. It isn't difficult for me to picture this scene because I know how much love Aunt Angie has within herself—love which she abundantly shares with others.

I wish I had known Aunt Angie years ago. I feel that I've missed a lot of happy hours by not knowing her earlier in my life; but, during the past few years, I have come to appreciate and love her deeply. She now represents to me both Mama and Nannie Shanks. The love I shared with them is now renewed in loving Angie.

Everything I have written in this book and everything I have learned about my heritage, I owe to Aunt Angie. I could not have begun recording the names and dates without her help. She not only gave me information and encouragement, she made the past come alive with her memories and stories.

Sitting beside Aunt Angie in July 1982 with my pad and pencil at hand, I began taking notes which constituted the beginning of the detailed research essential to the fulfillment of my dream.

Aunt Angie gave me the background material. I had only to dig a little deeper and with the help of Aunt Thelma, Aunt Mary, my cousin Pearl McCoy, and with lots of help from Molly, we have learned much about the family and each other.

Thanks, Aunt Angie. Thanks for your love and concern. This book is an expression of my love for you. In the memory of Nannie, in the memory of Mama, in the memory of my brother, Lowell, and in the memory of Emory Nickol Vess.....to you, my beloved great-aunt Angie Jack Burke

I dedicate this book.
My great-great-great-grandfather, Abraham Jacke, came to America in the year 1736 aboard the ship “Princess Augusta.” This ship, which had sailed from Rotterdam, docked in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on 16 September 1736. At that time Abraham was twenty-six years of age. He married a girl whose name was Betsy ________ and they settled in Pennsylvania where they parented at least one son, John Jacke, born on 17 August 1779/80. It is likely they were German Quakers who soon became part of the new Pennsylvania Dutch. Prior to living in Rotterdam, The Netherlands, Abraham had lived in Germany. (40B; 54, 1810; 55, Vol I, p. 162)

Throughout the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, men often had second and third wives, much younger than themselves, thereby enabling them to become fathers late in life. This is probably the case with Abraham, although I have not documented the existence of wives other than Betsy.

John Jacke had three wives The first was Hannah Allerton, whom he married 22 June 1807 in Shenandoah County, Virginia. He married his second wife, Lucy Smith, on 23 September 1823. She was the mother of George Thomas Jack, my great-grandfather. (By the time George was born, the “e” had been dropped from JACKE). John’s third wife was Gemima (Jemima) Gray, a widow and daughter of George and Sally Gentry. She and John were married on 4 June 1855. Gemima was born in 1798 in Louisa County, Virginia. (14)

George Thomas Jack married Sarah Susan Vess on the first day of March 1875 in Rockbridge County, Virginia. Their firstborn child was Mary Jane Jack (b. 1877), who, on 27 December 1894, married William S. Shanks, son of Letasse Delemo and Martha Bright Shanks.

William and Mary Jane Jack Shanks had eight children between 1896 and 1916. My mother, Ruth Elinor Shanks, was their sixth child. Ruth married Walter E. Smoot on Christmas Eve 1938 in Nelson County, Virginia. My brother, Lowell C. Smoot, and I were their only children. Lowell died on 23 August 1965 at the age of twenty as a result of injuries sustained in an automobile wreck the previous April.

Great-Great-Grandfather John Jacke fathered fifteen children with his first two wives. Lucy died shortly after the birth of their last child, c1852/53. (12A; 14; 14A; 15; 28; 45; 54A)

On a microfilm of Bath County deaths were listed two pertinent but hard-to-read entries. (Either the ink had faded or something was spilled on the record itself or on the film). One entry read:

Great-Great-Grandfather John Jacke fathered fifteen children with his first two wives. Lucy died shortly after the birth of their last child, c1852/53. (12A; 14; 14A; 15; 28; 45; 54A)

On a microfilm of Bath County deaths were listed two pertinent but hard-to-read entries. (Either the ink had faded or something was spilled on the record itself or on the film). One entry read:
Jack, wife of John Jack, died 15th. A few lines further on another death was reported by John Jack. From the location of these entries, the year of the wife’s death was 1852 or 1853 and the second death was in 1854.

Piecing it all together, I think Lucy Jack died in childbirth or shortly thereafter. The child, named John Franklin (Baby Frank), possibly lived one or two years longer.

It has always been Aunt Angie’s belief that her grandfather John’s death occurred prior to the death of her Grandmother Lucy. And that Lucy, in a state of inconsolable grief, took John’s old jacket and walked alone into the woods. Once there, she lay down, covered herself with the coat, and by some unknown and/or unreported method, died.

Recorded dates dispute the likelihood that the lady was Lucy, pointing to the fact that she died c1852 and showing a third marriage in 1855 for John, a seventy-five year old widower.

Assuming that the “grieving widow” story is factually based, it appears that the lady who died in the woods was Gemima, not Lucy. Losing her second husband so few years after their marriage, Gemima probably was not able to accept his death. Therefore, the tragedy is now a part of this history.

John Jacke/Jack was not in Bath County prior to the 1830 census. In 1810 there were two Jacks, John and Andrew (b. in Pa.), living next door to each other in Shenandoah County. The Shenandoah marriage records show:

Andrew Jack married Nancy McCoy on 23 June 1801.
John Jack married Hannah Allerton on 22 June 1807.

By 1810, Andrew had two daughters (b. 1801-1810) and John had two sons. Apparently John’s sons died before the 1820 census. By 1830 Andrew had died, leaving Nancy alone. (Andrew was not listed in the 1830 census.) (54; 54A)

According to the records of the War of 1812, I found that John Jack (b. in Pa.), entered the service on 7 July 1813, joining the Regiment of Virginia Volunteers in Rockingham County. No census lists any Jacks living at that time in Rockingham County, but if John lived near the Shenandoah/Rockingham border, he could have easily enlisted in Rockingham.

In 1820, John and Hannah had two daughters (b. 1811-1820) and two sons (b. 1811 - 1820). One more son, John, Jr., was born in Bath County before Hannah’s death. One of the sons born between 1811 and 1820 must also have died before 1830; he was not recorded in the census of that year. The remaining children of John and Hannah’s marriage were Polly, Susan, James and John, Jr. (See CHILDREN OF JOHN JACK -- Individual Family Sheets.)

A tax list revealed that John owned land and lived at one period of time in Greenbrier County, West Va. (The SE half of Nicholas County was once in Greenbrier County). Although I have not been able to fully
document the sequence of John Jack’s early progressive movements, perhaps he came to Bath County by way of West Virginia, originally settling in Shenandoah County around 1810, then on to Bath County, Virginia by 1830.

The marriage record of John and Lucy SMITH was located in a new book of Bath County Marriages compiled by the Bath County Historical Society. The date was stated as 23 September 1823. They had eight children together between 1825 and 1851. (14A)

John’s oldest son, James, (by his first marriage to Hannah), married twice. James’ seventh child, by his second wife, Matilda Vess (widow of Samuel H. Vest/Vess III), was Andrew J. Jack. Andrew was affectionately called “Cousin Andy” by his younger relatives. The cabin in which my grandparents Shanks were married belonged to him. (92; 45)

James was also the father of William Overton Jack who is remembered as “Cousin Ove.” I do not have any data concerning Ove, but I do know that Andy moved to the Ohio/West Virginia area where other Jack relatives -- possibly uncles and cousins --were already established. (29; 43)

An abundance of Jack history was related to me by my great-aunt, Angie Jack Burke. Quite a bit of it concerned the life and circumstances pertaining to her immediate family.

Aunt Angie was born eighteen years after the birth of her sister, Mary Jane. (Mary Jane Shanks was my grandmother). Because of this age difference, Angie did not know “Jenny” well. (To her siblings Grandmother was “Jenny;” to me she was “Nannie.”)

Nannie married in 1894 and left Millboro in 1895 -- only two months after Angie’s birth. Nannie only returned to Millboro with her children about once each year. So, taking into account these circumstances, I assume their sisterly relationship didn’t come into focus until years later when they were each adults.

Angie’s parents, George Thomas and Sarah Susan Vess Jack had seven children between 1877 and 1895. Mary Jane (Nannie) was the eldest. One son, John Lafayette, was killed in a coal mine, presumably in West Virginia. Aunt Angie lost track of his family and I was not able to trace their whereabouts. Not any of George and Sarah Susan’s children, except Nannie, came to live in Amherst County.

After the death of Angie’s husband, she spent time working as a nurse’s aid in Baltimore, Maryland. She laughingly recalls a Jewish family in whose home she worked. Their diet included very rare meat which Aunt Angie considered to be, in her words, “raw!” “Never,” she said, “did I eat meat in their home!” I love to hear Aunt Angie tell this story.

During the eleven years that she stayed in Baltimore, Angie rented her home and farm located in Bath County, Virginia, to tenants. The last folks who lived there destroyed everything she owned, including her piano which they chopped into pieces; its keys were scattered about the yard! The destruction was beyond belief. No family treasures were recovered.
except the piano stool which was found inside the barn along with remnants of the piano and other furnishings.

Aunt Angie was terribly upset! She walked away from those unkind people, sold her farm, and tried to put the hurt behind her. Once again, she had to rebuild her life. With her never-ending trust in the Lord and her inherent belief in the goodness of people, she was able to do just that.

The ensuing years brought with them many changes, and Aunt Angie adapted admiringly. Following her years in Baltimore, she survived a serious illness, helped nurse other ladies, including her sister, Clara, and traveled to many places in the United States and other countries with the Senior Citizen’s Group Tours. In 1979, Aunt Angie was chosen “Belle of Fairfield” (Virginia) and today continues to head local parades wearing the dress and bonnet which she sewed herself and wore during her reign as Belle. One day the dress and bonnet will belong to me. Throughout the entirety, she has remained a loving and independent lady. (See “MEMORIES, CRUSHED AND CRUMBLED.”)

Today I look at Aunt Angie and see a happy, kindhearted, and loving person -- a lady nearing her ninety-third birthday, more beautiful now than she was half a century ago! To this writer, her beauty will live forever!

Other than Great-Aunt Angie’s memories and a few old pictures, the Jack memorabilia is very limited due to the destruction of her belongings, plus a fire which swept through another Jack home in the early 1900’s. This fire destroyed the family Bible belonging to George and Sarah Susan Jack. How I wish I had it now!

Great-Aunt Angie’s father, George Thomas Jack, served in the Confederate Army during the Civil War under the command of General John D. Imboden. This data is inscribed on his gravestone, although his birth and death dates are not shown. Most of George’s early life and activities are shrouded in mystery.

At the time of the 1860 Bath County Census, he was living in the home of Albert Faucett (Fossett). The 1870 census also lists him as a member of the Faucett household. The 1880 census shows him married to Sarah Susan Vess and the father of a three year old daughter, Mary Jane, and a one year old son, George Martin. They were living in Bath County adjacent to Letasse Shanks and his family! (Refer to GEORGE THOMAS JACK.)

George’s brothers, William T. and David, were also members of the Faucett household in 1860. In 1861, William went off to war as did Jacob Vess, the son of James Jack’s second wife, Matilda Vess Jack. (15)

Numbered references correspond to the SHANKS, JACK, VESS, BRIGHT, HARDWICK, RHEA, FAUCETT FAMILY History References.
GEORGE THOMAS JACK

Great-Grandfather, George Thomas Jack, was born in 1847 in Randolph County, West Virginia, or in 1841 in Nicholas County, West Virginia. (29; 45) His mother, Lucy Jack, died when he was still a young boy. In all likelihood, Lucy's death occurred while giving birth to her youngest child, John Franklin, or shortly thereafter.

George lived in the household of Albert Faucett (Fossett) from his early childhood until his marriage to Sarah Susan Vess (Vest) in 1875. Three of his brothers, William T., David, and John Franklin (Frank) were also occupants of the Faucett household.

It seems that Great-Grandfather expected to have a house on the Faucett property after his marriage, but Albert and Charles Faucett died before the intended bequeath was put in writing and signed. The land was never deeded to Great-Grandfather. Supposedly, Albert's daughter was against the whole idea; therefore, George lost what was rightfully his intended inheritance. (Refer to DEEDS, JACK Chapter.)

When the Civil War began in 1861, Great-Grandfather, who was too young to enlist, apparently reported his age to be other than it was and enlisted anyhow. Later, his age was detected as incorrect and, according to family stories, he was relegated to carrying the mail to the soldiers. Others say that he was a waterboy. (I am wondering if this is where the 1841 birthdate was established on record. Maybe a fourteen year old youth decided to pass as a twenty year old man!) In any case, George served under General John D. Imboden in the Confederate Cavalry.

Thelma Shanks Davis Barker remembers Great-Grandfather as a gentle man with a great white beard. He must have been in his seventies when Aunt Thelma was born, so she knew him only as an old man, one with whom she loved to visit.

Once, when all of Nannie Shanks' children were sick with pneumonia, Great-Grandfather came to her home and helped nurse them. You can imagine how much better it made the children feel, knowing their kindly grandfather was beside them.

He must have been a gentle man with a sympathetic nature. Aunt Angie said he was a quiet person who tried to avoid controversy. The pictures that I have of him show a man whose smiling face and twinkling eyes seem to suggest the presence of a hidden joke. The appearance of suppressed laughter is so like Aunt Angie's personality today. I think she must be his carbon copy! Because he seldom talked about anything concerning his childhood, Aunt Angie knows very little about the details of Great-Grandfather's life. She recalls hearing him tell only one story relating to his childhood. Great-Grandfather said that at one period -- apparently before he went to live with Albert Faucett -- he lived with a
"mean old lady" who regularly beat him. One afternoon, unwilling to take any further abuse, Great-Grandfather ran away. But before running, he first hit the lady with a garden hoe! I do not know where or how this story fits into the pattern of Great-Grandfather's life.

Before Great-Grandfather's death in 1931, he had become a very thin and fragile old gentleman. Rheumatism had crippled his legs, confining him to a wheelchair, and a severe bout of dysentery had left him in a serious state of dehydration from which he never recovered. At his death he lacked only a few days of being ninety years of age. (29)

His gravesite is in the cemetery at Rehobeth Methodist Church in Millboro, Virginia, alongside the one of Sarah Susan Jack, who died at age seventy-seven in 1934.

As I stated previously, Great-Grandfather's birth and death dates are not recorded on his gravestone. Likewise, I am not sure if his birthdate was 1841 or 1847. Separate sources indicate that either could be the correct date. (29; 45) Ever since the time he enlisted in the Civil War, it seems his birthdate has been questioned. I had been assuming the date was 1847 until Aunt Angie said he was almost ninety when he died. If this was the case, the 1841 date is the more probable one. The inscription on Great-Grandfather's gravestone documents that he was a Confederate soldier and a member of the cavalry brigade of General John D. Imboden.**

**As of this writing, I have not officially documented Great-Grandfather's military (Civil War) records or his pension records, but the research is ongoing.
JAMES JACK
(Eldest son of John Jacke/Jack)

JAMES JACK (b. 1814) in Shenandoah or Rockingham County was the son of John Jack, my great-great-grandfather. James married for the second time in 1852, a lady named Matilda Vess. She was the widow of SAMUEL H. VESS III, son of SAMUEL H. VESS II. (This surname was also recorded as VEST.) James was my great-grandfather GEORGE THOMAS JACK’S half brother and thirty-three years his senior. John Jack had three wives and at least fifteen children born between 1814 and 1851. (Refer to JACK Individual Family Sheets.)

MATILDA VESS JACK was the mother of these four children fathered by her first husband, Samuel H. Vess III: (Refer to VESS Chapter, CHILDREN OF SAMUEL H. VEST/VESS III.)

1. JACOB H. VESS
   son
   b. 1839
   m. #1 9 Oct. 1866
   MARGARET C. BETHEL
   Bath County, Va.

   They had one child, Martha Anna J. Vess.
   She married, in 1887, a widower, John Wood in Bath County, Va.

2. ZARUBABEL VESS
   son
   b. 1846-48 (see below)*

3. ROBERT VESS
   son
   b. 1847
   m. Sarah K. Douglas Taylor

   *ROBERT VESS and ZARUBABEL VESS may have been the same man. Zarubabel was a farmer and lived next door to Letasse and Martha Shanks in 1870.
   (See ZARUBABEL, VESS/VEST Chapter)

4. MATILDA VESS
   daughter
   b. 9 April 1850

MATILDA VESS JACK was the mother of the following four children fathered by her second husband, James Jack:

1. ANDREW J. JACK*
son b. 1852

(My grandparents Shanks were married in the log cabin belonging to this Andrew Jack. To the family members he was known as "Cousin Andy Jack.")

2. ELIZABETH J. JACK
daughter b. 1854

3. THOMAS JACK
son b. 1856

4. ROBERT JACK
son b. 1859

(12A; 14; 15; 50)

*Molly Oliver has additional data on Andrew's family in her archives, which I have not included in this history; the data is available to me, however, upon request.

Numbered references correspond to the SHANKS, JACK, VESS, BRIGHT, RHEA, HARDWICK, PUTNAM, FAUCETT FAMILY History References.
In Rockbridge County, on 14 March 1872, Henry MARSHALL (b. 1843, son of Jasper), married Mary Caroline TURNER (b. 1843 in Amherst County, daughter of Nelson and Ann Turner). Henry and Mary were listed as "colored" on their marriage license. Henry's birthplace was not given, but Mary Caroline's birth in Amherst County suggests that she might have been an Indian. Possibly, Henry Marshall could have been too.

In 1900, Rebecca Jack, sister of George Thomas Jack, reported herself single, head of a household, and the mother of six children, five of whom were living. I have found that in a situation of this type where an unwed lady has a whole raft of children, the father was usually someone who couldn't legally marry her, e.g. first cousin, uncle, nephew, etc. Maybe in Rebecca's case the father was a handsome Indian chief! I mention this in connection with the Marshalls because the births of a number of Rebecca's children were reported by a Mr. Henry Marshall!

Rebecca Jack's son, John Louis Jack, had a son named Jasper -- not a commonplace name. Could he have been named for his grandfather Jasper Marshall?

I haven't researched the Marshalls much, but they seem to be descended from Robert Marshall who married Jean Vance, daughter of James, on 2 August 1792 in Bath County, Virginia. A number of Marshalls were married in Bath County in the 1830's and early 1840's, two of whom, David and Samuel M. Marshall, were official witnesses at the marriages of two JOHNS girls who had been born in Amherst County. So, the Marshall and Johns families were close friends, probably relatives.

Louise Roscoe Marshall Vess, wife of Emory Nickol Vess, was born on 12 February 1908. I have not yet determined if she is descended from this line of Marshalls.

Great-Aunt Angie said that her Papa's (George T. Jack) baby brother died one night while the two were sleeping together in George's bed. The baby must have been John Franklin, Lucy's last baby, born around 1851/52. Apparently, he too lived in the Albert Faucett/Fawcett household after Lucy's death which occurred in 1852. The child presumably died in 1854. 

I cannot help but wonder why John and Jemima did not take care of John's youngest sons after their marriage in 1855. I realize that John was
by then seventy-five years old and Jemima was fifty-seven, but their ages alone did not justify turning the care of his children over to others. It seems to me that there must have been another reason for this shift of parental responsibility.

Great-Aunt Angie emphatically states that her “Papa,” as she lovingly refers to him, NEVER discussed his childhood -- with one exception. On occasion, he sometimes mentioned the “old lady who beat him” -- the same old lady that he hit over the head with a hoe! Aunt Angie always concluded that Great-Grandfather’s childhood was an unhappy one.

Because of the forty year span between the births of John Jacke/Jack’s first child and the birth of George Thomas Jack, his fourteenth, I do not think George was at all aware of the existence of his older brothers and sisters. Great-Aunt Angie knew of only two, William T. and Baby John Franklin (Frank). She said they were the only brothers her Papa ever mentioned.

When John Franklin was born c1851/52, John and Lucy probably had exhausted their list of acceptable names; hence, a second child was named John. Because of her age (50 years), I am assuming that Lucy’s death was probably associated with the birth of John Franklin--her baby Frank. (12A; 15)

Wythe County birth records of the late 1800's and early 1900's show that Sarah Susan Vess Jack was a midwife. She delivered numerous babies throughout those years.

Great-Aunt Angie and her mother, Sarah Susan Vess Jack, once went to visit Angie’s Uncle Bill and Aunt Mary Vess Hodge during a winter in the early 1900's. Aunt Angie recalls how she and Sarah Susan "almost froze" under the covers on one particular night. Angie said she has never again been so cold!

Riding home on the horse-drawn wagon the next day, Aunt Angie saw something which she has remembered all these years. They passed a house built on a hillside and in the yard were three or four little black children, completely naked, playing with some pigs. Aunt Angie says that she will never forget the sight of the bright sunshine shining on the naked bottoms of the little black children as they chased the pigs across the yard! Did the children not feel the freezing winds?

Ove (Overton) Jack owned the Hackman place on Mill Creek during the years when Moten (John Martin) Jack was a young man, in the late
1800's. Moten "courted" Ove's daughter, Sula Jack. Sula and Moten were half-first cousins, once removed. (29)

Great-Aunt Angie Jack Burke remembers seeing Mr. Shaw Rhea, riding a mule to church. She recalls that Shaw's legs touched the ground as he rode along! (29) (Refer to the Rhea Family, VESS Chapter.)

Dave Lowman (Lorm) wanted to marry Angie while she was still very young. His wife had died, and he told Sarah Susan Jack that he needed someone to be a friend and playmate to his daughter. He requested that Sarah Susan give her consent for him to marry Angie, saying he would be very good to her and treat her with the utmost respect. Great-Grandmother Sarah Susan answered him by saying, "We are poor, but have no kids to give away." I guess Mr. Lowman thought that Great-Grandmother would be willing to have one less mouth to feed. (29)

Numbered references correspond to the SHANKS, JACK, VESS, RHEA, BRIGHT, FAUCETT, PUTNAM, HARDWICK FAMILY History References.
“JASPER JACK AND THE BLACK BEAR”

Jasper and his twin brother, Jesse, were born in 1907. Their parents were John and Martha (Rachel) Ford Jack. They lived on Tunnel Hill in Millboro, Virginia (so named because a railroad tunnel bisected that area of the mountain).

As little boys, Jasper and Jesse grew up with Jack men renowned for their hunting expertise. Jasper could hardly wait until he was old enough to take a gun and go “kill a bear.”

His chance finally arrived in 1941 when he was 34 years of age. He had plenty of hunting experience by then, but he never had killed the bear of his dreams.

On this particular morning, Jasper, dressed in his high hunting boots and red and black plaid shirt, decided to mosey on over to Jack Hollow just to kill a little time. He didn’t realize that something more dangerous than time would face him that day.

Well, he was just walking along taking it easy when he heard the snapping sounds of breaking twigs and underbrush. Turning around, he saw the bear—all 345 pounds of him!

With his heart pounding underneath the plaid shirt, he carefully raised his gun. Taking aim, he gently squeezed off the first shot, the sound reverberating in the mountains. The shot missed! The bear growled a menacing sound deep in his throat.

With the bear slowly advancing, Jasper aimed a second time. The heavy steps of the bear crunching the leaves beneath his paws were the only sounds in the mountain. Bang! The second shot missed!

Jasper realized this was no way to live up to the Jacks’ reputation as great hunters. Unless his luck changed, and quickly, the image might not survive the day.

Now the roar of the bear was louder. The pounding of Jasper’s heart was louder too. For the first time since meeting the bear, Jasper began to be afraid. He knew the bear meant to kill him.

Advancing, the bear let out a ferocious growl, then another. He was, by now, quite close to Jasper. And then, just for a fraction of a second, something, maybe the sound of a bird, distracted the bear and he turned slightly to the right.

At that very moment, Jasper aimed the third shot. If his shot missed, Jasper knew he was probably a goner. Bang! The bear roared and raised himself onto his hind legs. Jasper’s heart beat wildly. Then with one last hissing sound, the bear dropped to the ground, his head resting on his front paws. The bear was dead! JASPER JACK HAD KILLED HIS BEAR!!! The reputation of the Jack men had been upheld!

Today, Jasper is still living in Millboro, Virginia, and retelling his story to anyone who is interested in hearing about the Jack hunters of yesterday.
The year is now 1988, and standing on the porch beside Jasper as he talks is that darn old bear! He looks the same as he did in 1941. But on closer observation, you find he has lost the ability to growl!

Oh well! That's just one side effect of having been stuffed and mounted forty-seven years ago for the sum of $180!
Because of the close association between these two families, (the Jacks and Fawcetts), I am putting the Fawcett data along with that of the Jacks.

**BENJAMIN FAWCETT/FOSSETT**

Charles Benjamin Fawcett was born around 1745. He was a furnace owner and iron manufacturer. In 1785 he was the head of a family of "ten white souls in Shenandoah." (J.J. Wayland "Shenandoah County," p. 222) In 1791 he owned the Mt. Airy (Ery) Furnace and Spring Forge.

Benjamin had come from Frederick County to Linville Creek where eventually he sold his Mt. Ery Furnace "for lack of useful ore." (11, O.S. 398-N.S. 145, Bill filed 1800 Rockingham County)

In 1796 a partnership was formed between Salvage and Fawcett (Fossett) to manufacture iron. (11, O.S. 380-N.S. 139, Bill filed 1821 Augusta County) Benjamin owned the Idaho Furnace there. (Rockingham County) The Furnace failed and he moved to Bath County where he died intestate, leaving the following children:

- Joseph
- Charles
- Benjamin, Jr.
- Mary
- Ann
- Elizabeth
- Catherine
- Hannah
- Abigail
- Drusetha

Mary married William Harrison, whose father was a founder of Harrisonburg, Virginia. Ann married John Bright, Sr., and the other girls married Hodge, Harrison, and Kinkead men whose families lived along the Augusta/Bath County line. (8; 14)

**1850 ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY CENSUS:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FAWCETT,</th>
<th>Charles</th>
<th>b. 1774</th>
<th>76 years, farmer, widower</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jane</td>
<td>b. 1808</td>
<td></td>
<td>42 years, daughter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delila</td>
<td>b. 1812</td>
<td></td>
<td>38 years, daughter</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
John b. 1815 35 years, son

Charles' first wife, Margaret Hodge Fawcett, and his second wife, Ann Gillaspy Fawcett, had died prior to this census.

Not listed on this 1850 census was Albert, who at that time was forty-four years old and living in Bath County, Virginia. He was a barkeeper in Cloverdale. He married Elizabeth Wilson in 1859. (8; 14; 15; 1850/60/70/80)

Charles' other children never married. After his death, they lived with their brother, Albert, in Bath County. Originally the Fawcett family lived in Shenandoah County, near Shenandoah City. This area is now part of Page County.

The generations are in this succession:

Benjamin b. cl745
Charles b. 1774
Albert b. 1806
Charlie W. b. 1862

1880 BATH COUNTY CENSUS:
(Take note of the changed spelling of Fawcett)*

FAUCETT,* Albert 74, widowed b. 1806
Farmer, Head of household
Jane, sister 72, single b. 1808
Nancy J., dau. 20, single b. 1860
Charlie W., son 18, single b. 1862

JACK, Annie, (servant) 30, marital status unclear b. 1850

JACK, William 8, s/o Annie b. 1872

Author's Note:
I do not know why Annie Jack was listed as a servant in this 1880 census. I think she must have been married to a Jack; I do not believe she was John Jack's daughter, although, she could have been his niece or other relative.
*Considering that the surname FAWCETT was also recorded as FOSSETT and FAUCETT, I have elected to use the latter version in this history.

According to the data recorded in the 1850 and 1880 Bath County censuses, Albert was born in 1806. On his marriage license, he listed his age as forty-five. In view of the fact that his marriage to Elizabeth Wilson took place in 1859, Albert was either born in 1814, or his actual age was fifty-three. Maybe he didn't want his bride to think of him as "an older man!"

Similarly, Elizabeth's birthdate is recorded in the census records as 1831, while her marriage license lists her as thirty-seven on their wedding day--a difference of nine years! This disparity is only one of the many enigmas of genealogy.

Elizabeth was the daughter of William Wilson of Rockbridge County. Albert was a merchant, landlord, and barkeeper. It appears he later owned the hotel in which he had kept bar in 1850. He hired tenant farmers to farm his considerable land.

I do not know why Mr. Faucett took the responsibility upon himself to care for some of the Jack children. I do know that my great-grandfather, George Thomas Jack, lived with Albert Faucett for a number of years, as did Grandfather's siblings, William T., David, and John Franklin (Frank) Jack. (15, 1850-1880; 29) Maybe the two families had been friends or neighbors a generation earlier, living in Shenandoah County.

Numbered references correspond to the SHANKS, JACK, VESS, BRIGHT, RHEA, HARDWICK, PUTNAM, FAUCETT FAMILY History References.
DEEDS

Apparently Mr. Albert Faucett, who cared for George Thomas Jack, had, at some early date, promised him a house which was on the Faucett property. I think my grandmother, and her brother, George Martin, were born in this house where George and Sarah Susan Jack presumably lived after their marriage.

According to family sources, Mr. Faucett planned to deed this home to my great-grandfather. It was taken for granted that it would someday belong to him.

Before Mr. Faucett was able to put his intentions in the form of a deed, he developed pneumonia and died. After his death, his daughter, Nanny, would not agree to make a deed conveying the property to Great-Grandfather Jack.

When my great-grandfather realized his dream of owning a home on the Faucett property was no longer forthcoming, he moved his family to the Andy Jack property, which adjoined that of Letasse Shanks, where he rented a house for a number of years. In this house, five of his seven children were born. Great-Aunt Angie Jack Burke says she can still remember the spring house and the old log kitchen.

Now this is where the confusion begins. According to Aunt Angie, this property belonged to Andrew (cousin Andy) Jack, son of James Jack who was George's half brother, and to Overton (cousin Ove) Jack, Andrew's brother; according to the deed dated the 23rd day of November 1900, the land was owned by James B. Rhea and Mary A. Rhea, his wife, and Charles A. Rhea of Pocahontas County, W. Va., and Angeline A. Smith of Randolph County, W. Va.

Were Andy and Ove Jack part owners of the property along with the above named persons; or had they, as original owners, previously sold the land to these persons? I have not been able to ascertain a definite answer. I had hoped to be able to find an earlier deed, but as of this writing, I have not. (1987)

Charles A. and James B. Rhea were sons of George and Sarah Rhea. It is a possibility that when Sarah died she left the property to these two youngest sons. When there are that many people signing a deed, it usually means that they are heirs. Either Sarah left other land to the two older boys or perhaps they had been given land when they married. Anyway, it is a possibility that Charles A. Rhea, James B. Rhea, and Angeline Smith (maybe Sarah's granddaughter) inherited the land from Sarah Rhea. Perhaps she (or she and George) bought it from Andy and Ove.

In any event, these persons sold the land to Victoria Putnam and her heirs of Bath County, Virginia, in 1900 for the sum of $700.00 payable in three installments. In turn, the Putnams sold the property to James W. and
It is not clear exactly what happened at this point. I think that my great-grandparents, George and Sarah Susan Jack, who were currently living on the disputed property, had bargained at an earlier date to buy 15 acres on the northeast end from either the original owners or Mrs. Putnam. According to the deed, the whole of said property was sold to James W. Rhea and his wife, Emma, daughter of Letasse Shanks. Being the owner of the adjoining land, Letasse Shanks was probably most anxious to have his daughter own the land.

Here, on one hand, stood my great-grandparents Jack fighting for what they considered their rightful property; and on the other side, agreeing with their daughter, Emma Rhea, that the whole of the said property belonged to her, stood my great-grandparents Shanks. Why did Victoria Putnam sell all three tracts of land on the Cowpasture River (known as the John Rhea Home Farm) to James and Emma Rhea, if she were aware of the existing bargain which had been made earlier regarding the disposition of the 15 acres?

Too many years have passed for us to ever learn the minute details of this dispute concerning the 15 acres—a small portion of the 113 1/2 described as being bounded by a walnut and black oak stump, a branch (creek), two white oaks, and a hickory tree. (The descriptions throughout the texts of the deeds were set forth in this manner.) However, personal recollections of the incident remain in the memories of a few.

Thus, in the early part of 1903 James W. and Emma Rhea were the legal owners of the three tracts of land on Cowpasture River, or so they believed. At the end of 1903 they owned fifteen acres less.

In Aunt Angie’s words I write the following: "Papa was not a fighter, but Mama was. She went to the law and made Mrs. Rhea sign the deed giving them their promised fifteen acres. I could never understand why Mrs. Rhea wanted to keep that section of the property. Mrs. Rhea and Mama had always been good friends. When Mama fought it out with the Rheas, she had the property deeded in her name only."

Sarah Susan Jack was mad! My great-grandmother went to court, explained that she was supposed to have the fifteen acres because of the bargain made earlier with the Putnams (or Andy and Ove Jack), and by so doing, secured her land.

Having refused to sign the property over to my great-grandparents for eight months, Mrs. Rhea, on 16 November 1903, finally did so. For the sum of $1.00 in hand, "a certain tract of land lying on the northeast end of James W. Rhea’s farm containing fifteen acres being a part of a tract conveyed to the said Rhea by Victoria V. and O. J. Putnam by deed bearing the date March 16, 1903," was legally deeded to my great-grandmother Jack. (13, DB 20, p. 547) Thus, on 16 November 1903,
my great-grandparents Jack became legal landholders, owning property which adjoined that of my great-grandparents Shank!

In 1932 this property was deeded by Sarah Susan Jack to Clara Lee Jack Miller, her daughter (in return for the care, maintenance, and support of Sarah Susan Jack during the remainder of her life). (13, DB 40, p. 444)

As I mentioned earlier, there are a lot of unanswered questions concerning the circumstances and motivations associated with the above chain of events. The greatest mystery, I think, is whether or not Andy Jack actually owned the land on which my great-grandparents lived. If he did, why is his name not recorded on the deed? Why did my Jack ancestors consider it Andy's land? Supposedly, my great-grandparents Jack had been paying rent to Andy for a number of years. Why, after buying the three tracts of land, did Victoria Putnam decide to evict my great-grandparents Jack from their promised section? Why did she, after only three years, resell the property to James W. Rhea at a loss of $250?

There is evidence that Andrew Jack lived in West Virginia in the late 1800's. Since James B. and Charles A. Rhea were also living in West Virginia in 1900, maybe the connection is there. I hope that I can someday piece all of the disjointed data together. If any person has additional information pertaining to this transaction and the people involved, I would like to have their input.

I have in my imagination this impressive picture of my great grandmother, Sarah Susan Vess Jack, sitting tall astride her horse, facing the formidable task of standing up against the combined efforts of Letasse Shanks, Victoria Putnam, and Emma Rhea--each fighting to hold on to what they considered rightfully theirs.

Eighty-four years later I am not in a position to judge or choose sides; I have no desire to do so. I am only a spectator looking through the ages from afar. I am proud to say that the people I see are my ancestors--strong minded men and women who left their legacies of determination and indomitable courage to those of us who care to remember.

Author's Note:

I have copies of each of these four deeds in my family archives.

Numbered references correspond to SHANKS, JACK, VESS, BRIGHT, RHEA, HARDWICK, PUTNAM, FAUCETT, FAMILY History References.
Emma Shanks (?), Sarah Susan Vess Jack, George Thomas Jack

c. 1930
"MEMORIES--CRUSHED AND CRUMBLED"

Following her husband's death in 1956, Aunt Angie Burke accompanied her grandson to Baltimore. She planned to visit with him for a short time while adjusting to her loss. The visit evolved into a stay of eleven years, during which time she supported herself, working mainly as a nurse's aide. She carved out a new life for herself--one vastly different than her former one.

Back in Goshen, Virginia, the remains of her prior lifestyle were beginning to crumble. The hard-earned rewards attributed to her and Charlie's married life together were soon to be only shreds of memories, lying shattered at her feet.

During the eleven years Aunt Angie spent in Baltimore, five couples rented her home and farmland located on Route 42, six miles from Goshen, Virginia.

Charlie's niece, Martha Staples and her husband, Bentley, were the first tenants to rent the farm. I do not know the names of the second couple who lived there, but the Clayton Waltons were the third set of occupants; Ed Burke was the fourth.

The fifth family to move into the house--all adults--damaged the property and destroyed the furniture beyond repair. For obvious reasons, I will not record their names.

Aunt Angie visited the Bath County area regularly, staying with relatives and checking on her farm. During one visit, with the approval of the fifth family of tenants, she stored her furniture in one of the upstairs bedrooms of her home. The occupants readily agreed to this arrangement, saying the stored furniture would not be "the least bit" in their way.

Then the impossible happened. Forty-odd years of shared dreams, accomplishments, and memories were cruelly smashed by uncaring hands. Aunt Angie returned to Goshen and made her usual visit to the farm. The disarray which she found was beyond belief.

One of the barns and the chicken house had been torn down and apparently used for firewood. Her furniture had been removed from the upstairs bedroom and, along with her beloved piano, had felt the destructive bite of an ax. The piano keys had been literally chopped apart and were scattered inside the barn and across the expanse of the yard.

The antique walnut pie safe which Angie especially treasured was destroyed; one section had been flagrantly nailed to a wall in the barn!

A lifetime of work and possessions had been swept away and destroyed, piece by piece; not by a flood or tornado as one would expect, but by the hands of individuals in whom Angie had placed her trust. It was a hard matter to confront and accept. Almost in a trance, Aunt Angie viewed the devastation, asking only, "Why would anyone do such a terrible thing as this?"
Picking up the only intact item she saw—the piano stool which was half hidden in the dark shadows of the barn—and without a backward glance, Aunt Angie walked away from the shambles of her home. She carried with her the piano stool and a broken heart.

It was a remarkably brave, strong, and forgiving woman who turned away from the destroyed remains of the life she and Charlie had shared and built together. Everything belonging to Aunt Angie except her house and memories were gone—crushed by uncaring hands.

But what great memories she has—ninety-two years of them. One might even regard the contents of this book as a treasury of her extra special memories recorded as they were related to me by a most remarkable lady.

Charlie Burke and Angie J. Burke
MEMORIES OF A CHILD 
AND HER NANNIE 

In Amherst County, Virginia, there stands a renovated house that harbors many memories; if able to speak, it could tell many stories. It could tell of the past sounds of little footsteps running on the stairs and the lively chatter of a little girl's voice. But more importantly, this old house could relate a story of love -- the story of a child and her Nannie.

The echo of this voice drifting down through the years brings with it a lot of memories. Recorded in this story are some of the memories as remembered by an older version of that voice of long ago.

I, Cathy S. Carson, was born in Nannie's house in Amherst, and lived there for the first five years of my life, with only one short exception, until the time she sold the "Homeplace" as it has always been designated. Nannie, of course, was my Grandmother Mary Jane Jack Shanks.

My brother Lowell and myself were born in the front downstairs bedroom three and one-half years apart. The pattern of the drapes which were hanging at the windows at that time is stamped on my memory. The scene was one of men and horses giving chase behind barking dogs. I remember the background color as beige with green and red adding to the overall pattern.

During the night of Lowell's birth, my two-year old cousin, Stephen Davis, and I were upstairs with Nannie in her bedroom. Upset about the seriousness of the impending labor and birth, Nannie began sorting through her documents, old letters, and bills, clearing the dresser drawers of unnecessary clutter. Nannie tossed one too many paper items into the little tin heater that night causing it to become overheated, setting the chimney ablaze! Being concerned about Mama who by then was downstairs screaming in pain, Nannie hadn't noticed how hot the stove had become.

Vaguely, I remember saying I chose the name "Lowell" for my baby brother. I am sure I just thought I did, maybe because I had overheard the adults discussing the possibility of its usage. I do not recall any other definite circumstances concerning or surrounding Lowell's birth and infancy. I think it is odd, I can't remember his first year. Of course, I do have baby pictures including one taken on an afternoon at Aunt Mary's. I am shown sitting in a large picnic basket holding Lowell on my lap. The basket was lined with blankets and apparently served as his bed.

In another picture, Lowell is shown dressed in a sunsuit trimmed with lace. Far back in the recesses of my mind, I can hear someone commenting on the inappropriateness but necessity of dressing him in his sister's outgrown clothing.
As a little girl, I was afraid of foxes. If the old house could speak, it would tell you about the nights when someone would shout, "Get the gun. A fox is in the hen house again!" Daddy would hurry outside with the gun, hoping to kill the fox, and I would promptly hide my face in a corner or in Nannie's lap. I guess I must have known a fox when I saw one because one day when Aunt Rose and Uncle Leslie came to visit, they brought me a book. Upon taking it, I immediately threw it across the room undoubtedly leading them to believe I was an ungrateful and ill-mannered child! Actually, I was a frightened and scared child. The book which I had so violently flung across the room pictured on its cover a big red fox!

When I was about four, Nannie helped me plant an onion patch on the left side of the back yard. Everyday we went to check on its progress. Almost as soon as the plants peeped through the soil, I pulled them up--one by one.

One of my earliest memories is that of my little red hen. I do not know why I was so attached to this chicken, but I considered her mine. I remember carrying her in my arms around the yard. When she died, Mama said I had loved her to death. Nannie, as usual, tried to console me. (I wonder if my little red hen actually died or if we needed her for food. Isn't that a horrible thought?)

I think my lifelong fear of caterpillars also dates back to about my fourth year of life. I can remember a time when the back porch and steps were covered with those awful, black, crawly worms. I can remember not wanting to go down the steps knowing I was certain to step on one. Today, I am still very wary of any type of caterpillar or crawling insect.

I have other memories involving the back porch including one concerning the time Daddy and I were sick from food poisoning. I cannot recall the details, but I remember that we were lying on cots. Why we were outside in the hot sunshine, I do not know.

Another memory bound to the porch concerns my cousin, Claiborne Smoot. He teased me one day until I was in tears while I was playing on the steps. I thought he was the meanest boy I had ever seen!* Nannie chased him away.

One day a bull almost trampled me. I knew Dad (and I think, Mama) was in the barn. So by myself, I left the house. I remember climbing through the barnyard gate, the bull charging toward me, and someone screaming. Dad came running out of the barn just in time to grab me from the bull's path. I was wearing a red sweater, supposedly a bull's favorite color!

Nannie always stored the fresh eggs in baskets and kept them setting on the two bottom steps of the inside stairs. One day as I was trying to carry a chair down the stairs, I dropped it instead. Down it tumbled, right
into the baskets of eggs! I don't know how many were broken, but I do
know that Nannie didn't spank me. Of course, Nannie NEVER spanked
me because I was her "little girl."

During the period of time between 1941 and 1945, I was the only
young granddaughter she had. Uncle Walter's daughter, Shirley, and
Aunt Edith's daughters, Virginia and Helen, were by this time teenagers
and Aunt Thelma's daughter, Rebecca, was not yet born. So until
Lowell's arrival in 1944, Nannie was entirely mine. Becky was born in
1947 and by the time she was four, the jealousy within myself began to
slowly creep out.

I guess Nannie began living with Aunt Thelma and Uncle Bill Davis
about 1946 or 1947. She had lived with Aunt Mary and Uncle Edloe
Shanks in Amherst for a time after selling her home and property.

I can't remember anything connected with our initial separation. I
suppose when we came to Elon, Nannie went to Uncle Edloe's home.
Neither can I recall any of the circumstances surrounding our move to
Elon. I am sure it was a traumatic experience for each of us. Maybe that
is why I cannot recall any of the details of the leave-taking. In any case, I
knew Nannie had gone away, leaving me behind.

Being six years older than Becky, I am sure I wasn't very kind to her
at times. I remember fighting with her once over my right to sleep in the
bed with Nannie while visiting them in their home. I won! I believe that
was the visit Mama and I made via a Trailways bus to Waynesboro.

(While waiting to catch the bus on Route 29 that morning, a man,
whom I am sure Mama didn't know, stopped and offered us a ride. I
couldn't understand at that time why Mama didn't accept his offer!) After
boarding the bus, I amused the passengers by asking Mama if she had
packed my toothbrush. I am always amazed at the clarity surrounding
some of these memories while at the same time others are so dimly
perceived.

For the next nine years, I competed with Becky for Nannie's love and
time. Actually, it was only the time I craved because I knew I had her
love. Becky was, in all probability because of her age, unaware of my
jealousy of the time she spent with Nannie. During these years, Nannie
usually spent the winters with Becky and her family; during the summer
months, I would once again claim her for myself. If she went to stay for a
few nights with Aunt Mary and Uncle Edloe, you would find me right
there with her sharing her bed at night. This was the pattern of her life
until she became ill.

*Claiborn, son of Elmer and Sara Smoot, died of a massive heart attack at
the age of forty-four in 1981.
A child and her Nannie

C. 1945
I awakened many times as a teenager to the sound of Nannie's voice speaking softly to someone in the next room. I knew she could not possibly be there, and that I had imagined or dreamed I'd heard her voice; nevertheless, I always checked to be sure, finding only Mama and Daddy talking in the kitchen. Sometimes I still believe that it was actually her voice I, somehow, heard.

In the mornings after the sun had moved away from the glider, Nannie and I used to sit on the porch of our Sweet Briar house and talk endlessly of many things. We even had serious discussions about boys! On one occasion, when I was still very young, I told her I thought it would be nice to have two husbands simultaneously. (Please don't laugh at such utter nonsense. I guess I was a romantic soul, even then.) But Nannie did laugh! In the manner which was her custom, she tilted back her head, and laughing merrily she said, "My child it would never do. One husband at a time is enough for any girl."

Mama worked outside the home during these summers, so again, I had Nannie to myself. I used to marvel at the garments she wore during the day. Each morning, even if the temperature were in the nineties, her attire was basically the same as that worn on a cooler day. Upon arising, Nannie proceeded to dress herself in a corset, an undershirt, a petticoat, long-legged panties, stockings, garters, shoes, a dress, and sometimes a sweater or shawl. It seemed as if she were never too warm.

I don't think we did many household chores during these summer days together. Later, Mama always told me I was just like Nannie when it came to housecleaning--her meaning being, I never did any! I don't know if that is a fair judgement of Nannie or not, but I can truly attest to my dislike of household chores, although I do enjoy cooking.

Those idyllic summer days weren't meant to last forever. When Nannie died, I think a little bit of me died with her. The last time I saw her alive was in a hospital in Waynesboro. I don't think she recognised me, but then I can't be sure. I remember having this feeling of detachment while standing there, beside her bed. Looking at her, my emotions were almost ones of anger or resentment. How dare Nannie get sick and not recognise me!

Until today, right at this moment, the emotions which I just recorded, have always distressed me. How could I have felt angry at my Nannie, I have always wondered? Now, I know. It wasn't anger which I was experiencing. It was fright! I was scared, because I knew Nannie was leaving me, and I knew this time she would not be coming back. I was fifteen years old, wearing the pink suit Mama had bought me for Easter. Together with Grandmother Smoot, Mama and I had driven to Waynesboro, Virginia, in response to Aunt Thelma's summons. I guess I realized the seriousness of Nannie's illness, but had not thought there
would ever be a time when she would not recognise her "little girl." And even though I knew recognition was beyond her control, the lack of it hurt.

I cannot remember the details of her death or of being told when it occurred; I guess I blocked it out of my memory. I cannot recall any details of the funeral arrangements prior to the drive from Waynesboro to Rehobeth Church in Millboro, Virginia, where we buried her alongside my Grandfather Shanks.

I loved her, cherished her, and depended upon her. She helped raise me; she taught me; and I know she loved me. She was my Nannie, and I was her little girl. We belonged to each other as much as two people can belong.

When I was so close to death in 1980, I think she somehow reached out to me. I think it was through Nannie's silent touch that a message was passed to me. I only know I awakened with the knowledge that I had to go to Rehobeth, to her gravesite.

Once there, the message was clear. Surrounded by the splendor of the mountains, I knew what I had to try to accomplish. I knew my roots were in those beautiful mountains, probably reaching much deeper. The message was, "Child, go find your roots!"

In my own small way, I've tried doing just that. I've tried to preserve the memory of my beloved Nannie, of my mother, and of my brother by learning all I that I could about our early ancestors and putting the information down in writing so that it may be remembered and read down through the years to come.

I think Nannie, my very special Grandmother, would be proud to read this family history, as would my Great-Great-Great-Grandfathers, Abraham Jacke, Bishop Henry Shank, John Bright, John Crow, and Hiram Vess I.

I am also sure that Nannie, my very special Grandmother, would be proud of my effort and of me.
Nannie -- Mary Jane Jack Shanks
c. 1952
LIFE AT ELON

I have many memories associated with the years I lived with my parents and brother in the little log cabin belonging to Mr. John Amonette in Elon, Virginia. The cabin had only three rooms—two on the ground floor and one above. We lived mainly in the downstairs area because there wasn't any means of heating the second floor during the winter months. When Nannie Shanks came to visit during the summers, she and I would sleep in the upstairs room.

Underneath the back side of the cabin was a dirt half-basement. The back yard ran parallel with a creek and wooded area while the front and side yards were bordered by fields and pastures. One of these fields had been a wooded area whose trees had been cut shortly before our arrival. My father's first duty was to clear the field of all the stumps and undergrowth. For some reason this particular memory stands out in my mind.

In no specific order or sequence I will record some of my childhood memories and recollections.

The backdrop for most of these memories were the idle days of summer. (Idle for little children only, I'm sure.) I wonder if these summer memories—as opposed to winter memories—are more vividly remembered because summer was the season when Nannie was again with me.

I can actually recall only two specific winter memories. The first one occurred during the holiday season. Christmas was near and I desperately wanted a coloring book—one which I had seen while shopping with Mama in a "five and ten cents" store in Lynchburg, Virginia. It was a very special Christmas coloring book, comprised of many Christmas scenes and very, very thick. I wanted Santa to bring it to me more than anything.

One cold and snowy afternoon the fire in the little tin heater was popping and crackling, warming the large room which served as both kitchen and dining room. After a time (spell, as Daddy would say) Daddy rose from his chair and added wood to the fire, warming his "backside" in the process. Suddenly, the stove sent a shower of cascading sparks swirling around the room. Lo and behold out of the little stove, amid the fireworks, flew my much-yearned-for Christmas coloring book! In a child's eyes and to a child's mind, it was nothing less than magic—Christmas magic! (To this very day, I still almost believe that I saw the book fly out of the stove.)

My second winter memory also centers around Christmas. A few days before the holiday my doll mysteriously disappeared; I couldn't find
her anywhere. But on Christmas morning she was sitting under the tree resplendent in a new dress and bonnet.

Forty-five years ago, little girls did not even dream of owning dolls of the type which array the rooms of children today. To a little girl living in a log cabin during the most meager period of her life, a coloring book and a redressed doll were much treasured presents.

On those cold winter mornings Mama always rose early in order to light the fire in the cooking stove. In 1946, fires were a necessary part of our lives because electricity was a luxury way beyond our means. The paper and wood were "laid" (placed in the proper manner inside the stove) the night before; touching a lighted match to it the following morning was all that was needed to "get it going."

Being an inquisitive child, even at the age of five, I was always awake early. While Mama made breakfast I, wrapped in a blanket for warmth, sat atop the woodbox which was piled high with wood. Mama always called me her "little early bird."

A lot of my memories, it seems, are centered around fire and/or little tin heating stoves. My memories of Lowell's birth, a persistent nightmare which plagued my sleep, and the preceding Christmas memory are some examples. Do you suppose that is why these special memories are BURNED into my mind?

Now, to relate my summer recollections which are many and varied--some more detailed than others. I see Nannie and myself at Sherando Lake in 1947 sitting on a park bench enjoying my first outing at a lake. I see Nannie, Lowell, and myself sitting together on the old porch swing in 1948 at Elon. I see Nannie and myself sitting on our front porch glider in 1955 when we lived at Sweet Briar, Virginia.

At the age of six, the only other body of water with which I was acquainted was the creek that ran below the cabin. I remember there were turtles in the water and Mama was always afraid that Lowell, when he wasn't in his crib, would toddle down the path leading to the spring and tumble into its shadowy depths. She used to say that if a turtle bit us, it wouldn't turn loose until the sun set.

Daddy had a square wooden box with a removable cover submerged in the creek. Sealed and bottled foods, butter, cottage cheese, and beverages such as milk were placed inside where they were kept relatively cool by the movement of the water.

To help preserve the perishable summer foods, we had an old ice box in the dug-out basement located under the back of the cabin. Every so often during the summer months a delivery man brought a huge chunk of ice and put it into the box using strange-looking tongs.
I don't remember the length of time which ensued before the block of ice completely melted, but I am sure father made certain the door of the ice box was opened as little as possible.

I have a memory of Daddy and two field hands eating slices of watermelon while taking a break from their chores. Daddy was such an unforgettable sight wearing an old pair of workpants, jaggedly cut off at the knees. Mama took a picture of the three and captured the moment for eternity.

"Eating Watermelon at Elon"

c. 1948
Walter Smoot (R), Cathy Smoot (L), two farm workers

During the warm days of summer I was allotted two sets of clothing to wear per week. For reasons of her own Mama had me dress in one outfit during the morning and, after lunch, allowed me to don the "better" garments. This was the summer dress code, so to speak, which I followed without questioning. I've often wondered if this mode of daily dressing was Mama's way of pretending to be a lady of means and fashion, thereby brightening her below average lifestyle.

In retrospect, I realize Mama frequently employed "pretense" as a protective covering by which she shielded herself and possibly others from the difficult and meager realities of her life. I am also sure that many others besides myself saw through her transparent attempts of pretension.

I remember seeing Daddy--tired and dirty--leading the horse home from the fields in the late afternoon. Sometimes, if I met him at the fence, he would sit me atop the horse and let me ride to the barn.

I can still recall the sensation of the hot, sweaty body of the horse against my skin as I, half scared by the nature of the animal, rode astride
him the short distance to the creek where he was watered. Those mini rides as a child constitute the only times I've ever sat atop a horse.

Then, there was the ROOSTER! He wasn't at all like my "little red hen" which I carried about in my arms while living with Nannie in Amherst, Virginia. This rooster was huge, white, and mean!

I knew better than to get within seeing distance of him. Many times, he had chased me around the yard; therefore, I was constantly aware of the danger he presented. Nevertheless, on this particular hot summer afternoon he sneaked up on me while I was between the house and the barn; for some reason, I was wearing Mama's bedroom slippers. I knew I was trapped as he steadily advanced towards me. Then, there he was, pecking away at my ankles as I kicked, struck, and screamed at him!

The next few moments are not clear in my memory; the images are shadowy and indistinct. Daddy working inside the barn heard my screams and came running toward me. Mama was peeling apples in the kitchen on the opposite side of the house when she first heard the commotion. And she, too, came rushing to the scene. The three of us were yelling simultaneously, and the rooster, paying no attention, kept biting my feet and legs. In the melee the oversized slippers fell from my feet.

Daddy arrived at my side ahead of Mama. In a cruel moment of frenzy and fury, he grabbed the rooster and savagely twisted off its head! Upon witnessing such a horrible sight, I immediately stopped crying and watched in shocked terror as white feathers flew all about and blood dripped onto the ground from the now decapitated rooster. Mama collapsed on the ground in a state of hysteria, crying and laughing.

Looking back almost forty years after the fact, I think this unbelievable episode exemplifies the dangerous turmoil created by the intense emotions that took control of father's thoughts and actions whenever his temper was unleashed.

I do not have any actual recollection of eating the rooster; but being a source of nourishment, I am almost certain he ended up in a cooking pot on the old wood stove. I am also sure that when he was served upon a platter I thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity of "biting him in return!"

Cows also frightened me. Daddy usually walked to and from the schoolbus stop with me--a distance of one-fourth mile. One particular afternoon Daddy wasn't waiting to open the pasture gate; after a few minutes, I decided to let myself through. Immediately, every cow in the pasture converged around me. I began screaming, probably scaring the cows themselves. Fortunately, Daddy was on his way, hurrying up the hill to meet me.

In comparison to my earlier experience with the bull at Nannie's when I was about four, this was no life or death situation, but it left its mark on my psyche. These childhood experiences prevent me, even today, from
walking anywhere near a cow; I will not, now or ever, walk through a field where cows or bulls are pastured. NEVER!

While researching this history I made certain beforehand, with one exception, that the fields and country cemeteries in which I hunted for clues were free of roaming animals. This usually meant that my husband, Herman, made a cursory inspection of the area preliminary to my in-depth exploration.

The one exception was our exploration of Bear Mountain (Matohe). I was so determined to find the chimney (the only remaining part of the house in which my Indian great-great-great-great-grandfather, John Redcross, spent his last days) that Herman and I climbed the mountain three times hardly giving thought to the possibility of roaming bears (for which the mountain was named), snakes, or other wild animals. I knew there were no cows or bulls anywhere on the slopes; therefore I felt fairly secure. (Refer to "THE OLD ROCK CHIMNEY.")

Mean roosters, bulls, and cows were not my only assailants. One afternoon while I was taking a nap in the upstairs bedroom of the Elon cabin, I had a visitor, another predacious type. Fortunately for me, Mama decided to climb the narrow stairway in order to check on my well-being. Upon approaching the bed, she nearly fainted in horror; sitting on the pillow only inches away from my face was a huge black widow spider! I assume that, not unlike the old white rooster, the spider was deciding precisely at which spot she was going to bite me! Thank goodness, Mama killed her before she made up her mind.

Besides caterpillars, which I detested, I also hated grasshoppers, all the more so after an incident which occurred on the schoolbus when I was about six. After capturing one of the little green insects, an older student purposely dropped it down the neck of the dress I was wearing.

Known for his uncouth behavior, he also, on another occasion, proclaimed to everyone on the bus that the long pants which I was wearing were pajamas. I was so embarrassed! Even at the age of six, I knew Mama had made them from a remnant of cotton flannel material, most definitely intended for nightwear. I suppose the little piece of cotton flannel was the only material Mama had at her disposal, and knowing I badly needed pants to wear to school, she did the only thing she could.

During the 1940's, I began my education at the Elon Elementary School, missing forty-seven days during the first year because of illness. Nevertheless, I earned a straight-A report card that first year, representative of the following five, with the exception of one "C" which I received for penmanship in the third grade.

I first became aware of Grandfather Smoot's gentleness and generosity during the years we lived at Elon. He would come and visit with us for days at a time. His visits became a regular habit with him for the
remainder of his life. When there wasn't any money forthcoming for my school books and supplies, he furnished the needed funds. Unlike my father, grandfather was a quiet man and, never in my presence, raised his voice or his hand to anyone. He had a special manner of smiling at me which I have never forgotten; it was such a gentle and loving smile.

I have many things buried in the recesses of my mind regarding those early years of my life at Elon. I think it is so very odd that I cannot recall or bring to the surface of my consciousness any thoughts relating to my brother Lowell, except two or three, during that entire period of time. I am afraid that due to the nature of the memories, I've purposely blocked them out, pushing them deep into my subconscious mind.

I am not sure if I actually remember the events which relate to Lowell, or whether I only remember hearing Mama speak of them. The first concerns the time that Lowell toddled down to the creek, and Mama was unable to find him. She thought he had fallen into the well.

The second memory focuses my thoughts on the time Lowell became choked on a piece of cantaloupe. By the time Mama reached him, he was turning blue from the lack of oxygen. Lifting and turning him completely upside-down, Mama beat on his back. Fortunately the piece of cantaloupe became disengaged and literally flew across the room. I suppose Mama was applying some really hard whacks to his back!

Mama always cited Lowell's misbehaviour as the reason for confining him inside of his crib throughout the years at Elon. Along with these memories, there are more bits and pieces of disturbing recollections centering around Lowell's childhood that are dimly outlined in the shadows of my mind and overcast with sadness.

Adhering to the advice of my long-time friend, Ruth Donigan, who also remembers, I try not "to dwell on these thoughts." I have decided to let them stay where they have been for so many years--deep within my being.
My mama, God bless her, always had very peculiar ideas and beliefs regarding my physical health. "Notions," Daddy labelled them. As I mentioned before, Mama kept me out of my first year of school in 1948 a total of 47 days, apparently because I was not well. Although this occurred while living at Elon, I have no recollections of being ill. This health-related problem of whatever type may have been an important factor and the underlying cause for Mama's concerns and "notions" regarding my physical well being.

Among my collection of memorabilia is an original letter written in February 1948 by my first-grade teacher, Miss Tinsley. In this letter, she discussed my lengthy absence from the classroom and expressed the hope that I would soon be able to return. She also mentioned that she was sending home to me the current reading and workbooks so that I might not get so far behind in the lessons.

Earlier, in the autumn of 1947, I remember bringing home my first reading book and because I read so well, Mama thought I had memorized the pages; consequently, she made me read at random to assure herself I knew the words.

Even at the tender age of six, I was discovering the merits of worth and excellence to be gained by absorbing and learning such phrases as "I AM JANE. SEE SPOT. SEE SPOT RUN." Mama was so proud of my accomplishments and my desire to learn!

I may have been a diffident child and deprived in some respects, but I, nevertheless, was determined to learn quickly as much as I could grasp. (Aunt Mary once scoldingly admonished me for reading "trashy TRUE STORY magazines!")

Learning was always uppermost in my mind; so when I bought home a report card marked with the first "C" I'd ever received, I was very upset. My four-and-a-half year record of earning straight A's was broken, and so was my heart!

Books have always been a constant part of my life, and the completion of this one, will be due in part to 40 years of reading. Hopefully, its finished pages will be the initial foundation building onward toward my literary career.

To all people, young and old or in between, I am simply saying, "Reading will open many doors for you, and in the process give you more enjoyment than you can imagine. Reading will help shape your attitudes and outlooks toward life, and enable you to make better choices and decisions in all aspects of your daily routine. Reading can be your
gateway to the world, or, as it has been for me, a pathway leading a little
girl onward toward her "special dream."

Now, according to Daddy, the foregoing aphorism would probably be
considered a "notion," but I can assure you, it isn't. Furthermore, my
beliefs concerning the merits of reading have caused me to digress, and I
must now return to the actual subject of which I am writing--Mama's
notions--regarding my state of well being.

While living in Amherst and later at Sweet Briar, I remember having
many colds which led to constant coughing, especially during the night. It
is a wonder I am still alive after swallowing many teaspoonsful of sugar
dampened with ten or so drops of coal oil, the basis of which as a cough
syrup is completely foreign to me, although someone reading this will
probably be familiar with its medicinal usage. After thirty-odd years, I can
still recall the many mornings Daddy said to me, "Well girl, I heard you
coughing again all night!" Similarly, today after developing a cold, I can
expect to cough for three days. It never fails.

One winter I developed "sinus trouble" after, according to Mama,
sitting on the cold, damp ground at my great-uncle Clarence Schaar's home
in the mountainous section of western Amherst County.

I do not clearly recall the events which led to my receiving x-rays,
supposedly as a treatment for the sinus problem, but I do know Mama
took me to a doctor in Lynchburg, and he administered the treatments. I
wonder if this wasn't yet another possible early link associated with the
development of my subsequent brain tumor. After careful checking, I
discovered the charts, films, and records of the years involved were
destroyed by fire. The doctors agreed that the lost x-rays showing the
frontal area of my head might have proved invaluable by shedding light on
my present day medical situation.

I will never forget the terrible tasting nosedrops Mama dropped into
my nose each night while I, following the doctor's orders, lay on my back
with my head hanging over the side of the bed! This particular memory
dates back to the early and mid 1950's, during the years we lived at Sweet
Briar, Va.

During the mid-fifties, I decided to back away from some of Mama's
longstanding notions. Enough was enough, especially when it came to
shampooing my hair. I decided I would shampoo my hair whenever and
wherever I chose. Prior to that time, Mama had allowed me to "wet my
head" only at her discretion. Then, to prevent the development of another
cold or infection, I had to dry it very quickly either in the summer sunshine
or beside the heating stove depending on the season.

Going along in the same manner of thinking, Mama made me wear
long pants to school during the winter months. How I hated it! I will NEVER
forget a pair of old red denim jeans which I wore more times than
I care to remember while attending the seventh grade. I had to wear them all winter while yearning to dress more like the other girls - in wool skirts and pretty dresses.

Even more embarrassing was the fact that during the winters prior to my eleventh birthday, Mama required me to wear homemade panties which she sewed, using soft white cotton material. Why? Well, you see, these panties featured "longer length legs' which, like the jeans, were supposed to keep me warmer. In due respect to Mama, she did trim the bottom edges of the panty legs with lace, giving them a daintier appearance. I can still clearly picture the design of the lace in my mind's eye today. For whatever reason, Mama was convinced that in order to protect my health my legs, at all times, had to remain warm!

Due to the fact that I had such a limited wardrobe as a child and suffered the consequences, I determined that my children would never know the embarrassment or hurt which I had felt as a result of this lack. I don't think they ever did. Some people may think this is a selfish attitude on my part, but unless you have been so deprived, you cannot judge.

The first time that Herman and I went shopping after our marriage in 1958, I bought four dresses collectively. I also bought a box of facial tissues and sundry odds and ends which Daddy, at that time, would have labelled needless and a "waste of money."

Today my bedroom closet is overstuffed with clothes, probably because I am still trying to compensate for my childhood lack, due to my father's conservative beliefs. I imagine I am still trying to erase the image I carry in my memory of a little six-year-old girl who, out of necessity, had to wear pajama pants to school.

It was during the early 1950's that my school teacher brought to Mama's attention the fact that I couldn't see very well, a problem of which I had long been aware.

Often I struggled through a test or examination at school, too embarrassed and shy to tell the teacher that I wasn't able to see the questions written on the blackboard. Then there was the notoriety of having to sit in a front desk to compensate for my lack of vision, if and when I did inform the teacher.

After an initial visit to the optometrist--a man of satirical wit--he conferred with Mama and asked, "Why did you wait until the child's eyes are nothing but 'bad nubs' before bringing her to see me?" The diagnosis--congenital cataracts. I had been born with them, probably inherited from my father, who as a young man, had vowed never to marry believing and afraid that he would pass his bad eyesight on to his children. (Before his first eye surgery in a Charlottesville, Virginia Clinic when he was a youth, Daddy could barely see to read.)
Consequently, I was fitted with my first pair of eyeglasses, and today, twenty odd pair later, they are as much a part of me as any of my anatomy. Without them I cannot see to read any print; reading this page would be an impossibility. Thankfully my daughters were born without congenital cataracts or other serious eye problems.

One Saturday, during the period in which we lived at Elon, I remember riding the school bus to the Amherst County Health Department for the purpose of a county-sponsored dental examination expressly for the elementary school children who did not have a regular family dentist. I went, and I can still "taste" the medicinal-flavored solution which the dentist used in his examination of my teeth.

I do not remember any other problems plaguing me as a child, except of course, the usual stomachaches and the like. I can recall no other serious illnesses.

In due time, despite Mama's ideas and "notions" regarding my health and physical welfare, I grew out of childhood in one piece. I will never understand her insistence that I wear pants to keep my legs warm during the winter or her reasoning behind the insistence. The same went for my head; it had to be covered by at least one scarf otherwise, I would certainly "catch my death of cold" and die.

I'll never forget a particular winter morning; Mama was insisting I wear another scarf on my head. Daddy, taking my point of view, broke into our discussion saying, "My God! Why does she need to wear a scarf? She has enough hair on her head to keep her warm!" Such are the memories of my childhood!

Becoming an adult did not automatically assure me an immunity from Mama's frequent opinions regarding my health. I was either too thin or too pale for my own good. Giving birth to three living daughters and one set of stillborn twin sons between 1959 and 1965 didn't allay any of her fears, especially when I also suffered a miscarriage during this same period of time.

Mama died on 9 February 1978, two years before I was told I had a brain tumor. I am thankful that she did not have to bear the burden of worrying about me yet another time. Nevertheless, I somehow feel that while the tumor was being surgically removed, she was there beside me, standing not far from the spot where Nannie already stood.

A very significant fact, I believe, needs to be recorded here. Two sisters, Mary Jane and Lilly, daughters of George Thomas and Sarah Susan Vess Jack, each had among their grandchildren a granddaughter. Mary Jane was the grandmother of Cathy Smoot Carson; Lilly, the grandmother of Emma Valerie Nuckols (Marshall).
Each of these granddaughters was diagnosed as having a brain tumor. Each granddaughter underwent surgery. After a time, one died; the other lived—to write their story.

Dedicated to my Mother,
RUTH SHANKS SMOOT

Ruth Elinor Shanks (Smoot)
When I was a small child residing with my parents and brother in the little log cabin in Elon, Virginia, a very special lady lived nearby.

Forty-one years later, she is still a part of my life and I love her deeply. She is a black lady and her name is Ruth. The gray is beginning to show in her hair reminding me of the passing years, but I only see her as she was all those years long ago.

My parents were poor people trying to make a living tilling the soil, and they were not well educated although my father possessed an aptitude for mathematics. In 1948, he was share-cropping the land belonging to John T. Amonette, barely having enough money to put food on the table. Our complete style of living was drastically changed from that to which we had been accustomed while living with Nannie.

Mr. Amonette was not a demonstrative man, though he was a very caring person. Once when Lowell was ill and there wasn't any money forthcoming to pay for the medication, Mr. Amonette "loaned" Daddy the money. By specifying the money a "loan," Daddy's pride was spared. Daddy always had great respect for Mr. and Mrs. Amonette and for Ruth, especially.

Ruth was also an employee of Mr. Amonette; besides working alongside the hired hands in the fields, she helped Mrs. Amonette with the cooking and household chores. My parents often wondered how she was able to accomplish such a variety of chores. Even as an adult driving past the Amonette house, I saw her many times walking across the fields, herding the cows home in the evening, feeding the pigs, or mowing the yard.

With the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Amonette in the recent past, these chores no longer fill Ruth's days. Instead, she cares for her own home across the road from the Amonette house (which now belongs to someone else) and does charity work--helping others by providing transportation for those requiring rides to their doctor's, the grocery store, etc. She has also donated her time to the Meals on Wheels program, delivering midday meals to the needy.

I loved to go up to the Amonette house when I was a child because I knew Ruth would feed me good things to eat, such as hotdogs, and give me drinks which I didn't get at home. On Sunday mornings, she would brush my hair before Mrs. Amonette took me to Sunday School.

Ruth was kind to me and I loved her for that kindness. I recall that she was always busy in the kitchen, cooking and washing the dishes. Similarly, I haven't forgotten the pails of warm, fresh milk she always carried into the house immediately after milking the cows. There's not
anything, in my opinion, worse than the sight and smell of warm and foamy fresh milk!

Before the sale of Mr. Amonette’s house in 1985, the kitchen was a place where I loved to sit and talk with Ruth. We have shared many good conversations and glasses of ginger ale across the width of that old table.

Ruth has spent her life helping others. She is kind and patient and gentle. She relinquished a personal life for herself, choosing instead to be a lifetime employee and nurse for the Amonettes. My father has often remarked that God will surely bless her. She was a life-long friend to my mother, and for that, I am grateful.

I have tried to instill in my daughters the depth of my feelings toward Ruth. I think they understand when I tell them Ruth helped me adjust to the void in my life after Nannie Shanks moved away from our home. Even though she was only a young lady in her early twenties when she came into my life, Ruth had the sensitivity and understanding with which to comprehend my loneliness and, by bestowing upon me her attention, helped me adapt to my new situation and place of residence. As did Nannie, Ruth always referred to me as "her little girl." Even today, Ruth invariably introduces me to her acquaintances as "the little Smoot girl I helped raise."

Ruth is an exceptional lady and an inspiration to everyone who knows her. Ruth, this is my special profile of you. You were and are special to my family and contributed greatly to my up-bringing.

With love,
Cathy S. Carson
"Your little girl"
IN REMEMBERANCE OF A CHILD

By
Cathy S. Carson

Little Wolf*
Child of the early morn.
Born as the darkness of night
Gave way to the winter sun.

Little Wolf
Child descended from the Sioux.
Born as the morning mists vanished
And the dawning of day came anew.

Little Wolf
Child and only son of Tacanka.
Destined by the twinkling stars
To roam the forest and mountains
For years numbering not quite twenty-one.

Little Wolf
Grandchild of an Indian Warrior.
Hostile, yet gentle; lonely and misunderstood,
This child of the red hair
The color of autumn leaves.

Little Wolf
Hopa Child of my Mother
Little Wolf, papoose, Lowell--
My only brother.

Little Wolf
Child of the Heavens.

*Lowell
A BOY AND A DEAD CAT

We left Elon in 1950 and moved to Amherst, Virginia, where we established ourselves on the John Gannaway Dairy Farm. While living there, Lowell became very attached to an old cat, which made its home in the barn.

My father was working as a dairyman tenant farmer; therefore, Lowell, a little tyke of six or seven, and I had access to all the barns, silos, and milking areas. What fun it was to climb to the tops of the silos via the outside encircling bars or the outside ladder! Of course, these high and daring climbs had to be accomplished without parental knowledge!

One day Lowell was playing with the cat, pretending the poor soul was a dog on a leash! In this instance, the leash was a length of baling twine. After being dragged around for some time, the cat decided enough was enough and made a quick escape into the herd of cows. The next day Dad discovered the little cat hanging from a rafter in the barn. It had accidentally hanged itself by way of the baling twine around its neck!

Lowell was very upset. Mama and I helped him place the cat inside a box, and we then carried the tiny body to a spot some distance below the barn overlooking a green hillside. Beside a fence, Mama dug a shallow grave. Lowell said a few words, which were barely audible through his muffled sobs, and, after saying a prayer, buried the now-stiff cat.

What a surprise we had the next morning. Upon going outside, we saw lying on the porch, the cat--twine and all! After determining Lowell had exhumed the tiny animal's body, we repeated the burial process.

Heaven forbid the sight we were to behold a few days later! Down the lane which ran between the silos and the chicken houses came Lowell, his red hair shining in the early morning sunshine and his freckled face innocent of any mischief, dragging behind himself the stiff and decomposing cat!

This memorable story is only one childlike and simple illustration characterizing the bounds and extent of Lowell's love. He had so much affection and concern for the lowly creatures of life. Similarly, I wish he had felt so loved.

Lowell Clayton Smoot
Another story regarding our sojourn on the Gannaway Farm is one which, in retrospect, is both hilarious and touching.

During the years we spent in Amherst, Mama worked as a waitress at a restaurant not very far from our home. She walked to work each morning; therefore, with Daddy working on the farm, the days belonged to Lowell and me.

We had the run of the barns, the silos, and Mr. Gannaway's yard. And what a great yard it was! There were big trees so numerous they blocked out the sky, and the grass was soft, thick, and green. I still can recall the feel of its velvet texture beneath my feet as I ran barefoot through the early morning dew.

But sometimes the long days of summer became dull for my brother and me. After all, how many times in a day could we climb to the top of the tallest silo or balance ourselves on the top rail of the wooden fence?

On one particularly hot day, we decided to "play house" in the sand behind Mr. Gannaway's chicken house. Remember as a child, how you would take a stick and mark off squares in the dirt designating each as a room? Well that is what Lowell and I did. We also decided the little sapling trees abounding in the area darkened our "house" excessively.

I honestly don't remember whose idea it was to "skin" the trees. But so that our house would be prettier, Lowell and I peeled all the bark from the little trees. Upon completion, each little trunk, about three inches in diameter, gleamed smooth and white in the sunlight.

We were so very pleased and proud of our accomplishment and marvelled at the beauty of our "house." The proximity of the trees to the hen house allowed the hen house walls to become ready-made walls for our "house," adding to the overall effect.

Our joy was short lived. It lasted only until a hired hand arrived on the scene prepared to feed the chickens their evening corn. That's when all hallelujah broke loose!

I think Mrs. Gannaway interceded in our behalf, but for the life of me, I cannot remember the outcome of this unprecedented afternoon adventure. I am sure my father was outrageously mad and probably wanted to "beat the daylights" out of us; I cannot remember.

Just maybe Lowell and I were, in this endeavor, glimpsing into the future, seeing things that were to come. Within the ensuing thirty-five years following that never-to-be-forgotten day, the farm has been converted into a well established community consisting of nice homes inhabited by well-known members of Amherst County, incorporating the land on which our little "house" of sand stood one afternoon so many years ago.
A NIGHTMARE

In 1950, we relocated on the John Gannaway Dairy Farm just north of the town of Amherst, Virginia; I was in the third grade of school. I will always remember my initial day at Amherst Elementary.

I was a very shy child and having to transfer to a different school was not an easy thing for me to handle. It was all the more embarrassing because Mama, still worrying about my health, made me wear a pair of long pants under my dress while we walked the rather long distance to school. When in sight of the building, she allowed me to remove the pants. After that first day, I rode a bus.

I have already related some of the events surrounding our days on the farm in Amherst, but this account is a memory of a different type.

It is the recounting of a disturbing dream or, more accurately, a nightmare. I cannot definitely say how often I was plagued with the dream's frightfulness, but for a period of years it occurred regularly, although not nightly.

The dream began as a tiny red ball of light or fire, escalating rapidly into a swirling mass of red, blue, and yellow fire. As the swirling tempest grew larger, engulfing me into its center, it seemed to be pressing me downward, swallowing me into its intense, suffocating heat. At this point, I would be screaming, fighting the dream, bringing either Mama or Daddy to my bedside.

I recall having this nightmare only during the years we lived in Amherst. If you are wondering why I am giving special attention to a dream that troubled me over thirty years ago, I'll tell you.

My supposition is that the same factors which caused the recurring dream were the same factors which had a direct bearing on the formation and evolvement of the brain tumor (meningeoma) I was diagnosed as having in 1980.

For some inexplicable reason, I feel as if the two were somehow related. Otherwise, why did I have such a disturbing dream on a regular basis? What other circumstances and/or unconscious concerns could there have been which justified its intensity and its emotional impact? I do not know now, nor will I probably ever find the answers, but for whatever the reason, the dream scared me to the point of hysteria.

However, just for the knowing and reliving, I would like to experience the strange dream once more. This time I would pay close attention to all the details of red, blue, and yellow. And employing immense strength of sheer will, I would somehow keep myself detached and apart from the dream, thereby learning the reason for its being.
TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO

While sitting alone one early spring afternoon not long ago, my surroundings peaceful and quiet, I found myself in that trance-like state which immediately precedes sleep with disjointed memories tumbling one over the other in my mind.

The cup of coffee that I’d planned to drink remained in the microwave slowly returning to its prior temperature.

My lethargic state-of-being prohibited any movement of my physical self toward the kitchen, but my mind raced backward into the past.

I recalled my brother, Lowell, as a little child. Most of the time, I try not "to remember" the events associated with his short life. I guess the reason being, I recollect so few happy ones. But on this afternoon, the memories wouldn't go away; they kept crowding out all others.

Maybe it was because an old acquaintance had mentioned Lowell in a conversation with me the day before. Upon seeing Amanda Katherine for the first time this lady had said to me, "Catherine, she so much carries the resemblance of Lowell. Even more so than Kelly does." Someone else had now given voice to what I had already seen months ago!

Amanda's innocent gaze, her wide set eyes, her broad little nose, and her cupid's bow mouth actually mirror my baby brother's smiling face forty-odd years later. Right down to her chubby little legs and her golden-blonde hair, she is Lowell’s carbon copy.

But if I have anything to say about it (and I will because it's a grandmother's privilege), Amanda's life will be full of love and security without any of the feelings of loneliness which Lowell experienced. This is a promise to her which will be kept. In that respect, the carbon will be changed and corrected.

I was too young, and not in a position to give my brother the support he needed or the security he sought. But now, as a grandmother, I'll be here for my granddaughters if and when they need me.

The acquaintance to whom I earlier referred, probably knows better than anyone the childhood memories which I try to keep "tucked away" regarding my brother's life--memories which she tells me to forget.

For reasons which I am sure my mother felt were necessary, Lowell was kept for the greater part of his toddler years restrained in his crib by means of a tie of some type around his ankle.

This factual happening is not a family secret that has been kept hidden for years; instead it's a harsh piece of reality that was witnessed by my aunts and uncles, and other family members. It is a memory which tugs at my heartstrings and disrupts my quiet moments. This method of "keeping
Lowell out of things” was labelled as cruel and unadvisable by my relatives; nevertheless, Lowell remained a prisoner in his bed.

I fervently believe this early, forced confinement was one of the fundamental elements which directly contributed to Lowell's disregard of parental authority and caused his feelings of helplessness in regard to obtaining my parents' love and respect. No matter how hard Lowell tried to please my parents, it never seemed to be enough. Something always went awry.

In my collection of family mementos, there is one very poignant and revealing letter written by my brother to my parents while he was with the Army, stationed in Hawaii. On the pages of the letter Lowell wrote, "I know I have never been the son you wanted me to be, but from now on, I am going to change and make you proud of me." It was signed, "With love, Your Only Son, Lowell C. Smoot." No one will ever know how these words affect me, even today.

Yes, there are some memories which hurt a lot. Still, until this very day, I can feel the knot of fear which clutched my stomach whenever my father removed his belt and ordered Lowell into the bedroom.

Because I wish to hurt no one, "tucked away" other similar memories will remain, hurting only myself on days like this, when a spoken word or a fleeting thought pushes them to the surface.

Each spring, as the flowers begin to poke their heads through the ground and the trees begin to blossom showering the air with sweetness and the ground with color, my thoughts drift backward to an Easter Sunday morning in 1965. Easter was late that year--not until the 18th of April.

I had just turned 24, and as of 4:30 a.m. on that early Sunday morning, Lowell, aged 20, saw and smelled the flowers of spring no more.

Lowell died at 7:00 a.m. on the 23rd of August 1965; he never regained consciousness during the intervening span of four months.

![Lowell Clayton Smoot](image)

Honolulu, Hawaii
U. S. Army, 1963
A COMPARISON

Today, I look at Kelly and see Lowell's red hair and green eyes. I see his temperamental personality and his vulnerability. I see his strengths and his weaknesses. I see his need for the love and respect of others. I SEE KELLY!

Today, I look at Amanda and see Lowell's golden blonde baby hair. I see his wide set eyes, his broad nose, and his cupid's bow mouth. I see his bright smile. I see the love and trust in his innocent baby face. I see the happiness that wasn't his. I SEE AMANDA!

AMANDA AND LOWELL

Two babies, each from Heaven sent
Forty-one years apart.
Two babies, each from Heaven sent
Near and dear to my heart.
These two babies created by God
Their destinies already fated at birth.
Each was born to fulfill someone's dream
And to carry out God's purpose on Earth.
For reasons we shall someday understand
Lowell was not destined
To become an old man.
Numbered days stretched
No further than youth, encircling
The Beginning, The End, and The Truth.
Amanda, still an infant in her crib
Will during her lifetime
An honorable life live.
And whatever her days are fated to hold
I know there will be happiness
and joys untold.
A golden haired child
Who carries her Grandmother's name
One who will strive diligently
To live LIFE in the right lane.
Two babies, each from Heaven sent.
Two babies, each a part of my heart.

April, 1986
CHRISTMAS TRADITIONS AT OUR HOUSE

Many of our family traditions center around the Christmas season. Our living room is always host to a 7-1/2 foot Christmas tree, which we decorate at least three weeks before the arrival of Santa. There is holly on the mantel, big stockings for each child and grandchild, and the glow of Christmas candles. Gifts are wrapped as soon as they are purchased, and the packages are placed beneath the tree, not to be opened until Christmas morning.

After the household settles down on Christmas Eve, Santa Claus adds a few special gifts to those already beneath the tree. He (or she) then quietly closes the sliding door, discouraging any early morning peaking. I should say "midnight" peaking because sometimes it is as early as five o'clock when we enter the living room together and unwrap the gifts.

Moving into the kitchen, we always have oyster stew for breakfast, and everyone knows that a fresh coconut cake is stashed somewhere nearby. My own traditions, acquired and added to over the years, are mainly connected to my culinary accomplishments.

Included are my freshly made Christmas salads—all kinds—vegetable, gelatin, frozen, and fruit. My specialty is macaroni salad; I always make a huge amount and share it with others.

Herman's favorite food is my special sweet potato pudding, topped with marshmallows, coconut, and a sprinkling of crushed nuts. My daughters enjoy the black cherry salad best of all.

I always have a baked ham, biscuits, and baked beans. In the fashion of my parents, we always begin the meal with tiny glasses of eggnog. On Christmas Days of long ago, I was always allowed to taste at least one "sip" of my Daddy's eggnog! So, within my family, this tradition will remain.

We always preserve the day's activities with candid camera snapshots. Naturally, I am the person wielding the camera!
EDLOE SHANKS, my uncle, especially enjoyed working in the carpentry shop which he constructed for himself in the yard behind his home. With his talents and his carpenter's tools, he built and carved many beautiful objects of varied sizes and categories.

He made one table in particular that became a focal point in his home and an article of interest for the whole town of Amherst, Virginia. The table top is carved and inlaid with glass depicting a scene of nude bodies, all ladies. The table legs also are perfectly carved nude bodies--each in a standing position.

Although Uncle Edloe never had any intention of selling the table, he received substantial monetary offers on several occasions. Recently Aunt Mary, likewise, refused to part with it.

I guess, taking into consideration all the things which Uncle Edloe carved in his lifetime, the table was, for him, probably the most controversial and rewarding. A few of my older ancestors would have been shocked, I am sure, by the nature of the design!

Uncle Edloe made many other pieces of furniture and smaller articles for the home. For me, he made an etagere, a bookcase, a wooden candelabra, and a table; and for my children, toy wheelbarrows and rocking chairs.

However, the little red rocking chair that Uncle Edloe made and presented to me as a gift on my first birthday will always remain my personal favorite. Over the years, it has seen many coats of paint in assorted colors; today, it is once again a "little red rocking chair" in which my granddaughters, Tracy and Amanda, enjoy sitting! Looking at my little chair, which is now forty-six years old, I think I understand why Aunt Mary prefers not to sell the above mentioned table. (1986)

RUTH SHANKS SMOOT, my mother, enjoyed sewing. When I was about ten years old, she once sewed throughout the night so that I would have a new dress to wear to the Easter Sunday church services.

Today, the memory of the little lavender dress is still as fresh in my mind as is the recognition of the love my mother expressed for me that night. Sitting and sewing lace on a cotton dress until the wee hours of Easter morning was, I think, an action demonstrating the deepest kind of love.

Today, as my family will attest, lavender is my favorite color. In our house one will even find a bedroom painted a shade of lavender which is almost, but not quite, purple! Someday, it probably will be purple because after each successive painting, somehow it is always a shade darker! (Of course, I don't have any idea how this happens!)
Similarly, because I dress my granddaughters in so many lavender dresses, pants, and shirts, it has become a topic of conversation!

MAZIE WOODZELL SHANKS, wife of John Shanks and my great-aunt, loved to crochet and do other forms of "handwork" (sewing by hand). She sold her completed articles to customers in the area in which she lived. Her homemade biscuits were "the greatest" as remembered by Aunt Mary Shanks.

MARTHA BRIGHT SHANKS, my great-grandmother, also enjoyed doing "handwork." One of her favorite pasttimes was spinning on her "old spinning wheel." Great-aunt Angie Jack Burke remembers the many hours Martha would quietly sit and spin, never saying a word.

ANGIE JACK BURKE, my dear great-aunt, loves to do everything! She cooks, crochets, makes crafts, travels, shops, entertains, and frequents all the restaurants. It's a well known fact that, best of all, she loves "eating out" at Long John Silver's although any restaurant will suffice!

On Tuesday, September 15, 1988, Aunt Angie celebrated her ninety-third birthday.

As for this author, CATHERINE NADINE SMOOT CARSON, my favorite hobby is writing. Letters, stories, what-have-you, I love to write. My written creations are, in all probability, not very important or knowledgable, but nevertheless, whenever I have a free moment, I can be found sitting at the typewriter or hunting for writing paper and pens.

I also like to read romantic novels, Civil War histories, and books depicting real life court trials. Also, I am very interested in literature concerning unexplained phenomena and parapsychology.

I like to travel. I especially love the beaches and the Great Smokey Mountains. I am interested in all things concerning the American Indians, and in connection with that interest, I have my office decorated with Indian portraits and other Indian art. I have an assortment of thirty-three teapots collected from many different places, including one acquired in Hawaii and one bought at a flea market, and I love to cook. Especially, I love babies!

My one other serious interest centers around medicine and nursing. During my previous employment as a medical secretary typing diagnostic reports, I grew to love the atmosphere of the medical profession.

The irony lies in the fact that I refused to even consider the nursing career which my mother wanted me to pursue; today, other than writing, nursing would be my choice of occupation.
HERMAN EUGENE CARSON my husband, loves baseball! During his high school years, he was a very important player on the team. In his 1955 high school yearbook is written this salute:

Herman Carson, quiet it seems,
But he puts a spark
In our baseball team!

Herman is interested in and loves trains. He also enjoys traveling and working with mechanical tools and machinery. Most of all, he loves playing with Tracy and Amanda, our granddaughters!
A MISCELLANEOUS TIDBIT

MILK--How I disliked it as a child! My distaste for it still remains even now in my adult years. I doubt that I have drunk a glass of white milk within the past thirty years. Chocolate milkshakes, yes, but not any plain white milk!

By the time I was a teenager, I objected to milk in most any form. Each morning when Mama wasn't noticing, down the drain went my eight ounces of breakfast nourishment. Actually, I became quite adept at the "table-to-sink" routine. There is no telling how many gallons of milk I secretly discarded in this fashion.

I didn't consider my actions wasteful because we were living on the Sweet Briar Dairy Farm and were supplied with all the milk we needed. (The "Sweet Briar" years of which I write comprised the mid and late 1950's) (Refer to MEMORIES OF A CHILD AND HER NANNIE.)

Mama never caught me pouring the milk down the drain and, until this writing, not anyone except Lowell (who never tattled on me) ever knew about my early morning habit.

Author's Note:

I realize that I have not written very much concerning the years during which we lived on the Sweet Briar Dairy Farm. It is not because they were not interesting years--they were; or devoid of memories--there were many. But a lot of the memories center around the most troubled period of Lowell's life and I choose not to dwell on them. Also, it was during the latter part of this period that I married and moved out of my parents' household.

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Located on Main Street in Amherst, Virginia, in 1944, was an old frame building, housing on its ground floor a grocery. It was aptly named Woods' Store.

On Saturday nights, the old building shook with the vibrations of dancing feet, my tiny ones included. Woods' Dance Hall, located on the second floor, was the one and only place to be on a Saturday night in the 1940's.

I have this vague memory of a little girl--no more than three or four--dressed in a red velvet dress, dancing with an elderly gentleman. Sometimes he danced, carrying the child in his arms. The little girl was none other than me; the gentleman--a bachelor--was my paternal great-uncle, Frank Schaar.

In Woods' Dance Hall, country music and square dancing became a part of my life. The Saturday night dances in that old building were the first of many square dances that I attended regularly at the homes of my parents' relatives and friends throughout the years.

I have many memories associated with these special nights--my first boyfriend; a hand held in the dark; a favorite square dance tune entitled "REDWING;" "Going To Cuba," a well-known square dance step among many; and an uncle or two who frequently stepped outside for a little "nip" from a bottle. These short disappearances always elicited disapproving glances from the ladies.

My paternal great-uncles, Bob and Clarence Schaar, always helped provide the music, and my father "called the figures," an honorary position which had been assigned to him early in his adult life.

I always thought Daddy seemed most happy when he was skillfully leading a room full of dancers through a set of figures. I think it would be correct for me to say that if Daddy, now aged eighty-four, were asked, he would still be capable of "calling" the numerous sets of figures needed for the best ole-country hoedown ever! Naturally, he would dance a jig or two himself!

Another of my most enjoyable memories of my father is one of him playing the harmonica, which he also still does well, though not very often. The last time I heard him play was two or three years ago at the home of my daughter. Sitting on the floor, listening to him play and seeing his gentle side, a tear or two crept unbidden from the corner of my eye. There are so many memories...

Yes, my father's love of country music and square dancing is shared with me. If it were possible, I would relive all those many Saturday nights during which I danced 'til the early morning hours with my great-uncles.
and assorted relatives and friends. Every now and then I hear the melody of "REDWING" or some other tune of long ago and, for an instant, I am transported back in time.

If someone should decide to take a moment on a Saturday evening in the dark hours around midnight and listen carefully, I wonder if it would be possible for them to hear the faint strains of music wafting from the second floor of Woods' Store.

Would they be able to see through the windows the amorphous, gossamer-clothed figures of yesteryear floating in and out of sight in the shadows of the moonlit room? Their first impression might be that they were seeing only a mystical, romantic, and fanciful chimera--an illusion that's almost believable.

But, on the other hand, maybe this mystical and illusory midnight chimera isn't just a figment of the imagination after all; maybe it is a perceptible existence seen and understood by only a few romantic believers.

Fact or fancy? The answer rests within each of us.
For many years, I’ve known him.
I’ve watched him mature and age.
Today, I’m remembering my childhood
As I see him turn another page.

This new chapter of his life
Now numbers eighty-two.
And I’m recalling a younger man
Of yesterday -- the same man who,

Once a year when the County Fair
Was in town
Always rode with me on the Ferris Wheel --
High above ground.

Away up in the air,
Once a year, at night,
Father held my hand and
I knew things were all right.

Dedicated to my Father, Walter E.
Smoot, on his eighty-second birthday.
16 April 1986
AN OBSERVATION

During the 1940's and 1950's, reunions were a part of my family's lifestyle. No matter where the members congregated, whether at someone's home or Rehobeth Church, we invariably looked forward to the moment when someone would say, "Let's gather around; it's time to take our group pictures!"

After the completion of the meal, the children were "rounded up" for face-washings and hair-combings. This job accomplished, we were neatly and strategically positioned at the front of the already assembled adults. The little ones were held in the arms of their parents or anyone who braved the possible occurrence of a wet diaper or a teary face. Looking at the many pictures of my smiling face on the album pages, one can readily see that I loved to pose for the camera.

Today, I look at these family pictures which I have collected from many sources, and while looking, relive each reunion or event as it took place so many years ago.

I see my Nannie Shanks wearing her funny hats. I see my brother, Lowell, as a three year old, happily smiling, unaware that he is dressed in a sunsuit previously worn by me, complete with lace trimming. In the dim recesses of my memory, I recall someone mentioning the fact that it was a shame to dress the "little fellow" in his sister's old clothes.

I see my first cousins, Steve and Rebecca Davis, and myself splashing in the water at a public park--my first introduction to a lake! After overcoming the embarrassment of having to wear a pair of Steve's swimshorts, (I didn't have a suit of my own) I guess I enjoyed the day; although, I probably started a new trend in one-piece, topless swimwear! Thank goodness, I was only six or seven years old at the time!

That was the same day Uncle Bill Davis "yelled" at me for having stepped into a picture as someone taking aim at him clicked the camera. Yes, I have that picture in my collection also! I had exchanged my "fashionable" swimsuit for a more lady-like dress.

I see my precious Nannie standing alongside Lowell and me in the yard fronting her home in Amherst, holding our hands. And I see her beside us in the summer sunshine at Elon. This picture was taken during one of her visits with us in the little three-room log cabin about 1947.

I see my parents, my aunts and uncles, my cousins--a diverse group of folks, some old and some young, some tall and some short, some dark and some fair--each standing (these pictures were always taken with the folks standing) and smiling back at me out of the past. Every now and then, I see a disinterested stare, but for the most part, I see a bunch of
satisfied people. (Remember, the pictures were made after the meal had been eaten when moods were mellow and dispositions at their best!)

Assembling the family members for the reunion picture appeared to be a very easy task. Everyone wanted to be a subject in the black and white "mementos" which, after development, were copied and re-copied and sent "far and wide" for all to see and admire.

While compiling the MATOHE data and grouping the family members together for this scriptural family portrait, I quickly realized that I would need to work willingly and devotedly for many hours if I were to develop a sharp and clearly defined picture.

The making of this family portrait, I discovered, required more than a group of eager folks with smiling faces and full tummies. It required a lot of love!

A Reunion
Nannie wearing her stylish hat!

“Cousins”
Cathy Smoot, Stephen Davis, Wayne Dunford, Lowell Smoot
Unlike the others, the following chapter does not include Family Sheets.

Instead, Bear Mountain bears witness to my Indian ancestors.
The Siouan (Dakoton) language gives us the words MATO (bear), and HE (mountain). Combining these two words we have MATOHE meaning Bear Mountain. The Dakoton word CANDI (tobacco) and CAN-KU-YE (row) pronounced CAN-DE-KOO-YEH gives us Tobacco Row. (19, p. 164)

Bear Mountain and High Peak Mountain, along with Potato Hill, which lies at the southernmost end of Tobacco Row adjacent to the James River, have always been a part of my life even when I was unaware of their existence.

Matohe is about 1800 feet high, located midway along the mountain range called Tobacco Row. During the warm days of spring and summer, Matohe rises green and lush above the countryside below. I have only recently become cognizant of our connections, but Matohe probably has known about them for years.

In 1947, I was a six-year old little girl living in a three-room log cabin near Elon Virginia—a little girl completely unaware that she was surrounded by history and living in the shadows of her Indian ancestors!

Twenty odd years later, following our marriage in 1958, Herman and I moved back to the Elon area, and in 1964, we built our present home which is situated in the foothills of the Tobacco Row Mountains—only a short distance from the towering High Peak.

Even then, in 1964, I still had no hint as to the significant facts these mountains held regarding my ancestry. The secrets and pale images from the past were there, hidden in the shadows of the years and waiting to be discovered—waiting to become memories in these pages of my dream.

I didn't become perceptive of my connections with Matohe and Candikuye until the latter part of 1984, at which time several pieces of the genealogical puzzle began falling into place. The final "piece de resistance" transpired in November of 1985, at which time Molly added the all-important section, intertwining Matohe, its early inhabitants, and me together—a very notable achievement indeed!

During the intervening months, Molly had checked numerous wills, deeds, census reports, marriage records, and family Bibles. In the process, we discovered and learned a lot about the Crow/Groah/Redcross family members and the meaning of the words "just suppose..." and "do you think it's possible, just maybe...?"
After all, as Molly pointed out, the Indians were especially noted for their use of the word "How," therefore, in all honesty, she didn't have the heart to scold me for excessively using the word! HOW could she? Within a short time, Molly and I were having so much fun that she ceased to wonder HOW she could possibly answer all my questions; she simply did--one after another!

This book is a chronicle of the factual data we unearthed and an expression of the the fun we shared together in the process. It is also a diary which reveals the development of a special friendship between the genealogist and the author.

One of our most exciting discoveries documented that we are now living almost directly on the site of what was the first incorporated town in Amherst County! Situated on the James River, a short distance from our home, at the mouth of Salt Creek, was a town called Bethel. By the early 1800's it had evolved from a trading post and flour mill into a busy community complete with a store, a tavern, a post office, and a ferry. A flour mill and trading post had been in existence since 1767. For over a century, Bethel was a gathering place for white and Indian men alike. (19, p. 52)

In 1833 one of the earliest settlers in this area, whose name was William Johns, purchased four hundred acres of land on Bear Mountain for $400.00, adding to the adjoining areas he already owned.

In 1831, according to an Amherst County deed (DB T-440), William Johns had previously bought 52 acres on Bear Mountain from Lindsey Hardwick, my great-great-grandmother Juliana Shank's first cousin. This land was Lindsey's share of the division of the estate of Jonathan and Elizabeth Coleman, his grandparents. (3)

On this acreage Will Johns established the first and only contained Indian settlement in Amherst County. (19, p.52) (Refer to Shanks Chapter--Hardwick Connections)

William and his wife, Molly Evans (Johns), were each part Indian; they had white fathers and Indian mothers. William's nickname was Mallory, but folks sometimes called him "Portugue" because of his broken English. (19, p. 52) He was the youngest son of Robert and Mary Johns of Amherst County. (3; 8) He and Molly were married in 1790. (3; 19, p.52)

It would be impossible to relate in this book the full amount of history which has been revealed to me during the past few years regarding the Monacan Indians who dwelled on the slopes of Matohe and the Tobacco Row Mountains throughout the past two centuries. I hope the small amount which I have included here will inspire others to read "Indian Island In Amherst County," by Peter W. Houck, M.D. and other books depicting Indian culture then and now.
So it was—on Matohe and its environs—that I found my pure-blooded
great-great-great-great-grandfather John Redcross I and his family! While
living on the mountain or during treks westward, maybe to Washington
County, his daughter, my great-great-great-grandmother Sarah Redcross,
met and fell in love with John J. Crow. They were married on 5
November 1807 in Washington County, Virginia, thereby assuring my
Indian ancestry. (30)

Matohe is a mountain that has been around for many, many centuries;
it holds the secrets of many ages; it has witnessed the sufferings of many
people. MATOHE--Mountain of the Indians--Mountain of my ancestors!

Numbered references correspond to the REDCROSS, CROW, JOHNS
History References.
REDCROSS
(Incomplete Data)

(Dates of birth approximated from the 1850 census reports of Alleghany, Amherst, Campbell Counties and Lynchburg.)

JOHN REDCROSS (of Augusta County, Va.) Indian
(Author's research is ongoing regarding this ancestor.)

JOHN REDCROSS I
Indian
Amherst County, Va.
b. c1757
d. c1851
m. Unknown
i. Indian Graveyard on Bear Mountain Amherst County, Va.
Children:
1. John II b. 1775 m. Susannah Thomas 1807 Amherst County, Va. (4)
d. c1861
2. Nancy b. c1780 m. James Penn (s/o Rawley) 27 August 1799 Amherst County, Va. (4)
3. Henry b. 1782 m. Mary_________ (b. c1788) went to Alleghany County, Va. (1)
4. Sarah b. c1789 m. John J. Crow (s/o William) 5 November 1807 (30)
5. Ritty (male) b. 1795 m. Unknown Living in Lynchburg, Va. in 1850 (16A)
6. son b. c1795 m. Catharine_________ As a widow, Catharine lived in Lynchburg, Va. (16A)
7. Eliza b. c1807 m. Tarleton Johns c1830 Amherst County, Va. (4)

8. Others
John II and Susanna had these children:
1. William b. c1808 m. Jane_________ c1829
2. Others b. 1810-1825
3. Paulus b. 1827 m. Frances Beverly 1852 (19, p. 53)

Numbered references correspond to REDCROSS, CROW, JOHNS
History References.
Early data indicated that the Indians bearing the name REDCROSS who lived in Amherst County during the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries were probably Cherokee. Later findings of historians suggest the Redcrosses were of Siouan origin.

We do know that the Indians living in the settlement founded by Will Johns on Bear Mountain (Matohe) and the Indians who roamed the neighboring mountains, which make up the Tobacco Row, were Monacans, who, with the probable exception of John Redcross, were descendants of Anglo-Monacan marriages in the mid-1700's. The Monacans were the Eastern division of the gigantic Sioux nation. They were known among themselves as the Dakotas-- DA (alliance); KOTA (friends). (19, p. 12)

My great-great-great-great-grandfather, John Redcross I, is thought to be the Indian who created the Cherokee confusion in Amherst County. There is more than one theory regarding the manner in which John Redcross I became associated with the Johns' Settlement on Bear Mountain.

I will not go into these theories in this family history because, first of all, I do not consider myself as yet knowledgeable of all the historical facts, and secondly, although my research into my Indian ancestry is ongoing, the theories and histories can be read in other sources in more detail than I am prepared to state.

In any case, records point to the evidence of Redcrosses in Amherst County prior to 1799 and indicate that John Redcross I was a pure-blooded Sioux Indian! The name John Redcross appeared in the American census books of 1785-1790, and one John Redcross enlisted in the Revolutionary War. I would assume, according to these early dates, that he was probably John Redcross I, who was born around 1757. His son, John Redcross II, was born in 1775. (2)

John Redcross I was the son of an earlier John Redcross of Augusta County. In 1810 John Redcross I was listed in the census as the "head of a household of six." He and his wife were the parents of at least six children born between 1775 and 1795. John Redcross II and his wife, Susanna Thomas; Nancy Redcross and her husband, James Penn; and Eliza Redcross and her husband, Tarleton Johns remained in the Amherst County area. Henry (b. in 1782) moved to Alleghany County. (1) Ritty (b. 1795) lived in Lynchburg, Va. in 1850 and was the father of at least two children, Amanda (b. 1827) and Mary (b. 1836). Another of John I's
sons (name unknown) also lived in Lynchburg in 1850 according to the Campbell County census of that year.

Sarah Redcross, daughter of John Redcross I, was born around 1789. (3) She married John J. Crow, son of William and Margaret Lewis Long Crow, on 5 November 1807, in Washington County, Virginia. (14; 15; 16; 30) Sarah and John Crow were my great-great-great-grandparents.

My great-great-great-grandmother Sarah Redcross was the aunt of Paulus Redcross (b. 1827), who was the son of John Redcross II. Paulus was the man described as "no doubt an Indian" by a minister in Amherst County in 1925. (19, p. 63)

Apparently the Redcross men with whom my father was acquainted were the sons, or more likely, the grandsons of either Paulus or his brother William. Residing in Amherst County in the early and mid 1900's (as was my father) were William Redcross and his father, Nathaniel. It was reported that Nathaniel left Amherst after killing a man with whom he was playing cards. According to my father's recollections of the incident, an apparent disagreement between the two men led to a fight which resulted in the untimely death of one of the participants. (19, p. 124)

In 1880, Paulus Redcross and his wife, Frances Beverly Redcross, were living in a 16 x 18 foot log cabin with a dozen of their children and grandchildren. They were a family possessing striking Indian features--straight black hair and black eyes. Their demeanor was both stoic and prideful. They were Indians to their innermost depths, and proud of their heritage despite their ostracization by society. (19, p. 93)

The Redcrosses intermarried with the Johns, Penns, Beverleys, Thomases, and others of Amherst and Rockbridge Counties. (3; 4; 28) In turn, the Johns' daughters also married men in Bath and Augusta Counties as documented by marriage records of those counties.

Josiah Bright, who was killed at the Battle of Gettysburg, married in Augusta County on 25 October 1850 Evaline Johns, daughter of William and Rebecca Ann Fitzpatrick Johns of Augusta County. (9) (Refer to The Johns' Connection.) Josiah was the son of my great-great-grandparents Peter and Elizabeth Crow/Groah Bright, and was the grandson of John J. and Sarah Redcross Crow.

The Crows/Groahs, descendants of James I and Eleanor Crow, were associated with the counties of Nelson, Montgomery, Botetourt, Augusta, Bath, Washington, Alleghany, Amherst, and others. They owned varied property in these areas. According to the Botetourt County Deeds, their combined acquired acreage in the late 1700's amounted to at least 4,774 acres. (14; 15; 16) (Refer to CROW HISTORY, Information Gathered From Deeds and Real Estate Transactions.)

The evidence seems to indicate that the Bear Mountain Monacans of Amherst County and the Indians of Rockbridge County, who lived on
Irish Creek, were in close contact with each other and with the folks of Bath and Augusta Counties.

These Indians were often referred to as the Rockbridge County Brown People; they had been driven into the hills by the Rockbridge County militia. Records show that some Branhams left Bear Mountain and joined these Indians at Irish Creek and vice versa during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (19, p. 61)

I can hardly believe my good luck! Today, as a result of Molly's diligent and never-ceasing research, my Indian heritage has been documented. When all our clues were exhausted, and others would have given up, Molly patiently answered my never-ending questions. With only my intuitive convictions and hopeful assurances (regarding my Indian ancestry) as reasons to continue, Molly put her trust in me and continued the search, soon becoming a believer herself.

Without Molly's help, I suspect I would never have realized my dream—my wehanma! In the following pages, I now share my dream with other dreamers!
MISCELLANEOUS REDCROSS DATA

In the St. Paul's Episcopal Cemetery in Amherst County, there are the recent and not so recent gravesites of many Indian descendants, including the following two REDCROSS family members:

Nannie Johns Redcross Willis (wife of Nathaniel Redcross)
b. 11 May 1860
d. 8 July 1953

William Redcross, Pvt. 40, Co. 155, Depot Brigade, W.W.I
b. 16 June 1890
d. 20 September 1959

I do not know how or where these two Redcross family members fit into the family tree, but they definitely hold their place in this family history.

Eliza Redcross (daughter of John Redcross) married Tarleton Johns (son of Will Johns) and had a home on the crest of Bear Mountain. Their home has long ago fallen into ruin, but its chimney still stands. In this house, my great-great-great-great-grandfather John Redcross I died; he was almost 100 years old at the time. John's friend and the founder of the Bear Mountain Indian Settlement, William Johns, also died on the mountain in 1861 at the home of his son, William B. Johns. (19, p. 54)

Author's Note:
At the present time (March 1987), I am in the process of obtaining permission to climb to the crest of Bear Mountain so that I might personally see the area on which the Bear Mountain Indian Settlement was founded. I especially want to stand on the same ground on which my great-great-great-great-grandfather, John Redcross lived and died.

(This permission was subsequently obtained.)
Today a visitor came to see me; two visitors, in fact. They stood and stared at me with something akin to disbelief showing in their eyes.

They were palefaces, strangers to this mountain on which I stand. The man was bearded and middle-aged. I could sense that he was not out of place in this mountainous region.

But it was the girl who claimed my attention and kindled within my old stone walls memories of long ago. Too moved to speak, she stood with tears in her eyes and gazed in wonder at my crumbling exterior. It took me a moment to realize that she was not young but a woman almost as old as her companion. Her expression characterized the essence of an inquisitive child and momentarily confused my image of her. After all, my eyes are far from being young!

It's been a very long time since anyone took notice of me; but a hundred years or so ago that was not the case. Actually, I'd begun to feel very isolated and alone standing here on the crest of Matohe surrounded by fallen trees and shadows of the past. Tired. Yes, I'd become very tired and lonely. Now, having shared my thoughts with the two visitors this afternoon, I think my loneliness will be somewhat tempered.

For over 150 years I have stood continually on this plot of ground at the midpoint of the Tobacco Row Mountain Range. Many years ago when the bears roamed in great numbers, the Indians called this mountain MATOHE, which in white man's language translates BEAR MOUNTAIN.

During the past century-and-a-half I've seen many people come and go. On several occasions Indian delegates from other states, on their way to Washington, D. C. stopped off to visit; some decided to remain. A great number of Indian and white men alike rested in my warmth for varying lengths of time before conditions and circumstances warranted their departure. Most of the bears, for whom the mountain was named, likewise, wandered away. Finally the day came when I was left alone with only the deer and the squirrels for company.

Many years ago the blaze within my walls warmed the large log cabin built around me. If my memory serves me right, I think the cabin to which I belonged was the largest on the mountain; therefore, I am a chimney of great height. But I never let my superior status intimidate the others smaller than myself. The Indians always proudly referred to me as the "The Chimney on The Crest" and pointed me out to visiting tribal chiefs.

I always tried to live up to their respect for me by doing my job well. I made sure that all the meals were sufficiently cooked and that the inhabitants inside the cabin were warm. I labored especially hard on those cold winter nights when the wind howled through the settlement.
The snows fell frequently and deep in those days. Often the flames within me burned constantly and fiercely, drying wet moccasins and warming frostbitten fingers and toes. I was always very proud of the services I provided. Nonetheless when the summers arrived, bringing with them a warmth all their own, I breathed a sigh of relief.

I can't remember, exactly, the date of my creation, but it was probably about 1830. That was the year in which my occupants, Tarleton Johns and Eliza Redcross were married and acquired a home of their own. I was already standing here when Will Johns established his Indian Enclave in 1833. I became so excited watching the general flurry of activity associated with the construction of a half-dozen or more log cabins that I accidentally overheated the cabin and myself!

Will Johns envisioned a great Indian settlement on this mountain top, but after his death the community gradually fell apart and the people scattered to new locales. During the following one hundred years the people still living on Matohe and in the neighboring areas endured many hardships, including hunger and verbal abuse by society.
Yes, my rock walls hold many memories—almost as many as does the mountain itself. The visitor, the one with the weeping eyes, awakened me from my dormant state this afternoon and made me "feel" again. There is something about her that stirs my memory of those long ago days. I perceive a familiarity with her—a connection, of sorts.

It comes to me now! She reminds me of a child who once lived on the slopes of Matohe, many years before the settlement was formed. The child, called Sarah, was probably born around 1789, preceding my birth by almost half a century.

The old people of the mountain knew her well. They spoke of her long, dark hair and of her eyes, which they said were as black as the darkness of the darkest night. The old women often recalled how the determined child would climb to the highest branches of the apple trees, inevitably reaching for the uppermost apple. Capturing it, she would then descend the tree with the agility of a ground squirrel. They invariably hastened to add that the child's determination in no way diminished her thoughtful and considerate nature.

Many times I listened to the voices of successive generations of children as they sat around my hearth retelling the stories which Sarah had told to the little children over a century ago—beautiful stories about life in the mountains and in the forest. The children never had any idea how much I enjoyed their presence and the enchanting stories they related to each other.

By means of these stories and conversations, I came to know and love the child called Sarah. I learned of her dreams, her lifestyle, and her intrepid spirit.

Over the years I came to understand the sense of loss and sadness that touched the people’s lives when, at the age of seventeen, Sarah left the mountain to become the wife of a white man. The people had missed her; the little children, especially, noticed her absence. No longer was she there to tell them stories about their ancestors, Indians belonging to the great nation of the Eastern Sioux, free-spirited wanderers known as Monacans.

During the ensuing years Sarah frequently returned to visit her relatives and friends who chose to remain on the Tobacco Row Mountain Range. In actuality, when I first laid eyes upon her, she was a lovely, dark-eyed, forty-one year old lady. Although I had only recently been constructed, I felt as if I had known her all my life.

In her dark eyes I could see the child about whom the old people spoke. I could hear in her voice the stories I knew so well. It was 1830 and I was a young chimney when I first saw her, but I still remember it as if it were yesterday. I also remember the huge flame that burned within myself during the duration of her visit.
Over the next thirty years, I waited impatiently for each of her visits to the mountain. My flames blazed high and strong whenever she was happy, and my stone heart ached if she were sad.

Sarah was an old lady when her aging father, John Redcross, the old Sioux Indian, came to spend his remaining days in this very house which now lay in rubble at my base. I haven't thought about John Redcross in many years. At his death in 1851, he was almost 100 years old; I kept him warm during the last days of his life.

My old stone heart ached terribly as I watched Sarah kneeling beside his bed that night 136 years ago. It's all so clear in my memory—the room, the bed, the last whispered words of the old Indian, and the warmth provided by my fire.

Especially I remember Sarah—by then an old lady—with tears in her eyes. Slowly the tears traced paths through the creases of her wrinkled face, falling softly upon her father's bed. Tenderly, in the custom of the white man, Sarah touched her lips to her father's forehead in a silent goodbye.

I see all of it so clearly today. Why, I am asking myself; why today? Suddenly, I know the answer!

It's because of the visitor who came this afternoon—the starry-eyed visitor with the tears on her face. She's the reason I've remembered these events so vividly. This girl—who is not a child any longer, but so like the determined child of ages past—sought me out in the falling snow and revived the memories buried deep within my stones.

I know that one day she will again climb the mountain and stare at me with understanding. She has made me feel warm and worthwhile for the first time in ever so long. I do not feel so isolated any more. I know that she is nearby and cares about the history which I represent.

Yes, I am only an old rock chimney, but I think the visitor and I, somehow, share the legacy of the Sioux. I think it's just possible that she is already aware of the memories I've recalled this afternoon.

She will come again, I'm sure, and when she does I'll be here waiting—waiting to hear her footsteps in the leaves, waiting to see my little Sarah once again.

Author's Note:

The foregoing story was written after Herman and I located the ruins of the Indian Settlement on Bear Mountain in the spring of 1987. It is on this mountain that my great-great-great-great-grandfather, John Redcross I is, in all likelihood, buried.
Robert Johns, a white settler born around 1730-1735, married about 1750 an Indian maiden by the name of Mary. He was, most likely, the first Johns to live in this area having followed the path of the James River upstream.

Robert and Mary were the parents of seven sons and one daughter born between 1750 and 1779. This latter date is not proven but fits in with the other factual data. (6; 7; 8; 9)

The two sons most directly linked to this history are the two eldest brothers, Benjamin and Joshua I. Their younger brother, Will Johns, was the founder of the Bear Mountain Indian Settlement in Amherst County in 1833. (19, p. 52)

The early Augusta County records show that Joshua and Benjamin Johns left Amherst County, moving on west to Augusta County. In 1794, Benjamin owned an "iron works" on the South Fork of the Holston River in Wythe County together with Joshua. In September 1798, (Augusta County deed) Benjamin and his Indian wife, Lydia, of Washington County, sold land plus the iron ore located on the South Fork of the Holston River. (7; 10; #157; #55)

Joshua bought and sold numerous tracts of land in Augusta County, and his children's marriages are recorded in that county. The few records on him in Augusta County tend to show that he was a Baptist leader who left Virginia in 1794. I do not have the name of his first wife, but after going to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Hopewell, New Jersey, he married Eleanor Hart, daughter of Oliver Hart and niece of the Reverend Silas Hart, who lived in the area.

After their marriage, it seems as if they moved around a lot, to the Lexington, Kentucky area, both east and west of the Blue Ridge, and finally to Pennsylvania. During this period of movement, contact was not lost between themselves and the Indian/white families of Amherst County, i.e. Johns, Branham, and Redcross.

In a Declaration given by a John Williams (b. 1754) and recorded in the 1832 Augusta County Order Book (which contains the Declarations of Service of American Revolution Veterans) he swears that he served under Lt. Benjamin Johns of Augusta County. In order to have been an officer in the American Revolution, Benjamin's birthdate probably was around 1750. (12)

With Joshua leaving in 1794, it can be assumed that the majority of the Johns in early Augusta County were descendants of Benjamin and his Indian wife, Lydia. (7; 9)

Benjamin and Lydia had two sons, Isaac and Enos. Isaac Johns had six sons and one daughter including the following:
A deed book in Augusta County lists a record of a land transaction between Isaac Johns I and Mathew and Catherine Penn, wherein the Penns sold to Isaac 250 acres of land patented by Mathew on 18 February 1783 on Shaws Fork of the Cowpasture River near Headwaters, Virginia, and delivered on 28 December 1797 to William Johns, executor of Isaac. Prior to this land purchase, Isaac had moved to Highland County. He died in 1797. (7; 24-344, 10 August 1784)

William Johns (son of Isaac II) and Rebecca Fitzpatrick were married in 1825 and were the parents of at least seven children, including Evaline J. and her twin, Andrew J. born in 1832. In 1850, at the time of Evaline's marriage to Josiah F. Bright (son of Peter and Elizabeth, my great-great-grandparents), Evaline's father, William A. was deceased. Her mother, Rebecca, was about fifty years old. Still living at home with Rebecca were Mary A., twenty; Andrew J., eighteen; Rachel, sixteen; Frances, fourteen; and William J., eight. It is possible that Evaline's twin brother called himself Joshua A. when he was an adult as opposed to Andrew J. (6) Evaline's great-uncle, James Johns who married Rebecca Woods in 1793 also had a son named Joshua.
Evaline’s mother’s family, the Fitzpatricks, came from Ireland to Albemarle County originally. Their descendants split into two groups, with one group settling in Nelson County (probably where they settled originally in what was then Albemarle County). The other group settled in Bedford County. Some were farmers but a number of them were lawyers, merchants, or Baptist ministers. (24) Going on the theory that the Baptist clergy moved around quite a bit, I believe that Evaline’s mother was the daughter of a Baptist minister. The Fitzpatricks living in Nelson County were related to the Cabells, who lived near Nellysford, Virginia, and definitely had Indian blood! (24; 25)

When mentioned in the Augusta County records (as compared to the records in Amherst County), it is interesting to note that the descendants of Robert and Mary Johns are listed as "white," or occasionally in deeds, as "of Indian descent," never "mulatto" as they are in Amherst County. (2; 3; 4; 8; 9)

Numbered references correspond to REDCROSS, CROW, and JOHNS History References.
JOHNS PEDIGREE CHART

I. Robert Johns  
m. Mary ________ (Indian)

II. Lt. Benjamin Johns  
m. Lydia ________ (Indian)

III. Isaac Johns I  
m. unknown

IV. Isaac Johns II  
m. unknown

V. William Johns  
m. Rebecca Fitzpatrick

VI. Evaline Johns  
m. Josiah F. Bright
Reverend Silas Hart was the brother of Oliver Hart and Lucretia Hart Gilbert Thomas. Oliver Hart was the father of Eleanor Hart who married Joshua John I (Joshua being the great-great-great uncle of Evaline Johns Bright).

Reverend Hart was the first Baptist preacher in the Shenandoah Valley. He started a church in Rockingham County, was on the board of trustees of other churches in Augusta County and near Winchester, helped the Baptist Association of Philadelphia start a theological seminary to train Baptists for home missions, and was involved in many other projects including holding the position of first sheriff of Rockingham County. (8)

He was extremely wealthy for a frontiersman. He had no children, so when he died he left everything to Baptist organizations. His wife had predeceased him.

His myriad relations popped up from all directions to contest his will. The whole matter went on and on, complicated by such things as the dissolution of the Baptist Association of Philadelphia, whose assets subsequently were assigned to four new organizations.

The litigation went on from 1794 until after 1820, and, as time went on, new descendants of Silas Hart were born and were all duly listed in the lawsuits. I have not researched this beyond 1820, at about which time Joshua and Eleanor Hart Johns died. (7; 8; 9)

Numbered references correspond to REDCROSS, CROW, and JOHNS History References.
It's a cool night at the beginning of October 1833. On the hard dirt streets of the little rivertown of Bethel a few men can be seen milling about in the light of the partially cloud-covered moon.

The wind blowing from the south ripples the waters of the James River and brings with it a taste of the cold winter ahead. Most likely it will be one with heavy snows if the wooly worms are any indication.

An old Indian, his face weathered with the seasons of many years, squats and gazes out over the river. A tear trickles down his coppertoned cheek. In one agile movement, he rises to his feet and turns his attention upward toward the little Chapel high on the hill above the town. In a voice broken with sadness, he says, "Oh, Great Spirit, let the warm winds keep her safe until her journey is ended and she dreams in peace."

Turning, he silently walks westward following the path running parallel to Salt Creek. This day, he has left another of his granddaughters in the white man's cemetery.

Inside the tavern, business goes on as usual, the voices only a trifle less loud. In comparison to so many other hardships, the death of one little Indian girl becomes lost in the turmoil of daily life.

The interior of the tavern, built in 1821, is dimly lit with an assortment of candles and oil lamps and gives forth with the strong aroma of unwashed bodies smelling of tobacco and horses. This, added to the distinctive order of corn and rye whiskey, leaves much to be desired.

Sitting at one of the six wooden tables near the back window is Travis Johns and Elisha Redcross. The contrast between these two men is immediately evident to an onlooker. Although possessing Indian blood and looking much like his copper-skinned companion, Travis, nevertheless, pales in comparison.

Elisha's long black, straight hair pulled back with a deerskin thong, his black eyes, his unique Indian features, and his upright carriage unmistakingly label him Dakotan. He also is wearing a feather tucked into his hair. The Dakotans have always worn brightly colored feathers—a mark of distinction.

His manner is at the same time both polite and reserved. The thought crosses the mind of this observer how, even tonight in the atmosphere of camaraderie, he holds himself aloof, silently watching and keeping his person on guard.
The tavern has a fireplace located on its western side. Every now and then someone will add a log or chips of wood to the burning embers causing sparks of fire to pop and crackle as the blaze again burns brightly.

Sitting to one side, half hidden in the shadows, is a girl. She has shiny black hair falling loosely around her shoulders, and at a glance you recognise in her the same similarities and mannerisms present in Elisha.

She is sitting Indian style on the floor absentely patting the head of an old dog, who in turn wags his tail at the unsolicited attention. The girl's eyes never waver from their point of focus--Elisha's face.

The room has rapidly begun to fill with others, a few women included. Listening, you hear talk of the tobacco crop, the new ferry, the corn which is being harvested, the brisk business being carried on at the flour mill, and especially, murmurings among the men about the four hundred acres of property which Will Johns has recently purchased on Bear Mountain. The mountain is the one which the Indians call Matohi, its Dakotan name.

Someone asks, "Are we actually goin' to believe Johns can turn his dream of an Indian Settlement into a sure thing?"

At the other end of the room someone laughs derisively, but quickly ceases upon seeing the disapproving stares cast his way.

An old man in the corner muses, "Four hun'erd acres can house a lot of us. I would like to see it happen. Sure Old Mallory can do it."

Another man of Anglo-Monacan descent replies, "It would be a good thing, mighty good." Other voices add to the hum of conversation. Voices saying, "An Anglo-Monacan settlement in Amherst County, it must be done. Think what it would mean to our children." The conversation gradually turns to other topics.

The fire is burning lower now. "It's gettin' late. Lotsa work to do tomorrow, I gotta go," one man says. Jonas Branham, downing his last whiskey, adds, "Yeah, it's getting on nigh to eight o'clock. Gotta be goin." He wipes his mouth on his sleeve and checks to make sure his boots are on his feet. "Nite to all yall," he repeats. Voices in unison respond, "Nite to you, Jonas."

The cold night air comes rushing into the room each time a patron departs. Gradually, the other tables empty. Travis and Elisha bid each other "Goodnight."

The girl quietly rises from her position beside the fireplace and waits silently in the shadows. At a nod from Elisha, she dutifully follows him out into the night.

For the Indian-white folks living in and around Bethel, another day is ending.
Marriage registers rarely designated an Indian as "Indian" on the written records. In fact, even with the Redcross family who were historically acknowledged as Indians, the marriage registers seldom say "Indian," or "free person of color." Apparently, if the person didn't look dark to the clerk the assumption was that the parties were white. If they were dark, then they were either considered to be Negro or mulatto. In 1790 in Amherst County, all the Redcrosses and all the Bridgewaters were not white or black, but "other." (2; 4; 5)

Early censuses and records show Nathaniel Bridgewater of Augusta County to be either an Indian or half-Indian who married an Indian maiden and raised a large family. He was wealthy, owned considerable land, and even some slaves about 1780. Most of his children settled in Nelson County. (5; 6; 24; 25)

In 1820, Charles Bridgewater was "white" with a wife who was "other." Most all of the other Bridgewaters and Penns of Nelson County were considered to be white. In Amherst County in 1820 all but two of the Penn families had one or more "other" members. (2; 24; 25)

By 1840, all ten of the Johns families were "mulatto," so were the Charles Bridgewater families, some Penns, and the Peter Thompsons. (2; 4; 24; 25) The Johns living in Augusta County and in Amelia County were "white." (1A; 2) The Johns, Bridgewaters, Redcrosses, etc. went to Amelia County to get married, probably in order to marry as whites. (1B)

The Crows/Groahs all lived in counties where many people were labelled either white or slaves. It looks as though only Amherst County consistently labelled these people as non-white. I am sure the "mulattos" in the Crow/Groah families were Indian or part Indian because, at times, they were also listed as white in other places. Persons with Negro blood never were called white. (See the 1850 Augusta County and 1880 Rockbridge County censuses- Crow Chapter)

Names associated with the Indians in Amherst County's Irish Creek area were Clark, Beverly, and Roberts. Also identifying with the area's Indian history were the Cabels, Floyds, Davises, Hughes, Hamiltons, Branhams, and Wingfields. (19, p. 81) These families lived near the Groahs of Nelson County and just over the mountains from the Groahs and Brights of Augusta County.

Some Leonards also married Johns, Penns, and Crows (the Crows were married in Augusta County). The Fitzpatricks of Amherst County intermarried with the Penns of Amherst and Nelson Counties, and with the Crows of Augusta County. (4; 9; 25)

Legend says that John Redcross I was an outsider who decided to join the Bear Mountain Monacans in 1820-1830. Legend also says that he probably was a Cherokee. But county records show that there were Redcrosses in Amherst at least as early as 1799, and John Redcross was
the only person of that name listed in the Virginia and National censuses in the 1700's. (3; 5; 19, p.66)

History tells us that the Sioux were a colorful Indian tribe. They adorned themselves as well as their spears and arrows with many feathers, and adopted such picturesque names as Redbird, Redfish, and Reddog. Keeping in mind that the Monacans were of Dakotan (Siouan) origin, maybe the parents or grandparents of John Redcross I were among those who remained after the greater segment left the area in the early 1700's. Molly found a deed in Nelson County in which a man was designated both as "Redman" and "Redcross" in the same document. Perhaps some Redcrosses are still around, incognito!

Yes, there are some questions regarding my Indian ancestors which will always remain a mystery, but maybe that is how it should be. The greater mystery has already been solved. My Indian heritage has been documented, and that, in itself, is the answer to my dream. I cannot ask for more!

See other Indian connections in the CROW HISTORY.

Numbered references correspond to the REDCROSS, JOHNS, CROW History References.
In 1948 I was seven years old. I lived with my parents and three year old brother, Lowell, in a little three room log cabin at the foot of a hillside in Elon, Virginia. I do not remember many details of the first months spent in the cabin. I do not have any recollection whatsoever of our actual move to Elon in 1945. I think it is probable that the events surrounding the sale of Nannie's homeplace in Amherst and the realization that we no longer would share a home distressed me to such a degree that I blocked out the whole experience.

My first memories of my life at Elon are those concerning the mountains. I felt equally drawn towards and frightened of the Tobacco Row and its High Peak. Then, and for years afterwards, I did not understand the reasons behind my feelings. Now, I think I do. In the same telepathic manner whereby I shared a special communication with Nannie Shanks, I believe the spirits of my Indian ancestors were drawing me toward the mountains.

I especially recall one Sunday afternoon in 1947. Mama decided to drive west on Route 130 toward the little village (as it was then called) of Elon. We were alone in the old Model T Ford, and as we drew nearer the mountains, I became very disturbed. It seemed as if the darkness of their towering heights would surely engulf me!

There was an inherent force compelling me onward toward some unknown entity, a feeling which I did not understand. I only knew that there was something about the mountains which frightened, while at the same time, fascinated me.

Today, forty years later, I can still distinctly revive within myself the emotional atmosphere which surrounded me that afternoon. Some readers may think that I am placing too much importance on one childhood incident, but I have come to understand that intuitive knowledge, spiritual awareness, and the essence of life itself is revealed to us in many ways and in many dimensions.

By the time Mama and I reached the center of the village nestled at the foot of Tobacco Row's southern end I was visibly distressed. Upon seeing my state of mind Mama turned the car around and drove me home.

During the two years I attended school at Elon Elementary, my reactions toward the mountains remained ones of wariness. Although I actually wanted to ride to the 3,000 foot summit of High Peak, my apprehensions would not allow me to do so.

I remember one afternoon in particular. My first grade teacher, Mrs. Tinsley (who also rode the school bus) asked the driver to take her down into the village to the country store. Heeding her instructions, the driver maneuvered the yellow bus around the winding road driving in the direction of High Peak.

Waiting inside the bus while Mrs. Tinsley made her purchases, I again became very conscious of the compelling nature of the mountain looming...
skyward directly ahead of me. On that late afternoon in 1948, I could not understand my ambivalent feelings about the mountains of Tobacco Row, although I did recognize them as such.

Maybe my reaction was solely because I was a shy and timid child who frightened easily. And because I had experienced the trauma of being separated from Nannie Shanks, I was, most likely, a very vulnerable child—a child open to suggestion. Still, on some unconscious level, I may have sensed a connection with the mountains and their inhabitants even then.

During this period of my childhood, mountains were not unknown to me. I had traveled across Afton and Long Mountains many times, once I had ridden the total distance in the rumble seat of someone's ancient automobile. How exciting! (I wish I could remember who rode in the rumble seat with me.) On these trips across the mountains I never experienced any fear or compelling emotions of any kind.

My parents and I moved away from Elon in 1950. We returned to Amherst and lived near the northern end of Tobacco Row, beyond Bear Mountain, until I was fourteen years old. In 1955, we moved to Sweet Briar, Virginia where, again, I was in very close proximity to Bear Mountain. I lived at Sweet Briar until my marriage in 1958.

During the ensuing years I forgot about my childhood fears regarding the Tobacco Row Mountains. It wasn't until the summer of 1975, during a vacation in the Great Smokey Mountains that the old memories resurfaced. While there, I became so captivated with the beauty and magnificent splendor of the huge mountains that I walked clear to the top of Clingman's Dome. Its tremendous height of 6,642 feet far exceeds the highest point of Tobacco Row. Yet, standing on the observation platform I felt no fear or apprehension, whatsoever. "Isn't that strange?" I remember thinking.

We wandered through the streets of Cherokee, North Carolina exclaiming over the beaded handbags, belts, and other various Indian handicrafts. All the while I especially noticed the Indians.

Kelly and I had our picture taken standing beside a rather fat, middle-aged chief who was adorned with a feathered headdress and other Cherokee jewelry. I also was able to capture on film an Indian brave sitting astride his pony, looking off into the distance. On his head he wore an exceptionally ornate headdress. It was made of many red, white, black, and blue feathers and framed his person with a brilliant blaze of color. I returned home from that vacation with a renewed interest in the Tobacco Row mountains.

While living with Nannie Shanks during the first five years of my life, I was, in actuality, closer to Bear Mountain than I am today. Nannie's old homeplace (now refurbished) is located on Sunset Drive—a street which we used to call a lane—and is approximately three miles northeast of Bear Mountain.

Winding behind this property formerly belonging to Grandfather and Grandmother Shanks is the road that leads to the Indian Mission.
School/Church and Bear Mountain. From the data that I have collected over the past year, and from my own personal knowledge regarding my life, it would seem that beginning at the time of my birth in 1941 until today, I have never lived beyond the scope of the silent, watchful eyes of my Indian ancestors who roamed the ridges and crests of Candikuye! Since my trek through the Smokies, I have travelled along the crest of the Blue Ridge and Appalachian Mountains many times, my affinity toward them growing with the years. I now find myself especially enjoying the drive to Lexington, crossing the mountain and driving through the George Washington National Forest. Now, except for the dangerous curves, I even enjoy travelling along the High Peak road which winds its way through the Tobacco Row Mountains.

I think maybe I secretly hope to catch a tiny glimpse of an old Dakotan or Monacan peering out at me from behind a tree! This hasn't happened yet, but each time I drive west on Route 130 through Indian Grave Gap and Naola toward Otter Creek, I feel as if a thousand eyes are watching me. I feel a harmony with the trees and wildlife in the area. I especially love the deer which are in abundance.

A campground and a recreational lake now occupy the spot on Otter Creek where a Scottish hunter and fur trader named Hughes, and his Indian wife, Princess Nicketti, ran a trading post for the Indians in 1720. (19, p. 31)

Today, I again drove around the winding High Peak Road up into the area of Matohe. There, on the mountain, you come face to face with the remnants of the past and the beginnings of a new future. The old, crumbling cabins and barns are sharp contrasts beside the modern, brick houses. The "new settlement" is not the one Will Johns had in mind in 1833, but it is a derivative which, along with the Mission Church, meets the people's needs. Together they serve as a reminder to those who would forget the Amherst County Monacans who left their legacy on Matohe.

In 1833, Will Johns had a dream. It was a good dream. He envisioned a self-supporting culture of Indian-white families on Matohe who would live and work peacefully beside their white neighbors. They would enjoy a good life. The security of their children would be assured. Will bought 400 acres of land on Bear Mountain and called it "The Johns Settlement."

Ultimately, time and people and circumstances shattered Will's dream. Five years before his death, he divided his land between his sons and his daughter. He died on the mountain in 1861, but his memory lives in Amherst County today--Will Johns--an Amherst County Monacan!
Aunt Thelma recalls the days when, as a child, she played with a little girl from Bear Mountain. Sometimes needing extra help, Nannie would employ a lady from the Indian Mission.

This particular lady and child, Aunt Thelma recalls were Redcrosses. Aunt Mary Shanks adds that the lady's name was Lena Redcross and, at times, she came to help make applebutter and to help with other chores of that dimension.

Aunt Thelma and the little girl always played together while the adults worked. Aunt Thelma continues the story, "One day it was very hot and I went inside the house to get a cup in which to draw us a drink of water from the pump. I filled the cup and handed it to the little girl, whereupon, she shook her head 'no.' Not understanding, I said, 'You are my guest so you must drink first.' Answering, the child said, 'No, you are a white girl and I am an Indian so you must have the first drink. My Mama would whip me if I took the cup and drank ahead of you.' I thought it was such an odd thing for her to say."

Continuing, Aunt Thelma told me, "The child was very pretty with long straight black hair and beautifully colored skin. I am just not able to remember her first name."

By direct ancestry, John Redcross I was Grandfather Shanks' great-great-grandfather and John II his great-great-uncle. Being the daughter of John Redcross I, Sally Redcross Crow was, therefore, his great-grandmother. I wonder if Grandfather and Nannie were aware of this heritage. Is that why she employed Lena Redcross as extra domestic help?

Uncle Edloe Shanks was always aware of the "Crow" connection, but was confused in his belief that "Crow" referred to the tribe of that name. Therefore, he (and perhaps others) was under the misconception he had a great-grandmother belonging to the Crow tribe. He wasn't, I don't believe, aware that her given name was Sarah (Sally.)

Did the Shanks Family, embarrassed by their Indian heritage, let the "Crow" discrepancy remain, hoping no one would associate Sarah Redcross Crow with her daughter, Elizabeth Groah Bright, or her granddaughter, Martha Bright Shanks? It is unlikely that they ever expected someone like me to come a-digging a century later!

Is that why Elizabeth Crow, (born to Sarah Redcross and John J. Crow), became Elizabeth Groah Bright when she married Peter Bright in 1828? Could that also be the reason why Elizabeth's maiden name was not recorded in the Bright Family Bible?
Did Letasse Shanks unwittingly discover his wife, Martha, was the granddaughter of a full-blooded Indian, and in so realizing become a hostile and unhappy man?

These are questions whose answers are lost forever to the ages, but that is what happens to answers when questions are not asked soon enough.

It doesn't matter if the Shanks of the past two generations were less than happy about their Indian ancestry because I am proud enough to compensate for their lack.

To be knowledgeable of the fact that I am living on the ground where my ancestors once walked and hunted and lived their lives gives me satisfaction and delectation. To know I live within walking distance of an Indian-White graveyard is even more awe inspiring.

Located on the hilltop overlooking Bethel, the town of long ago, surrounded by a crumbling rock wall, is a solemn reminder of the past. A time when the Monacans and Whites, alike, lived, worked and associated together, sharing the hard times as well as the good.

Standing in the center of this cemetery, ankle deep in dried winter leaves one Sunday afternoon in 1984, I gradually became aware of the vast quietness all around me. It was as if the birds had even hushed their chirping. There was no sound but the deep silence of the forest and a silence of that depth is the loudest sound of all.

Actually, this cemetery located in the wooded area high above the James River, is not far from the inhabited areas of Elon, but standing there between the ancient and not-so-ancient graves of Indian and white men, women, and children, in the denseness of the trees, I seemed to be completely isolated from the present.

The past surrounded me entirely. A feeling of peace permeated the entire area and its history begged to be shared with the present. The stillness was overwhelming, making me very hesitant to break the silence with speech. Quietly, I copied the legible names and dates into my notebook noting the latest burial in 1982 and wondering how the funeral entourage had been able to travel over the almost impassable dirt road which leads into the woods.

Leaving the enclosure of the cemetery itself, Herman and I walked further along the path until we were overlooking the James River. Since it was the Christmas season, we gathered running cedar and pine cones to be incorporated into our home's decorating scheme.

These are small things--running cedar and pine cones--parts of nature which have endured for centuries and will continue to endure, as will the spirits of those who sleep in the shade of the tall pines on a hillside high above the once flourishing rivertown known as Bethel.
CROW PEDIGREE CHART

I. THOMAS CROW
II. JOHN CROW
III. THOMAS CROW
IV. JAMES CROW
V. WILLIAM CROW
VI. JOHN CROW
VII. ELIZABETH CROW/GROAH BRIGHT
VIII. MARTHA ANN BRIGHT SHANKS
IX. WILLIAM STUART SHANKS
X. RUTH SHANKS SMOOT
XI. CATHERINE SMOOT CARSON

Author's note:
While writing this history, my inaptitudes were very often apparent, but never so much as during the weeks that Molly and I were sorting through the many generations of Crow ancestors.

At times my mind seemingly refused to assimilate and absorb the wealth of names, dates, and family connections which Molly mailed to me after painstakingly documenting and classifying the data according to family units.

In turn, within the pages of this book, I hope I have arranged the names of the many Crow family members in an understandable and concise manner.

As with all the ancestral names listed throughout this book, I have tried to include the greatest amount of data in the most concise and clearest form possible.
THOMAS CROW OF ESSEX COUNTY, VA.
(Originally from Yorkshire, England)
(His descendants)

JOHN CROW
b. 1654
Essex County, Va.
d.
m. Elizabeth Russel (or Dobyns)

John had at least one sister who married Thomas Butler on 1 March 1685 in New Kent County, Va.

Children:
1. Thomas I. b. 1677 m 1710
   Augusta County, Va.
   b. 1710
2. Eleanor b. 1678
3. Judith b. 1679
4. Mary b. 1681
5. John, Jr. b. 1683
6. William b. 1685
7. Sarah b. 1689
8. Anne b. 1691
(13; 14; 19)

THOMAS CROW I.
Son of John
b. 1677
Essex County, Va.
d.
m. 1710
Augusta County, Va.

Children:
1. James* b. c1710 d.
2. Robert* b. c1715 d.
3. William b. c1740 d.
4. Deborah b. c1745 d.
(4; 10; 22; 24)

*Following are descendants of James and Robert Crow only. I do not have a record of the children of William and Deborah.

Numbered references correspond to CROW/GROAH Family Sheet References.
DESCENDANTS OF JAMES AND ELEANOR CROW
(A partial listing)

JAMES CROW
Son of Thomas I; Author’s 8th great-grandfather
b. c1710
d.
m. Eleanor Russell (or Dobyns)
(d/o Eleanor Russell/Dobyns who was b. 1678, Essex County, Va.)
b. 1710-1715
d.

Children:
1. William b. c1728 d. c1790
2. Walter b. c1730 d. September 1789
3. Thomas II b. c1740 d.
4. Elizabeth b. c1743 d.
5. Fanny b. c1745 d.

Marriages of four of the above children:
1. William m. Margaret Lewis Long
   (d/o John Lewis, Founder of Staunton, Va.)
   19 November 1760
   Washington County, Va
2. Walter m. Ann
   Lived in Rockingham County, Va.
3. Thomas II m. Unknown
   Moved to Botetourt County, Va. by 1765.
4. Philip m. Mary
   (He possibly could have been the son of William and Margaret Crow)
   (4; 9; 10; 11; 13; 17; 24)

The following persons were identified as grandchildren in the will of James Crow. Their fathers, most likely, were either William, Walter, or Thomas II.

1. Mary m. Samuel Sutton 1787
2. Mathias m. Elizabeth Armstrong 1801
3. Robert m. Polly S. (Mary) Kershner 1805
4. Rebecca m. Edward Crow 26 May 1809

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(Rebecca's first cousin, once removed; son of Robert Crow, who was the brother of James.)

Children of WALTER and ANN CROW
Grandchildren of James

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<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Birth Date</th>
<th>Marital Status</th>
<th>Spouse</th>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Mary</td>
<td>after 1750</td>
<td>m.</td>
<td>Hamsberry/ Hamesberger</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>James</td>
<td>after 1750</td>
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<td>Unknown</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>John</td>
<td>after 1750</td>
<td>m.</td>
<td>Catharine</td>
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<td>William</td>
<td>after 1750</td>
<td>m.</td>
<td>Hester Pettyjohn</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>Benjamin</td>
<td>c1755</td>
<td>m. #1</td>
<td>Anne Hester Zesh</td>
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<td>m.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>1. Peter</td>
<td>1765</td>
<td>m.</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
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<td>2. William</td>
<td>c1770</td>
<td>m.</td>
<td>William Boils</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>Nancy</td>
<td>c1755</td>
<td>m.</td>
<td>Robert Gragg (d. 1796)</td>
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<td>before 1789</td>
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<td>Rockingham County, Va.</td>
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<td>1. Elizabeth</td>
<td>c1775</td>
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<td>Unknown</td>
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<td>2. Polly</td>
<td>c1780</td>
<td>m.</td>
<td>William Boils</td>
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<td>3. Others</td>
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All of the above children were born in Rockingham County, Va.
Walter Crow's will was certified 6 August--28 September 1789, at Rockingham County, Va.
Jacob Crow was killed by Indians near Wheeling, Va. (now W. Va.) in 1777. He had sons, Peter and William (see Children of Walter and Ann Crow).
Peter Crow (s/o Jacob) lived in Ohio County, Va. and had 10 children before his death in 1829.
(12A; 15; 20; 21; 22; 25; 27)

Children of WILLIAM AND MARGARET LEWIS LONG CROW
Grandchildren of James

1. Thomas III  b. 20 February 1762  Botetourt County, Va.  
   m. Nancy Donnally  
   (d/o Charles/  
    Mary Gillispy)  
   6 April 1789  
    Augusta County,  
    Va.  
   d. 8 May 1837  
    Floydsburg  
   i. Oldham County, Ky.

   (James)  
   m. #1 Willana Phipps  
   (d/o Joshua)  
   13 March 1787  
    Botetourt  
    County, Va.  
   m. #2 Sarah Redcross  
   5 Nov. 1807  
    Washington  
    County, Va.

3. Andrew Lewis  b.  
   d. 20 January 1820  
    Madison County, Al.  
   m. Margaret  
    Montgomery*  
    21 Feb. 1799  
    Mercer  
    County, Ky.

*Margaret was the niece of General James Montgomery, who was killed during the French and Indian War at Quebec.

4. Margaret  b. c.1720  
   (Peggy)  
   Green County, Ky.  
   (now Adair County)  
   m. Josian Wilson  
   (s/o James, of  
    Craig Creek)  
   9 Nov. 1790  
    Botetourt County,  
    Va.

5. Nancy (Mary)  b. c. 1774  
   Botetourt County, Va  
   m. William  
    Montgomery
American Bottoms
Chester, Il.

5 January 18
Mercer County, Ky.

6. Others? Possibly Philip (See James and Eleanor Crow.)
(4; 5; 6; 8; 9; 14A)

Children of THOMAS III and NANCY DONALLY CROW
Great-grandchildren of James; grandchildren of William

1. Jacob  b. c1775  m. Unknown
(b. c1775)

2. Philip "O" b. 1789  m. "Indian lady"
around 1810

3. Daniel  b. c1791  m. Catharine Zimbro
16 September 1813
Augusta County, Va.

4. Samuel  b. c1791-1800  m. Catharine Leonard
6 February 1824
Augusta County, Va.

5. Catharine S.  b. c1808  m. Fountain T. Paine
12 December 1827
Augusta County, Va.

6. George  b. c1800  m. Ann Fitzpatrick
(d/o James Fitzpatrick)
18 April 1822
Augusta County, Va.

The Crows were related to the Fitzpatrick’s of Amherst County, Va. They also intermarried with the Penns of Amherst who had Indian blood. Thomas II lived in Augusta and Bath Counties. Apparently, his son, Jacob, and possibly Philip "O," were sons from his first marriage, which had taken place around 1773 (probably in Rockingham County, Va.).
(3, 1820; 4; 16; 22)
Author's note:
So that I could keep individuals having the same name correctly listed, I have (as with Philip Crow) designated them as Philip "O," Philip "I," and etc.

Philip "O," the son of Thomas Crow III, was not married in Augusta, Rockingham, or Bath Counties. He may have married in West Virginia. In 1850, he was in Marshall County, Va. (just south of Wheeling). He had a daughter, Elizabeth, probably born across the Ohio River in Belmont or Monroe County, Ohio.


Captain Andrew Donally moved to Greenbrier County around 1769, then to Kanawha County where he was one of the first justices. (Oren Morton's "Annals of Bath County")

John Donally, brother of Charles I, died in 1772. His farm went to his son-in-law, John Clark. (16)

Children of JOHN J. JACKSON and WILLINA PHIPPS CROW
Great-grandchildren of James; grandchildren of William

1. Margaret  b. 23 Jan. 1788  m. Unknown
   Botetourt County, Va.

2. Elizabeth  b. 7 July 1789  m. Ezekiel Huffman
   Barren County, Ky.

3. William    b. c1790       m. Miriam Enyart
   (Baptist Minister) Botetourt County, Va.
   d. 22 August 1865 Brownsville, NB
   m. #2 Sarah Hall 1824

4. Andrew Lewis b. c1795     m. Emily
   Cumberland County, Ky.

5. Joshua     b. c1797       m. Sarah Coleman
   Cumberland County, Ky.

Joshua moved to Salisberry TWP, Sangamore County, Illinois in 1820.

6. Hettie      b. c1799       m. Joshua Moody

7. John       b. c1800       m. Sarah Cannon

159
Children of JOHN JAMES JACKSON and SARAH (SALLY) REDCROSS CROW
Great-grandchildren of James; grandchildren of William

1. boy b. 1807-1810 (probably died in infancy or childhood)
2. Elizabeth b. 26 Sept, 1810 m. Peter Bright
   25 August 1828
   Augusta County, Va.
3. Lewis b. 1811-1820 m. Unknown
4. Lindsey b. 1811-1820 m. Unknown
5. Catharine b. c1811-1820 m. Stephen Bright
   15 Feb. 1832
   Nelson County, Va.
6. Mary J. (Polly) b. 1811-1820 m. James Bright
   7 Feb. 1839
   Nelson County, Va.

Lewis and Lindsey were twins.
(11, DB-523; 18; 24)

Children of PHILIP I and MARY CROW/GROAH
Great-grandchildren of James; grandchildren of William

1. William b. 1791, Pa. m. Elizabeth (Betsy) Sink
   28 December 1819
   Augusta County, Va.
2. John b. c1780 m. Elizabeth Seldomridge
   7 March 1814
   Augusta County, Va.
3. George (He died young) b. 1780's m. Mary Headley
   19 December 1809
   Augusta County, Va.
4. Catharine b. c1795 m. Saunders Lunsford
   10 January 1814
   Augusta County, Va.

Philip Crow willed his plantation to his eldest son, William. The will was dated 24 August 1824, in Augusta County, Va.
(4; 5; 26)
Children of JOHN and ELIZABETH SELDOMRIDGE GROAH
Great-great-grandchildren of James; great-grandchildren of William; grandchildren of Philip I

1. Sarah  b. c1815  m. John Price
   26 August 1833
   Augusta County, Va.
2. Caleb  b. c1816  m. Susanna Patterson
   (could be s/o Thomas)
   21 February 1837
   Augusta County, Va.

He moved to Alleghany County from Augusta County before 1820.

1840 Alleghany Census shows the following regarding the John Groah household:

Males-- One born 1781-1790 (most likely the father)
   Three born 1831-1835
   One born 1826-1830

Children of WILLIAM and ELIZABETH SINK GROAH
Great-great-grandchildren of James; great-grandchildren of William; grandchildren of Philip I

1. Michael  b. 1830  m. Nancy _______ (b. 1842)
2. Philip A.  b. 1832
3. William M.  b. 1832
4. Samuel K.  b. 1834
5. Elizabeth G.  b. 1837
6. Andrew Jackson  b. 1838
7. Catharine  b. 1822
   Lived with Martin and Ann Koiner in 1850.
8. Cyrus  b. 1828  m. Mary _______ (b. 1832)
   (A shoemaker)
Philip A. and William M. were twins.
(3; 4; 5)

Children of GEORGE and MARY HEADLEY GROAH
Great-great-grandchildren of James; great-grandchildren of William; grandchildren of Philip I

1. Phillip II  b. 1812  m. Margaret Daft
   (d/o Jacob)
2. Joseph I  b. 1815  m. Elizabeth Miller (d/o Joseph)
   8 April 1841
   Nelson County, Va.
   11 August 1834
   Nelson County, Va.

3. William  b. c1816  m. Charity Weaver
   21 September 1837(?)
   Augusta County, Va.

4. Levi  b. c1818  m. Lucy Ann Daff (d/o Jacob)
   17 May 1831
   Nelson County, Va.
   (Daft was also written as Daff)

(3; 5; 18)

Children of JOSEPH and ELIZABETH MILLER GROW
(Notice different spelling)
   Great-great-great-grandchildren of James; great-great-grandchildren of William; great-grandchildren of Philip I; grand-children of George

1. Lucy A.  b. 1835
2. Joseph A.  b. 1837
3. William  b. 1839
4. Sarah F.  b. 1841
5. Clinton  b. 1842
6. Isabella  b. 1844
7. Susan  b. 1848

Joseph I was a collier by occupation. He lived in Appomattox County, Va. in 1850.

1850 Appomattox County Census shows the following:

GOULDMAN, Edward (b. 1774), no wife
   Step-children:
   CROW, Amanda  b. 1820
   CROW, George  b. 1835
   CROW, Ophelia  b. 1839
   CROW, Amelia  b. 1840

The four previously listed children may be descendants of Joseph and Elizabeth Grow, but this is theory and is not documented.
Children of PHILIP II and MARGARET DAFT GROAH

Great-great-great-grandchildren of James; great-great-grandchildren of William; great-grandchildren of Philip I; grandchildren of George

They lived next door to William (s/o Philip I) and Elizabeth Sink Groah in 1850.

1. James W. b. 1842
2. Isabella b. 1845
3. Elizabeth b. 1848
(3, 1850; 18)

Children of PHILIP A. III and SARAH HEADLEY GROAH

Great-great-great-grandchildren of James; great-great-grandchildren of William; great-grandchildren of Philip I; grandchildren of George

1. David b. 1854
2. John b. 1859

Philip A. lived at home with his father, William, in Augusta County in 1850. In 1860, he lived in Rockbridge County. He was a blacksmith by occupation.
(3; 23)
DESCENDANTS OF ROBERT AND MARY CROW  
(A partial listing)

ROBERT CROW
Son of Thomas I; brother of James
b. Augusta County, Va.
d.
m. Mary _________
b.
d.

Children:
(4; 13)

Children of EDWARD CROW I
Grandchildren of Robert

2. Edward II  b. c1785  Wythe County, Va.

Robert married Mary McPhatridge in 1801 in Wythe County, Va.
Edward II married #1 Jane Mackey in 1800. In 1805 (or 26 May 1809),
he married #2 Rebecca Crow in Wythe County, Va.
(4; 13)

Children of EDWARD II and JANE MACKEY CROW, (wife #1)
Great-grandchildren of Robert; grandchildren of Edward I

2. Possibly others  (4; 13)

Children of EDWARD II and REBECCA CROW CROW, (wife #2)
She was b. 1785, and was her husband's cousin--a grandchild of James
and Eleanor)
Great-grandchildren of Robert; grandchildren of Edward I

2. Possibly others  (4; 13)
Children of THOMAS CROW  
Son of Robert and Mary -- was married in Augusta County, Va. in 1774; his wife's name was not recorded.  
Grandchildren of Robert

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Birth Year</th>
<th>Married Year</th>
<th>Married Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Jean</td>
<td>1774</td>
<td>1 January 1793</td>
<td>Augusta County, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Margaret</td>
<td>1776</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td>Augusta County, Va.</td>
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<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Hannah</td>
<td>1781</td>
<td>1799</td>
<td>Augusta County, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>Mary</td>
<td>1785</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td>George</td>
<td>1795</td>
<td>13 November 1813</td>
<td>Augusta County, Va.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All of the above children were born in Augusta County, Va.  
(4; 13)

Numbered references correspond to the CROW Family Sheet References.
REFERENCES
1. Alleghany County, Virginia 1840 Census
2. Appomattox County, Virginia 1850 Census
3. Augusta County, Virginia 1820, 1830, 1850 Censuses
4. Augusta County marriages
5. Augusta County Will Books 3-221, 28 February 1761, will, John Lewis
6. Augusta County Order Book 13-48, 22 November 1768
7. Augusta County Order Book 16-308, 21 May 1778
8. Augusta County Circuit Court Judgement, 22 August 1772
9. Augusta County Deeds
10. Botetourt County marriages
11. Botetourt County Deeds
12. Brooke County, West Virginia 1810 Census
12A. Chalkley, "Annals of Augusta County"
13. Crow Family Bible (John and Elizabeth)
14. Essex County, Virginia Marriage Register
14A. Fraizer, Irvin, "The Family of John Lewis, Pioneer"
17. Montgomery County marriages
18. Nelson County marriages/censuses
19. New Kent County, Virginia Marriage Register
20. Peaked Mountain Church Records (baptisms/marriages)
21. Rockingham County Deeds
22. Rockingham County Marriages
23. Rockbridge County, Virginia 1860 Census
24. Washington County Marriage Register
25. Will, Walter Crow, Rockingham County, 6 August-28 September 1789, filed in Augusta County, Virginia
26. Will, Philip Groah I, 24 August 1834, filed in Augusta County, Virginia
27. Wayland, "Virginia Valley Records"
The late October sunshine filtered through the nearly leafless trees on the mountain. In the ever changing shadows, a young girl with long black hair moved silently from tree to tree. Her black eyes and facial features clearly distinguished her to be an American Indian.

Quietly, with intense concentration, the girl gathered hickory nuts from the ground. Carefully she dropped the autumn treasures into the soft folds of a deerskin bag attached to a thong which encircled her waist.

All around her the sounds of the forest blended with the distant laughter of Indian children at play. A gray squirrel scampered in the dry leaves and then hurriedly scurried up a tree close by.

Sitting on a lower limb, he stared intently at the girl. It seemed as if he were asking, “Why are you taking what belongs to me?”

At once, as if she had actually heard the squirrel speak to her, the girl became aware of the little animal’s interest and curiosity. “Kohoe, Tasnahecahota,” the girl whispered softly in her native language. “Come here, gray squirrel. Kohoe to Sarah.”

Saying these words, Sarah reached upward toward the tiny animal. After hesitating only a moment, the squirrel cautiously made its way into her hand, trusting his instincts. The squirrel knew that Sarah was also a child of the forest, a friend to the woodland creatures. They understood each other in a manner native only to the Indians and the wildlife of the forests.

Sarah gently stroked the furry animal while letting her mind race forward into the future – a future holding many new and different ways of life.

Sarah knew she would miss her home here on the mountain and she would especially feel the loss associated with these solitary and tranquil moments in the forest. This mountain had been the only place she had ever called “home.” Except for several trips westward into Washington County, Sarah never had been far from its familiar slopes.

With exceptional tenderness, Sarah sat the squirrel down at her feet. “Goodbye, Tasnehecahota. I will long remember you my little friend.” The squirrel remained motionless for a moment, then scurried a short distance through the leaves. Sitting there, he watched Sarah as she slowly walked toward the opening in the trees.

Many thoughts were whirling around in Sarah’s mind. At seventeen she was no longer a child by the standards of the Sioux, but young, nevertheless.
Within two weeks--on 5 November 1807--she would become the wife of John Crow, a white man, a number of years older than herself. By marrying Mr. Crow -- as she still preferred to address him--she also was going to be thrust into the role of stepmother to his seven children.

Sarah felt equally scared and excited. She realized that being the Indian wife of a white man could, in itself, pose problems. She knew that Mr. Crow's lifestyle was vastly different from the one to which she was accustomed, and she knew how very difficult it was going to be for her to say good-bye to her family. Still, the sense of adventure was there, almost overriding her fears.

Clutching the bag of hickory nuts close to her body, Sarah inhaled a deep breath of the chill evening air. Believing in herself and in her Siouan heritage, she walked out of the forest prepared to face the challenge of a new life.

No longer a seventeen year old girl, rather an Indian imbued with the determination, hope, and courage indigenous to the Eastern Sioux, Sarah brushed away a single tear which traced a path across her coppertoned cheek.

Knowing that she was, at this moment, saying good-bye to her childhood, Sarah hastily retraced her steps into the forest calling softly, "Tasnahecahota, kohoe, Tasnahecahota. I have a gift for you."

The squirrel watched quizzically as Sarah untied the deerskin pouch at her waist and poured its contents onto the ground. Smiling, Sarah said, "Eat well this winter, my little friend."

Understanding, the squirrel again watched as Sarah walked away. He waited until he could no longer see her; then carefully, one by one, he stored away the hickory nuts.

The shadows of evening were descending on the mountain as Sarah reached the outermost edge of the trees. Carried in the crisp air, the sounds and smells of supper being prepared in the settlement aroused a feeling of sadness within her. With her black hair flying in the wind, Sarah began to run. On moccasin-covered feet, as swift as any deer, Sarah, full of a new awareness, ran to meet her future.

The forest, sensing its loss, swiftly covered itself in a shield of comforting darkness. One of its own was leaving the mountain.

Cathy S. Carson
Sarah's great-great-great-granddaughter
So that she might prove the factual reality of my tenacious belief in the possibility that I had Indian ancestry, Molly spent three years diligently searching census, marriage, and birth records, plus numerous other deeds, wills, etc. In November 1986, the missing link was ultimately discovered—a marriage record filed in Washington County, Virginia.

In April 1985, after checking the GROAHS in Augusta County (where Peter Bright married Elizabeth Crow/Groah) and the CROWS in Rockingham County (home of James, Walter, etc.) I still didn't have any definite indications as to the identity of Elizabeth's parents, my great-great-great-grandparents.

Perhaps, Molly and I decided, the clue could be in some county which we had not already investigated—preferably a county full of Indians! Several things suggested Amherst and Nelson Counties.

First, William Crow, son of James and Eleanor, and his wife, Margaret Lewis Long Crow, owned land in Amherst County. Since Nelson County did not exist then, their land could have been in present-day Nelson County. Also, other CROW/GROAH families lived in the Nelson County area. (3; 23; 24; 25)

Second, Indians had lived in these two counties previously and their histories were already documented.

Third, William, son of Walter and Ann Crow, most likely lived in this particular area. William was married to Hester Pettijohn, whose father, William Pettijohn, later lived in Nelson County. (28A; 24)

In the Nelson County marriage register we found the marriages of three great-grandsons of James I and Eleanor Crow:

17 May 1831 Levi Groah, son of George, married Lucy Ann Daft, daughter of Jacob
11 August 1834 Joseph Groah, son of George, married Elizabeth C. Miller, daughter of Joseph
8 April 1841 Philip Groah married Margaret Daft, daughter of Jacob

But the real excitement wasn't centered around George's sons. In the 1820 Nelson County Census, there was listed a man called JOHN JACKSON CROW. He and his wife were each born between 1776--1794 and had seven children living in their household at the time of the 1820 Census:

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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 boy</td>
<td>b. 1804-1810</td>
<td>1 girl</td>
<td>b. 1795-1804</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 boys</td>
<td>b. 1811-1820</td>
<td>1 girl</td>
<td>b. 1805-1810</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
These two marriages were also listed:
1. Catherine GROAH, daughter of Jackson, married Stephen Bright on 15 February 1832.
2. Mary J. GROAH, daughter of Jackson, married James Bright on 7 February 1839.

ADAM BRIGHT, the father of Stephen and James, was Great-Great-Grandfather Peter Bright's half-brother. I assume from the foregoing data that two brothers married two sisters. (25) (Refer to BRIGHT chapter)

Now we (Molly and I) were faced with the question, just who was John Jackson Crow? He did not appear in the 1810 Virginia census—the year of Elizabeth's birth—but, in 1820, he was in the right locality to have married someone from the Amherst, Nelson, Rockbridge Indian population. He was still in Nelson County in 1830, disappearing in 1840. However, in 1840, Joseph and John C. M. Crow were heads of households in Amherst County. (2; 24; 29A) Joseph was probably the son of George and Mary Groah. (See CROW Family Sheets.)

Was John the son of William I and Margaret Lewis Long Crow, or the son of Benjamin (son of Walter) and his first wife, Ann; or was he the son called "John" in Walter's will who married a lady named Catherine and had a daughter, Anna Margaret, christened at Peaked Mountain Church in McGaheysville, Rockingham County in 1774. He was a bit old to be having daughters, (Catherine and Mary J.) born about 1815-1820! (See CROW Family Sheets.)

William I and Margaret Crow owned land in Amherst County which led us to favor them as parents of John Jackson and grandparents of Elizabeth. But, on the other hand, if Benjamin was the grandfather of Elizabeth, she would have then had an Indian grandmother on her maternal side because Benjamin's second wife was at least part Indian. How intriguing! The next step was to look for deeds and wills that would denote relationships in their texts.

Besides finding an Indian maiden in Elizabeth's family, we also needed to find a way whereby Elizabeth could have met Peter Bright, keeping in mind that she was born in Ohio in 1810.

There are Groahs now living on Route 56 west of Montebello. The Brights and Groahs lived just west of there, near Steeles Tavern before Peter and Elizabeth moved to Bath County. From Augusta County deeds we knew that Peter Bright owned land southwest of Steeles Tavern.
The question was, how did these people mix with the Amherst/Nelson County Indians? We already knew that Josiah Bright had married Evaline Johns, so, if the families traveled back and forth between Amherst and Nelson Counties to visit relatives in Bath and Augusta Counties, or to Ohio, we needed to discover their route.

From the geologic survey maps we determined it would have been easy to have gone around the south end of Bear Mountain, following CR 643 to CR 615 which runs north along "Peter's Hollow," through Camden Gap and Pedlar Gap. CR 615 comes out onto US route 60 near Sardis. The road used to continue northeast from there. The route connects with CR 617. Going north on CR 617, you reach the Buffalo River. The road no longer crosses the river but there is a jeep trail which does--at a ford which served as the original crossing.

On the north side of the Buffalo River, the trail connects with CR 610 and CR 619. CR 619 peels off to the northeast and CR 610 is a relatively new road. But about half-way between them there are pieces of an old road which went north and hit CR 778 about two miles south of the junction of CR 778 and CR 627.

At Lowesville, if you turn northwest on CR 629 and then take a right on CR 723, you will go right past the MAY's Cemetery. Then there is a road going north along Piney River, past Woodson and Alhambra (CR 629). About one and a half miles past Alhambra, a road used to go up Shoe Creek; it now ends at a cemetery and is continued as a jeep trail. The northern part of the trail becomes CR 826, which crosses Crabtree River and wanders up to Route 56 just east of Montebello. This is the most likely route between Bear Mountain and Steeles Tavern in the olden days.

But in "Indian Island In Amherst County," Doctor Houck introduces another possibility. "Whitehead must have been in contact with the Indians, mostly Clarks, at Irish Creek, where his mining company was located," he writes. (19, p.81) "Also living and associating with the Indians along Irish Creek were families of Beverleys and Roberts." (19, p.117)

Irish Creek rises near Montebello and flows southwest, coming to the South River at Cornwall on CR 808 in Rockbridge County. This is the old road, replaced successively by US 11 and I-81. CR 808 goes right on north along the South River to Steeles Tavern.

Armed with this information, the next step was to check the Rockbridge/Augusta/Nelson County marriage records to determine if the early Groahs/Crows and Brights married any Indians who lived on Irish Creek. At this point, we already knew that the Johns and Redcrosses were associated with Rockbridge County.

We knew, too, that the PENNS were linked to the Redcrosses and Evanses as Indian derivatives. At the time of the national census in 1785,
Rawley Penn was listed as the father of six "mulattoes." Anna Penn, one of these children, married Thomas Evans, and James Penn married Nancy Redcross. (19, pp. 53, 66)

The Penn/Redcross marriage took place on 27 August 1799 in Amherst County, Virginia. (4) In Nelson County, these Penns married JORDANS. Since the Brights of Augusta/Bath Counties had been associated with the Jordans, maybe we were on the right track! (17A)

But, tracking a route across the mountain was easier than finding the parents of my great-great-grandmother! An important clue was subsequently found on a list of early Ohioans' residences taken from a book entitled, "Early Ohioans' Residences From The Land Grant Records," by a Mr. Rieg. The entry showed that in 1805 John J. Crow was granted land in Fairfield County, Ohio. (26, Land Grant Book C-92)

Another piece of data confirmed that John Crow married Willana Phipps in Botetourt County on 13 March 1787. Was this the couple for whom we were searching? The land grant record fit in with the census data recording Elizabeth's birth in 1810 in Ohio. Was John Crow my great-great-great-grandfather? Was Willana Phipps the Indian maiden for whom we were searching? The first answer was "yes;" the second answer was "no."

One night in November 1985, I answered the ringing telephone. With unabashed excitement, Molly responded, "I have found the Indian connection. John Crow had a second marriage; you won't believe this, but his second wife was none other than Sarah (Sally) REDCROSS--an Amherst County Indian!"

Their marriage had taken place in Washington County, Virginia on 5 November 1807. Sarah was about seventeen years old and John was about thirty-one. Sarah was the daughter of John REDCROSS I, a Sioux Indian, who from about 1833 to about 1851 was a member of the Bear Mountain Indian Settlement in Amherst County. (See Indian History--REDCROSS Chapter.)

Washington County was formed in 1776 and named for George Washington--the earliest of thirty-one states to name a county for him. The county seat (established in 1778) is Abingdon. Nearby is Bristol, Virginia-Tennessee, the only municipality established in two states.

Washington County, Virginia is on the southern border between Scott and Grayson Counties. Interstate 81 goes right through it--between Roanoke and the Tennessee border. It was in this county that John J. Crow married Sarah (Sally) Redcross! At the time of their marriage, the Crows lived in Botetourt County, part of which is now Washington and Montgomery Counties.
Benjamin was the son of Walter and Ann Crow. Augusta County deeds show that he bought land on South River in Augusta County. At that time he was living in Rockingham County and known as "Benjamin of Rockingham." Three years later he sold his Augusta County land and was referred to as "Benjamin of South River" in the text of the deed.

Benjamin had two wives; the first wife was called Ann _______. The marriage register states that Hannah SWECKER, Benjamin's second wife, was the daughter of Nathaniel Swecker. (28A) According to a Rockingham County deed, "Nathaniel Swecker had an Indian wife," but her name wasn't recorded on the document. (28B) Benjamin and Hannah were married on 10 December 1796 in Rockingham County. (28A)

Benjamin was a Continental Soldier from Rockingham County in 1777 and later, according to records, "went to Holston," (Tenn.) in 1783, following his Grandfather James, who had gone there in 1779.

I included this data on Benjamin because, through his marriage to Hannah, another Indian link to the family was established. Various other Crow family members and Indians were directly or indirectly linked by marriage during the 1700's and 1800's. (3; 9; 25; 28A; 28B; 30)
THE DAY THE SWEET POTATOES EXPLODED

Author’s Note:

Being aware of the benevolent, congenial, and understanding personalities indigenous to the people herein mentioned, I am able to write the following story in the lighthearted style and manner exercised knowing they will interpret it as such.

Molly, Henry, and Doris are supportive friends, and without their caring and helpfulness, "Matohe" would most certainly still be an unfulfilled dream.

The sounds of exploding firecrackers surrounded me, and the rockets piercing through the night air ultimately burst high in the sky sending cascades of colored fire swirling above my head.

Standing beside my Nannie Shanks, tightly holding her hand, I wondered how anything so beautiful could at the same time be dangerous. Daddy wouldn't even let me hold a sparkler. He said I might burn my fingers. Therefore, I contented myself watching and thinking--thinking about the time I would be old enough to light and throw a cherry bomb high into the darkness of the night. Such is a memory of my early childhood.

I have always looked forward to the Fourth of July holiday. I imagine my anticipation dates back to the days of my childhood. Never will I forget the family picnics we enjoyed under the huge oaks in Aunt Sara Smoot's front yard.

I also know I will never forget the picnic held in my back yard in 1986. After slaving over a huge bowl of potato salad the night before, I regretfully forgot to put it on the table, but that is only one memorable aspect of the evening.

In the 1950's, at the Fourth of July picnics, I always saw relatives, especially cousins, whom I didn't encounter at any other time of the year. Similarly, in 1986, I also shared the companionship of cousins but ones I see on a more regular basis. The picnics of my childhood were always full of happy laughter and lots of tempting food. This year there was a plentiful supply of laughter, but as for the abundance of tempting food, I am not sure it compared. To be honest, I know it didn't compare.

Aunt Sara and Uncle Elmer Smoot set up tables, one after the other, end to end, across their front yard. The tables were covered with cloths of every design and color, whereon the ladies of the family placed dishes of
fried chicken, baked ham, fresh vegetables, baked beans, jello salads, sweet potatoes, and an array of desserts.

After our tummies were stuffed with food, and we couldn't eat another bite, the men would bring out the watermelons! What a feast! There in the shade of the huge oak trees, we ate the food and made the memories of which I write.

But memories do not have to be thirty-five years old to be great memories. A memory can be only a few hours old to bring one joy or sadness—to make one happy or sad. My most recent Fourth of July memory is very young and newly made. In my Book of Memories, it is still in its infancy, and along with others also newly born, will grow and take its place on the pages of said book.

This memory was born on the Fourth of July 1986. A special holiday and a special memory, it arrived with the ringing of the doorbell around eleven a.m. one never-to-be-forgotten Friday. For months, maybe even years, I had been anticipating the moment. Another page of my dream was being written—another wish was becoming a reality.

Standing at the door was my adorable Aunt Molly, dressed in a crisp red and white sundress, white jacket, and matching red, white, and blue beads.

Having just arrived in Elon, she had driven down from Harrisonburg alone. Following an initial hesitation regarding the visit, she had upon getting closer and closer to Elon become so excited she forgot to exchange the socks she was wearing for hose! No matter, with relatives you are allowed to dress as casually as you like. Moreover, the socks had a certain kind of stylish appeal.

With the arrival of the guest of honor, the historical day began in earnest and the new memories began to form. It was my turn to be excited! I think I probably acted with less decorum than required or expected of an adult my age, but I was caught up in the magical and idyllic mood comprising the day.

Sitting at the table we poured over my picture albums, drinking coffee-tea for me—and reminiscing about ancestors of the past.

Actually we became so involved with the photos, I completely lost track of time; therefore, lunch, consisting of tuna fish sandwiches and a pear salad, was served almost as an afterthought. So much for southern hospitality and my expertise as a hostess.

Following the unforgettable dining experience, Aunt Molly and I began our tour of Tobacco Row Mountains and environs. What a great afternoon we shared! We especially enjoyed waving at the few strangers who stared at us as we drove by.

Aunt Molly has a great sense of imagery. We had a wonderful time creating stories to fit the scenes we viewed. We especially enjoyed using
our imaginations as an aid in successfully discovering and exposing the would-be crooks and drug dealers who were hiding out in the hills. We knew their ranching outfit was only a facade. They couldn't fool us.

Heck, if Aunt Molly can dig up CROWS who have hidden for centuries, she can surely find a few imaginary law breakers! That's for sure.

One mystery having been solved, we drove on around the mountain to the New Indian Settlement -- a community of neat homes situated on the side of a mountain a short distance southwest of Bear Mountain (Matohe). With the exception of an old lady who waved at us from the porch as we drove by, not many folks appeared to be at home.

Now I don't want anyone to get the impression that Aunt Molly and I were lost—we weren't. Nevertheless, upon locating an old turn-of-the-century mountain store nestled in the foothills, we decided to ask directions. We figured by employing this lady-like method of introduction, we could instigate a conversation with the three old gentlemen who were sitting out front savoring the sunshine. Smart, huh? We wanted to listen to their accents and had earlier devised our plan of action just in case we came upon any Indians.

Well, were we in for a disappointment! The old gentlemen, descendants of Indians, they most certainly were, but they spoke regular Amherst County English just like all the other folks in the area! I don't know what I had expected. After all, it was 1986! Nevertheless, our plan was intriguing.

In hindsight, they certainly observed us in an appraising manner. I guess they realized in a jiffy we were important and influential ladies who were writing pages of history and fulfilling dreams--mighty important matters.

Having said goodbye, we made our way deeper into the mountains traveling toward the Indian Mission--Saint Paul's Episcopal Church--the Church and cultural center serving the Indians of the area. The original church built in 1908 was destroyed by fire in 1930, whereupon the present church under the direction of the Reverend Thomas Lewis, Rector of Ascension in Amherst, with the support of the Episcopal Diocese, was immediately rebuilt in the same area, subsequently becoming known as Saint Paul's.

Arriving at the mission, I inquired at the house adjoining as to whether it was possible to enter the church. I told the lady--an Indian descendant who answered my knock on the door--my name, and self-confidently explained I was writing a book, and therefore, desired to see the inside of the church.

Aunt Molly was not in hearing distance at the time and later said, "The lady seemed from her expression to be rather confused or surprised at
whatever you said to her." (I guess I didn't appear to be very self-confident after all!)

The interior of the church was surprisingly beautiful. Rays of afternoon sunshine sparkled through the stained glass windows enveloping the whole sanctuary in a subdued spectrum of colors. Intermingling shades of light and darkness danced throughout the room creating a shadowy illusion of movement.

One could almost visualize vague images of Will Johns and his extended family, and of my Redcross ancestors sitting on the red cushioned pews--a vestige of the mid 1800's, an imaginary vision of the earliest days when a 16 X 18 foot long schoolhouse, instead of the Mission Church in which I stood, doubled as a prayer room for the 350 Indians living in the Settlement.

In the misty realm of my vision, I saw to my right the pipe organ. Discovering such an unexpected musical instrument inside the little Mission Church brought me back to reality. Yes, I thought, Will Johns would be very proud of this Mission which serves his descendants and those descendants of the early Indians who were part of the Bear Mountain Enclave.

A sense of hushed stillness permeated the entirety of the room making one aware of his/her spiritual surroundings. Two steps, running the width of the church, lead to a raised altar which fronts a triple-sized stained glass panel featuring three separate scenes of the Life of Jesus. I couldn't help but visualize the beauty this setting would impart to a wedding ceremony.

White candles, a white and green flower arrangement, and the white and green altar cloth displaying the words "HOLY, HOLY, HOLY" along with other white, green and gold accessories were striking contrasts against the dark wood throughout the church and of the altar.

I thought how sad it was that many Indians over the years had forfeited a wedding ceremony in this serene setting by going out of state to be married, thereby, insuring themselves against the certain fate of being labelled a "Mulatto" or "Negro" on their marriage license--a known certainty in Amherst County in the early part of the 20th century.

Leaving the confines of the Mission, Aunt Molly and I traveled only a short distance further before arriving at an old church known as The Old Berkley Methodist Church--a place of worship so near and yet so far removed from the Mission; a church whose doors were not open to the residents of Bear Mountain. My father attended services there in the early 1900's. I have often heard him relate stories about going to night revival services traveling by way of a horse and buggy. Usually he was accompanied by one of several young lady acquaintances, each of whom was invariably afraid of the dark and the "night voices" in the woods which then as now run parallel with the road.
Aunt Molly and I took a few pictures of the church and then continued on down our tour of memories, making new ones as we went along. The past blended with the present as we drove, and Aunt Molly, by now aware of my non-driving skills, secretly kept her fingers crossed!

I was very excited and impatient to show her Nannie's house. Although it has changed ownership at least three times since the days my Grandmother Shanks lived beneath its roof, I shall always think of it and address it as "Nannie's house."

I followed the country lane which is bordered on each side by white fence rails and ends in a circular driveway in the side yard. No one was apparently present so with little regard to propriety, we savored the memories of the past staring intently at the house and its surroundings. Aunt Molly, wielding the camera, snapped a few pictures secretly hoping to catch a fleeting image of a little girl holding tightly her Nannie's hand! The present and the past seemed to merge and blend as one, and then, as I have many times before, I bid farewell to the place of my birth.

Immediately following, we rode into Amherst so that I could show Aunt Molly the home in which Aunt Mary Shanks still resides. Afterward we journeyed past the old George Washington Smoot Homeplace--the only home in which I can recall my Grandparents Smoot living--traveling over a back road which leads to Sweet Briar College.

It was fun showing Aunt Molly the Sweet Briar Dairy Farm, located on what everyone calls the Dairy Road, and the house in which I spent most of my teenage years. I stopped the car in the middle of the road so we could take pictures of the house.

Of course this wasn't an unusual move on my part because I had been continually stopping and driving in the middle of the road at the oddest moments all during the afternoon tour. On our drive back to Elon, Aunt Molly decided to also cross her toes! I wonder why!

At home, I was so excited I forgot to offer her anything to eat along with the iced coffee she was drinking. Can you imagine that? I knew that she was hypoglycemic and needed to eat frequently. I guess I wasn't thinking clearly, although I was aware that I was losing my voice.

For the remaining leg of the tour, I think we were each glad to have Herman as our driver. (It's hard to drive when you know your passenger has her fingers and toes crossed. It is very distracting.)

The three of us bounced over rocks, ruts, and fallen tree limbs on our way to the site of the now defunct river town of Bethel. I found it almost impossible to realize we were traveling together over the road paralleling Salt Creek.

It had been only a dream of mine two years before. At that time, I had made a crude drawing of the area and mailed it to Aunt Molly wishfully hoping that some day...
But you will learn during the reading of "Matohe"—as I learned during the writing—that dreams, especially little ones, often come true. We know "Matohe—A Labour of Love" is collectively a 'book of dreams'—five centuries of dreams.

Herman, Aunt Molly, and I stepped out of the car and roamed around the area and along the river bank recalling the tavern of long ago and picturing the Indians and white folks who lived together in a peaceful co­existence in and around Bethel in the early days of Amherst County's history.

In the late afternoon sunshine of July 4, 1986, we stood overlooking the James River, caught for a few minutes between the memories of the past and the reality of the present.

When the leaves turn yellow and crimson with the touch of autumn's breath, and fall silently to the ground, hopefully Aunt Molly will return. Then perhaps we will continue our exploration of the past in the old Indian/White Cemetery situated on the hill overlooking Bethel and the River James; and we will travel further west toward Naola and the Mountains of the Blue Ridge hoping to catch in the early morning mists a glimpse of the area as it was in the 1700's when Princess Nicketti, niece of Chief Powhatan, lived deep in the mountains with her white husband, Trader Hughes. Together they ran a trading post on Otter Creek around 1720. (19, pp. 31, 32)

At home again Aunt Molly ate a banana. I was starving my guest to death! What a terrible hostess I was turning out to be! I decided I had better make another pot of coffee before I let her dehydrate, too!

I finished preparing supper while we talked nonstop about innumerable things. Kelly sliced bananas for the ice cream we planned to make later, and Amanda Katherine practiced her newly discovered sound effect—a nerve shattering yell. I even remembered to serve Aunt Molly a fresh cup of coffee as soon as it was made. All in all, it was a very invigorating prelude to our Fourth of July picnic.

Aunt Molly surprised me with a gift—one I will always cherish. Today standing on a table in my living room is the most beautiful Indian maiden lamp. Over three feet tall the lamp is a ceramic masterpiece of art and a tangible legacy of Molly's love.

Aunt Molly, tired of listening to Amanda's sound effects, decided to hold the baby on her lap. A grandmother of eight, she loves children and especially misses her own grandchildren who recently with their parents moved to England. Her grandson, Stephen, was born only two months prior to Amanda's birth, therefore, the association was inevitable. Amanda, of course, loved the attention and Aunt Molly's beads!

While Amanda was trying to grab the beads, the sweet potato pudding—my specialty—was doing strange things in the oven! The marshmallow
topping, instead of melting, was growing bigger and bigger. The swelling marshmallows decided to take one last inflating breath, and having done so, immediately collapsed, overflowing the sides of the dish!

Laughingly, Aunt Molly exclaimed, "Well what could be more appropriate than an explosion on the Fourth of July!" The sweet potatoes, by the way, were delicious.

Herman fired up the gas grill and cooked hamburgers and hot dogs while Kelly and I put the other food on the picnic table. Right on cue, everyone "dug in." Later during the evening, as promised, we made banana ice cream—an old fashioned ending to a memorable day.

I had promised Aunt Molly I wouldn't keep her awake all night talking, so by eleven p.m. I had kissed her goodnight and seen her off to bed.

Actually I really can't take credit for keeping that promise, seeing that I had almost completely lost my voice by day's end; therefore, I was compelled by hoarseness to stop talking.

Upon awakening the following morning, I saw that Aunt Molly had already abandoned her bed, but she was nowhere to be seen! I gave each room a cursory glance and then looked out the window checking the backyard. I didn't see her anywhere! Maybe she walked across the street to Kelly's, I reasoned. That's when I saw her. Bending over the seat of her car she was verifying some of her genealogical notes—a busy lady as usual.

Thank goodness! It would have been terrible to have lost a houseguest, or even worse, misplaced one! Breathing a sigh of relief, I returned to the confines of the kitchen and without giving it a conscious thought began making another pot of coffee.

For breakfast—I did remember to serve it—we shared a cantelope, scrambled eggs, bacon, and juice. Aunt Molly had her pot of coffee and I sipped my usual cup of tea. Neither the food nor the tea helped restore my almost non-existent voice.

On this particular morning Aunt Molly dressed in a white blouse and blue dress. She decided it would be a good idea to wear her hose since Cousin Henry and Doris were coming down to say "Hello." She felt Henry might consider the socks unladylike. After all, Henry does notice and comment on everything! To give him due credit though, most of his comments are in good taste. At any rate, Aunt Molly didn't want to take a chance, so she donned her hose.

As Aunt Molly once pointed out, "Watch out for men who dress in faded jeans and good leather shoes!" I personally think she was referring to Henry, because he happened to be attired in such a fashion the day we first met her in Lexington. Maybe today she was afraid he would refer to
her remark if she were wearing socks. Of course, this is only supposition on my part and you know I have been wrong a few times in the past.

Doris and Aunt Molly enjoyed meeting each other, and for about an hour the four of us sat around the table and talked. Actually Henry, as usual, did the most talking—I could only croak—and Doris and Aunt Molly got a word or two in whenever possible.

Aunt Molly, assuring us she didn't usually ask favors of men, nervously asked Henry if he would back her car down the driveway and park it on the side of the street. She didn't know he wasn't accustomed to driving big automobiles! I thought he would never maneuver the car down the hill. How embarrassing. Just ask Kelly. She was watching from her window across the street.

Nevertheless, Henry finally succeeded and the four of us congregated at the bottom of the driveway, teasing Henry while telling him and Doris goodbye.

In the bright morning sunshine of July 5, 1986, Aunt Molly And I slowly retraced our steps back to the house. We each knew the moment had arrived for this glorious Fourth of July visit to end, not because it was what we wanted but because Aunt Molly had other commitments to fulfill elsewhere.

Hugging her goodbye, I realized how much I had come to love her, and how easily and completely she had become a part of our family.

July 4, 1986—a memorable day, it had been. Aunt Molly, mountains, rough roads, old men, imaginary crooks, Nannie's house, iced coffee, and exploding sweet potatoes—each in itself and collectively, had made it a special and exceptional day, one of the best ever. Its contents will fill many pages in my Book of Memories.

The last of the firecrackers had been hurled into the darkness of the summer sky. The showers of sparkling fire rained no more. Marveling at the beauty of it all, the little girl still clutching her Nannie's hand smiled and leaned closer to the older lady's comforting nearness almost hiding herself in the voluminous folds of Nannie's skirt. What an exciting day it had been. Something special had happened but the little girl wasn't sure what it all meant. She only knew she felt like smiling—smiling as if she knew a secret she wasn't supposed to tell.

She was, after all, still too young on this Fourth of July evening in 1944 to understand the reason behind the new felt emotion. She did not know she had begun to believe in the power and the effectiveness of dreams. She was a little girl unaware of the "stuff" of which dreams are made.
As if from a long distance away she heard her Nannie saying, "Child, what's the matter? Are you okay? You look as if you are half asleep already. Come on with your Nannie. It's time we both should be in bed."

Edloe H. Shanks, Mary B. Shanks, Lowell C. Smoot, Ruth S. Smoot, Mrs. G. W. Smoot, Walter E. Smoot, Cathy N. Smoot (Carson), Mrs. William S. Shanks (Nannie)
July 1952
In 1740 Carle (Valentine) GROH arrived in Philadelphia on the ship, “LOYAL JUDITH” on 25 November. On 2 September 1743, Johan Balthasar GROH and Andress Walther, likewise, came to Philadelphia on the “LOYAL JUDITH.” (29) Carle bought land on the west side of Prince Street and on the east side of Water Street in Lancaster, Pennsylvania on 14 August 1740. (21, p. 117)

On 20 December 1770, Susanna Groh married Jacob Walther in the Trinity Tulpehocken Reformed Church, Jackson Township, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania. (20, p. 146)

James Crow (son of Thomas Crow I, of Essex County, Virginia), a weaver by occupation, came into Court and made oath “that he, with his wife Eleanor and his children, Thomas, Elizabeth, and Fanny came to dwell in the colony in the year 1762.” They each received fifty acres of land -- at total of two hundred and fifty -- for settling in Augusta County. (11A)

Land records indicate that James had older sons, Walter in Rockingham County and William in Augusta County. (This piece of data was one of my earliest sources of information found on the Crow Family).

I did not find a definite reason explaining the many different versions of the name Groh, (e.g. Groah and Crow). It seems as if they were used interchangeably on records and even within the immediate families.

One theory is that because of their German descent, the usage of Crow or even Groah lessened the likelihood of their being associated with the German Quakers of the time. Why my great-great-grandmother Elizabeth preferred to use the name Groah in deference to her father’s surname of Crow, I am not sure. Peter Bright, writing everything in detail in his family Bible, saw fit to delete Elizabeth’s maiden name altogether!

Another interesting aspect associated with the Crow/Groah families is that they were recorded in the Augusta and Rockbridge 1850 and 1860 Censuses as both “white” and “mulatto.” This was also true of those living in other counties in other censuses. It appears that their Indian heritage was overlooked in most instances. I would assume this oversight was, at times, intentionally made; on the other hand, it could have been a simple matter of a census taker not knowing whether the person in question was white, Negro, or Indian; consequently, some family members were labelled “mulatto.”

The following census reports gives credence to this theory. Notice that in 1850, Philip A. Groah III was listed as mulatto. In 1880 he was listed as white. (6)
AUGUSTA COUNTY 1850 CENSUS
(Information inside parenthesis was obtained by the author from other sources)

GROAH, WILLIAM (s/o Philip I)
b. 1791 Pa. white Farmer $2100.
(Information inside parenthesis was obtained by the author from other sources)
Elizabeth, wife b. 1797 Va. mulatto (Indian)
Michael M. b. 1830 Va. mulatto (Indian)
Philip A. III twins
William M. b. 1832 Va. mulatto (Indian)
Samuel K. b. 1834 Va. mulatto (Indian)
Elizabeth G. b. 1837 Va. mulatto (Indian)
Andrew J. b. 1838 Va. mulatto (Indian)

This family lived next door:

GROAH, PHILIP II (s/o George)
b. 1812 Va. white Farmer
Margaret, wife b. 1812 Pa. mulatto
(d/o Jacob Daff or Daft)
James W. b. 1842 Va. white
Isabella b. 1845 Va. white
Elizabeth b. 1848 Va. white

Philip II and Margaret were married in Nelson County on 8 April 1841.

(6)

ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY 1880 CENSUS

GROAH, PHILIP A. III (Blacksmith) b. 1832 Va. white 30 yrs. old
(In 1850, he was listed as mulatto)
Sarah, wife b. 1829 Va. white
David b. 1854 Va. white
John b. 1859 Va. white

This family lived next door:

GROAH, MICHAEL (Laborer) b. 1830/31 Va. white 30 yrs. old
(In 1850, he was listed as mulatto)
Nancy, wife b. 1842 Va.

(Refer to the CROW/GROAH Family Sheets.)
JAMES and ELEANOR CROW, my great-great-great-great-great grandparents, came to Rockingham County in 1762 and later moved south, as did their sons William I and Thomas. Their other son Walter stayed in Rockingham County where some of his descendants still live in the McGaheysville area, east and south of Harrisonburg. (11; 17)

Numbered references correspond to the REDCROSS-JOHNS-CROW History References.
James and Eleanor Crow came to Rockingham County in 1762. They settled at the “Wolfhill Tract” which they owned in 1778. Later they moved south to Washington and Montgomery Counties. Part of the land that they settled was at that time part of Botetourt County. (14; 15)

William Crow I (son of James and Eleanor, and brother of Thomas and Walter) along with his wife, Margaret Lewis Long Crow, ran a store in Staunton after their marriage in 1760. Margaret was the daughter of Colonel John Lewis of Bath County, so she may have owned some land in Botetourt County, which then included part of Bath County. At any rate, they soon were acquiring land to the south. (6A; 10A; 11A; 12A; 18)

In 1765 they purchased one-half of 195 acres plus one-half of 213 acres on Craigs Creek from John Smith. Thomas Crow, William’s brother, bought the other half. (7)

Next, William I and Margaret bought 140 acres on the James River in 1766, probably the same 140 acres they sold to James in 1768. Those deeds were recorded in Augusta County. William I and Margaret probably sold their Staunton home and store about 1770 because after 1770 the records were recorded in Botetourt County. In 1782, William I and Margaret paid taxes on 1808 acres of land. (Reference: Charles T. Burton, “Botetourt County Early Settlers,” 929-3755)

Following are some of the lands William and Margaret owned:

- 1770 515 acres on the James River, a new grant.
- 1771 140 acres from James Crow, possibly a trade.
- 1772 One-half of 45 acres on Looney Creek.
- 1778 600 acres on the James River.
- 1781 120 acres, “Stable Hill.”
- 1785 270 acres, plus 60 acres (330 acres), new grant.
- 1794 170 acres on Back Creek of James River.

(Since “Stable Hill” was the only plantation named, it was most likely their home plantation. Interestingly, they sold parts of it in 1794 and 1795 to William Wilson and John Miller.) (14; 16)

William I and Margaret had two sons, Andrew Lewis and John Jackson, who bought tracts of land from them in 1792 and 1793. (14) (They also had other children -- see CROW Family Sheets.)

In the final analysis, James Crow and his two sons, William I and Thomas, owned (according to these records) 4,774 acres which includes William’s later purchases to the land he owned in 1782. This vast acreage includes only land acquired by deeds. It does not include that which may have been acquired through wills, such as the will of Margaret’s first
husband, Mr. Long, or from Thomas' first father-in-law. (I do not have the name of Thomas' first wife, although I believe they were married about 1773.)

James' son, Walter Crow, stayed in Rockingham County; some of his descendants still live in the McGaheysville area, east and south of Harrisonburg.

James Crow was described as a weaver in the earliest records that I located. Indications* are that he owned a weaving plant (large building) in Rockingham County, the ruins of which can still be seen today, and that he bought huge quantities of wool to manufacture large items -- maybe rugs and yard goods. It's a possibility that he raised sheep on his vast acreage to help provide wool for his looms. (28B)

Author's Note:

*Many Rockingham County records (as well as those of other counties) were destroyed or burned during the Civil War. For this reason, documenting genealogical data is a time-consuming job. Frequently, months of research yield no definitive answers. It is at this point that a genealogist begins to rely on "indications" obtained from various sources such as deeds, wills, court judgments, birth, marriage, and death records, and personal recollections of elderly residents associated with the area in question. Therefore, lacking direct proof, the above data regarding the Crow weaving plant is based on substantiated indications.
MISCELLANEOUS DATA

Rockingham County was carved from Alleghany County in 1788.

Nancy Crow (granddaughter of James and Eleanor), married Samuel BERRY on 19 November 1795. In a printed book on the Berry family history, I found a Nancy Crow, who was the daughter of Thomas Crow (son of Robert and Mary), who also married a BERRY; this fellow’s first name was, likewise, Samuel! I have not documented their marriage yet, but the marriage register definitely states that “Nancy Crow, daughter of James, who consents...,” married on the above date.

CROWS/GROAHS lived (and their descendants still live) in the Montebello area, where the CAMPBELL and BRIGHT families, likewise, resided in the 1800’s.

JACOB CROW, (s/o Walter and Ann) was killed by Indians at Wheeling, Virginia, in 1777. Other than knowing that he had two sons, Philip and Peter, this is the limit of my knowledge regarding his life. (He is not to be confused with Jacob, the son of Thomas Crow II.) (18A)

I did not find any data regarding the lives of James Crow’s eldest daughters, Fanny and Elizabeth. Because of the numerous family members, I have tried to focus mainly on only the direct ancestors.

Numbered references correspond to the REDCROSS, JOHNS, CROW History References.
JOHN LEWIS, the first settler in Augusta County, married in 1715, Margaret LYNN who was born on 3 July 1693 in either Ireland or Scotland. She died in 1773 just northeast of Staunton, Virginia.

Margaret Lynn Lewis' mother was Margaret PATTON (ancestor of General George S. Patton) and her father was William LYNN, Laird Of Loch Lynn in Ireland. (18, pp.10-17)

John and Margaret Lewis' fifth child was Margaret Lynn Lewis, born in 1726 in Donegal, Ireland. Margaret married first, William LONG, who died on 24 May 1860. He and Margaret had one son, William Long, Jr.

On 19 November 1760 Margaret Lewis Long, now widowed, married William Crow I, a merchant of Staunton, Virginia. They lived in downtown Staunton where, in 1762, the new courthouse was to be built "fronting the street near William Crow's house." (Quoting from the records)

In 1775 William sold his Staunton store and went to Botetourt County, but he continued to own and buy more land in both Augusta and Botetourt Counties. He also owned land in Amherst and Nelson Counties, and opened another store in Montgomery County.

A deed in 1791 says that Margaret was a widow, giving us the approximate date of William's death; I do not have any record documenting the specific date. Margaret and William were my great-great-great-great-grandparents.

William Lynn, Laird of Loch Lynn, and his wife, Margaret Patton Lynn, of Ireland were my 6th great-grandparents! (3; 6A; 10A; 11; 12A; 14; 15; 18, pp. 10-17)
I. WILLIAM LYNN, LAIRD OF LOCH LYNN and MARGARET PATTON LYNN

II. JOHN and MARGARET LYNN LEWIS

III. WILLIAM and MARGARET LEWIS CROW

IV. JOHN J. and SARAH REDCROSS CROW

V. PETER and ELIZABETH CROW BRIGHT

VI. LETASSE and MARTHA ANN BRIGHT SHANKS

VII. WILLIAM S. and MARY JANE JACK SHANKS

VIII. WALTER E. and RUTH ELINOR SHANKS SMOOT

IX. HERMAN E. and CATHERINE SMOOT CARSON

Numbered references correspond to the REDCROSS, JOHNS, and CROW History References.
Looking at a map of Northern Ireland and Scotland, one sees that the southernmost peninsula of Scotland reaches almost to Ireland. Margaret Lynn's family came from that Scottish peninsula, while the Lewises lived across the North Channel in Ireland.

Running down the center of the Lynns' peninsula (Ayrshire) is a ridge of old mountains called the Southern Uplands, consisting mostly of treeless moors. The Laird of Lynn (Laird = Scotch nobleman) owned 250-500 acres near the town of Dalry on the Caafs (Caraph) River, which streams down the moor in a series of beautiful waterfalls. Today the area is called the Cairnsmoor of Carsphairn and is in the modern Scotch County of Dumfries and Galloway.

Sometime during the 1600's many Ayrshire Protestants moved to Northern Ireland, including the Lynns. Margaret's father, William Lynn (d. 1729) married Margaret PATTON (d. 1727). They lived in the Coleraine District in the extreme northern part of Ireland near Limavady.

If you care to look at a map of Ireland, you will see an indentation called Lough Foyle on the north coast. Limavady is just east of that, on the Roe River.

Margaret Patton Lynn was the daughter of "John Patton, Gentleman" as quoted from the census of Ireland, c1659. Margaret's older brother, Henry (b. 1628/29 and d. after 1689), had a son, Henry Jr., who married Sarah Lynn, probably William Lynn's sister. Henry Patton Jr. and Sarah Lynn Patton had at least two children: James Patton and Elizabeth Patton. Elizabeth married a PRESTON and they had a son, William, who along with James Patton, was instrumental in developing western Virginia, beyond the Staunton area, where John LEWIS lived.

William Lynn and Margaret Patton Lynn had several children, some of whom came to America. Most of what we know about them is contained in the will of Margaret's brother, Dr. William Lynn of Fredericksburg, Virginia. (32)

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM AND MARGARET PATTON LYNN
(Order unknown)

1. Charles Lynn
2. Audley Lynn (deceased in 1757); his widow married Dr. PAUL of London, England.
3. Elizabeth Lynn HUTCHERSON (of Ireland, 1759)
4. Margaret Lynn m. John LEWIS
5. Dr. William Lynn (of Fredericksburg, Virginia)
6. Rebecca Lynn m. Charles Calhoun of Letterkenny County, Donegal, Ireland

Dr. William Lynn also mentions in his will a cousin, Margaret STUART, of Augusta County, Virginia, and her former husband, the Reverend Mr. Paul.

The LEWIS family was originally Welch. They settled in Northern Ireland after the overthrow of Cromwell and the restoration of Charles II in 1660. That would mean that the Lewises were staunch Puritans, thoroughly hated by Charles II and his friends.

John Lewis was born in 1678 in County Donegal, Ireland, the son of Andrew Lewis and Mary Calhoun Lewis. Some time after his marriage, John Lewis rented a castle and farmland from a local knight for three years. After only one year, John Lewis had prospered to such a degree that the knight decided to oust him and take back the land.

Supported by a band of ruffians, the knight ordered the castle surrounded, whereupon he (apparently being the only man with a firearm), fired his flintlock into the house, killing John Lewis' ailing brother and wounding Margaret. Seeing the blood gushing from his wife's arm, John Lewis immediately grabbed his shillelagh (pronounced sha la le-a cudgel or nightstick traditionally made of blackthorn or oak), tore out the door and smashed in the head of the knight. That action amounted to BIG TROUBLE for the Lewises. Aided by their friends and relatives, the Lewises were able to elude their would-be captors until they could flee to America, which they did around 1729.

Several letters explaining their migration appeared in Dublin newspapers in 1729. One letter written by Margaret Lynn Lewis read in part: "I can no more, now, take this book, my companion, to the nook of a private withdrawing room in Clonmell Castle...My home lies in ashes...My best beloved John is a fugitive from the law..."

Ten years later on 20 February 1739, John Lewis patented 2071 acres in Beverley Manor, Augusta County, Virginia. This acreage was the largest tract in the region ever owned by one person. By today's rate of exchange, the cost was twenty dollars.

On this tract of land, John built "Fort Lewis," a stone and timber building about 20' x 30', in the style of the typical seventeenth century Irish building. This "Fort" was used by the Lewises and their neighbors in case of Indian attacks. Supposedly, it had a secret tunnel which led to a spring of " freshest" water.

Attached to the "Fort" was a two-and-a-half story log "Mansion" with horizontal logs—about 30' x 40'. At each end stood a massive chimney. Even the attic had windows—very grand for that era! One interesting note:
the "Fort" had a typical British steep-pitched roof, while the roof of the house was much flatter. In 1935, siding was removed from the house, revealing the original logs.

Between the Lewises, Pattons, Prestons and Crows, my ancestors owned a large amount of real estate in Virginia. I am sure that no one in the area was bold enough to express a pejorative opinion when John J. Crow, son and grandson of the wealthy and influential Lewis and Crow families, dared marry a bewitching Indian maiden--a descendant of the great Eastern Sioux. (Refer to CROW/GROAH History.)

Maybe Letasse Shanks dressed up in his black suit and rode pompously around his property and the countryside because he was trying to prove that he was as important as his wife's Scotch-Welch-Indian forebears! If that be the case, Great-Grandfather did himself an injustice by virtue of the fact that his direct ancestors associated with the Mennonite Church and the history thereof were, by all means, just as outstanding. Their many contributions in the field of theology and religion were notable. (Refer to SHANKS History.)

Author's Note:

Referring to the aforementioned quotes taken from the letters written by Margaret Lynn Lewis, Molly made the following analogy. I quote: "The moral of all this is that Margaret Lynn Lewis' 5th great-granddaughter needs a 'private withdrawing room'--her tepee too much resembles Grand Central Station!"

Well that is what happens in a tepee when a grandmother has her children, grandchildren, and husband running around inside--at the same time! It is really remarkable that my typewriter and I can hide here, in the shadows of the flickering fire. Undoubtedly, while relaxing someday in the privacy of a newly acquired "withdrawing room," I will look back on these hectic "tepee days" and yearn for their return.

Maybe I will also smile when I remember how I wrote MATOHE--A LABOUR OF LOVE, finding time to write whenever I could--while cooking meals, babysitting my granddaughters, and caring for a household. (I am afraid that I left many domestic chores undone.) Without question, the writing was, indeed, a labour of love!
BRECHT/BRIGHT

Individual Family Sheets

1591--1988

Including Concise Data and References
CHRISTOPH BRECHT
b. 1598 Neudorff, Germany
d. 1665 Schriesheim, Germany
m. Anna
b. 1598
d. 1683
Children:
1. Balthasar b. 1636 d.
2. Others

Christoph Brecht moved to Schriesheim, Germany, in Baden (near Mannheim) sometime after his birth in 1598.
(9; 10; 11; 12;)

BALTHASAR BRECHT
Councilman of Schriesheim, Germany
b. 1636 Schriesheim, (near Mannheim), Baden, Germany
d.
m. Anna Margaretha Christman 9 September 1703 Schriesheim, Germany
b.
d.
Children:
1. Johan Ludwig b. 12 June 1659 d.
2. Anna Margaretha b. 24 February 1661 d.
3. Johann b. 12 October 1662 d. before 1720
4. Hieronymus b. 2 April 1665 d.
5. Paul b. 27 January 1666 d.
6. Hans Balthasar twins
   b. 2 October 1670 d.
7. Anna Maria b. 2 October 1670 d.
8. Dorothea b. 24 March 1672 d.
9. Johann Malthius b. 16 March 1674 d.
10. Maria Magdalena b. 1 August 1675 d.
11. Wilhelm b. 16 February 1678 d.
12. Eva b. 23 November 1679 d.
13. Anna Barbara b. 6 March 1681 d.
14. Hans Philip b. 17 June 1683 d.
Johann married Anna Katharina (Cathrine) Hoffman on 29 July 1684 in Schriesheim, Germany.

JOHANN BRECHT
b. 12 October 1662
Schriesheim, Baden, Germany
Schriesheim, Germany
d. before 1720
m. Anna Katharina (Cathrina) Hoffman
b. 29 July 1684
Berks County, Pa.
d.

Children:
1. Apollonia  b. c1687
d.
2. Anna Elisabetha b. c1689
d.
3. Balthasar b. 26 February 1691
d.
4. Johann Stephen b. 17 February 1692
d. 1749/1750
5. Susanna b. c1693
d.
6. Anna Katharina b. c1695
d.
7. Anna Margaretha b. c1697
d.
8. Johann Tobias b. 17 May 1699
d. Will-1750
9. Johan Michael b. 30 May 1706
d. 13 Sept. 1794
10. Janet (Janetta) b. c1713
d.

Johann Stephan married #1. a girl in Germany.
#2. Veronica__________ in Pa.
#3. Elizabeth Fisher in Pa. (9)

Johann Tobias married Margaretha__________ in Pennsylvania. (9)

Johann Michael married Margareta Simone in 1728 in Pennsylvania. (9)

Janet married #1. David Steele c1745.
#2. William Smith c1753 in Augusta County, Va.

All of the above ten children were born in Schriesheim, Germany.

Anna Katharina Hoffman Brecht came to Philadelphia in 1726 bringing with her Stephen, Michael, and Janet. She was a widow at that time. (9)
(1; 9; 10; 11; 12)
JOHANN STEPHEN BRECHT/BRIGHT

b. 17 February 1692 Schriesheim, Baden, Germany
d.
m. #1. A girl in Germany.
#2. Veronica ___________
#3. Elizabeth Fisher

Children:
1. David b. 8 September 1719 Germany d. 2 January 1796 Berks County, Pa.
(by first wife)
(by first wife)
3. George Adam I b. c1731 Berks County, Pa. d.
(by second wife)
(by second wife)
(by second wife)
(by second wife)
7. Anna Maria b. Berks County, Pa. d.
(by second wife)
(by third wife)

David married a girl named Sarah.

Hans Wendel married a girl named Mary Elizabeth.

George Adam married #1 Mary ___________
#2 Catharine Cawfel (Kaufelt)
(d/o Valentine Cawfel) (1)

(1; 9; 10; 11; 12)

JOHANN TOBIAS BRECHT/BRIGHT

b. 17 May 1699 Schriesheim, Baden, Germany
d. Kentucky
m. Margaretha
b. 1704 Berks County Pa, Haycock
d. Will--1750 Township
Children:
1. John  b. c1736  d. 1750-56
2. Peter  b. 1738  d. 1781
3. Jacob (James)  b. c1740  d.
4. Catharine  b. c1742  d.
5. Margaret  b. c1744  d.
6. Errick Adam  b. c1746  d.

All of the above children were born in Haycock Township, Berks County, Pa.

Peter married

#1. Mary Elizabeth ____________
#2. Rachel Billhimer of Rockingham County, Va. 12 October 1801. (14)

Catharine married Nickolas Herwick.

Margaret married Jacob Light (Licht).

Johann Tobias came to America on the ship Brittania in 1731 bringing with him David and Hans Wendel, sons of his brother Stephen.

In 1801, Jacob lived in Kentucky with his father Tobias. (8; 9; 10; 11; 12; 14)

GEORGE ADAM BRIGHT I
b. c1731  Berks County, Pa.
d.  Augusta County, Va.
m. #1. Mary ____________  Baltimore, Md.
   #2. Catharine Cawfel (Kaufelt)  Augusta County, Va.
b. Probably Augusta County, Va.
d.

Children:
1. (Johannes) John  b. 18 January 1756  d. 1828
   (1; 18)  Baltimore, Md.
   Augusta County, Va.
2. Johan Wendel  b. 1 January 1758  d.
   (18)  Baltimore, Md.
3. Jean (Jeanetta)  b. c1760  d.
   Augusta County, Va.
4. Mary  b. c1763  d.
George Adam Bright I left home at age twenty-one. He sold his inheritance around 1754. He lived in Baltimore, Maryland for two or three years before moving on to Augusta County, Virginia. Some of his children and other descendants moved to Bath County in due time.

A list of his children's marriages are as follows:
1. Johannes  m. #1 Ann Faucett (d/o Benjamin Faucett)  
m. #2 Susanna Fulwider  
  Augusta County, Va.  
2. Johan Wendel  m. Elizabeth Barbara Wisner  
  15 March 1786  
  Augusta County, Va.  
3. Jean  m. Zachariah Lee  
  December 1781  
  Augusta County, Va.  
4. Mary  m. Isaac Liptrap  
  29 July 1785  
  Augusta County, Va.  
5. Rebecca  m. Alexander Atkins  
  14 July 1807  
  Rockingham County, Va.  
6. Elizabeth  m. George Lott, Jr.  
  9 March 1795  
  Augusta County, Va.  
7. George Adam II  m. #1 Catrina Campbell  
  4 February 1794  
m. #2 Catharina Gochenour  
  11 February 1802  
8. Sarah  m. Augustine Kaufelt  
  10 March 1794

Descendants of George Adam Bright I in Bath County include members of the Bright, Fawcett, (Faucett), Lee, Liptrap, Lott, and Campbell families.

The Atkins, Gochenour, and Dinsmore families also lived in Highland or Pendleton Counties. Later in Augusta County were the Fulwiders, Wisners, Lees, Gochenours, and Kaufelts.

(1; 9; 10; 11; 18)

JOHANNES (John) BRIGHT
Author's great-great-great grandfather

b. 18 January 1756 Baltimore, Md.
d. 7 April 1827-July 1828 Augusta County, Va.
m. #1 Ann Faucett
#2 Susanna Fulwider 29 October 1802

Children:
1. George (?) b. d.
2. John b. 25 December 1788 August County, Va. d.
3. Jacob C. b. 22 February 1790 August County, Va. d.
4. Adam I b. 15 March 1792 August County, Va. d.
5. Stephen b. 10 April 1794 August County, Va. d.
6. Margaret b. 10 May 1796 August County, Va. d.
7. David b. 5 January 1798 August County, Va. d.
8. Samuel b. 21 January 1800 August County, Va. d.
9. Henry B. b. 1 January 1802 August County, Va. d.
10. Susanna b. 28 August 1803 August County, Va. d.
11. Peter b. 22 March 1806 August County, Va. d.

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Johannes (John) Bright was born in Baltimore, Maryland but grew up in Augusta and Rockingham Counties.

His son, Henry B., lived in Bath County by 1826.

A list of Johannes (John) Bright's children's marriages is below:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Spouse</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Place</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>John</td>
<td>Kitty Shott</td>
<td>26 May 1816</td>
<td>Augusta County, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacob C.</td>
<td>Polly Grim</td>
<td>5 July 1826</td>
<td>Bath County, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Susanna</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Augusta County, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adam I</td>
<td>Sarah Headley</td>
<td>22 November 1814</td>
<td>Augusta County, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stephen</td>
<td>Winney Headley</td>
<td>24 June 1815</td>
<td>Augusta County, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David</td>
<td>Frances Weikels</td>
<td>Unknown</td>
<td>Augusta County, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Susanna</td>
<td>Martin Miller</td>
<td>23 March 1823</td>
<td>Augusta County, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peter</td>
<td>Elizabeth Crow/Groah</td>
<td>25 August 1828</td>
<td>Augusta County, Va.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Adam Bright I and his wife Sarah Headley Bright had two sons who married Groah girls.

1. Stephen Bright married Catherine Groah, daughter of John J. Crow, on 15 February 1832.
2. James Bright married Mary J. Groah, daughter of John J. Crow, on 7 February 1839. (16)

PETER BRIGHT
Author's great-great grandfather
b. 22 March 1806 Lived in Green Valley, Bath County, Va. in 1860

d. 6 August 1872 Bath County, Va.
i. Unknown
m. Elizabeth Crow/Groah/Bright 25 August 1828
b. 26 September 1810

d. 14 January 1892

i. Unknown

Augusta County, Va. 
Lived near Steele's Tavern, Va. 
Ohio 
Bath County, Va.

Children:

1. Josiah F.
   b. 8 January 1830
d. 3 July 1863
   (0; 1; 5)
   Battle of Gettysburg

2. Mary Margaret
   b. 31 December 1831
d. 19 Feb. 1833

3. Elizabeth Ellen
   b. 24 February 1834
d. 8 August 1837

4. David Franklin
   b. 18 February 1836
d. 25 Feb. 1865
   Point Lookout, Md., CSA

5. Thomas M.
   b. 20 September 1838
d. c1920

6. John Enis
   b. 12 September 1840
d. c1922

7. Martha Ann
   b. 31 August 1841
d. 5 June 1920

8. George Franklin
   b. 1 December 1843
   (Missing on a steamer near Fredericksburg, Va., CSA.)
d. 20 May 1864

9. William Henry
   b. 28 June 1846
d. 14 March 1926

10. James Luther
   b. 16 April 1849
d. late 1920's

11. Susan Caroline
   b. 23 July 1851
d. 12 March 1852
   (0; 1; 4; 5; 6; 13; 15)

MARRIAGE DATA AND OTHER PERTINENT INFORMATION PERTAINING TO THE CHILDREN OF PETER BRIGHT

JOSIAH F. BRIGHT m. Evaline Johns 25 October 1850
   Son of Peter Bright
   Augusta County, Va.

Children:

1. William T.
   b. 1851

2. Isabella
   b. 1854

3. Sarah
   b. 1854

4. Rebecca E.
   b. 1856

5. Rachel
   b. 1858
   Isabella and Sarah were twins.

Josiah fought for the Confederacy and was killed on 3 July 1863 at the Battle of Gettysburg.

MARY MARGARET BRIGHT and ELIZABETH ELLEN BRIGHT
   Daughters of Peter Bright
   Mary and Elizabeth died in childhood.
DAVID FRANKLIN BRIGHT
Never married
Son of Peter Bright
David fought for the Confederacy and died of "camp fever" (typhus) in 1865 at Point Lookout in Maryland.

THOMAS M. BRIGHT m. Martha Armstrong 14 February 1860
Son of Peter Bright (d/o John B./C. Armstrong)
Children:
1. Charles S. b. 1860
2. Cornelius b. 1862
Thomas lived in Bath County and fought for the Confederacy in the Civil War. As confirmed by the Peter Bright Family Bible, Thomas safely returned home at the end of the war.

JOHN E. BRIGHT m. Harriet Wright 10 November 1874
Son of Peter Bright (d/o Wm./Anna Wright)
Children:
1. George b. 1877
2. Henry b. 1878
3. Stephen b. 1879
John also fought for the Confederacy during the Civil War and returned home.

MARTHA ANN m. Letasse Delerne 20 February 1862
BRIGHT Shanks (s/o Hans Bath County, Va. John/Juliana Shanks)
Daughter of Peter Bright
Martha and Letasse were my great-grandparents and parents of ten children. (Refer to THE PEOPLE, DIRECT ANCESTORS for names of children.)

GEORGE FRANKLIN BRIGHT Never married
Son of Peter Bright
George fought for the Confederacy during the Civil War. According to the Peter Bright Family Bible, George was listed as missing on a steamer near Fredericksburg, Virginia in 1864. I found no other data concerning his death.

WILLIAM HENRY m. Martha J. Ratliffe** 27 April 1876
BRIGHT (d/o James Payne/Sarah Rhea Ratliff) Bath County, Va.
Children:
1. Minnie Gay b. 22 February 1877 d. 15 January 1962
2. Daisy Florence b. 29 January 1878 d. 24 August 1953/7
3. Sarah Elizabeth b. 18 February 1885 d. 29 January 1965
4. Larry Webster b. 30 September 1887 d. 10 February 1920
5. Archie Leroy b. 23 May 1881 d. 14 February 1963
JAMES LUTHER m. Mary E. Ratliff (b. 1873) 26 Feb. 1880
BRIGHT (d/o James P./Sarah Ratliff) (No other data)
Son of Peter Bright

SUSAN CAROLINE BRIGHT
Daughter of Peter Bright
Susan Caroline died before her second birthday.

**Martha Ratliff Bright was born on 1 November 1854. She died 6 March 1901 of consumption (tuberculosis).**

William Henry Bright
Son of Peter and Elizabeth Bright
DESCENDANTS OF WILLIAM AND MARTHA J. RATLIFF
BRIGHT
Children and Grandchildren
(A Partial Listing)

MINNIE BRIGHT VENABLE
b. 20 February 1877
d. 15 January 1962
i. Woodland Cemetery
m. Richard Franklin Venable
b. 23 April 1873
d. 22 September 1949
i. Woodland Cemetery

Children:
1. Raymond Hutchinson  b. 20 April 1900  d. 18 March 1901
2. Janie Franklin      b. 28 March 1901  d. 11 April 1984
   Clara Brown        b. 22 November 1902 d. 21 July 1978
5. Richard Webster    b. 9 August 1908   d. 25 August 1974
6. Walter Jordan       b. 30 May 1913    d. 31 August 1981
7. Russell Bright      b. 24 November 1915 d. 1 May 1985

MARRIAGES OF THE ABOVE CHILDREN:

Janie Franklin
m. #1 John Dixie Vassar  11 Nov. 1923  Staunton, Va.
m. #2 John Henley Norfleet 7 April 1945  Norfolk, Va.

William Henry
m. Elsie Mooney
Rev. Robert McDonald officiated

William Henry
m. Elsie Mooney
Rev. Robert McDonald officiated

Russell Bright
m. Nancy Bashaw 4 July 1940  Waynesboro, Va.
Rev. Park Wilson officiated

Clara Brown
never married

Richard Webster
Abram Lyle m. #1 Gladys Templeton 29 August 1941 Bashaw Healing Rev. Helms officiated Springs, Va. 
m. #2 Juanita Bashaw Campbell 
(Took) 

Three Venable sons married four Bashaw sisters—daughters of Wm. L. Bashaw, a farmer and a member of the Augusta County Board of Supervisors for 16 years. Prior to their marriages, the sisters lived in Goshen, Virginia. 

Raymond Hutchinson Venable died of spinal meningitis shortly before his first birthday. 
(4; 6; 15) 

DAISIE BRIGHT ARMSTRONG HUFFMAN (HUPPMAN) 
b. 29 January 1878 Green Valley Bath County, Va. 
d. 24 August 1957 Kokomo, Indiana 
i. m. #1. Jarret (Jared) Armstrong (14) 23 June 1907 Armstrong, Bath County, Va. 
c1882 
before 1911 
i. 

Children: 
1. Ruth Jane b. 25 April 1904 d. 9 June 1954 
2. Virginia F. b. 
3. Nellie G. b. 28 April 1908 d. 

Jared was the son of Hudson and Malinda Armstrong, and grandson of Samuel E. and Mary Taylor Armstrong of Pendleton County, Va. 
(4; 6; 16) 

There were 11 grandchildren from Daisie’s first marriage. 

m. #2 Stephen W. (Huppman) Hupman August 1911 
b. 8 November 1882 Highland County, Va. 
d. 22 November 1946 
i.
Children:
1. Robert Glenn b. 25 October 1912 d.
2. Mabel Ann b. 29 August 1916 d.
3. Dennis LeRoy b. 3 June 1919 d.

There were 18 grandchildren from Daisie's second marriage.

The 1900 Bath County Census states Daisie's birthdate as 3 January 1879. The above written date is from a family record.

Her children were born in Highland County, Virginia.

Author's Note:
I have in my files more details pertaining to Daisie's descendants.

LARRY WEBSTER BRIGHT
b. 30 September 1887 Bath County, Va.
d. 10 February 1920 Bath County, Va.
i. Green Valley Cemetery Bath County, Va.
m. never married

SARAH ELIZABETH BRIGHT WOODZELL
b. 18 February 1884/85 Green Valley Bath County, Va.
d. 29 January 1965 Eupora, Miss.
i. Mill Creek Chapel Millboro, Bath County, Va.
m. Charles Brown Woodzell 22 June 1904
b. 3 June 1878 Bath County, Va.
d. 9 December 1952 Bath County, Va.
i. Mill Creek Chapel (15) Millboro, Bath County, Va.

Children:
1. Nellie Elaine b. 12 December 1919 d. 20 March 1984
2. Elmer Brown b. 5 April 1905 d. 19 January 1939
3. Nina Grey b. 18 October 1914 d.

Nellie married Charles M. Coffey on 8 November 1941.

On 21 December 1957, she married Joseph G. Gray and they were living in Tell City, Indiana at the time of her death in 1984. Nellie was diagnosed in St. Mary's Hospital in Indianapolis as having Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis (ALS), also known as "Lou Gehrig's Disease." She and
Charles had a son, C. Wayne Coffey; a daughter, Sandra, was born of her second marriage to Joseph. (15)

Elmer Brown was engaged to be married when he became ill and died of spinal meningitis in 1939. (15)

Nina married Major Carl Schanagel (b. 26 September 1910 in New Haven, Connecticut) in the chapel at Walter Reed Hospital in 1940. She had received her nurses training at Roanoke Memorial Hospital in Roanoke, Virginia before working in City Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland and several different hospitals in the Washington, D.C. area. After their marriage, Carl was sent overseas during W.W.II and was gone for about three years. After he returned to the States, Nina and he lived on the Post at Fort Belvoir, Virginia and on the Post at Fort Dix. Later, living in Massachusetts, Carl became ill and was flown back to Walter Reed. It was discovered that he had cancer and he died there on 28 July 1950. Nina remained in Washington about five years. She then returned to Staunton, Virginia and worked in the K.D. Hospital for several years. She is now retired and still resides in Staunton, Virginia.

Nina and Carl Schanagel had two children:
1. Kay Carole b. 1941 m. Edgar C. Michael, Jr. 14 September 1963,
   Children: Richard
   Deborah
   Lynn
2. Carl b. 1949 m. #1. Jean E. Dittmar (Divorced)
   m. #2. 8 June 1984
   Children: None

ARCH LEROY BRIGHT
b. 23 May 1881 (17) d. 14 February 1963
i. Woodland Union Church Cemetery
m. Leola Blanch Loan
b. 31 March 1891 (17)

1 March 1906 Bath County, Va.)
d. 31 March 1967
i. Woodland Union Church Cemetery  Bath County, Va.

Children:

1. Willie b. 23 May 1906 d. 23 May 1906
2. Marion b. 10 Sept. 1907 d. 7 December 1985
4. Roland b. 14 June 1911 d. 1 June 1971
5. Gertrude b. 1912 d. 1912
6. Pauline b. 30 Oct. 1913 d.
7. Constance b. 28 April 1915 d.
8. Archie (dau.) b. 1 June 1916 d.
11. Warren b. 25 May 1921 d. 4 August 1957 (drowned)
14. Doris b. 1927 d.
15. Leona b. 12 Nov. 1929 d.
16. Janet b. 30 March 1931 d.
17. Ruth b. 13 August 1933 d.

Willie and Gertrude died in infancy. They were buried in the cemetery at Green Valley Methodist Church.

Most of the children of Arch and Leola Bright, with the exception of Guyotha, left Bath County for other areas of the country. In 1984, Marion lived in East Northport, New York; Margaret, Pauline, and Doris lived in Baltimore, Maryland; Constance lived in Covington, Virginia; Ruth and Janet lived in Newport News, Virginia; Leona in Williamsburg, Virginia, and the others lived in different sections of Maryland.

Marion and Margaret died during the writing of this history. Roland died when he was 59, in 1971, and Warren died in 1957.

Although we are separated by several generations, Arch and I share Peter and Elizabeth Bright as ancestors; therefore, I have tried to include a small amount of Archie's and Leola's immediate family genealogy in this history.
MARRIAGES OF CHILDREN OF ARCH AND LEOLA LOAN BRIGHT:

Marion Leroy m. Mary Tjensvold 9 November 1928
Margaret Angeline m. Hewitt Gillock 23 June 1934
Roland Brown m. #1 Louise Eye 6 March 1937
m. #2 Ethel Sharp no date
Pauline Virginia m. Howard Brown 23 January 1953
Constance Katherine m. Harry Thacker 31 March 1937
Archie Blanch (dau.) m. Michael Gravis 2 August 1939
Lloyd Nelson m. Margaret Landis 18 June 1942
Vesta Guyotha m. Perry Lee Plecker 16 December 1955
Warren Oscar m. Lillian Jones no date
James Eli m. Frances Hostetter 21 October 1950
Jack m. Julia Dixon 17 November 1951
Janet Vina Joe (Jo) m. Channing Armstrong 25 August 1951
Doris Eleanor m. Rudy Belagyi no date
Elizabeth Leona m. Sherwood Evans no date
Ruth Evelyn (4; 6; 15; 17) Never married
GRANDCHILDREN OF ARCHIE AND LEOLA BRIGHT

Children of Marion Leroy Bright:
1. Grace (Wickel)
2. Florence (Engler)

Children of Margaret Angeline Bright Gillock:
1. Wilma Jean (Cecil)

Children of Roland Bright:
1. Donna (Baldando)
2. Joann (Rhodes)

Children of Pauline Virginia Bright Brown:
None

Children of Constance Katherine Bright Campbell Thacker:
1. Leola
2. Harry, Jr.
3. Janice Lee
4. Grayson Leroy

Children of Archie Blanch Bright Gravis:
None

Children of Lloyd Nelson Bright:
1. Linda Ann

Children of Vesta Guyotha Bright Plecker:
1. Penny Lee
2. Timothy Warren

Children of Warren Oscar Bright:
1. Richard
2. Leroy

Children of Jack (no middle name) Bright:
1. Cathy (Ready)
2. Dennis
3. Michael
Children of James Eli Bright:
1. Jamie
2. Jimmy

Children of Doris Eleanor Bright Belagyi:
None

Children of Janet Vina Jo Bright Armstrong:
1. Lawrence Channing, Jr.
2. Dawn Michelle

Children of Ruth Evelyn Bright:
None

(15; 17)

References correspond to the BRIGHT Individual Family Sheet References.

JANIE FRANKLIN VENABLE VASSAR NORFLEET
Daughter of Minnie Bright Venable
b. 28 March 1901
d. 11 April 1984
i. Forest Lawn Cemetery
m. #1. John Dixie Vassar

b. 21 February 1897
d. 4 June 1935
i. Craigsville, Va.
Children:
1. John Dixie Vassar, Jr.
2. Virginia Venable Vassar
m. #2. John Henley Norfleet

b. 11 July 1888
d. 1 November 1966
i. Forest Lawn Cemetery
Children:
Janie and John Dixie Vassar were married inside the house in which Woodrow Wilson was born in Staunton, Virginia. (15)

John Vassar built tunnels in West Virginia as an occupation. He developed silicosis, apparently as a result of the high content of sicilia within the rocks with which he worked. (15)

John Henley Norfleet died as a result of a heart attack. (15)

Janie was a member of Christian Temple, the White Shrine Club, and the Order of the Eastern Star, Elizabeth Chapter 45. (15)
d. 17 October 1987
i. Church Cemetery
Children:
1. Stewart Irvin Craig, Jr.
   b. 14 October 1949
2. Sally Ann Craig
   b. 27 December 1950
3. John Vance Craig
   b. 1 March 1953

m. #2. George Edward Field
b. 6 July 1933

John Vance was born in Norfolk, Virginia.

Stewart was born in Plattsburg, New York. He married Teri Ann Biddison in El Cajon, California (near San Diego). Teri was born on 6 July, 1957 in Columbus, Ohio. She and Stewart have a son, James Allen Craig, who was born on 30 May 1985. (15)

Sally Ann married Robert Clayton Vincent, Jr. in Alexandria, Virginia. Sally was also born in Norfolk. Robert was born on 15 July 1945 in Greenville, South Carolina. They are the parents of the following children, each born in Woodbridge, Virginia. (15):

Amy Lee Vincent   b. 7 November 1978
Robert Clayton Vincent III   b. 23 June 1981

George Field retired from the U. S. Navy on 1 September 1985 with 35 years of service. He was a Command Master Chief and Aviation Ordinance Man (OACM). He received the Meritorious Service Medal, plus at least 14 other awards and medals for outstanding conduct, duty, and active service. A complete record of George's medals and commendations is in my files.

JOHN DIXIE VASSAR, JR.
b. 9 December 1923

m. Hazell Marrie Barr
   20 June 1948
   Portsmouth, Va.
b. 17 September 1925 Portsmouth, Va.?
d.
i.

Children:
1. John Dixie Vassar III b. 10 December 1953
2. Tina Marrie Vassar b. 29 October 1956
3. Lance Meldon Vassar b. 8 December 1961

John Dixie Vassar III is more often referred to as John Dixie, Jr. (15)

John D. Vassar, Jr. and his two sons (listed above) were each born on consecutive days in the month of December, i.e.
father on 9 December, younger son on 8 December, and older son on 10 December. Is this a Vassar family record?

Author's Note:
When I began writing this history, I had no knowledge of the VENABLE family. I now have in my files many other varied pieces of data relating to their ancestry which, unfortunately, I am unable to include in this book by virtue of the direct ancestral concept of the text. Having so great a number of direct ancestors myself, I am forced to include in this history data pertaining to them and their families only.

My great-grandmother, Martha Ann Bright Shanks and her brother, William Henry Bright, were great-grandchildren of John REDCROSS I, who made his home on Bear Mountain (Matohe) in Amherst County, Virginia during the mid part of the nineteenth century. A pure Dakotan (Siouan) Indian, John Redcross I not only enlivened the history of Amherst County, but also brought into our family an Indian heritage of which we should be proud. Whether Martha and Henry were aware of their Indian ancestry, I do not know; but with the writing of this book, I hope to insure that those of us who live today and the generations of our descendants to come will know and remember.

Refer to Indian History, REDCROSS Chapter.

Numbered references correspond to the SHANKS, VESS, JACK, RHEA, BRIGHT, PUTNAM, FAUCETT, HARDWICK History References.
REFERENCES

0. 1860 Augusta County Census
1. Augusta County Marriage Register
2. Augusta County Judgements
3. Augusta County Will Book
4. Bath County Marriage Registers
5. Bath County Civil War Veterans
6. Bath County Births
7. Bath County 1850 Census
8. Berks County, Pennsylvania Wills
10. Brecht, Johann Tobias Family Bible
11. Brecht, Johan Michael Family Bible
12. Brecht, Hans Wendel Family Bible
13. Bright, Peter Family Bible (courtesy of Mrs. Nina Woodzell Schanagel)
14. Marriages of Rockingham County
15. Miscellaneous information (courtesy of Mrs. Archie Bright Gravis, Mrs. Virginia Field, and Mrs. Nina Woodzell Schanagel)
16. Nelson County Marriages
17. Tombstones
18. Wills of George Adam Bright and Ulrich Fulwider
The Brecht (Bright) family history is traceable back to sixteenth century Germany. In Pennsylvania, Molly discovered a book called "Bright Family Genealogy: A Partial Study of 85 Brecht Immigrant Families" by David C. Brecht of Pittsfield, Massachusetts. He had access to the family Bibles of three of Peter Bright's ancestors, J. Tobias, J. Michael Brecht, (brothers), and Hans Wendel Brecht, their cousin. Within the pages of this book was the "pot-of-gold" (so to speak) which Molly and I had been hoping to find!

The Brecht history goes back to about 1591 when Christoph Brecht was born in Neudorff, Germany. He later moved to Schriesheim, Germany in Baden (near Mannheim). He and his wife Anna (1598-1683) had a son, Balthasar, born in 1636. Balthasar married Anna Margaretha Christman, begat 14 children, and was a prominent citizen and a Councilman of Schriesheim. The direct ancestor of the Bright family was Balthasar's third child, Johann, who was born in 1662, a few years before his grandfather Christoph's death in 1665.

Johann married Anna Katharina Hoffman on 29 July 1684. Anna was her baptismal name so she went by Katharina; she also spelled her name Caterina. My 6th great-grandfather, Johann Brecht, died sometime before 1720. (David C. Brecht--from tax records).

In 1726 Johann's widow, Caterina, sailed for America with her youngest child, Janet (Janetta) and two of her older sons, J. Michael (#2 child) and J. Stephen (#4 child). Stephen's wife had died prior to this date; therefore he left his two motherless sons with relatives while he accompanied his mother to America. It wasn't until five years later, in 1731, that his sons arrived in this country.

Along with their uncle, Johann Tobias Brecht, Stephen's sons, David, aged 12, and Hans Wendel, aged 10, docked in Philadelphia aboard the ship "Brittania," expectantly waiting to see the father they barely remembered. (18; 19; 20; 21)

Johann Tobias married in Berks County, Pennsylvania about 1735 and had six children. (17; 18; 21) (See family sheets) Both Stephen and Tobias lived northwest of Reading in Berks County, Pennsylvania, near Schafferstown. They dropped their baptismal name, Johann, (as was customary), and used BRIGHT instead of BRECHT after settling in America.

Stephen's second wife, whom he married in Pennsylvania, was Veronica __________; his third wife was Elizabeth Fisher (1697-1751). He had two sons by his German wife, five children by Veronica, and one by Elizabeth. He died in 1749/50 in Tulpehocken Township, Berks
County, Pennsylvania. (17; 18) It would seem from the dates that both he and Elizabeth died before they reached age 60.

George Adam Bright I was the oldest child, and only son of Veronica. He was born c1731, left home in 1752, and in 1754 sold the land he had inherited from his father in Berks County. George Adam I then went to Baltimore, Maryland, where he married Mary ____________ and where his two oldest children were born:

- John (Johannes) Bright  
  b. 18 January 1756
- J. Wendel Bright  
  b. 1 January 1758

The family remained in Baltimore only three years, then they moved to Augusta County, Virginia where George married Catharine Cawfel, daughter of Valentine Cawfel. (7; 8; 18; 61, George Bright I)

George's oldest son, John (Johannes) Bright, married Ann Faucett in Rockingham County. She was the daughter of Benjamin Faucett (Fossett) who had come from Frederick County to Linville Creek where, eventually, he sold his Mt. Ery Furnace for lack of useful ore. Then he moved to Mossy Creek at the border of Rockingham and Augusta Counties. He eventually sold that iron furnace and moved to Bath County in search of better iron ore.

Mr. Faucett had originally lived near Reading, Pennsylvania, and it is likely the two families knew each other before coming to Bath County. (Refer to Jack Chapter.)

According to a printed book of Augusta County Marriages, John Bright married for a second time—a lady named Susannah Fulwider, daughter of Urich Fulwider, on 29 October 1802.

The original entry at the Court House was illegible, but Urich's will dated 1804, left land to his daughter, Susannah BRIGHT, thereby substantiating the printed date (11; O.S. 380, N.S. 139 Bill 1821; 12). Susannah and John were the parents of my great-great-grandfather Peter Bright who married Elizabeth Crow (Groah).

In 1795 John Bright bought a large parcel of land from Thomas Steele and his wife, Jane. (7) The Steeles lived between present-day Newport and Spottswood, close to the Augusta-Rockbridge County line. Route 252 which runs approximately north-south (in that area) is an old road which connected Staunton and Goshen, Virginia. Probably that was the route Peter Bright took when he moved to Green Valley in Bath County.

In August 1819, John Bright bought land and water rights from Jacob Bare. (That was probably "the sawmill tract" mentioned in John's will.) The Bare family lived near Churchville, and there was an early sawmill off what is now Route 42 south, close to the center of Churchville.
John Bright's will was written 7 April 1827 and proved in July 1828; John died between these two dates. He left his estate to:

wife--Susannah

son--Peter, was to have "the plantation" and care for his mother during her lifetime.

other children--Adam, Stephen, John, Jacob, Margaret, David, Samuel, Henry, and Susannah.

Jacob and David had "previously received money" so their share was to be less than that of the others.

Adam and Stephen were to get "the land called the sawmill tract," and were to share the proceeds from the will with the other children.

The executor was John's brother, George Bright II. George and his heirs were to receive $5.00 each for settling the estate.

While researching the Bright Family, we documented at least three different men named "Peter Bright." From the will of Peter Bright, son of Tobias Bright, I found that he had married, on 12 October 1801, a widow named Rachel Billhimer. In his will, written in 1803, Peter Bright of Shenandoah County left to his wife, Rachel, his "tract in Rockingham County." She was appointed guardian of his children (all minors), John, Peter, John (David?), and of her youngest children (Billhimers). The date on which the will was proved is illegible. (Peter of Shenandoah had previously been married to a lady whose first name was Mary.) (17; 49)

The second Peter Bright was the son of Peter of Shenandoah. He stayed in Rockingham County and married Magdalena Bowman. According to her mother's will, Peter and Magdalena's children were Isaac, Magdaline, David, Eliza Virginia, and Sallie. (49)

The third Peter Bright we found was the son of John and Susannah, who married Elizabeth Crow/Groah and has the distinction of being my great-great-grandfather! He was born on 22 March 1806 in Augusta County and died on 6 August 1872 in Bath County, Virginia. (7; 8; 12; 23)

Great-Great-Grandfather Peter Bright had two brothers, Stephen and Adam I, who married girls whose surnames were Headley--Sarah and Winney. A family member has in her possession data indicating that there was a connection linking the Brights, Headleys, and the Crows/Groahs as far back as 1777. It appears, according to her source of information, that Mary Headley, daughter of Lt. Headley, married a William Grow. In a Nelson County record we have this entry:

George Groah (s/o Philip I) married Mary Headley on 19 December 1809. (In all probability George Groah and William Grow are the same man.)
In Nelson County the following marriages are also recorded:

1. Catherine Groah, daughter of John J. Crow, married Stephen Bright, son of Adam I and Sarah Headley Bright on 15 February 1832.

2. Mary J. Groah, daughter of John J. Crow, married James Bright, son of Adam I and Sarah Headley Bright on 7 February 1839.

These two men were the grandsons of John Bright, Sr. The aforementioned Lieutenant Headley (Hedley) was with George Washington in Valley Forge during the Winter of 1777. (28; 29)

Assuming that the above mentioned John J. Crow is the same John J. Crow who married Sarah Redcross and fathered Elizabeth Crow/Groah, it would seem that three of his daughters, Elizabeth, Catherine, and Mary, married Bright men from two consecutive generations!

### 1850 Census--Augusta County (as recorded)
Reel 46, page 246; second district

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Birth Year</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Peter</td>
<td>1806</td>
<td>Augusta County</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elizabeth</td>
<td>1810</td>
<td>Ohio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Josiah</td>
<td>1830</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David</td>
<td>1836</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas M.</td>
<td>1838</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martha A.</td>
<td>1841</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George F.</td>
<td>1843</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William H.</td>
<td>1845/6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James L.</td>
<td>1849</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

These were their living children reported in this census. Mary, Elizabeth, and John had already died by 1850. Susan Caroline was not yet born.

### 1870 Census--Bath County
Reel 125, page 43B

In addition to the above listed children living in the household, there were:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Birth Year</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sarah C.</td>
<td>1854</td>
<td>Augusta County, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rebecca E.</td>
<td>1856</td>
<td>Augusta County, Va.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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Author's Note:
I later discovered these two girls were granddaughters of Peter and Elizabeth. They were children of Josiah who had been killed near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania during the Civil War. There was no mention in this census of his wife, Evaline Johns whom he had married on 25 October 1850. (Refer to The Johns Connection, REDCROSS Chapter)
BRIGHT MISCELLANEOUS DATA

The early Brights bought land from and intermarried with the Steeles who lived on the boundaries of Rockbridge and Augusta Counties.

**Early Land Transactions**

1. 1795--JOHN BRIGHT, Sr. bought a large parcel of land from Thomas Steele and his wife, Jane. The Steeles lived between present day (1985) Newport and Spottswood, close to the Augusta/Rockbridge line. Route 252, which runs approximately north/south, is an old road which connected Staunton and Goshen.

2. 1819--JOHN BRIGHT, Sr. bought land and water rights from Jacob Bare near Churchville. There was an early sawmill off what is now Route 42 south, close to the center of Churchville. (7; 12)

Great-Great-Grandfather PETER BRIGHT was born in 1806, three years before the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

ARCHIE LEROY BRIGHT, son of William Henry and Martha Ratliff Bright, was born in 1881. He and his wife, Leola, were buried in the cemetery at Woodlawn Union Church (on the north side of CR 629, off SR 39). He died in 1963. There is a double headstone showing their names and birth and death dates:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ARCHIE LEROY BRIGHT</th>
<th>LEOLA LOAN BRIGHT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1881-1963</td>
<td>1891-1967</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Archie and Leola Blanch Loan Bright were the parents of seventeen children. The first was born when Leola was seventeen and the last was born when she was forty-four, a period which spanned twenty-seven years. Leola must have been a great lady and a patient mother!

I have had the pleasure of being shown through the home in which she and Archie raised their children. It is located in Millboro, Virginia, and at this time (1985), is owned by the Rice Family.
In the 1900 Bath County Census, Williamsville District, there is an interesting sequence of three families in a row. (Notice the names!)

BRIGHT, Henry  
b. June 1840, married 24 years, farmer  
Martha J., wife  
b. November 1854 (had 5 children, all alive)  
Daisy F.  
b. 3 January 1879  
Archie L.  
b. April 1882 (notice discrepancy in date)  
Sarah E.  
b. 18 February 1884  
Webster L.  
b. 30 September 1886

Next Door:
VENABLE, Richard F.  
b. April 1873, married less than one year, farmer  
Minnie G., wife  
b. 20 February 1877  
Raymond H., son b. April 1900

Next Door:
JORDAN, Johnson  
b. August 1840  
Sarah M., wife  
b. March 1849  
daughter  
b.  
daughter  
b.

Numbered references correspond to the SHANKS, VESS, JACK, RHEA, BRIGHT, PUTNAM, FAUCETT, HARDWICK History References.

The William Henry Bright Family  
c. 1895
MINNIE BRIGHT VENABLE named her fifth child, a son, Walter Jordan Venable; he was born on 30 May 1813. A family member recalls that the Venable and Jordan families were close friends. Richard F. Venable was often called "Frank"—his middle name. Henry Bright's full name was William Henry Bright. By the 1910 census, Sarah E. Bright was listed as Elizabeth Woodzell. She had married Charlie Woodzell and her widowed father, Henry, lived with them. (15, 1910)

Armstrong, Virginia, the place of residence (in 1897) of Minnie Bright Venable, granddaughter of Peter and Elizabeth Bright, was named for the family of Jared Armstrong, who married Daisy Bright, Minnie's sister. Jared (Jarrett) was the son of Hudson and Malinda Armstrong. (Refer to Family sheets)

The first ARMSTRONG in the Shenandoah Valley was Thomas who lived, along with numerous offspring and his first wife, in Fincastle County. After she died, he moved to Augusta County, remarried, and had another group of children. Two of them, James and Robert Armstrong, settled in Highland County about one mile south of Doe Hill in 1759, near the Bullpasture River. (38A) Their descendants moved northeast and southwest following the river valley and its tributaries into Pendleton, Highland, and Bath Counties. Some went to nearby Augusta and Rockingham Counties. (38; 38A)

The Armstrong who first lived in the town of the same name was either Hudson Armstrong or one of his sons, Jared or Gilbert T. Armstrong. One of the latter was the postmaster there. (38; 38A)

I am very fortunate to have in my family archives two Augusta County Virginia School System report cards which belonged to JANIE VENABLE, daughter of Richard F. and Minnie Bright Venable. These two cards were marked by Janie's sixth grade teacher, Leona E. Coope, and her seventh grade teacher, J. E Peterson during the years spanning 1914 and 1916.

Each report card was signed by Mrs. R. F. Venable in the appropriate place. Janie was an especially good student as evidenced from her grades—all A's (or E's, for excellence).

According to an additional comment noted on the 1916 card, Janie was especially good in agriculture. Her behavior was always very good, either listed as 100 or, as shown on one occasion, 99 1/2.
I am very proud to say that during the researching and writing of this book I became acquainted with Janie's daughter, Virginia Field, of Charleston, S.C. During the past three years we have corresponded with each other through the mail, and have occasionally spoken on the telephone. Virginia and I share the same great-great-grandparents, and I feel we also share many common interests and self-likenesses. I am very grateful for all the help and encouragement that she has given me.

Janie was married twice. (See Individual Family Sheets.) In her later years she lived in Norfolk, Virginia. Janie underwent a successful Intracocular Lens Implant (eye surgery), on April 10 1984; the following night she suffered a heart attack and died quietly in her sleep.

In the words of her daughter, I write the following: "My mother was in good health and excellent spirits. She had just had an implant in her eye. She stayed in the hospital from Sunday until Tuesday. Tuesday, she was feeling so good and seeing so much better that my brother, Dixie, and his wife, Hazell, took Mother out to lunch to celebrate after they brought her home from the hospital. She went to sleep in her own bed that night and never woke up. She died of a heart attack in her sleep. She must have died soon after she went to bed because her pillow wasn't even wrinkled. She was in good health and was eighty-three years old. Her main problem was the arthritis in her foot which made it extremely painful for her to walk."

RUSSEL BRIGHT VENABLE, son of Minnie and R. F. Venable, was a great hand at telling jokes. He was a good mimic and storyteller—one of the best according to a family member.

CLARA BROWN VENABLE, daughter of Minnie and R. F. Venable, never married. She suffered with a bad case of tuberculosis and was a patient in the Blue Ridge Sanatorium in Charlottesville, Virginia for several years. After her recovery, she worked as a secretary to one of the doctors associated with the hospital. She lived in one room at the hospital, along with all of her possessions. She ate her meals in the hospital cafeteria and seemed perfectly content with her lifestyle. When she retired, Clara moved to Norfolk, Virginia to live with her sister, Janie Norfleet. (28; 29)
As evidenced by old letters, newspaper clippings, and family memories, it appears that MINNIE BRIGHT VENABLE was an associate and possibly a friend of Elizabeth Annabelle Shanks Beard, the Loan family, the Jordan family, and the Lyle family—all names linked directly or indirectly with my ancestry.

Also there is undocumented data suggesting that the Brights and the Lyndon B. Johnson families are connected. This piece of information was first brought to my attention during a telephone conversation in early 1984 with Marion Bright of East Northport, N.Y. Other family members are unaware of this connection, if it exists. Marion Bright subsequently died in 1985 without having any further discussions with me. I do know that families of Brights, Crows, Johnsons, and Vesses were living and associating with each other near the South Fork of the Holston River in the 1800's; family members were also living in Texas, Tennessee, and Kentucky around this period of time.

On the original pages of Great-Great-Grandfather Peter Bright's Family Bible, he did not make any reference to Great-Great-Grandmother Elizabeth's maiden name.

In two separate printed documents her name was recorded as CROW in connection with their marriage. Why the family members later recorded the name as GROAH, I do not know. To my knowledge the family records, also, never made any reference to her Indian ancestry. The Bright family members living today, likewise, disclaimed any knowledge of the fact. (8; 23; 28)

Richard and Minnie Bright Venable
Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary
1949
MINNIE GAY BRIGHT and RICHARD FRANKLIN VENABLE were married on 20 June 1899 in the Second Presbyterian Church in Staunton, Va. The Reverend John Wills officiated. MINNIE always called RICHARD "Mr. Venable." He referred to Minnie as "Mother." The children called him "Papa" and her "Mama."

JOHN (DIXIE) and HAZELL BARR VASSAR were married on 20 June 1948. Dixie's grandparents, Minnie and Richard Franklin Venable, who were married on the same date in 1899, were celebrating their 49th wedding anniversary.

WILLIAM H. VENABLE, son of Minnie and Richard, died 24 April 1985, exactly two weeks prior to his brother Russell's death on 1 May 1985. William (Bill) died of heart problems and Russell died of cancer.

MINNIE BRIGHT’S husband, RICHARD F. VENABLE, was the son of WILLIAM O. and JULIA HUTCHINSON VENABLE of Hampton-Sydney, Prince Edward, Bath, and Franklin Counties. (Julia was from Franklin County.) Mr. Venable’s ancestors were some of the original settlers in Bath County. They had arrived in Bath County from Prince Edward in the late 1600’s.

The VESSES and BRIGHTS who moved to Texas went to Jackson County, along the coast about halfway between Houston and Corpus Christi.

Minnie Bright Venable
Mills

The "Bulletin of Augusta County Historical Society" printed an article on old mills in Augusta County. The article lists "Bright's Mill" as a sawmill located a bit south and west of Mossy Creek Iron Works. This piece of data links the "sawmill tract" mentioned in John Bright, Sr.'s will to Benjamin Faucett's Mossy Creek Iron Works. Benjamin Faucett was the father of John Bright, Sr.'s first wife, Ann Faucett Bright.

Author's Note:
Numbered references found on the SHANKS, VESS, RHEA, HARDWICK, PUTNAM, FAUCETT, and BRIGHT History References.
Author's Note:

In regard to the writing of this chapter of Civil War history, my only aim is to acquaint the reader with our family's connections and contributions to this war in terms of those who fought, those who died, and those who remained, self-confidently insuring a secure homeland for all their descendants.

If, during the reading of this chapter, you become a "teeny bit" interested in the Civil War, don't be surprised. I found that Civil War literature has a quality of fascination and allurement which tends to draw a person deeper and deeper into the pages of history.

The observations, impressions, assumptions, and personal reasoning contained in this chapter are entirely my own, written as I have interpreted the meaning stated in my sources of reference. At no time, do I expect every reader to agree with my personal opinion to the exclusion of others.

The historical data is stated factually according to that found in my sources of reference. To the best of my knowledge I have not deviated from the accepted norm regarding the long-standing convictions and truths relevant to the Civil War and the surrounding historical era.
Because of the numerous and varied connections between my family and the battles of the Civil War, I am including this chapter which is comprised of facts and interesting data surrounding the war-torn years in the Shenandoah Valley.

The Civil War left its mark on my family as it did on thousands of others. To each of us, it left its stories and haunting memories of sacrifice, strife, and death. By writing this article, I hope to preserve the memories of our ancestors and others who fought in this panoramic war. In so doing, I have attempted to state the factual historical data to the best of my knowledge.

The Shenandoah Valley of Virginia during the early 1860's was a beautiful fertile land covered by acres of green forest and rich farmland nestled between the mountains.

Living in this tranquil setting were farmers, merchants, carpenters, lumbermen, blacksmiths, miners, and men of other various occupations. Especially not to be overlooked were the coal miners. Many of my ancestors who previously lived in Pennsylvania and other coal mining regions relocated in the Shenandoah Valley. A great many of these men later claimed the distinction of being called legendary heroes in history—the men we call Confederate soldiers. Herein, I honor the memory of those of whom I am knowledgeable.

On 8 June 1862, Crosberry D. Vess (better known as Dunk) was a member of the Second Rockbridge Artillery, a company attached to the Confederate forces of General Stonewall Jackson and General R. S. Ewell, fighting near Port Republic, Virginia. (9)

While Jackson's troops were advancing against Union General Freemont's Federals, General Ewell was able to defend Jackson's troops by holding off the Union men during the Battle of Cross Keys. At some point during this battle, Dunk Vess was wounded, and as a result of this wound, his left leg was amputated, although not immediately. He was absent without leave from 1 July 1862 until 21 October 1862. On 31 December 1862, he was absent again due to wounds; he was still absent on 28 February 1863, but by June of 1863, Dunk was back on duty. He was not tried for his absence without leave from 1 July 1862 to 21 October 1862. Dunk was wounded again at the Battle of Gettysburg. Shortly thereafter, on 20 July 1863, he was captured at Martinsburg, Virginia, and taken prisoner. He later was transferred to City Point, Virginia. Since no
On June 9, 1862, fighting at Port Republic signaled the end of General Jackson's 1862 campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. Federal Generals Fremont, Shields, and Banks were in retreat. The battle was the most costly engagement in the Valley Campaign. (11, p. 174)

On 9 August 1862 during a battle fought between the Confederate forces of Generals Jackson, Hill, Early, and Ewell and the Union forces of Generals Pope and Banks, my great-great-grandfather, George W. Vess, was killed. This Battle of Cedar Mountain near Culpeper, Virginia, was the beginning of the Second Bull Run Campaign (also known as Second Manassas by the people of the South); it lasted until September 1862. Cedar Mountain was also referred to as Cedar Run and Slaughter Mountain. (8, p. 48; 14, p. 160; 11, p. 181)

Great-great-grandfather George W. Vess enlisted in the Confederate Army on 9 April 1862 in Shenandoah County, Virginia. He was a member of Co. K. 52nd Regiment, Virginia Infantry. At his death on 9 August 1862, he had been in the army for exactly four months. His personal effects, including $91.00 in cash, were sent home to his family, arriving on 18 March 1863. I have no other information regarding his death or place of burial. (9)

In a compiled record of BATH COUNTY Veterans by Oren Morton, George W. Vess was listed as a member of Company K., 52nd Regiment, killed at Cedar Run on 9 August 1862. (C. D. Vess and George W. Vess were brothers, sons of Hiram Vess I.)

Also listed as being a member of the Co. K., 52nd Regiment were: William Jack, John H. Jack, and Samuel Loan. David Jack was listed as a member of the "Grays."

Other members included in the list are as follows: (15)

David E. Bright, son of Peter and Elizabeth, died Camp Point Lookout, Maryland--25 February 1865.
George F. Bright, son of Peter and Elizabeth, missing in action 1864, between Richmond and Petersburg, Va.
Thomas Bright, son of Peter and Elizabeth, member of the "Grays."
John Bright, son of Peter and Elizabeth, member of the "Grays."

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Military Record of George W. Vess, from The National Archives

Co. 11, 52 Virginia Inf'y.

(CONFEDERATE.)

CARD NUMBERS.

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

Number of medical cards herein — 0
Number of personal papers herein — 0

BOOK MARK:...

See also...
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>George W. Vess</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Reg't</td>
<td>52 Reg't Va. Infantry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Co.</td>
<td>Co. K</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Company Muster Roll**

of the organization named above,

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>for</th>
<th>Apr. 9, 1862</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Enlisted:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>When</th>
<th>Apr. 9, 1862</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Where</td>
<td>Shenandoah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By whom</td>
<td>St. Col. Geo. H. Harris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Period</td>
<td>Apr. 9, 1862</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Last paid</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By whom</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To what time</td>
<td>1862</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Present or absent: Present

Remarks:

The 52d Regiment Virginia Infantry was organized for State service August 10, 1861, for 12 months. 14th Company A was detached by S. O. No. 105, A. & I. G. O., dated September 20, 1861, and became Capt. Donald's Company Virginia Light Artillery. Another company which enlisted April 9, 1862, was added as Company K. The regiment was reorganized for Confederate states service May 1, 1862.

Book mark:

(Confederate.)

The register appears to have been compiled in the Adjutant and Inspector General's Office from returns furnished by Hospitals and by Regimental and Company Officers.

**Register**

of Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Confederate States who were killed in battle, or who died of wounds or disease.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Where born</th>
<th>Rockbridge</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>When deceased</td>
<td>Aug. 9, 1862</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where and from what cause</td>
<td>Killed at Cedar Run</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amount of money left</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Effects</td>
<td>Sent home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In whose charge</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When received</td>
<td>Mar. 18, 1863</td>
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<tr>
<td>Number of certificate</td>
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<tr>
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</table>

The register appears to have been compiled in the Adjutant and Inspector General's Office from returns furnished by Hospitals and by Regimental and Company Officers.

Confed. Arch., Chap. 10, File No. 8, page 262
The ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY Confederate Records by Oren Morton lists:

Andrew J. Vest 2nd Rockbridge Artillery enlisted 23 July 1861
Mathew Vess 2nd Rockbridge Artillery
C. D. Vess* 2nd Rockbridge Artillery
John F. Doyle** 2nd Rockbridge Artillery
Philip Vest Grays, Co. H., 4th Virginia Infantry (Stonewall Brigade)
T. R. Vest Grays, Co. H., 4th Virginia Infantry (Stonewall Brigade)

*C. D. Vess was also a member of Captain Donald's Company, Virginia Light Artillery. This company was formerly Captain Miller's and Captain Lusk's Co. Virginia Light Artillery, and originally served as Co. B. 52nd Regiment Virginia Infantry. It also served as artillery in McIntosh's Battalion. (Records National Archives, Washington, D. C.) (9; 15, p. 411)

**John F. Doyle was wounded on 14 October 1863, or thereabouts, and returned to duty shortly thereafter. He was captured on 2 April 1865 at Hatcher's Run. He was taken prisoner and arrived at City Point, Virginia on 4 April 1865. He was released from Point Lookout, Maryland on 24 June 1865. (Records National Archives, Washington, D. C.) (9; 15, p. 413)

In the BATH COUNTY Co. C., 14th Virginia Cavalry were Samuel Vest and John Vest.

Among the KERR'S CREEK Confederate Co. G., 58th Virginia Infantry were Harvey Vess and Jackson Vess.

(In most cases VESS and VEST were used interchangably on written records.)

These names and units are only a sample of those listed in Morton's records. Others included are Woodzells, Venables, Brooks, Niceleys, Haysletts, Rowseys, Ailstocks, Hostetters, Ploggers, and Branhams; most all of whom are associated with my ancestry.

During the days between 3 May 1864 and 4 June 1864, as a result of the battles fought in the Wilderness Campaign, the Spottsylvania Campaign, the Battle of North River, the Battle of Yellow Tavern, and the Battle of Cold Harbor (in the Eastern Theater), there were 82,000 casualties reported.
Included in this total were Confederate General J. E. B. Stuart, who was mortally wounded at Yellow Tavern and Union General John Sedgwick. Confederate Generals Stonewall Jackson, Albert Johnson, and Ambrose P. Hill were other leaders of the Confederate Army who lost their lives during the four years of fighting. During the span of one month at least 6000 horses lay dead over the terrain on which these battles were fought. (1, pp. 195-207)

My great-great-grandfather, Peter Bright, left a family Bible complete with names, birthdates, death dates, and other data pertaining to his children. Therein is written the name of Josiah F. Bright, his eldest son, born in 1830. Penned in Great-Great-Grandfather's handwriting is the entry recording Josiah's death on 3 July 1863. Apparently he died as a result of wounds suffered during the Battle of Gettysburg.

I do not know the regiment of which he was a member, but just knowing he participated in such a great and terrible battle makes one acutely aware of the courage that these men displayed during the fatal "Pickett's Charge" in which a combined total of 15,000 Confederate Infantry charged the Union line. (6, p. 295; 1, p. 159) Other sources state the number of men as more than 13,000. (11, pp. 308.309). During the three days of fighting, close to 28,000 Confederate casualties were sustained.

Thousands of bodies were loaded into wagon trains to be brought home for burial. Thousands more were left behind. In which group lay the body of Josiah Bright I do not know but I do think because of my interest in, and research of my ancestry, his memory will now remain with us forever.

Josiah's brother, George F. Bright, was reported missing in May of 1864 between Richmond and Petersburg, Virginia. He may have been assigned to a steamer named "Fredericksburg," but I have no other proof of this fact other than the notation in Peter Bright's family Bible.

A third brother, David, died on 25 February 1865 at Camp Point Lookout in Maryland of "camp fever" known today as typhus. Apparently, he was a prisoner of war. I do not know the location of either Josiah's or David's gravesites.

Thomas and John Bright, members of the Bath County "Grays" were also sons of Peter and Elizabeth Bright. According to the Bright family Bible, it would seem that these two sons survived the war and returned home after the surrender in 1865.

My great-grandfather, George Thomas Jack, was a member of General John D. Imboden's cavalry. Great-Grandfather was underage when he enlisted in the army. Apparently after his true age was discovered, he was relegated to distributing the mail to the soldiers. Some family members
believe him to have been the water boy, carrying water to the soldiers and the horses. (11A; 12A)

On 8 May 1862, Major General Robert C. Schenck (German version of Shanks), a Federal commander, fought a fierce battle of the Shenandoah Valley Campaign against Stonewall Jackson's Confederates in the Battle of McDowell. Jackson's 10,000 troops forced two small Federal brigades (which numbered between 4,000 and 6,000) under R. H. Milroy and Schenck to withdraw from the area of McDowell, a village about twenty miles west of Staunton, Virginia. (1, p. 97; 6, pp. 102-105; 11, pp. 159, 160)

A Lieutenant Shanks (I do not know his first name) was mortally wounded at Gaines Mill on 27 June 1862. In the struggle of battle, within the span of one hour, all the line captains were killed, including Lieutenant Shanks, who was the last to fall. (23, Ch. XXVIII, pp. 260-261)

Lieutenant Shanks previously had fought at the Battle of Centerville where a shell exploded within a few feet of where he was standing. The unexpected violent discharge and flying particles shocked him into actually believing he was hit.

I think his home was probably in Holly Springs, Mississippi. This is only my assumption, but I say it because as Lieutenant Shanks lay dying, he mentioned the folks back in Holly Springs, and he left a message for one Sally Smith, reassuring her of his faithfulness to her. (23, Ch. XXVIII, pp. 260, 261)

Regarding these two men, Robert Schenck and Lieutenant Shanks, I have no absolute proof that they are my ancestors. But since I know SCHENCK was the original German version of SHANK or SHANKS, I am, here again, making an assumption.

Some of our SCHENCK (SHANK, SHANKS) ancestors were considered to be "Union" men. Included in this number was Preacher Samuel Shank, a Mennonite minister and grandson of Bishop Henry Shank. Samuel made his home near Broadway, Virginia. Thus, being considered Southern Unionist, these men of the Valley who suffered considerable losses due to the requisition of livestock, homes and crops, and the general foraging of war were reimbursed varying amounts by the Federal Government. (5, p. 172, 175, 176)

Folks living in the fertile Shenandoah Valley were forever under the threat of foraging soldiers, both Federal and Confederate. By 1863, both armies were already desperate for foodstuffs and foraging had become a way of survival. They searched out food not only for themselves, but also for their horses. Of course, many troops were acting under orders to burn and destroy.

The lower valley was quickly devastated and trampled as a result of troop movements up and down its corridors. In addition, General
Sheridan gave orders to destroy grain, farm produce, livestock, and private property. By 1864, there wasn't anything left to plunder. Starving soldiers, too weak to go any further, were left along the way. The combined effects of the heat, dust, exhaustion, and hunger caused many men from all regiments to drop dead as they were marching. (4, p. 34)

The soldiers suffered greatly from diseases such as diarrhea and dysentery. More men were disabled or died as a result of these two maladies than of gunshot wounds. (4, p. 26) It is estimated that for every one man killed in battle (or one who died from a battle wound), three men died from disease. (8 p. 25)

Typhoid, typhus, smallpox, measles, malaria, and other "camp fevers" also raged through the ranks in epidemic proportions. In 1860, no one knew what caused these diseases; therefore, medical treatment was inadequate, to say the least. This was especially so in the treatment of wounds received on the battlefield. The wounded often had lain for a long period of time on the field in inclement weather. This, in itself, led to infection and gangrene. Usually the wounded men were transported in horse-drawn wagons (ambulances) to inadequately staffed field hospitals. This jolting trip was often the soldier's final one. (8, p. 25)

Soldiers suffering with head and abdominal wounds at Gettysburg were considered mortal. The overworked doctors and surgeons had the task of deciding which men could be helped and which ones were beyond saving. One volunteer working as a nurse later recalled how the seriously head-wounded men were placed together on a separate section of ground aside from the others. The doctors were able to help only a few of the many. (11, p. 314)

Arm and leg wounds often demanded amputation. Such surgical procedures were performed with small saws. These instruments, as well as the doctor's hands, were seldom clean, never sterile. It was an exception if the instruments were even rinsed off between operations. The soldiers usually endured these amputations without the luxury of chloroform or opiates. Many died from shock. One can readily imagine the terror and pain that a soldier had to face head-on when an amputation was necessary. I hope that Crosberry "Dunk" Vess didn't have to undergo such deplorable conditions when his leg was amputated during the war. In the years after the war, many soldiers recalled and described the piles or heaps of severed arms and legs beside the surgeons' tables and on the surrounding ground. (4, p. 27; 6, p. 360; 8, p. 25; 11, p. 314; 16, p. 48)

The horrors of war also touched close to my home town. The Battle of Lynchburg was fought on the outskirts of the city on 17-18 June 1864. A battle between the 19,000 troops under the command of Federal Major General David Hunter and the 16,000 men wearing Confederate gray under the command of General Jubal Early resulted in Hunter's retreat in
disarray from the city. The complete account of this battle is recorded in LYNCHBURG IN THE CIVIL WAR, THE CITY, THE PEOPLE, THE BATTLE, by George Morris and Susan Foutz.

Lynchburg was an important supply route for Confederate supplies. Because it was a railroad town, it served as a direct connection to Petersburg and towns to the west. Destroying the railroad in this area was one of General Grant’s main objectives. He knew if his troops could accomplish this feat, the supplies which General Lee so desperately needed would be diverted. (16, p. 38)

During this period of the war (1864), troops were also in the nearby areas of Amherst Heights (Madison Heights), Amherst Court House, Piney River, Tye River, Pedlar Mills, Waynesboro, and Charlottesville, Virginia. (16, Ch. V)

The Lee Battery, which was organized in Lynchburg on 28 May 1861 and mustered into service on 7 June 1861 under the command of Captain Pierce Butler Anderson, joined the Confederate forces fighting in the Shenandoah Valley in 1862. They fought in the battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic, among others.

On 1 March 1864, Captain William W. Hardwicke was appointed to command the Lee Battery. Captain Hardwicke was the son of John V. and Sarah A. M. Walford Hardwick(e). William’s grandfather, Joseph V. Hardwick(e), was Julia Ann Hardwick Smith Golliiday Shank’s first cousin. (13; 16, p. 88, 89)

The Civil War was one of America’s greatest emotional experiences. A story of exceptional sadness, it is also a story of victory. It is a story of human toil, suffering, inspiration, and satisfaction in the knowledge that each man gave his best for his country.

Many theories have been subscribed and discussed as to the reasons, whys, and effects of this never-to-be-forgotten war in which brothers faced one another on the battlegrounds and where family loyalties were strained to the breaking point. Today we read the accounts of the battles and picture in our minds the thousands of troops, tents, and sites of battle; we imagine the sounds of the guns and cannons and the terrible cries of the wounded men.

But, no matter how many accounts and stories we read, we will never be able to completely comprehend the harsh reality of those war-torn years. The bleakness of cold, wet nights, the hunger pangs of near starvation, and the terrible, smoke-clouded battles are known only to those brave men who were there, fighting for what often was called "the lost cause."
The majority of conscientious objectors were members of religious denominations that claimed exemption from military service because of sectarian pacifist principles. These included the Quakers, Dunkards, and Mennonites.

There were large concentrations of these three groups in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Many of the Shank (Schenck, Schenk) ancestors belonged to the Mennonite Church; some were ministers or bishops. The Faucetts, possibly the Vess families, and Sarah Susan Vess Jack, who was raised in the Quaker home of John Shaw Rhea, were noted as Quakers (Religious Society of Friends). The Mennonites and Quakers in the valley were the ones hardest hit with pressure and destruction of their homes and belongings. (20, p. 34)

Spokesmen constantly beseeched government officials to legalize pacifists from military duty. This was never done, thus creating hardships for men of conscience. (20, p. 33)

Men unwilling to fight in the field were faced with combined physical and psychological punishments. The federal government was usually more tolerant of these dissenting men than were their Confederate counterparts who, driven by need, were determined to bring the pacifists into the war. The Federals seemed to be able to overlook the refusal to fight in the field as long as the men applied themselves working in hospitals and other non-combative areas, or if helping with the contribution of food and supplies.

Some of my Shank Mennonite ancestors referred to themselves as Union men. After the war ended, some of those who could prove their loyalty to the Union were repaid in dollars for the requisitions made in the form of livestock, crops, and other belongings and property. (5, p. 176) This was handled through the Southern Claims Commission which was set up to reimburse Southern Unionists for their losses. (Refer to SAMUEL SHANK II)

The two Mennonites who lost most heavily as a result of the war were preacher Samuel Shank II, grandson of Bishop Henry Shank, and Samuel Weaver. Samuel Shank lost virtually everything, including his house, barn, and out buildings. It's no wonder that Shank spoke of the war as the "abominable" Civil War. (5, p. 175) (Refer to THE CIVIL WAR, preceding article)

So that he could try to re-coup his losses, Samuel Shank had a recommendation from John T. Harris of Harrisonburg. Harris wrote "I
have known Mr. Shank for many years. He was a Union man during all the war and is entirely reliable in all respects." (5, p. 176)

Other Shank ancestors who presented claims to the Commission were Bishop Abraham Shank, Jacob and Christian Shank, Anna Shank, Michael Shank, and Abram Shank. (5, p. 175) (Refer to Abraham Shank, SHANK Chapter.)

General Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson had this to say on the subject of conscientious objectors: "There lives a people in the Valley of Virginia who are not hard to bring to the army. While they are there, they are obedient to the officers. Nor is it difficult to have them take aim, but it is impossible to get them to take correct aim! Therefore, I think it better to leave them at their homes so that they may produce supplies for the army." (20, p. 33; 5, pp. 158, 159)

This advice by General Jackson was ignored, and the Quakers in the upper Valley and those in lower Virginia reported losses of property totaling in the fifty-thousands of dollars. They never knew which army, Union or Confederate, would be destroying their property and demanding supplies. (20, p. 34)

Also, there was the non-pacifist neighbor who tried to coerce the conscientious objectors into fighting, thinking them unpatriotic. Because of this, many Quakers and Mennonites went into hiding until after the war. Many were caught and turned over to military officials; some were shot. (5, p. 158; 20, p. 34)

Even though some legislation was passed in October 1862 concerning the matter of exemption, nothing was ever resolved officially. After the first two years of the war, the issue was pushed into the background by more urgent political and military matters. (20, p. 33)

The legislation passed in 1862 was called the Confederate Exemption Act. It granted exemptions from military service to Quakers, Mennonites, and Dunkards if they furnished a substitute or if each paid a $500.00 tax. (20, p. 33) The Confederate Congress abolished this law in 1864, asking that all men between the ages of 17 and 60 report for duty. (5, p. 167)

Benevolent Quakers took in and cared for many sick soldiers without regard to the color of the soldier's uniform. Many men who could go no further were shown compassion and nursed back to health by gentle Quaker families—people who stressed the equality of men and addressed all persons as "thee" despite their social distinction.

The Quaker sect also helped care for 3,000,000 destitute ex-slaves freed by the Emancipation Proclamation. The group organized the Western Freedmen's Aid Commission, composed of members of different religious denominations, to see that the donated clothing and other supplies were stored and distributed in an organized manner. (20, p. 37)
Contributions made by conscientious objectors to both sides during the Civil War manifested them as people deserving admiration and acknowledgment. All of the heroes of the Civil War had not necessarily been in combat on the battlefields; many had provided humanitarian assistance from within their own homes, based on their religious beliefs.

The inability to discover any substantiative evidence regarding the whereabouts of some of my Brooks ancestors during this period of time leads me to wonder if family members joined with others in hiding. This, of course, is only a theory set forth by this descendant.

(Refer to BROOKS/TURPIN HISTORY and VESS Miscellaneous Data)

Numbered references correspond to the CIVIL WAR References.
CONFEDERATE SOLDIER--I seem to hear this term frequently these days. Maybe it's because I have just become aware of the significant and emotional temperament ascribed to the words. As a student studying American History, what did they mean to you? Who was the Confederate soldier?

The Confederate soldier was the backbone of the South during the 1860's. He was a hard working, self-sufficient breed of man who, as a rule, was between the ages of 18 and 45, although a few were as old as 70 and some as young as 13. Many were unmarried; single men probably outnumbered the married soldiers. Numerous soldiers were unable to read or write; many—a number equal to more than one-third of the enlisted men—were unable to sign their names. (4, pp. 11, 13; 18, p. 11)

I assume that my ancestors in the Confederate ranks could read and write. Although I do not think any of my Mennonite ancestors actually fought in the Civil War, I am sure that because of their background in the ministry they were educated to a standard degree. (All of my Shank ancestors included within this history were not Mennonites.)

The Brights appear to have been a family of substance. They owned a plantation and sawmill during the early 1800's, and considerable land was deeded down through the generations to their descendants. (7) Being in possession of copies of the beautifully handwritten pages from great-great-grandfather Peter Bright's family Bible, I am convinced by the penmanship that he was not an uneducated man. At least three of his sons were Confederate soldiers.

My great-great-great-grandfather, Hiram Vess I, a farmer, owned a substantial amount of land in Rockbridge County, Virginia; his brother, Samuel Vess III, was also a farmer. Some of the Vess men were associated with the railroad. (7; 22) Hiram's son, C. D. (Dunk) Vess, was a shoemaker and farmer. Many of the Vess men fought for the Confederacy, and their signatures are shown on records such as wills, deeds, and marriage licenses. So, although not wealthy families, I do believe they were moderately educated people.

I am not altogether sure about the occupations or the levels of education of the Jacks. Some, I know, were coal miners; others were farmers and hunters. I think Andrew (Andy) Jack was associated with a glass factory in West Virginia. My great-grandfather, George Thomas Jack, was a farmer and owned land in Bath County, Virginia. He and great-grandmother, Sarah Susan Vess Jack, were each raised in foster homes, so I am not sure of the quality of their education. I would assume being raised by German Quakers, Sarah Susan probably received whatever amount of education they deemed necessary for a young lady in the mid-
to-late 1800's. I have in my personal archives a copy of a deed showing her written signature. My great-grandfather Jack and several of his brothers were Confederate soldiers.

The Southern upperclass families arranged to send their sons to the best schools available. From these schools, most of the regimental commanders and officers were commissioned for the war. (4, p. 13)

The Confederate soldiers were basically religious men who were not afraid to show their deep and lasting love and faith in the Lord. If killed in battle, many soldiers believed that they would be together with their families again one day in Heaven. (4, p. 22)

I often think how this belief in "the reunification in Heaven with their loved ones" coincides with Great-Aunt Angie Jack Burke's belief that one day she will again meet her mama and papa in Heaven.

The renowned Rockbridge Artillery was initially composed of divinity students whose commander was the Reverend William Nelson Pendleton. The soldiers named their bronze gun howitzers Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. While watching the Federals advancing toward them on one occasion, Reverend Pendleton was reported to have said, "May God have mercy upon their souls. Fire, Matthew!!" (4, p. 15)

On occasion camp revivals were held; at night, during these meetings, many men chose to be baptized. The religious upbringing of the soldiers was always apparent during these meetings.

The Confederate soldier faced many enemies other than the Yankees. One of them was disease; most likely, it was the worst. Approximately 164,000 men died as a result of contracting malaria, measles, scurvy, smallpox, pneumonia, typhoid, typhus (camp fever), dysentery, diarrhea, mental disorders, and venereal disease. (4, p. 25) Because no one realized what caused these diseases, camp life was equally dangerous for the soldiers.

"Camp itch" was one of the most widespread plagues troubling the soldiers. Body lice, which were often called "graybacks," "rebels," and "war bugs," along with roaches, chiggers, ticks, flies, and mosquitoes, were never-ending nuisances. Maggots were a problem where wounds were left untreated. (4, p. 26)

David Bright, son of Great-Great-Grandfather Peter Bright, was one of the 56,000 men who died in prisoner-of-war camps. He suffered from "camp fever" and died near the end of the war in 1865. (3; 9)

By the fall of 1862, smallpox in Virginia was at an epidemic level, as had been typhoid by August of 1861. During the period spanning January 1862 through August 1863, between 17,000 and 21,000 Confederate men died of pneumonia. (4, p. 25)

The soldier's diet and the way in which food was prepared was a factor in the frequency of intestinal disease. The men subsisted on dried
beef, pork (when available), rice, field peas, hardtack (unleavened hard bread), cornbread, and coffee. These foods were supplemented with anything the soldier could find along the roadside, such as berries, apples, and other fruits. (4, p. 32; 18, p. 11)

Occasionally the only food available to them were field corn, sometimes eaten green when time was at a minimum, and flour mixed solely with water and then baked over the fire. Many times their total daily rations consisted of only a handful of flour or cornmeal.

Can't you imagine the exhilaration among the men whenever they managed to confiscate a few beef cows from someone's pasture! Fresh beef cooked over the campfire was a great treat for the troops. A hungry army could strip a field of corn bare in minutes and herd away a group of cattle in the same amount of time.

The soldiers never fared quite as bad as they did during the last days of the war, especially in the Petersburg to Appomattox Campaign. By then food was almost non-existent. The Southern Shenandoah Valley had been trampled and was devoid of foodstuffs. Also known as the Valley of Virginia, its grainfields and fruit orchards had made it "the bread basket of Virginia." It was from this land that the Army of Northern Virginia was fed. Now it was empty, and the lifeline between itself and General Lee's army was cut. (19, p. 3; 11, p. 146)

One battalion of artillery survived by eating the remaining corn which was meant for the horses and raw bacon captured from the Federals. (The bacon had to be eaten raw because smoke from the campfires would have exposed their positions to the enemy.) The only drinking water was obtained from the polluted creeks and rivers along the way. (4, p. 34)

Starving men fell along the roadsides, too weak to walk any further. Some had been without rations for days; they cried out, begging for food. It is a known fact that at Vicksburg, Petersburg, and other battlefields, the soldiers resorted to eating the mules, horses, and even rats. (4, p. 34)

There is a humane story recounted by an old "Reb" during the final days of the war. Near Appomattox, Virginia in 1865, an old Confederate was plodding down the road when he came upon a well dressed and well equipped Union Cavalry trooper. The "Reb" was ragged, footsore, and dysenteric as were most of the Confederates at that time. Without any weapon, the old Confederate approached the Union trooper and recalled saying something to this effect:

"You got such a nice new uniform. You got such nice boots on. You ridin' such a nice horse, and you look like your bowels wuz (sic) so regular." (4, p. 26)
At the beginning of the war, the Confederate soldier was fairly well clad. He had at least one hat, one jacket, one pair of pants, one pair of long underwear, one pair of shoes, and one pair of socks. Clothes were usually made of homespun material and dyed with a liquid solution made from copper and walnut hulls. Instead of being gray in color as generally believed, the Confederate uniforms were usually a yellowish-brown color with shades ranging from deep coffee-brown to the whitish-brown of ordinary dust. For this reason, the Confederate soldiers were often termed "Butternuts" by the Union troops. (2, p. 238; 4, pp. 29, 30)

As the days and years wore on, the Confederate uniform became almost nondescript. It was improvised of clothing sent from home or with jackets, shirts, and/or pants taken from the Federal dead. (6, p. 363)

Each man was supplied with one wool blanket, one rubber blanket, and one haversack. Many of the soldiers discarded their coats and other bundlestome articles during the summer in order to reduce the weight load they had to carry on their person. In so doing, they likely forfeited any hope of receiving another coat. As early as 1862, some men were already lacking clothes and were without blankets or other coverings.

In the summer of 1863, over one-fourth of Lee's army was without shoes. By the time they returned to Virginia following the Battle of Gettysburg, the percentage had risen to almost one-half. (4, p. 30)

Standing over the body of a dead Confederate soldier near the end of the war, an observer wrote the following:

"His feet, wrapped in rags, had course shoes upon them, so worn and full of holes that they were only held together by many pieces of thick twine. Ragged trousers, a jacket, and a shirt of what used to be called "tow cloth" a straw hat, which had lost a large portion of both crown and rim, completed his attire... A haversack hung from his shoulder. Its contents were a jackknife, a plug of tobacco, a tin cup, and about two quarts of coursey cracked corn, with perhaps an ounce of salt tied in a rag." (4, p. 32)

When one reads about the terrible, bloody battles of Franklin, Bloody Angle, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Shiloh, Antietam, Chickamauga, and all the many others, it makes you wonder how these men, young and old, were able to endure such appalling conditions and still willingly fight on, giving their best efforts to their Generals and their beloved South, even when they knew it meant certain death.

I am not referring only to the privates, but also to the officers. They, too, went into battle as did the thirty-two field-grade officers in Pickett's Division who fought at Gettysburg in 1863. Out of these thirty-two,
thirty-one were either killed, taken prisoner, or wounded. (4, p. 36) A total of ten generals were also killed and at least twelve were wounded. (11, p. 312) The statistics for other battles are compatible with these.

The great numbers of men who were killed and wounded in battle are appalling and almost beyond the scope of one's imagination. Of the 160,000 men who fought at Gettysburg, more than one out of every four or 40,322 men lay either dead or wounded as the darkness of night descended over Gettysburg, Pennsylvania on the evening of 3 July 1863. (11, p. 312; 18, p. 13)

In battle after battle, the scenes were identical; the men were dying, giving their blood for the independence of their homeland--their beloved South.

So, what kind of man was the Confederate soldier?

The Confederate soldier was usually young and single, but often times middle-aged and married; not sophisticated but respectable and dependable; an uneducated farmer who was nostalgic and loved the simple pleasures of life; a family man. He walked close to his God and was not ashamed of his faith; at times he became dispirited, but never was he without hope.

The Confederate soldier was faithful and loyal to his fellow man. His manners were those characteristic of a Southern gentleman. He was a man imbued with determination, perseverance, and courage, but always he was vulnerable to fear and pain.

His courage was evident during the duration of the war. At Appomattox more than one young, starving, and barefoot soldier assured General Lee with words much like these, "General, we will fight on, Sir. If you just say the word, we can still "lick" them Yankees, Sir." The Confederate soldier's courage, sacrifice, and patriotism were of the highest standard.

He was devoted to the beliefs for which he fought. He fought for what some called a "lost cause," but to him it was never that. The Confederate soldier was, above all, an American. He was a man who voiced his beliefs and one who was prepared to stand and defend them. He was a man ready to handle whatever faced him, whether good or bad.

Private Sam R. Walkins of Co. H. 1st Tennessee Infantry wrote in his memoirs a haunting account of the Battle of Franklin, which he witnessed. He ended his story with the following tribute:

....It (the battle) lives in the memory of the poor old Rebel soldier who went through that trying and terrible ordeal. We shed a tear for the dead. They are buried and forgotten. We meet no more on earth. But up yonder, beyond the sunset and the night, away beyond the clouds and tempest, away beyond the stars that ever twinkle and
shine in the blue vault above us, away yonder by the great white throne, and by the river of life where the Almighty and Eternal God sits surrounded by the angels and archangels and the redeemed of earth, we will meet again and see these noble and brave spirits who gave up their lives for their country's cause on that night at Franklin, Tennessee. A life given for one's country is never, never lost. (4, p. 40)

SUCH A MAN WAS THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER!!
SCHENCK/SCHENK/SHANK/SHANKS

Individual Family Sheets

1657--1988

Including Concise Data and References
MICHAEL SCHENCK/SHANK

MICHAEL SCHENCK/SHANK, THE IMMIGRANT
Author's 5th great-grandfather
b. c1651-1660 Probably in Wurttemberg, Germany
d. America
i.
m. Mary __________
b.
d.
i.

Children:
1. Michael, Jr. b. c1715 d. 1803
2. John b. d.
3. Tobias b. d.
4. Probably others

The above information was found in deeds and the "oaths of allegiance" on record in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Michael, Jr. married Magdalena Eyeman.
Tobias married Barbara __________.
(15; 20; 23; 30)

MICHAEL SCHENCK/SHANK, JR.
b. c1715 Germany
d. 1803 Most likely in Pa.
m. Magdalena Eyeman
b.
d.

Children:
1. Michael III b. d.
2. Mary b. d.
3. John b. d.
4. Elizabeth b. d.
5. Magdalena b. d.
6. Frena (Veronica) b. d.
7. Henry b. 23 November 1758/59 d. 10 Oct. 1836

Mary married Abraham Brenaman (whose first wife was Marie Reiff).
Elizabeth married Daniel Heisey.
Magdalena married Peter Gingerich.

Henry married  
#1 Anna Magdalena Reiff  
#2 Elizabeth Heatwole

Bishop Henry and his two wives were parents of 22 children. (See BISHOP HENRY SHANK.)
(15; 20; 23; 30)

Author’s Note:
The name BRENAMAN was also written as BRENNEMAN. Throughout this text I have used the shorter version.

BISHOP HENRY SHANK  
First Mennonite Bishop of Virginia
b. 23 November 1758 (20)  
d. 10 October 1836 (22)  
i. Lindale Mennonite Cemetery  
m. #1 Anna Magdalena Reiff  
(d/o Abraham/Barbara Reiff**)  
b. 30 October 1760/62  
d. 30 March 1819  
i. Lindale Mennonite Cemetery  

m. #2 Elizabeth Heatwole  
b. 3 September 1790  
d. 3 January 1836  
i. Old Brenamans Cemetery

Children:
1. John  
b. 1780  
d.  
2. Mary  
b. 1782  
d.  
3. Elizabeth  
b. c1783  
d.  
4. Martin  
b. c1784  
d. October 1834  
5. Peter  
b. c1785/86  
d.  
6. Henry II  
b. 12 February 1787  
d. 7 December 1839  
7. Francis  
b. c1788  
d.  
8. Bishop Samuel I  
b. 12 October 1790  
d. 26 February 1863  
9. Catty  
b. c1791/92  
d.  
10. Jacob  
b. 13 April 1793  
d. 29 May 1871  
11. Anna  
b. 10 May 1795  
d. 17 January 1867

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12. Abraham b. c1798 d.
13. Preacher Michael b. c1805 d.
14. Preacher John H. b. 27 November 1808 d.
15. Andrew b. 1812/13 d.
16. Adam b. 4 July 1814 d. 11 April 1871
17. David b. c1822 d.
18. Ann b. c1823 d.
19. Barbara b. 24 April 1824 d. 26 March 1868
20. Catharine b. c1826 d.
21. Martha Jane b. c1826 d.
22. Martin Luther b. 1828 d. February 1869 or 1829

Catharine and Martha Jane were twins.
**See REIFF data further on in this section.
(4; 5; 14; 17; 18; 19; 20A; 23; 24; 25; 26; 27; 28; 29)

Additional data on the children of Bishop Henry Shank:
1. John married Susannah Huffman c1800 in Rockingham County, Virginia. He bought 343 acres on the south side of South River in 1807. (4; 15; 28)
2. Mary married Leonard Tutwiler c1801 in Rockingham County, Virginia. (29)
3. Elizabeth married Peter Thomas on 27 April 1802 in Rockingham County, Virginia. (18; 27; 29)
4. Martin married Elizabeth __________. At his death in 1834, he left four minor children: Jacob, Mary, Deanne, Catharine (4; 19; 27; 28; 29)
5. Peter married Mary Hylvey, daughter of Conrad Hylvey, in 1813, Rockingham County, Virginia. (19; 27; 29)
6. Henry II married #1 Frances Martin, daughter of David Martin, on 23 January ____. He married wife #2 Barbara Berry. Henry is interred in Lindale Mennonite Church Cemetery. (4; 15; 18; 28; 29)
7. Frances married Jacob Gochenour on 20 October 1807 in Rockingham County, Virginia. (17; 18; 29)
8. Bishop Samuel I married #1 Elizabeth __________. She is interred in Trissel's Cemetery. He married wife #2 Catherine Funk, daughter of Christian and Susanna Geil Funk. She is also interred in Trissel's Cemetery. He married wife #3 Magdalena Miller Berry, widow of Abraham Berry and daughter of Michael and Elizabeth Brenaman Miller. Bishop Samuel I is interred in Lindale Mennonite Church Cemetery. (14; 15; 17; 18)
10. Jacob married #1 Fronica Miller, daughter of Michael and Elizabeth Brenaman Miller. He married wife #2 Magdalena Stover. Jacob is interred in Weaver's Mennonite Church Cemetery. (14; 18)

11. Anna married Christian Brenaman, son of Abraham I and Magdalena Shank Brenaman. She is interred in Lindale Mennonite Church Cemetery. (14; 18)

12. Abraham married Elizabeth. (15; 18)

13. Preacher Michael married #1 Elizabeth. He married wife #2 Margaret Heatwole Rodes, widow of Bishop Henry Rodes. Preacher Michael is interred in Lindale Mennonite Church Cemetery.

14. Preacher Hans John (John Harrison) married Juliana Hardwick Smith Golladay on 15 July 1830 in Rockbridge County, Virginia. Their two children were Letasse and Lidonia; Juliana also had a son, Andrew, and possibly four other children from her first two marriages. (1; 5; 14; 18; 24; 25; 26)

15. Andrew married Martha (b.1891). He and his wife and six children lived in Rockbridge County, Virginia in 1860. They were not there in 1850. (4; 24; 25; 28)

16. Adam married #1 Susannah Whisler on 13 April 1837. He married #2 Frances. Adam and both of his wives are interred at the Beaver Creek Church of The Brethren. (18; 29)

17. David married Rebecca and had a son, David, (b. 7 July 1840 and d. 20 December 1849). (18)

18. Ann married John Wenger on 17 August 1843 in Rockingham County, Virginia. (29)

19. Barbara never married. She is buried alongside her parents at Lindale Mennonite Church Cemetery. (18)

20. Catharine married Jacob Brenaman on 20 November 1845. They lived in Brocks Gap, Virginia. (4; 14; 28; 29)

21. Martha Jane married Matthew Penneybaker on 3 September 1845. It was Matthew's second marriage. (14; 29)

22. Martin Luther's death date was either 1829 or 1869. I haven't any other data pertaining to his life. If he died in 1829, he would have been only 11 years old. (18)

Author's Note:

It is interesting, I think, to take notice of the birth dates of Bishop Henry's children in comparison to that of his second wife, Elizabeth Heatwole Shank.

The second Mrs. Shank was younger than her seven oldest step-children, and the same age as Bishop Samuel, her eighth oldest step-child!
From the recorded dates, one can apparently assume Bishop Henry Shank fathered his last child at the age of seventy in 1828. He died at the age of seventy-eight in 1836.

LETASSE (LEETASSA) DELEMO SHANKS
Author’s great-grandfather
b. 8 June 1831

d. 5 October 1919
i. Rehobeth Church Cemetery
m. Martha Ann Bright

b. 31 August 1841
d. 5 June 1920

Children:
1. John Harrison b. 16 July 1863 d. 17 January 1952
2. William Stuart b. 31 October 1865 d. 15 September 1939
3. Elizabeth Annya Belle b. 2 February 1868 d. 21 January 1947
4. Emma Lee b. 30 October 1870 d. 8 April 1953
5. Charles Henry b. 19 May 1873 d. 22 January 1894
6. George Gratton b. 3 July 1875 d. 26 March 1886
7. Thomas twins b. 2 May 1879 d. 2 May 1879
8. Mary b. 2 May 1879 d. 19 May 1879
9. Leola Virginia b. 9 October 1880 d. 27 April 1964
10. Edward Earl b. 27 May 1882 d. 27 July 1957

(DATA PERTAINING TO THE ABOVE CHILDREN:

John Harrison married Mazie Woodzell. Their children were:
1. Charlie Harrison b. 21 August 1897 d. 19 January 1919
2. Benjamin Lee b. 16 January 1900 d. 16 January 1919
3. Earnest Watson b. 11 April 1901 d.
4. Raymond Wilson b. 1 August 1905 d. 17 May 1982
5. Stella Pearl b. 3 October 1907 d.

William Stuart Shanks married Mary Jane Jack. Their children were:
1. Rosetta Belle b. 21 June 1896 d. 22 August 1977

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2. Walter Stuart b. 14 January 1898 d. 27 February 1984
3. Edloe Herman b. 11 February 1900 d. 13 November 1979
4. Edith Pearl b. 17 June 1902 d. 1 October 1974
5. George Lee Russell b. 1 May 1904 d. 8 February 1940
6. Ruth Elinor b. 14 July 1907 d. 9 February 1978
7. Richard Clayton b. 16 July 1912 d. 30 August 1913
8. Thelma Elizabeth b. 17 July 1916
(11; 13; 16; 21)

14 January 1898 d. 27 February 1984
11 February 1900 d. 13 November 1979
17 June 1902 d. 1 October 1974
1 May 1904 d. 8 February 1940
14 July 1907 d. 9 February 1978
16 July 1912 d. 30 August 1913
17 July 1916

Elizabeth Annya (Anna) Belle Shanks married Samuel W. Beard. Their one child was:

Delemo Letassa (Leetassa) b. 25 September 1898 d. 27 December 1960

Her second husband was George M. Tisdall.

Letasse Shanks and all of his descendants thereafter were known as SHANKS as opposed to the earlier version SHANK.

Emma Lee Shanks married James Wilson Rhea and had the following children:

1. Mazie Brown b. 13 August 1892 d. 2 April 1966
2. Leola Argabright b. 28 June 1894 d. 22 March 1947
3. Allie Mae b. 17 October 1895 d. 3 February 1981
4. Octave Thanet b. 17 December 1897 d. 18 February 1982
5. Boyd Edmund b. 8 October 1900 d. 14 October 1943
6. James Floyd b. 5 December 1902 d. 4 November 1918
7. David Franklin b. 29 July 1906 d. 10 February 1973
(11; 13; 16; 21)

Edward Earl Shanks married Lochie Simpson and had the following children:

1. Alta Virginia b. 3 April 1908 d. 20 April 1908
2. Rembert Aldin b. 11 January 1910 d. 30 November 1913
3. Letha Helen b. 13 May 1912 d.
4. Glenna Marie b. 6 August 1914 d.
5. Bedford Mackey b. 13 July 1916 d. 16 October 1971
6. Nelson Simpson b. 28 March 1920 d. 22 June 1945
7. Delmus Edmund b. 17 May 1923 d.
8. Clinton Wilson b. 17 April 1925 d.
9. Meredith Hileman b. 24 August 1927 d.
10. Herman Wilmore b. 3 September 1928 d.
(13; 16; 21)
Leola Virginia Shanks married David Crockett Stratton and they had one child:

David Crockett, Jr. (11; 13; 16; 21)

Charles Henry Shanks and George Gratton Shanks never married and died as young men.

Mary and Thomas Shanks, who were twins, died in infancy. Thomas died on the day of his birth, and Mary lived seventeen days. (1; 21)

Author's Note:
It was during this period of 1850-1860 that Letasse Shanks is said to have added the "s" to the end of his name. If the story is to be believed, it was added because of a family dispute over some unknown disagreement. (16)

It is very possible that the change occurred because of a misspelling on a census record or other such data. Nevertheless, the legend has survived the years!

For further details on the Shanks descendants see "Descendants of Letasse and Martha Bright Shanks, THE PEOPLE."

REIFF DATA

JACOB REIFF
b. c1650
m.

HANS REIFF
b. c1680
d. 1750
m.

ABRAHAM REIFF
b. c1718
d. 1774
m. Barbara

Lancaster, Pa.
Rapho Township, Lancaster County, Pa.
Lancaster County, Pa.

Children: six, including Anna Magdalena (15; 20; 20A)
SCHENCK/SCHENK/SHANK/SHANKS
FAMILY SHEET REFERENCES

1. 1830 Augusta County Census
2. 1850 Augusta County Census
3. 1870 Augusta County Census
4. Augusta County, Virginia Deeds
5. Augusta County, Virginia Marriage Records
6. 1830 Bath County Census
7. 1850 Bath County Census
8. 1860 Bath County Census
9. 1870 Bath County Census
10. 1880 Bath County Census
11. 1900 Bath County Census
12. Bath County Deeds
13. Bath County Marriage/Death Records
14. Breneman, Dr. C. D., "DESCENDANTS OF ABRAHAM BRENEMAN"
16. Family Members, Information courtesy of Stella Pearl Shanks McCoy, Millboro, Virginia; Thelma Shanks Barker, Waynesboro, Virginia; Mary B. Shanks (Mrs. Edloe), Amherst, Virginia; Mrs. Angie Jack Burke, Lexington, Virginia
17. Gochenour Family Newsletter
18. Gravestone inscriptions plus commentary by Dr. Robert Swank of Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia
19. Heatwole Family Bible, donated to Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia
20. Lancaster County, Pennsylvania Deeds (DB-EE-490 and 511) and Land Records
20A. Lancaster County, Pennsylvania Wills
21. Letasse Shanks Family Bible, courtesy of Stella Pearl Shanks McCoy
22. Mennonite Church Records
23. Priode, "EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, AND GUARDIAN BONDS OF ROCKINGHAM COUNTY, 1778-1864, ABSTRACTS"
24. 1850 Rockbridge County Census
25. 1860 Rockbridge County Census
26. Rockbridge Marriage Bonds/Records
27. 1810 Rockingham County Census

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28. Rockingham County Deeds
29. Rockingham County Marriage Records (bonds and Minister's Returns)
30. Strickler, "10TH LEGION MARRIAGES, 1778-1810"
Swinging to-and-fro on the old porch swing,
I sat and remembered long ago springs.
I remembered my Nannie, my grandmother who cared.
I remembered my Nannie and the love that we shared.
I remembered the touch of her soothing hand,
As softly a lullaby to me she sang.

Swinging to-and-fro on the old porch swing,
I sat and remembered long ago springs.
I remembered my grandmother, older in years.
I remembered the love, and recalled the tears.
I remembered the wrinkles in her aging face
As softly her memories to me she retraced.

Swinging to-and-fro on the old porch swing,
I sat and remembered long ago springs.
I remembered my Nannie, my closest friend.
I remembered my Nannie and the hurts she did mend.
I remembered her smile as we rocked in her chair.
Today I'm remembering these memories with care.

William S. Shanks, Mary Jane Jack Shanks, Edith Pearl Shanks, George L. R. Shanks
c. 1935
CHILDREN OF
WILLIAM S. and MARY JANE JACK SHANKS
With Concise Biographies

I. ROSETTA BELLE SHANKS
Rosetta was born on 21 June 1896. She married George Leslie Dunford on 17 November 1919 in Lynchburg, Virginia. They had three sons: George Leslie, Jr., William Earl, and Carl Edward. She died on 22 August 1977 in Lynchburg, Virginia. She is buried in the Tyreanna Cemetery in Campbell County, Virginia.

II. WALTER STUART SHANKS
Walter was born on 14 January 1898. He married Mary Ann Marshall on 18 November 1924 in Amherst County, Virginia. They were the parents of two children: Shirley Juanita and Billy. (These cousins of mine were quite a few years older than myself; consequently, I never knew them well.) Uncle Walter lived most of his married life in Roanoke and Salem, Virginia. He outlived his wife by many years and died on 27 February 1984.

III. EDLOE HERMAN SHANKS
Edloe was born on 11 February 1900. He married Mary Belle Blankerbaker on 20 December 1925 in Amherst County, Virginia. They did not have any children but did a lot to help Aunt Thelma Davis Barker and myself when we were young. Uncle Edloe died on 13 November 1979 and is buried in the Amherst Cemetery located off Route 29 North Business in Amherst, Virginia.

IV. EDITH PEARL SHANKS
Edith was born on 17 June 1902. She married Harry Sterges Margaret, of Greek descent, on 25 October 1925 in Lynchburg, Virginia. She died on 1 October 1974 in Richmond, Virginia, and is buried there. She and Harry had three children: the oldest a son, Harry, Jr., and two daughters, Helen and Virginia.

V. GEORGE LEE RUSSEL SHANKS
George was born on 1 May 1904. He never married. He died in Amherst County, Virginia, on 8 February 1940 as the result of a self-inflicted gunshot wound. He was found not far from his home on the day of his death. He was only three months short of his 36th birthday. His body was taken back to Millboro, Virginia for
burial at Rehobeth Methodist Church Cemetery in Bath County, Virginia.

VI. RUTH ELINOR SHANKS
My mother, Ruth, was born on 14 July 1907. She married Walter Edward Smoot on 24 December 1938 in a parsonage in Lovingston, Nelson County, Virginia. She died in the Lynchburg General Marshall Lodge Hospital on 9 February 1978. She is buried in the Sardis Cemetery off Route 60 West in Amherst County, Virginia. Besides me, born in 1941, she had a son, Lowell Clayton, born in 1944. Lowell died in August 1965 as the result of a head injury suffered in a car wreck which occurred on Route 29 north of Amherst, Virginia on Easter Sunday in 1965.

VII. RICHARD CLAYTON SHANKS
Richard has always been remembered as "baby Richard" because he died an infant only thirteen months old. He was born on 16 July 1912 in Campbell County, Virginia. He developed diphtheria croup and succumbed to the disease on 30 August 1913. Richard was the only child born to Nannie and Grandfather Shanks who died before reaching adulthood.

VIII. THELMA ELIZABETH SHANKS
Thelma was the youngest child born to my Grandparents Shanks. She arrived on 17 July 1916. She married her first husband, William H. Davis, at Timber Ridge, Virginia on 15 July 1941. They had two children. The oldest child was a son, Stephen Edward. A little girl, Rebecca Ann, followed a few years later. After Uncle Bill's death in 1979, Aunt Thelma married for a second time. This marriage to C. Preston Barker took place on 22 May 1981 in Waynesboro, Virginia.
Author's Note:
My visit to Rehobeth Methodist Church in 1982 affected me to such an extent that upon returning home, I immediately wrote the following account, which includes details of the day's excursion plus memories of other times and events associated with Rehobeth Church and cemetery.
I think it is only proper to begin the Shanks' History with this first article, which I wrote six years ago, even though it may not be quite up-to-date in its contents.

Today, 14 March 1982, I took a nostalgic trip back in time to the place where my ancestry began.**

Herman, Kelly, and I drove to Millboro where the Shanks' family lived and where many members have been returned to the earth.

My grandmother, Mary Jane Jack Shanks, and my grandfather, William Stuart Shanks, are buried there in Rehobeth Cemetery surrounded by the mountains. My great-grandparents, Shanks and Jack, are also buried there.

Beside my grandmother's grave is the one of her son, George, who fatally shot himself at the age of thirty-six. I am told that grandmother was never satisfied with the circumstances surrounding his death, believing that possibly some other person had killed him. George frequently discussed the possibility of killing himself with family members, especially if he were drinking. Realizing that George was determined to carry out his threat, Father pleaded with him not to let Grandmother see him end his own life. As it turned out, George was found one day on the side of a road, not far from the Shanks' home in Amherst County, Virginia, dead from a gunshot wound. Self inflicted...? Grandmother thought not.

**I have since discovered that my ancestry has roots planted in many other places, states, and countries.
In Rehobeth next to George's grave is one of a child. It is marked by a tombstone with a baby lamb resting on its top. The inscription reads:

This little bud of love,
Will bloom in Heaven above.
Here lies Baby Richard, whose life on earth lasted only thirteen months. He was born on 16 July 1912 and died on 30 August 1913.

Scattered throughout the cemetery are the graves of more Shanks, Jacks, Allens, McCoys, and Rheas—people who were a part of my heritage and who left something of themselves in my memory and bloodline.

Many of the remaining family members have now moved off the mountain, leaving behind barns and houses in various states of collapse. But here and there, driving down Pig Run, you will see a mailbox with a familiar name printed on its side. My cousin, Pearl Shanks McCoy, lives near the church, and someone still lives in Allie Rhea's house—people whom I do not know. (In 1986, the house was vacant.)

The last time I was in Rehobeth Church was when we buried my grandmother, Nannie Shanks, twenty-six years ago. I can still see the rays of sun shining through the windows as the minister preached her funeral service. I can still feel the tears of grief as they ran down my face. I can still remember the sobs of sadness and feel the despair from within my whole being. I can still hear my cousin, Rebecca Davis (Phillips), crying beside me. I remember helping carry the flowers from the church to the gravesite, as did each of Nannie's grandchildren.

I think it must have been the first time the reality of death touched me; I was fifteen years old.

The church is the same, only older and more awe inspiring. The same wooden benches run horizontally across the room with three benches placed end-to-end running parallel on each side. In the center stands the old woodstove, complete with a box of firewood for fuel sitting at its base.

Still standing at the front of the room is the old piano of yesteryear, and, beyond the altar, hangs the same picture of Jesus that I remember from so long ago.

Standing there, it was as if I had stepped backward into time. There was an atmosphere of nostalgia surrounding me, and I felt an overwhelming need to cry.

I do not remember Grandfather Shanks, who died in 1939, two years prior to my birth. Nannie outlived him by seventeen years. He was born in 1865, she in 1877—twelve years apart. It is said that he loved and took care of her when she was a baby. He used to sing to her, "You're the
prettiest little thing I ever did see. When you grow up, you're going to marry me."

He went to Ohio and operated street cars while waiting for Nannie to "become of age." His salary was $8.00 per week, and of that amount, he paid $3.50 for room and board. When Nannie was seventeen, he came home to Millboro. They were married on 27 December 1894, in a log cabin which was owned by cousin Andy Jack. The new bridegroom was twenty-nine years of age, proof that he had truly kept his promise "to wait" for Nannie to grow up.

It is the memory of these people, my ancestors, most of whom died years ago, that I love and cherish today. It is because of the decisions they made in their lives, that I live and represent the Shanks bloodline in Amherst County, Virginia today.

In order to make a better life for his family, and because he wanted to be free of his father's dominance, Grandfather packed his belongings -- and Nannie, his new bride -- into a horse-drawn wagon and came across the mountains to Amherst County. Here, he eventually settled in a section then called "Hotwater." It was here in Amherst County that he lived, raised eight children, and died. George Beaty Rhea came along with my grandparents and also settled and raised a family in this area. (Refer to The Rhea Family Connections, RHEA Family.)

It is written that your heart always longs to return home. Maybe that is why my grandparents are buried in a little country cemetery, nestled high in the mountains of Western Virginia. Maybe they each yearned to go home once again.
SHANK HISTORY -- EARLY CENSUS DATA

1830 AUGUSTA COUNTY CENSUS, northern district

SHANK, John  head of household (Married less than one year)
  one male  40-49 years
  one male  20-29 years
  one female  20-29 years
  one male  5-9 years
  two females  5-9 years
  one male  under 5 years
  one female  under 5 years

Author’s Note:
The one male child between the ages of 5-9 was probably Julia's son, Andrew, by a previous marriage to Joseph Smith. The other four children were possibly fathered by Abraham Golladay, although not documented. I also have not documented the identity of the older man living in the household at that time.

1840 BATH COUNTY CENSUS

SHANK, John H.  head of household (in all probability)
  one male  30-39 years (John H.)
  one female  30-39 years (Julia)
  one male  5-9 years (Letasse)
  one female  5-9 years (Lidonia)

1850 ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY CENSUS

DOYLE, John  56 years (head of household, ironmaster)
  (b. in Pennsylvania)

SHANK, Julia  50 years  b. in Virginia
  Lee  18 years  b. in Virginia, laborer
  Lidonia  16 years  b. in Virginia

Author’s Note:
As of this date (1988), I do not know who John Doyle was or why Julia and her children were living within his household. We do know John H. Shank was in Ohio by 1852 and associated with the Columbiana-Mahoning Congregation.
MY NANNIE
Mary Jane Jack Shanks

In November 1895, Nannie left Millboro to start a new home in a strange locale. She was already expecting her first child when she and Grandfather made their wagon trip across the mountain into Amherst County. I often imagine how she must have felt--excited, scared, and maybe worried about the safety of her unborn child. She was a new bride going toward a new beginning. Only eighteen years old, she had lived in Millboro her whole life.

I wish I knew more of the personal side of Nannie’s life during those first years of marriage. Her bridal picture reveals a slim, pretty girl with curls piled neatly atop her head. Looking into her eyes, I can see a reflection of my mother and myself.

It is difficult to think of this girl of an earlier era as being my grandmother. To me, my Nannie was always a big, soft, and comforting elderly lady. She was in her early sixties when I was born, and at her death in 1956, I was a girl of fifteen. I cannot express in words the loss I felt at her death. I was a disconsolate girl--sad and lonely, feeling very much abandoned.

Everyone has to say goodbye to their loved ones at some point in time, but saying goodbye to Nannie was a very difficult thing to do.

Returning my attention again to those early years of Nannie’s married life, I don’t remember hearing anyone talk about them in much detail. Now, I have only Great-Aunt Angie to whom I can turn for information. Having been born in 1895, the year in which Nannie left Millboro, Aunt Angie’s recollections and remembrances concerning her oldest sister’s early life are scanty.

There is one story concerning the morning Grandfather left home without first cutting the day’s supply of firewood, a part of which was always used in the cookstove. Nannie proceeded to chop the wood herself. She then carried it into the house, and began "heating up" the cookstove. She prepared the vegetables, meat, and whatever, as usual, purposely leaving a portion of each food uncooked.

Around noontime, Grandfather returned home and, in his usual fashion, sat down at the table. At this point, Nannie calmly placed before him each portion of the uncooked food. Grandfather looked at this plate amply filled with raw meat and vegetables, and arose from the table. Outside, he went. Without saying a single word, he began chopping firewood. After he had cut a sizable stack, he brought some into the kitchen and deposited it in the woodbox. Having done this, he again sat down at the table, whereupon Nannie gave him the cooked meal. BUT,
she had to say, "Maybe that'll teach you, Will Shanks, not to run off again before you chop me some firewood!" (Nannie, not unlike me today, had to have the last word!)

Once every year, Nannie, together with the children and their necessary belongings, climbed aboard a train and headed home to Millboro, Virginia--to the mountains of her childhood. During the summer of 1913, baby Richard became ill. The doctor told Nannie if she wanted to be at home near her parents (George and Sarah S. Jack) when baby Richard's impending death occurred, she should arrange to leave right away. Traveling alone with her seventh-born child, Nannie made the trip knowing what grief and despair she would soon have to endure, enduring it even then.

Richard was suffering with diptheria croup, a condition not uncommon at the time. A person, especially a young child, with that particular type of croup had difficulty breathing because of the large amount of mucous and phlem which gathered in the respiratory tract, thereby causing choking and strangling.

My mother often referred to the sufferings of baby Richard, saying that Nannie had, on occasion, literally put her fingers down his throat in order to remove some of the mucous which was as thick as glue. It makes me cry, just thinking about the suffering that tiny baby must have endured, not to mention the pain I know Nannie and Grandfather also suffered.

Doctor Edmund, the physician in Millboro, advised Nannie to loosen Richard's clothing and take him outside into the fresh air. One of the relatives, Emma Rhea, who was Nannie's sister-in-law, would not allow her to do so. Emma said the child was to stay inside, wrapped in a blanket with his chest greased in some type of ointment. Having already had seven children, she believed she knew what to do in the situation. I guess the thought never occurred to her that Nannie herself had seven children.

Richard steadily became worse. Nannie, overruling Emma, took him outside. Sitting in the shade of an old tree, Nannie loosened the blanket covering her baby boy. With her heart breaking, she softly began singing a lullaby. She tenderly held the baby as she sang, never taking her eyes from his tiny face.

For a long time, she sat under the tree as the sun made its way across the sky taking with it the shade which protected them. Then, those watching from the porch saw her lips cease their movement. If anyone had been close enough, I expect they would have seen a single tear slowly trickle down her face. Nannie's baby, whom God had shared with her for 13 1/2 months, had now been recalled to Heaven for reasons we do not question. He was not suffering anymore.

Grandfather and Nannie buried Richard in the cemetery at Rehobeth Church. His gravestone, topped with a baby lamb, stands today, and is
inscribed with these words, "This little bud of love, will bloom in Heaven above."

Nannie experienced more than one tragedy in her lifetime. Her son, George, killed himself at the age of thirty-six in 1940, and Grandfather went through a long illness before his death on 13 September 1939. He was almost seventy-four years old.

Grandfather fathered his first child in June 1896 when he was thirty years of age, and fathered his last in June 1916. Nannie died on 30 July 1956 at age seventy-nine in Waynesboro, Virginia.

William S. and Mary Jane Jack Shanks

William S. and Mary Jane Jack Shanks
c. 1894

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In the Southern Shenandoah Valley, Mennonites formed settlements in what was then Augusta County, but which became the new county of Rockingham in 1777. I am going to list a few transactions of property between individuals I located while researching this history.

1773 John Shank (not John H.) purchased fifty-three acres of land from Josiah Davidson in the Northern District. He was probably one of the first men to bring his family to this section.

1777 Michael Schenck (German spelling) purchased one hundred acres of land from Josiah Boone in the Northern District. In 1959, this land was a part of the Samuel A. Shank place between Edom and Broadway, Virginia.

1780 Michael Shank sold land.

1784 John Shank (not John H.) sold land to Henry Shank.

1807 John Shank (not John H.) purchased 343 acres on the south side of South River, and land from William Yost near the Laurel Branch before 1860.

1818 Abram Shank and his wife, Elizabeth, sold land on the North River, Southern District.

(25, pp. 49, 50, 145)

Author's Note:
Maybe it is applicable at this point to inform the readers there were at least two John Shanks in the Southern District, possibly the first being a preacher. The first John Shank came to Linville Creek in 1773 and later took up land in the Southern District as noted in the county records.

Later in the Valley, there were other men also named John Shank, some of whom I have determined as being our ancestors, while others remain undocumented as such, e.g. the following:

John Shank who is buried near Criders, Virginia in the far north western corner of Rockingham County, on German Creek.

John Shank who was accidentally killed in 1891 by runaway horses hitched to a drill. He was one of the first superintendents of the Zion Church Sunday School, George B. Showalter, being the other. (25, p. 272)
John W. Shank who married Hannah Heatwole. They had a daughter named Clara Kate Shank, who in turn married one Enos Emanuel Heatwole (cousins?). This data was located in a Heatwole family Bible, the contents, thereof, recorded, preserved, and donated to the History Department of the Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg, Virginia.

Author's Note:

Before I write further, I think I should acquaint the readers with some background history of the Mennonite movement in the Shenandoah Valley. The Valley, itself, was designated into districts--Upper, Middle, and Lower--not to be confused with North and South. Historically, the Virginia Church was divided into the following districts: the Upper (Southern) district in Augusta County, the Middle district in the southwestern section of Rockingham County, and the Lower (Northern) district in the northwestern part of Rockingham County. (25, pp. 44, 45, 46) Confusing, I agree!

By knowing something of the Mennonite culture, you will be able to better understand the Schenck (Shank, Shanks) Family, our Quaker ancestors, and maybe even yourself.
Among the first white settlers in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia were the people known as Mennonites. Most of them were immigrants who had come from Switzerland, Germany, and the Netherlands, where they had been severely persecuted because of their religious beliefs. Upon arriving in America, a great many of them settled in Pennsylvania. (53, p. 34; 62, vol. 13, p. 326)

They arrived in the Shenandoah Valley from Bucks, Montgomery, Berks, and Lancaster Counties. Representatives of the Shank Family came first to Frederick, Shenandoah, and Paige Counties, then southward. Other Shank family members came directly to Rockingham County from Pennsylvania.

There were probably a lot of reasons why the Mennonites settled in the Shenandoah Valley, but one was the lure of the land itself. The running waters, scattered forest, good farming acreage, and the mountains were reminiscent of the homeland which many of them had left behind. (While researching the material for this book, I spoke to a family in Bath County who echoed this same opinion. The mountains and the "lay-of-the-land" reminded him of home, the man said.)

Jacob Stover, a native of Switzerland, was a land agent who brought a number of settlers, including Mennonites to the Valley. Another group led by Adam Miller, had arrived shortly prior to Jacob and his people. These two groups constituted the first settlement of white folks in the Valley. The area in which they chose to settle is now a part of Paige County and the year was 1727. (25, p. 14)

The Mennonites were farmers. They enjoyed the great outdoors. Plowing the fields, planting, and harvesting the crops filled their working hours. They also raised stock, trapped, hunted, and fished to a lesser degree. The settlements prospered from the very beginning.

Mennonites of the eighteenth century were rated as Quakers, and frequently were called German Quakers. They were a different breed of people. The men were noted for their broad-brimmed hats and, consequently, were sometimes referred to as "Broadbrims." Down through the years the broad-brim hats became indigenous to their sect.

The ladies wore simple German dresses made of plain, dark material and calico caps. In each of the pictures I have been fortunate enough to find of my great-grandmother, Sarah Susan Vess Jack, she is dressed in the Quaker fashion. In one snapshot, she is pictured standing alongside of my grandmother Shanks; Sarah Susan's determined strength and fortitude show in her carriage and demeanor.

Today, during the summer months, Quaker or Mennonite ladies wear white or light grayish-green dresses. Mennonite men, dressed in broad-
brimmed hats, ties, suit coats, and vests, may be seen delivering eggs and other foodstuffs in the upper district area today. One impressive looking fellow still uses his horse and wagon to make his early morning deliveries.

The Mennonites were described as "upright," "God-fearing," "hardworking," and the like. They didn't accept the more liberal beliefs of the German Reform settlers who drank beer, danced, and had music in church. The Mennonites sang hymns at the time, but without musical accompaniment. They believed musical accompaniment was something which belonged to the outside world and did not have a place in the church.

The Quakers, on the other hand, although possessing the same superior qualities and traits of character, nevertheless, took time "to smell the roses," and enjoy the beauty of God's world. If and when the Spirit moved them, they would burst into vigorous hymn singing in church!
In their dissimilar attitudes toward life, one finds the basic difference between my two sets of great-grandparents. Letasse Shank, whose grandfather was a Mennonite Bishop, had, in all probability, been raised in the confines of a strict, God-fearing atmosphere as opposed to the more liberal, though deeply religious, upbringing afforded Sarah Susan Vess (Jack) by the John Shaw Rhea II family with whom she lived prior to her marriage to George Thomas Jack; he was, likewise, raised by a Quaker family. (Refer to the Rhea Family Connections, RHEA Family and George Thomas Jack, JACK Chapter.)

Mennonites did not own slaves. They did not believe in bearing firearms or going to war. The church advocated marriages within the membership. If you could not identify yourself with the church, you were, after being given time to consider the matter, disowned from the church membership. (25, pp. 515-518)

These stern but honest people based their lives on the Bible. Early on, they met in homes of the members and chose their own ministers. The "schism of 1825" centered around the idea of building churches and the use of the German language. Until around 1849, all sermons were preached in German. Bishop Martin Burkholder, who married Rebecca Shank, was an impetus helping to bring about the change.

Hopefully, this sketch depicting the Mennonite culture will help the readers understand and assess the Schenck/Shank/Shanks family as a whole. After careful scrutiny, I see many familial traits and similarities which have survived the generations and are imbued in many of us today. (Refer to Quaker and Mennonite History, CIVIL WAR Chapter.)

Numbered references correspond to the SHANKS, JACK, VESS, RHEA, HARDWICK, BRIGHT, PUTNAM, and FAUCETT Family History References.

Author's Note:

Regarding the Shanks and the Mennonites, Molly Oliver has a great many epitaphs from Rockingham and Augusta Counties. Some are complete with notations by Dr. Robert Swank, the late, noted historian from Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg. His notes were especially helpful where there were several SHANKS of the same name. Also, it is justifiable to assume that SHANKS interred in the same cemetery plot are closely related.

Doctor Swank wrote in one of his books that the Mennonites in Switzerland and Germany were persecuted for so many years that they were reluctant to keep records, lest a civil government hold it against them. That, plus the fact that before the American Revolution many Mennonite clergymen were not officially empowered to perform marriages, makes it
almost impossible to locate marriage dates for these people. The date can, of course, be estimated from the date of birth of their oldest child.

It is interesting to note that Preacher John Harrison Shank and Andrew Shank, the only Shanks in Rockbridge County, were next to each other in the births of Bishop Henry Shank's children. Andrew was born in 1812/1813. In 1860 he lived with his wife, Martha (b. 1819), and six children in Rockingham County, Virginia. (Refer to SHANKS Family Sheets.)
My great-great-great-grandfather, Bishop Henry Shank, born on 23 November 1758, was a real patriarch. (25, p. 57; 32, DB EE 490, 511)

He had two wives, Anna Magdalena Reiff and Elizabeth Heatwole, and numerous children by both; the sum total was at least twenty-two. He was the first Mennonite Bishop of Virginia, overseeing the whole Church from his base at Trissel's Church, northwest of Harrisonburg, Virginia. (34; 44; 49)

By his first wife, Anna Magdalena, he had a son, Samuel, born on 12 October 1790, who was ordained to the office of minister in 1846 and to the office of bishop in 1850. (25, p.59)

Samuel's first wife, Elizabeth ____________, was born around 1817. She died on 11 March 1848. Then he married Catherine Funk, daughter of Christian and Susannah Geil Funk. Christian Funk was a noted hymn writer and choral leader. Catherine was born on 14 August 1831 and died on 22 February 1875. Samuel's third wife was Magdalena Miller Berry, widow of Abraham Berry and daughter of Michael and Elizabeth Brenaman Miller. All of these individuals were members of the Mennonite Church. (22; 25; 30; 31)

With his first wife, Anna Magdalena, Bishop Henry also fathered Hans John Shank, my great-great-grandfather, a Mennonite preacher. His birthdate was 27 November 1808. (25, p. 56; 8; 45; 46; 47)

Hans John (John Harrison) Shank and his family eventually moved south with the Mennonite tide to Rockbridge and Augusta Counties. According to the censuses, John and his new bride, Juliana Hardwick Smith Golladay Shank, were living in Augusta County in 1830; they were in Bath County in 1840.

Bishop Henry was in the ministry for fifty-two years. He was ordained Bishop in 1784. (25, p. 57) During his years in the ministry, he earned a reputation of being a "strong minded" man. But despite this staunch attitude and to his credit, if a decision went against him, he accepted it. SHUNST DEN ISTES SHIEKLIICH DAS MIR BEIDER GERMEINDE STCHN. (Translated: "Since that is so, it is the wisest thing to stand by the Church.") This statement in the German language by Bishop Henry Shank informed the Church of the decision he was making regarding the removal of Frederick Rhodes from the Church. (25, p. 83)
The transition from German to English was a difficult matter to overcome. Many Mennonites in the sparsely settled area of the Southern District found it necessary to speak English in order to converse with their English and Scotch-Irish neighbors; others continued to use their native German language entirely. Most of the church sermons were preached in German.

As late as 1884, John Hess of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania spoke only German while delivering his sermons and in his daily living. Peter Basinger of Ohio also preached a sermon entirely in German in a Virginia church the same year. In 1886, two visiting ministers from Pennsylvania spoke in the genuine "old Dutch." (25, p. 347)

I believe I would have a difficult time sitting through a three hour church sermon preached entirely in German, especially, if I were in the process of learning or had learned to speak English in my daily association with friends and neighbors! (I wonder if Great-Grandfather Letasse Shank, was able to speak the German language.)

John H. Shank left Virginia and was in Ohio by 1852. (25; 46, 1850)

His wife, Juliana, did not accompany him. The 1850 Rockbridge County census documents the domicile of Juliana and her son and daughter, Letasse and Lidonia, as the household of Mr. John F. Doyle, an ironmaster, born in Pennsylvania. Mr. Doyle was reported as "head of household." Ten years later the 1860 census did not record him as a resident of the household, however.

I have not found any further data on Juliana except a transaction made in 1869 between herself and Letasse Shanks (her son) whereby he deeded to her some mares, a hog, two horse wagons, a wheat field ready for harvesting, etc. for the sum of $350.00. (13, #6) I do not know what underlying reasons prompted this transaction--was Letasse in need of ready cash for some purpose?

A later finding in the Rockbridge Marriage Records shows that William J. Heizer (b. 1832, Augusta County, Va., s/o Hezekiah and Elizabeth C.) married Lidonia E. Shanks (1834, Rockbridge County, Va., d/o John and Julia H.) on 22 October 1858. Consent was given by Leetassee D. Shanks (Note spelling of Letasse). According to H. A. Brunk's "History of the Mennonites In Virginia, Vol. I," page 99, Abraham Burkholder, son of Reverend David Burkholder, married Preacher John Shank's daughter (no name listed) and died in Ohio. The Hoover (Huber) family Bible confirms this, adding that Abraham's wife was L. D. Shank.

I assume the "Lidonia" who married Abraham Burkholder was the daughter of John H. Shank, my great-great-grandfather, the Mennonite minister, even though there is a discrepancy in the middle initials, one
record showing Lidonia E. and the other, in the Huber Bible, being written "L. D."

If she were the daughter of Great-Great-Grandfather John H. Shank, she could have possibly married Reverend Abraham Burkholder in Ohio, suggesting a possible reason for the absence of their Virginia marriage record. Mennonite ministers frequently traveled in pairs, and if Abraham followed John H. to Ohio, we could assume he would have known John's daughter, Lidonia.

It is probable that Lidonia married twice, first to William J. Heizer on 22 October 1858 (remember, she was with her mother and John Doyle in 1850 in Rockbridge County), and second, after William was killed in the Civil War, to Abraham Burkholder. (Refer to Juliann Hardwick Smith Golladay Shank, this (SHANK) chapter.)
SAMUEL SHANK I

Samuel Shank was my great-great-great-uncle and brother of Hans John Shank; each were sons of Bishop Henry Shank. Samuel was born on 12 October 1790 and died on 26 February 1863.

He was ordained to the office of Bishop, succeeding Daniel Good, about 1850. Sometime after Samuel's ordination, there was a Church trial, during which he was deprived of his title. This meeting was presided over by Martin Burkholder, Samuel's son-in-law. Apparently, Samuel had become involved in a dispute with some of the members of the neighborhood, and the disagreement resulted in his dismissal from the office of Bishop. (25, pp. 59, 60)

The choice of the Church as a replacement to fill the office of Bishop was Preacher John Geil. Upon being asked his opinion about the matter, Samuel answered, "WELL GEBTS IHM ERE HATS SHOUND LONG WELLALA." (Well, give it to him; he has long wanted it.) (25, pp. 59, 60)

After his removal, Brother Samuel was often seen praying. While riding along on his horse, many times his lips were seen moving in prayer. During his lifetime, he served the Church as a deacon, minister, and bishop. There isn't any evidence that the Church disowned him as a member.

Apparently, from varied evidence taken from gravestones, commentary by Dr. Robert Swank of Eastern Mennonite College, writings of Dr. C. D. Brenaman, and the Goenhour Family Newsletter, Samuel Shank most likely was married three times. The first wife, named Elizabeth died in 1848. Catherine Funk, daughter of Christian and Susanna Geil Funk, was his second wife and, according to the dates I have in my records, survived him by about twelve years. Therefore, we are to wonder about his third marriage to Magdalena Miller Berry, daughter of Michael and Elizabeth Bremen Miller, and widow of Abraham Berry. According to another source, Catherine Funk was recorded as being deceased at the time of Samuel's marriage to Magdalena Berry. In such discrepancies are hidden the many mysteries of genealogy, and it is these mysteries which draw a person deeper and deeper into the fascinating depths of the past.

Two of Samuel's sons, Abraham and Samuel II, also were Bishops. Abraham was ordained between 1861 and 1863, and Samuel II in August 1864. The two brothers lived on adjacent farms two miles south of Broadway, Virginia in the Linville Creek section. They were the main leaders of the Mennonite Church in the Northern District until after 1900. (25, pp. 258, 259)
BISHOP ABRAHAM SHANK

Bishop Abraham Shank had a keen sense of humor and enjoyed a good laugh. The people of the highlands loved him and liked to hear him preach. He was well liked as a man and had a mild and gentle disposition. With love and respect, he was often called "Abe" Shank.

I think, of all the many Shank ancestors I have discovered, I have the warmest feelings for this gentleman, who was my great-grandfather Letasse Shank's first cousin.

One of his favorite sermons to preach was "The Prodigal Son," which he spoke on with much feeling, power, and force. He was one of the leading preachers in the Northern District. He was very active and involved in the mountain ministries and with the home churches. It is noted that he almost always preached with his eyes closed.

Abraham had false teeth, which at that time, were uncommon to the mountain folks. An elderly person once recounted a story concerning the time Bishop Abraham nearly "scared her half to death." It seems that when she was a little girl, Bishop Abraham "dropped his false teeth," and she, not realizing what the Bishop was doing, became truly frightened. (25, p. 286)

Bishop Abraham is also remembered for his long sermons. Once, he preached for three hours at a communion service in Knoxville, Tennessee during the 1890's. One member showed his disapproval by exiting the church. At the closing of an exceptionally lengthy service one afternoon on Lost River, when Bishop Abraham asked the congregation to sing a hymn, he was told, "You will have to get a light." (25, p. 259)

Abraham made his will in 1898. He owned several hundred acres of land on Linville Creek, nine acres on Round Hill, and fifty acres in Washington County, Maryland. His will stipulated that his two daughters and their heirs with Shank blood should acquire his wealth. A highly prized gold watch, he left to his wife, Sallie. (25, p. 259)

Once, when being questioned about a lady's character in court, he answered, "None of us are really good." In October 1887, he asked each church member to make a self-examination. He continued by saying, "If the cup be clean inside, it will be clean outside also." In 1888 he preached, "We must become humble in heart and poor in spirit." (25, p. 260)

Bishop Abraham died on 22 June 1901 at the age of seventy-one. He had served the Mennonite Church as Bishop almost twenty-six years, having been ordained on 5 September 1875.
BISHOP SAMUEL SHANK II

Bishop Samuel Shank II and his brother, Abraham, shared many likenesses. Their leadership in the Mennonite Church spanned the same time period and they were ordained during the Civil War. They each died in 1901.

Samuel was born in 1828 and was ordained in 1864 at the age of thirty-six. He was a leading minister in the Northern District, and rendered invaluable service to the people of the Highlands for about thirty years.

Bishop Samuel II, as did the other ministers, wore broad-brimmed hats, long, frock-tailed coats, leggings, and red bandana handkerchiefs around their necks while riding on their cross-country circuits. (25, p. 285)

He made many of his trips on horseback. After it was necessary to amputate his hand, Bishop Samuel Shank II, nevertheless, continued riding his horse through the countryside.

Bishop Samuel Shank II was a good speaker, and he believed in the power and the leadership of the spirit in his preaching. He continued using the stub of his arm to make a point during his sermons and conversations.

At the Virginia Conference in 1888, he was one of the outstanding leaders, and was moderator of the 1889 Conference. Samuel enjoyed singing hymns and worked diligently helping supply music for the Church. (25, pp. 262-264)

Bishop Shank was a serious, sober-minded man, but he liked to tease his children. The young people respected him and accepted his word. He understood boys and was a good disciplinarian with his sons, Joe, Dave, Lewis, and Perry.

He did not like the idea of folks using tobacco, and so stated his opinion. Once, while visiting the Shank’s home, a neighbor boy began chewing and spitting tobacco. Preacher Shank looked at him and said, "Young man, if you were my boy, I would smack your butt!" (25, p. 265)

Bishop Samuel had a vineyard on his farm from which he used the grapes to make wine for his cellar. He also advertised and sold both wine and native grapevines.

He preached that Baptism does not constitute the "turning point from sinner to saint, or, from a life of sin to one of a Christian." (25, p. 263)

One hundred years later at a baptismal service in 1986, during which my youngest daughter, Kelly, was baptized, I listened as the minister spoke the identical words—words as meaningful today as they were when spoken by Bishop Samuel Shank II, to his Mennonite congregation so long ago.
LEWIS SHANK
MENNONITE MINISTER

Lewis was the son of Bishop Samuel Shank II. He was born on 25 December 1855 and died on 14 October 1942. It is written that as a young man he was quite active and excelled at standing on his head.

In the 1880's when the need for younger ministers was greatly required, Lewis and Henry Wenger were ordained to the ministry by Bishop Abraham Shank in 1883. (Lewis was the nephew of Bishop Abraham Shank.)

Having very little preparation for the ministry, as was the norm for many new ministers in that time, Lewis, after being ordained, was unable to finish his first public prayer. Bishop Abraham, understanding the situation, tactfully completed it. (25, p. 269)

There are other incidents recalling Lewis' first attempts at preaching; but any disappointment was soon turned into approval. This is substantiated by the following remarks made by a listener who had been expecting to hear a sermon preached by a more learned minister. The man is reported to have said, "Why, this was better than that other fellow," and another answered by saying, "I would walk home and back again to hear him preach." (25, p. 290)

I think these statements show that Lewis Shank was a man on his way to becoming one of the leaders of the Mennonite Church in the 1880's, especially in the mountain work. He was no longer referred to as "just Abe Shank's nephew."

In later years, an old mill belonging to Samuel Shank II was dismantled and the lumber was used to build the house and barn in which Lewis lived.

Author's Note:

These men are only a sampling of the type of strong, opinionated, deeply religious individuals who influenced the life of Letasse Delemo Shank and, most likely, shaped his complex character.

Numbered references correspond to the SHANK, JACK, VESS, BRIGHT, RHEA, PUTNAM, and FAUCETT Family History References.
Hans John Shank was one of Bishop Henry Shank’s twenty-two or more children. John was born on 27 November 1808, in Rockingham County, Virginia. His mother, Anna Magdalena Reiff Shank, was the first wife of Bishop Henry Shank.

The Mennonite Church records do not include many details on Hans John. Admittedly, they know very little about his life or whereabouts after he moved south to Augusta County and later to Bath County. His name is listed with the ministers who opposed the building of churches and the use of the German language (within the church). The Mennonite Church records show no definite date of his birth or death (27 November 1808 is the birth date given on his marriage license). (34; 45) The date of his ordination is also unknown.

From the 1830 Augusta County census we know he and his wife, Juliana, whom he had married on 15 July 1830, were living in the northern district of Augusta County, Virginia. In 1840, as evidenced by the Bath County census, John, Juliana, and their children, Letasse and Lidonia were residing in that county.

In 1850 John had disappeared and Juliana, Letasse, and Lidonia were living in Rockbridge County in the household of Mr. John Fletcher Doyle. (Refer to Juliann Hardwick Smith Golladay Shank, this (SHANK) Chapter.)

According to the records of the Mennonite Church, John was a minister in the Columbiana-Mahoning congregation in Ohio in 1852. After that date, no further mention is made of him in the Mennonite records, although there is no evidence that he was excommunicated from the church.

Many Mennonites were opposed to marrying outside the church, although it was practiced in Virginia. (25, p. 449) Therefore, I do not think John’s marriage to Juliana was affected by this "time-honored rule" of the Mennonite Church.

Most of the Hardwicks (Juliana’s family) were Quakers, while the Smiths (Juliana’s first husband’s family) belonged to the Reformed or Presbyterian Churches. If Juliana were reared as a Quaker, the Mennonites would have considered her moral; the Quakers and Mennonites have a lot in common. On 15 July 1830, John and Juliana were married by Reverend William Shank, John’s uncle. (Refer to Juliann Hardwick Smith Golladay Shank, this (SHANK) Chapter.)

We cannot state for a certainty what happened to Hans John (John Harrison) Shank, but in the western district of Botetourt County in 1850,
there lived a John Shanks, age forty-one. He lived alone on property valued at $6,661.00. (A middle initial was given, but was not legible.) Since great-great-grandfather John H. Shank was born in 1808, the age would correspond.

Since we know he preached in Ohio in 1852, could John have been in Botetourt County starting a church, leaving his family behind until he got himself established? Perhaps he went "underground" as so many Mennonites did, living in Ohio and sneaking back to his church in Botetourt County and to his wife in Bath, or later, Rockbridge County. Or, maybe he purposely decided to let Juliana make her home with our mystery man, John F. Doyle, and just headed for greener pastures! One day I will uncover the answer, and when I do, I might add another chapter to this family saga!
My great-great-great grandmother, Juliann Shank, wife of Hans John Shank, was born on 3 August 1800, in Virginia. (9) Records show her name was written Juliann, Juliana, Julia Ann, and Julianna. Therefore, I will incorporate in this history the versions as they are written on the copy from which I am quoting.

Juliana’s parents were George and Susanna Rice HARDWICK, who were married in Bedford County on 29 December 1785. Susanna was the daughter of Charles Rice, Sr. of Campbell County, Virginia. (16; 45) (Refer to RICE Family Connections.)

Juliana married my great-great-grandfather, Hans John Shank (John Harrison Shank), on 15 July 1830 in Rockbridge County, Virginia. (45) Until Molly and I discovered that Juliana had two prior marriages (before the marriage to John Shank), the name “Smith” afforded us a lot of frustration.

The original marriage bond (to John Shank) is in Rockbridge County. It stated that “Juliann SMITH, widow, daughter of George, deceased, married on 15 July 1830, John H. Shanks. Officiating minister was William Shanks.” Beneath that data was written, “on list of Andrew Herron, Presbyterian.” (Notice the inclusion of “s” on Shanks in this early generation).

On the typewritten records (which we initially researched) and also in a printed book of Rockbridge marriages, data had led us to believe Juliana was the “widow of George” instead of his daughter. Such confusion! Now we knew that we were looking for a husband by the name of SMITH and a father by the name of GEORGE HARDWICK!! But for which “Smith” were we looking?

After many unsuccessful leads, Molly found in Augusta County a copy of the following marriage: “Joseph Smith married on 26 July 1819 Juliann .” Again, the printed and typewritten lists say “Julianna SMITH.” At the Augusta County Courthouse, Julianna’s last name was crossed out!

It turns out that the original marriage bond (as opposed to the newer printed or typewritten copies) was torn, the last name gone. (8) Apparently, because the name “Hardwick” was torn from the original bond, the person typing the newer copy just wrote in “Smith” instead, never realizing what confusion it would later cause. But were we in for a surprise when we discovered that great-great-grandmother Juliana had become a widow and married for a second time, Abraham Golladay on 28 March 1822! (Refer to Smith: Various Connections, SHANKS Chapter.)

To further cloud the picture, Juliana used the name “Smith” instead of “Golladay” on her third marriage license to John H. Shank. We can only surmise that she did this because she had a son, Andrew Smith, and believed it would make things easier for the child. (I do not know if she
had any children with Mr. Golladay, although there may have been as many as four). (9, 1830)

Juliana and John were married by William Shank (Shanks), who was John’s uncle and brother of Bishop Henry Shank. Reverend Shank, himself, had earlier married Sarah Hanby on 26 December 1780 in Greenbrier County, Virginia (now West Virginia), with the Reverend John Alderson, Sr. officiating. (1) Apparently Reverend Shank moved around the countryside a lot; he was also associated with Morgan and Botetourt Counties. He performed only this one marriage in Rockbridge County. Most likely he lived elsewhere and just handed the endorsed Shank/Smith bond to his friend, Andrew Herron, to send in with Reverend Herron’s other bonds. (45)

Very little is known about the married life of John and Juliana. Similarly, the Mennonite Church has very little data on John’s life or destination. We do know that he was in Ohio in 1852 associated with the Columbiana-Mahoning Church. (25, p. 56; 34) The years between 1830 and 1850 remain a mystery.

Juliana did not accompany John to Ohio, or if she did, she returned to Rockbridge County. In 1850 Juliana, along with their two children, Letasse and Lidonia, lived in the household of John DOYLE, a 54 year old iron master from Pennsylvania. (46) In 1850 Letasse was an eighteen year old laborer (already referred to as Lee), and Lidonia was sixteen. (46)

As of this writing, I do not know where either John or Juliana are buried. My Shanks relatives living today seem to know very little about this couple except that they had a son, Letasse Delemo Shank. No person remembers hearing any stories pertaining to their daughter, Lidonia.

According to Brunk’s “History of the Mennonites in Virginia 1727 - 1900,” Abraham Burkholder, son of Reverend David Burkholder, married Preacher John Shank’s daughter and moved to Ohio. The Hoover (Huber) family Bible confirms this, adding that Abraham’s wife was L. D. Shank. (25, p. 99)

Mennonite preachers frequently traveled in pairs, so possibly Reverend John H. Shank and the Reverend Burkholder went together to Ohio. He and Lidonia could have married in Ohio, or secretly in Virginia with the Reverend John H. Shank performing the ceremony. According to a Burkholder diary, Abraham “saved” families when he “sent South.” There is a list of about fifty families named; among the names is “Doyle.” (Refer to SCHENCK, Original Data).

Later we found a record stating that William J. Heizer, (b. 1832, Augusta County, Virginia, s/o Hezekiah and Elizabeth C.) married Lidonia E. Shank, (b. 1834 in Rockbridge County, d/o John and Julia H.) on 22 October 1858. Consent was given by Leetasse D. Shank. A Minister’s Return was never entered documenting the marriage (45) I think Lidonia married both. Here’s why:

1. My research contact in Ohio informed me that in 1860 in Columbiana County, Ohio, there was a William HEIZER with a
wife named Leetonia. Knowing that the Reverend John H. Shanks was the minister of the Columbiana-Mahoning Congregation in 1852 provides a motive for his daughter to have lived there too. (A recent map of Ohio shows that Leetonia is the very next town to Columbiana -- both in Columbiana County, Ohio! Did the Heizers found Leetonia, Ohio?

2. Dr. Brunk tells us that the Abraham BURKHOLDER, who allegedly married Lidonia Shanks, moved to Ohio. (25, p. 99)

3. In the 1860 censuses of Rockbridge, Augusta, Bath, and Rockingham Counties, there is no mention of a William HEIZER married to Lidonia (or even a wife with the first initial "L"); nor is there any record of them living with relatives.

4. In later censuses of Augusta County there was a William HEIZER living in southern Augusta County, but his wife's name was Susan BROWNLEE. They were married on 8 March 1832 at Bethel Church. (8; 9)

So, from all this, it would seem that the Heizers went to Ohio shortly after their marriage which took place in Rockbridge County, Virginia; then William died and Lidonia remarried -- this time to Abraham Burkholder.

One other thing that supports this conclusion is the statement by Oren F. Morton in his "HISTORY OF ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY," that says Hezekiah HEIZER (1808-1879) of Rockbridge County lost two sons in the Civil War. (39)

Molly combed all the Confederate lists and the only son of Hezekiah listed as a war casualty was Edward Heizer. He died in June 1865 in Charlottesville, Virginia. Maybe the other missing son enlisted in the Union Army in Ohio! Perhaps William J. Heizer, son of Hezekiah, did just that! Maybe that's why Mr. Morton didn't have much to say about him in his book.

Abraham Burkholder had relatives in both Rockbridge and Augusta Counties, and, of course, Lidonia had relatives in Bath County and vicinity. Hence, they had an incentive to return to visit from time to time; I found no evidence that they moved back permanently.

Numbered references correspond with the SHANKS, VESS, JACK, RHEA, HARDWICK, BRIGHT, PUTNAM, FAUCETT History References.
BURKHOLDER/SIIANK CONNECTIONS

PETER BURKHOLDER I
b. 1747
d. 1799
i. Groffdale Cemetery
m. Margaret Huber
b. 1750
d. 1798
i. Trissel’s Cemetery

Children:
  Reverend David Burkholder
  Bishop Peter Burkholder

REV. DAVID BURKHOLDER I
Son of Peter Burkholder I
b. c1775
d. July 1834
i. Cedar Grove Cemetery
m. Barbara Blosser
b.
d. 13 June 1833
i. Cedar Grove Cemetery

Children:
  Three died young (two of whom are interred in Cedar Grove Cemetery); children who lived moved to Ohio; among them was Abraham.

ABRAHAM BURKHOLDER
Son of Rev. David Burkholder I
b.
d. Ohio
m. Lidonia Shank (Hizer)
   (d/o Hans John Shank)
b. 1834
d.

Children:
  unknown

While on a trip to Pa., he became sick and died there Pennsylvania

Rockingham County, Va.
N. Rockingham County, Va.

Probably in Pennsylvania
Near Harrisonburg, Va.
Rockingham County, Va.
Near Harrisonburg, Va.

Probably in Ohio after the death of Lidonia’s first husband.
BISHOP PETER BURKHOLDER II
Son of Peter Burkholder I; Mennonite minister 41 years
b. 1783 Lancaster, County, Pa.
d. 27 December 1846 Rockingham County, Va.
i. Shank graveyard 1803
m. Elizabeth Coffman Greenbrier County, Va.
(d/o Christian Coffman) (now W. Va.)
b. 1775
i. Shank graveyard

Children:
Nine, including David, Christian, Abraham and Martin

REVEREND DAVID BURKHOLDER II (b. 3 March 1814) was the son of Peter Burkholder II. He married Anna BERRY (d/o Abraham and Elizabeth WINGER). He died in 1855 and was interred in Weaver's (Old Shank) Cemetery.

BISHOP MARTIN BURKHOLDER was the fifth and youngest son of Bishop Peter Burkholder II. He was born near Trissel's Church on 7 February 1817. In 1818 he came to West Rockingham with his father's family. In 1838 he married Rebecca SHANK (d/o Bishop Samuel Shank of the Northern District). Martin was ordained minister in 1839, and after the death of his father, he was made bishop of the Middle District Churches. (Refer to the Mennonite History, this (SHANKS) Chapter.)

Bishop Martin Burkholder and his wife, Rebecca, were the parents of eight children:
Margaret m. Jonas BLOSSER
Ester m. John HILDERBRAND
Elizabeth m. David HARTMAN
Mary
Samuel
Rebecca
Caleb
Sophia

Bishop Martin Burkholder was among the first of the Virginia ministers to ride horseback across the Shenandoah Mountain, where he preached to the residents of Pendleton County, Virginia (now West Virginia). He died on 18 December 1860 and was buried in the Shank (Weaver's) Cemetery. Rebecca Shank Burkholder lived until 31 August 1900. She was 79 years old at her death.

It is said that Bishop Martin Burkholder "foresaw" the conflict which took place between the North and the South and soberly prayed to be spared
from witnessing it. His prayers were answered by way of his untimely death.

References:
1. Hoover (Huber) family Bible
2. H. A. Brunk, HISTORY OF THE MENNONITES IN VIRGINIA, VOL. I, pp. 80, 87, 88, 96-103)
3. Gravestone inscriptions
Juliana Hardwick Smith Golladay Shank’s great-grandfather was Thomas Hardwick, who came from eastern Virginia and died in Albemarle County in 1761. He had at least three sons: Robert I of Bedford County, John of Amherst County, and Jeremiah of Prince Edward County. (3; 16; 28)

Thomas’ son, Robert Hardwick I (b. c1740--d. c1784), married Elizabeth and moved to Bedford County. They had eleven children, the fourth being George (Juliana’s father). George married Susanna Rice in 1785. (16) Later he moved to Highland County where he died in 1815.

George and Susanna had ten children. I am not sure of the birth order, but Juliana was the youngest, or one of the youngest. Her first two marriages were recorded in Augusta County, but could have actually taken place in Bedford, Highland, or Rockbridge Counties. (8; 28)

In Oren F. Morton’s book, “The History of Highland County,” he lists the surnames of people at various points in history according to areas of the County. In the early nineteenth century there were Smiths and Hardwicks in the Crabbottom area, north of Monterey. So Juliana’s first husband, Joseph Smith, could have been a neighbor. (38)

Morton was, alas, pretty sketchy with regard to the Smiths, but he had quite a bit to say about the Hardwicks (also called Hardways). (38, p. 381)

Susanna Hays Hardwick, the widow of George and Susanna’s son John, was living in Montgomery County, Virginia with her five youngest children in 1850. (35) She and John had been married in 1806 in Highland County.

Three of George’s grandsons were living in Kanawha County, Virginia in 1850 (one Hardwick, two Hardways) in or near Charleston, West Virginia. Some of them or their children were “boatmen.” In 1850 there were other Hardwicks in Nicholas County, Virginia, who probably stemmed from George.

The other Hardwick of major interest to this history is George’s brother, Richard, who married Nancy Coleman in 1794 in Amherst County and continued to live here. (3)

Apparently, some of Richard’s children moved to Campbell County, in or near Lynchburg. The Amherst County deed books mention Richard’s son, Lindsey Hardwick of Lynchburg, and Joseph V. and James C. Hardwick of Campbell County. They are mentioned in connection with land they inherited from Nancy Coleman’s parents, Jonathan (or John) and Elizabeth Coleman. (3)

Jonathan Coleman left his land -- 237 acres on Harris Creek plus 52 and 53 acre-plots on Bear Mountain, plus an unknown number of acres
on both sides of Pig's Creek" to his wife, Elizabeth, and his four children:

Thomas Coleman
Samuel Coleman, who married Judith ______
Nancy Coleman, who married Richard Hardwick
James Coleman, who married Nancy ______(3, DB I-283,

2 October 1801

When Elizabeth Coleman died (some time before March 1827), Lindsey, James C., and Joseph V. Hardwick (and perhaps others), sons of Richard and Nancy Coleman Hardwick, inherited their grandmother's land. They lived in Campbell County by then, so they sold their inheritance:

1. Deedbook L-528, 17 August 1811 -- Joseph V. Hardwick and wife Nancy of Campbell County sold 200 acres on both sides of Pig's Creek. (The deed says Jonathan and Elizabeth Coleman had owned the land.) (3)

2. Deedbook R-411, 1 March 1827 -- Lindsey Hardwick of Campbell County sold land on Harris Creek, "Part of a 237 acre tract." (3)

3. Deedbook T-109, 23 March 1830 -- James C. Hardwick of Campbell County sold 53 acres on Bear Mountain, adjoining Lindsey's land. (3)

4. Deedbook T-440, 7 September 1831 -- Lindsey Hardwick of Campbell County sold to William Johns of Amherst County, 52 acres on Bear Mountain, his "share of the division of the estate of Jonathan and Elizabeth Coleman."

Someday maybe I will check the deeds in more detail, but here is enough for us to know that the land housing the Indian Settlement in Amherst County on which my great-great-great-great-grandfather, John Redcross I, a full blooded Sioux Indian, and his family made their home, came from Juliana Hardwick's first cousins!

John Redcross I was the father of Sarah Redcross, who married John J. Crow in 1807. They were my great-great-great-grandparents. (58) (Refer to CROW Chapter.)

Juliana's cousin, Joseph V. Hardwick (Hardwicke), is of interest for another reason. A copy of their family Bible, owned by Susan A. Early of Bedford, Virginia (at least owned by her on 1 February 1944), showed that Joseph V. Hardwicke married on 20 July 1809, Ann (Nancy) Johnson. They had five children:

John V. Hardwick b. 21 June 1810
Mary E. b. 16 March 1812
William S. b. 19 March 1822
George W. b. 14 October 1828
Joseph L. b. 7 December 1831 (28)
John V. Hardwicke married on 11 April 1833, Sarah A. M. Walford, and their oldest child, born on 26 March 1834, was William W. Hardwicke, who served as commander of the Lee Battery. Captain Hardwicke’s Company Virginia Light Artillery included men from Lynchburg, Virginia and fought at Spotsylvania Court House, Cedar Creek, Cross Keys, and Port Republic. In the spring of 1865, they were confined to the trenches of Petersburg. Captain Hardwicke’s company was forced to retire from the Confederate lines in April 1865, leaving seven Lynchburgers in the hands of the enemy; the remaining members of the battery surrendered at Appomattox Court House, Virginia. (36, p. 89)

In this Hardwick Bible, Hardwick is spelled with an “e” on the end, but the copy I saw was typewritten. I think that Susan A. Early mistook the flourish on the end of the “k” for an “e.” K’s are hard to figure out in the old handwritten documents; each writer had his own idea of what a “k” should look like! So I personally doubt that “e” on the end.

Most of the Hardwicks were Quakers, while the Smiths belonged to the Reformed or Presbyterian Churches. Regarding Juliana’s multiple marriages, the Mennonite Church would have considered her moral if she were reared as a Quaker.

In summary, my great-great-grandmother, Juliana Hardwick Smith Golladay Shank’s first cousin, Lindsey Hardwick of Campbell County, sold Will Johns 52 acres of land on Bear Mountain. Lindsey and his brother, James, who also sold 53 adjoining acres on Bear Mountain, had inherited the land from their grandparents, Jonathan and Elizabeth Coleman.

On this mountain, which the Indians called MATOHE, Will Johns established his Indian Settlement. Today the shadows of my Indian ancestors live on, silently watching over me just as they have since the day I was born in the foothills of Bear Mountain (Matohe) almost half a century ago!

Numbered references correspond to the SHANKS, JACK, VESS, BRIGHT, RHEA, FAUCETT and PUTNAM Family History References.
RICE
FAMILY CONNECTIONS

CHARLES RICE I
(Of Campbell County, Virginia)

JONATHAN RICE, SR.  
(s/o Charles Rice I)  
b. c1768  
Campbell Co., Va.  
m. 14 January 1789  
Rebecca HIX

JONATHAN A. RICE  
1st cousins

MALINDA RICE  
2nd cousins

JAMES RICHARD GROSS  
3rd cousins

ROENA GROSS  
4th cousins

JAMES ELMO JOHNSON  
5th cousins

SUSANNA RICE  
(d/o Charles Rice I)  
b. c1767  
Campbell County, Va.  
m. 29 December 1785  
George HARDWICK  
Bedford County, Va.

JULIANN HARDWICK  
SMITH GOLLADAY  
SHANK

LETASSE DELEMO  
SHANKS
(See Shanks data in  
THE PEOPLE chapter)

WILLIAM S. SHANKS

RUTH ELINOR  
SHANKS (Smoot)

CATHY NADINE  
SMOOT (Carson)

JULIANN HARDWICK  
SMITH GOLLADAY  
SHANK

WILLIAM S. SHANKS

RUTH ELINOR  
SHANKS (Smoot)

CATHY NADINE  
SMOOT (Carson)
GWENDOLYN WELCH JOHNSON (Campbell)
b. 16 July 1919
m. Eugene C. Campbell
14 September 1939
b. 24 January 1920

5th cousins once removed

CATHY NADINE SMOOT (Carson)
b. 7 April 1941
m. Herman E. Carson
1 August 1958
Lynchburg, Va.
b. 22 March 1937
After discovering the Juliana Hardwick -- Smith link, we began looking at "Smith" marriages trying to find a connection. We needed to find a first name for Juliana's Mr. Smith! In Augusta County records, we found this entry: Richard Smith married Jane Caruthers on 13 April 1786 in Augusta County, Virginia. In a printed book of Augusta County marriages was written: Joseph Smith married on 26 July 1819 Susanna Smith.

Further checking confirmed that Joseph Smith obtained a marriage bond on that date but the lady's last name had either faded completely or was missing. More delving into the matter eventually cleared up the mystery. The name "Susanna" was a misprint in the first source of reference; it should have read "Juliana." Apparently, since the last name was obscured on the original bond, the typist had, of her own accord, added "Smith" to the record. (8)

Well, now we knew Juliana Hardwick had married Joseph Smith. We also knew that Richard and Jane Caruthers Smith were Joseph's parents. In the Rockbridge 1820 census, Joseph Smith was listed with his wife and one son, who was born between 1811-1820. (Remember the censuses were then, as now, taken only every ten years. Therefore, the son was probably less than a year old). Joseph was not listed in any previous or later census as a head of household. Shortly after the 1820 census, he apparently died because Juliana married Abraham Golladay in 1822. (8)

Why did Juliana use the name Smith instead of Golladay when she married John H. Shank? I think it was because she had a son by the name of Smith. I believe this son was named Andrew Smith, who later resided in Bath County, near the home of his half-brother, Letasse Shanks.

Andrew was married on 25 March 1836 in Augusta County to Nancy Ann Brown. (8) The clergyman who officiated was Reverend James Morrison of New Providence Presbyterian Church (on the border of Augusta and Rockbridge Counties).

In the 1850 Augusta County Census we have:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Birth Year</th>
<th>Relationship</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SMITH</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrew</td>
<td>1818</td>
<td>(husband)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nancy</td>
<td>1819</td>
<td>(wife)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John M.</td>
<td>1840</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elizabeth L.</td>
<td>1846</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arabella V.</td>
<td>1848</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Near them lived their oldest child, Charles A. Smith, (b. in 1837, about a year after they married).
In the 1900 Bath County Census we have:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Gender</th>
<th>DOB</th>
<th>Relationship</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SMITH</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charles A.</td>
<td></td>
<td>March 1837</td>
<td>m. 1862 farmer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary, wife</td>
<td></td>
<td>August 1844</td>
<td>(11 of 15 children alive)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elty M.</td>
<td>(female)</td>
<td>March 1884</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cora L.</td>
<td></td>
<td>February 1885</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown M.</td>
<td></td>
<td>November 1887</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Porter P.</td>
<td></td>
<td>June 1888</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RHEA,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shaw C.</td>
<td></td>
<td>August 1895</td>
<td>grandson**</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

** This piece of data confirms the fact that Victoria Smith Putnam (b. c1877), mother of Shaw Rhea, was the daughter of Charles A. Smith and granddaughter of Andrew Smith. It would follow that Juliana Hardwick Smith Golladay Shank was Victoria's great-grandmother! (9, 1850; 15, 1900; 13; 29) (See following data.)

Charles A. Smith and Mary Smith are not in the 1880 Bath County Census. Probably they lived in Rockbridge or Augusta Counties, with Victoria living with them. From the collected data, I conclude that Juliana Hardwick Smith Golladay Shank, mother of Letasse, was the great-grandmother of Victoria. Juliana was a teenager when Andrew was born and 32 and 34 when Letasse and Lidonia were born. Andrew, Lee's half-brother, married when he was about 18 years old. His son, Charles A. Smith, married when he was even younger, so Lee would be Charles A. Smith's uncle and Victoria's great-uncle, despite the fact that Lee and Victoria were only 30 years apart in age.

Some documented facts regarding this portion of family history are as follows:

Victoria V. Putnam (nee Smith) bought land from two Rheas and Angeline A. Smith. (13; 29) John Jack, who was the grandfather of Andrew Jack (s/o James and Matilda Vess Jack), married Lucy Smith. (14; 54) Family members say Andrew (Andy) Jack owned the land the Smith's bought and sold. (13) (Refer to JACK Chapter for more details.) Letasse Shanks' mother was Juliana Smith. Somehow, I suspect that all these Smiths are related.

Angeline A. Smith lived in Randolph County, and in one of the censuses, John Jack is said to have been associated with Randolph County. John Jack married Lucy Smith on 22 September 1823. Lucy was the right age to be the sister (or cousin) of the Joseph Smith who married Juliana Hardwick. This would connect the Jacks and Shanks way back! (Refer to JACK Chapter for further details.)

Victoria Smith married Orlando (Lander) J. Putnam on 1 March 1899, near Millboro Springs, Virginia. The marriage register lists Mr. Putnam's birthdate as 1853. He was a widower and son of Eli and Nannie Putnam.
Victoria's birthdate was given as 1877; the marriage register stated she was single and the daughter of Charles and Nancy Smith. (14)

In the same marriage book (a book for whites as opposed to blacks) is also found this entry: On 3 December 1874, (Padd's Creek) Orlando J. Putnam (colored), born 1853, single, son of Eli and Nannie Putnam, married Mary Ann Ross (white), born 1859, single, daughter of Thomas and Polly Ross. (His first marriage.) (14)

Since Lander wasn't in the black marriage register, he was most likely part Indian. I think the Indian involved was Orlando's mother, Nannie. Mary Ann Ross' sister married Joseph Putnam, son of John and Sally Putnam. Joseph was not marked "colored," leading one to assume that his appearance was that of a white man. Indians were usually termed "non-white, colored, or mulatto."

At the time of his marriage, Lander Putnam lived in Alleghany County where he had been born. In the 1900 Bath County Census, Millboro Magisterial District is the following:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>RELATION</th>
<th>BIRTHDATE</th>
<th>OCCUPATION</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Eli Putnam</td>
<td>Husband</td>
<td>March 1848</td>
<td>Railroad laborer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary F.</td>
<td>Wife #2</td>
<td>August 1870</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William</td>
<td>Son, 11 yrs.</td>
<td>May 1898</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(15, 1900)

Lander's father apparently moved from Alleghany to Bath County as his employer, the railroad, expanded; Lander remained an Alleghany County farmer.

Victoria gave her birthplace as Franklin County, Ohio and her residence as Bath County, Virginia when she applied for her marriage license to Orlando Putnam. Victoria's early life is shadowed in some respects and details are obscured to a degree, so without going into detail I will only mention the fact that she had borne a son whom she named Shaw Rhea in August of 1895. (15, 1900) The child was eventually adopted by Mr. Putnam and was known by the name of Shaw Rhea Putnam. (29)

Victoria and Orlando had one son and two daughters, as recalled by family members. The son apparently died with tuberculosis, although I have not documented this. One of their daughters, Carrie W. Putnam (b. 1901, Rockbridge County), married on 8 April 1920 at Warm Springs Presbyterian Church, a coal miner named Herman B. Jackson (b. 1899, Bath County (s/o Edward and Ida Jackson). (14)

John H. Putnam (b. April 1856) lived in Bath County. He was a younger brother of Lander, I think. John H. Putnam had a daughter, Hattie (b. 1893), who married Dunk (C. D.) Vess's grandson. On 23 October 1915, at the Staunton Baptist Church, she married Jesse VEST (b. 1888) (s/o Theodore and Johanna (Annie) McCullough VESS. Theodore was Dunk's oldest son by his first marriage to Virginia Plott. (8; 45)

I have included this data on Victoria and Orlando J. Putnam for one reason especially. Aside from Victoria's relationship to my great-great-
grandmother, Juliana Shank, she played a major role in the dissension resulting over a piece of property in Bath County, the ownership of which was disputed. Evidently, as documented from deeds and family history, the controversy involved members of the Rhea, Shanks, Jack, Smith, and Putnam families. It ultimately was settled, but not before a lot of relationships were strained. (13; 29) (Refer to Deeds, JACK Chapter.)

Numbered references correspond to the SHANKS, JACK, VESS and BRIGHT Family History References.
I am wandering in a meadow—a little girl, alone. The lush green hillside is covered with the yellow daisies of summer, and scattered here and there are a few big rocks whitened by years of rain and sunshine. In the distance rise the mountains covered with a blue and gray mist, barely perceptible in the bright sunlight of the valley.

Into this idyllic setting, I see a lone horse coming toward me from the direction of the western mountains. Upon closer inspection, I see the figure of a rider—a man, I believe. Yes, it is a man. I guess he must be heading toward the white frame house at the bottom of the hillside. About fifty paces beyond me, he stops to water his horse at the creek which winds itself around the base of the hill.

It's a strangely calm scene. Unreal, even. The horse is a great black animal noticeably well treated and cared for, but it is the man who claims my attention.

He is dressed entirely in black except for his immaculate white shirt. On his head, he wears a tall, broad-brimmed felt hat. Across his legs, he is carrying a riding whip loosely supported by his hand.

But, it is his manner and carriage which is so compelling and intense. He seems to be, at the same time, both a harsh and a gentle man. It's in his eyes, I think, this look of sadness. I feel as if he is a person who, for a few minutes while riding his horse, has let his guard down. See how gently he talks to the animal and rubs its neck.

I wonder why he seems so lost in his thoughts. I am only a little girl, but I feel a closeness with him today. It's a feeling of understanding which I think he's never received.

This old man with his long white hair (longer than fashionable) and white beard turns in his saddle and looks directly into my questioning eyes. In this instant, all the love we have never expressed toward each other during the past years becomes apparent.

He reaches his hand down to me. As he carefully helps me climb onto the horse with him, I know we will never be lonely again. We have at last found each other!

Slowly, as the sun drops behind the mountains, Great-Grandfather and I ride home together.
LETASSE DELEMO SHANKS
1831--1919

1870 BATH COUNTY CENSUS (as recorded)

SHANK, Letasse 38 years b. June 1831
Rockbridge County, Va*

Martha, wife 28 years b. August 1841
Augusta County, Va.

John, son 6 years b. July 1863
Bath County, Va.

Willie, son 4 years b. October 1865
Bath County, Va.

Elizabeth, dau. 2 years b. February 1868
Bath County, Va.

*A family Bible records Letasse's birthplace as Augusta County, Virginia. We believe this to be the correct data.

Letasse was a farmer, owning $600.00 real property, and $200.00 personal property. This property, belonging to Letasse Shanks, was in the same area as that of Peter Bright, Martha's father.

The Bath County Marriage License (1791-1860 and 1881-1889) Reel 16, Archives, Virginia State Library, states:
Letasse D. Shank, (b. 1831), son of John H. and Julia A. Shank, married 20 February 1862 (near Green Valley), Martha, daughter of Peter and Elizabeth Bright.

Letasse Delemo and
Martha Bright Shanks
c. 1905
In my opinion, my great-grandfather was, for some reason unknown to me, a driven man. While researching this book, I talked to persons who had known him casually from a distance, and to some who had associated with him and his family on a closer, more personal level. Most of his direct Shank descendants, however, chose not to share their recollections of Letasse with me, precluding the possibility of attaining a deeper understanding or insight into his character.

I sincerely believe his harsh and tough exterior was not his true self, but rather an adopted facade covering a deep and traumatic hurt, resulting from some unsettling event which had disrupted his earlier life.

Maybe it had something to do with his Mennonite ancestry; maybe from a break with his parents or family; maybe an inability to choose sides when his parents apparently separated; maybe something regarding Martha's Indian heritage or the acceptance thereof; or maybe some type of guilt associated with any of the above. I don't know. But I do believe his tyrannical personality was not an expression of his true inner self. I believe something or someone was driving the man and the effect of the constant torment was overpowering his natural nature.

So, with no representations of Letasse, other than those given to me by men and women who recalled him as a "hard man" and a man who ruled his family with an "iron will," I must write this profile on my great-grandfather in a fashion contrary to my beliefs and intuitive sensibilities.

Among the folks around the countryside, he was known as, and called "Old Man Lee Shanks." Each morning, he would ride astride his stately black horse around his entire property, overseeing the workers. Dressed in a white shirt, black coat and hat, and carrying a riding whip, he checked on his sons and their families making sure things were being done as ordered or as he thought they should be.

I understand that his daughters-in-law were very intimidated in his presence, especially during those early morning housecalls. Who wouldn't have been? A man dressed in the Mennonite fashion, looking quite stern and carrying a whip, would probably dissuade even me from speaking my mind, something which I am known to do rather often, according to my family. And why shouldn't I? After all, I am the great-granddaughter of this stern, authoritative old gentleman, and I am proud to have inherited some of his characteristics and attributes, especially, I think, his determination.

Great-Grandfather owned land which was used for farming, and at one time, I believe, there was a quartz mine on the property. Some of my relatives recall picking up small pieces of the pretty stones while visiting there. He also may have been involved in the lumber business in and around Millboro, Virginia.
I wonder about the quality of his life and relationship with Martha. People say she was such a quiet and reserved lady, quite Letasse's opposite. She occupied much of her time doing "handwork" and sitting at her spinning wheel. In their later years, the children never left Martha alone with Letasse. One time when she was ill, Letasse was supposedly barred from her room. I wonder why? I am sure someone knows, but I wasn't able to extract the facts.

At some point in his life, apparently in his later years, Letasse had a malignancy of some type on his face and nose which ate away the layers of skin, finally invading his bloodstream. Because of the nature of the disease, his face became disfigured.

Letasse was born in 1831 and married Martha Ann Bright when he was thirty-one years old, on 20 February 1862. She was twenty-one at the time. They were married to each other for fifty-seven years. At the time of his death in 1919, he was eighty-eight.

It seems that it was Letasse who added the "s" to Shank and by so doing changed the name "Shank" into "Shanks," the original form, of course, being the German version "Schenck."

According to the story handed down through the generations, a quarrel or disagreement of some type erupted among the Shank family, with the outcome being, in Letasse's point of view (if not that of the others), one so distinctly contrary to his position on the matter, that he felt it necessary to change his name to SHANKS. This being viewed as an act of defiance by the family members probably added to Letasse's unpopularity.

Of course, the above scenario could be, for all intents and purposes, only a legend which has survived the ages. The real reason for the addition of the "s" could be attributed to a census taker's error. In either case, we know the original German spelling was SCHENCK out of which eventually emerged SHANK, and later, SHANKS.

Letasse's father, John H. Shank, belonged to the Mennonite Church and was a Mennonite minister. Bishop Henry Shank, his grandfather, was also a Mennonite, with strong morals and beliefs, hence, maybe Letasse's stern attitude toward life -- a life seemingly with no time for frivolity. I also learned that during his adult life, Great-Grandfather Letasse was never known to attend church as a worshiper. I see this deprivation as a subconscious effort to alleviate his hidden pain by pretending indifference, when in reality he was hurting deeply and craved the attention of others. I see him as a man who was not able to show or express his private and innermost thoughts and feelings in an acceptable way; therefore, he was never recognized in any respect other than antisocial.

There is a story recalled today by a lady who knew Letasse. It seems he had, in her words, "a penchant for nosing and poking around" (snooping) inside other's homes, especially inside the closets!

One day, hoping to avoid Letasse, she and another little friend, playing with their dolls, hid in a closet. But nosing around as usual, Letasse opened the closet door. Peering inside, he saw four frightened eyes looking out at him. By loudly exclaiming, "How dare you girls go into
into someone's closet and snoop about! It's good I found you! Now scat,
right this minute!" he conveniently turned the tables, shifting any blame
away from himself.
Letasse was also apparently a very frugal man. Take sugar for
example. Martha was not allowed to use it in her cooking ~ not even in
pies. Why? Because the sugar which they were able to buy had to be set
aside for Letasse's table use only. It seems he had a passion for the sweet,
white granules and would eat it constanüy if available. In order to have
any sugar for cooking purposes, Martha used her "butter and egg" money
to secreüy buy whatever amount she could. This, she carefully hid away.
There is a story about the time Martha was making green apple pies using
only honey for sweetening. When questioned, Martha said, "Letasse has
eaten all the sugar in the house."
Great-Grandfather Letasse's relationships with his sons are also
interesting studies in life. I think each relationship was unusual because of
the different way in which each son reacted to his father's possessive and
controlling nature. My grandfather, William Stewart, Letasse's second
son, moved with his wife across the mountains into Amherst County in
1895. By doing this, they were able to live and raise their family beyond
the scope of Letasse's influence and control. The other sons remained in
Bath County or the surrounding area.
An elderly genüeman, now deceased, one day looked at me with
interest when I questioned him about my ancestors, many of whom he
recalled, including the Jacks and the Groahs (Crows). When asked if he
remembered Letasse Delemo Shanks, his face was blank, not recognizing
the name.
"Maybe you knew him by the name of 'Lee Shanks." I prompted
gently. Whereupon, the old man of eighty-eight years quickly looked
upward, into my searching eyes and with no doubt in his voice responded,
"You mean'Old Man Lee Shanks?' Of course, I remember him! Mean as
a rattlesnake, he was. Yes sir, all those Shanks men were mean!"
So here was an old man, who was only twenty-one when Letasse
died, but within the span of those twenty-one years, Letasse had made an
impression on this man's memory which remained with him all his life.
Therefore, what type of man was Letasse Delemo Shanks? A man
who other men never forgot, a harsh man, a domineering man, a man
whose personality intimidated all those around him; or was he simply a
man who was misunderstood by his peers and neighbors, a man who is
still misunderstood by his descendants?
This great-grandfather of mine with his long white hair and piercing
eyes will remain, I guess, a mysterious and enigmatic ancestor, hauntingly
tantalizing me forever.
But disregarding whatever bad points he might have possessed, I
know he did the things that he believed necessary at the time. I feel
circumstances made him what he was ~ a man whose German and
Mennonite ancestry somehow shaped his views and made him a strong

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and determined man. Today, I like to think that I inherited some of his strength and determination.

Author’s Note:
I truly feel that great-grandfather Letasse’s upbringing, childhood, environment, and apparent up-rooted homelife were factors in the development of his discordant personality and grim outlook on life.

Someday, maybe I will also uncover the many mysteries surrounding my great-great-grandmother Juliana and her husband, the Mennonite minister, my great-great-grandfather, Hans John Shank.

Numbered references correspond to the SHANKS, JACK, VESS, BRIGHT, FAUCETT, PUTNAM and RHEA Family History References.
Angie Jack Burke, my great aunt and youngest sister of my grandmother, Mary Jane Jack Shanks, related to me recently this poem/song.

She said it was a favorite "ditty" which Letasse Shanks enjoyed reciting to the little girls in the family. I have no idea of its originality or title, if any.

One night he came to see me.
He made so long a stay,
I thought the bloke had really meant
To never go away.
I hardly think I will.
I hardly think I will.
He's urging me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will.

So now we have a glimpse into another facet of the personality of Great-Grandfather Shanks.

During this same conversation, Aunt Angie said that "Mr. Shanks," as she refers to him, raised gourds in his garden to be used as drinking cups at the well. They were also placed by the water buckets wherever one was located, most likely on the back porch.
Elizabeth Anna Belle Shanks (d/o Letasse Shanks) married Samuel W. Beard on 7 October 1897. Following his untimely death, (he was fatally injured on a street car) Elizabeth married George M. Tisdall with the understanding that he would not interfere with the upbringing of her one child, Delemo Leetassa Beard, who was named after his grandfather, Letasse Delemo Shanks.

In a book entitled "DESCENDANTS OF EDWARD BEARD," it says: "Delemo L. Beard, born 25 September 1898, died on the 27 December 1960 at the Veteran's Hospital in Beckley, West Virginia. He was buried at Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church Cemetery at Mt. Solon, Virginia."

When Delemo was 10 months old, his father, Samuel Wilson Beard, died. He then lived with his mother at his grandfather's home in Bath County, Virginia. When Delemo was 13, his mother married George Tisdall and they lived on a farm 3-1/2 miles southeast of Staunton, Virginia. He attended Maryville College in 1921 and Union Theological Seminary in 1924; he married Caroline Virginia Williams on 3 June 1926.

The author went on to say that Delemo Leetassa was pastor at the McAlpin Presbyterian Church in Beckley, West Virginia, did post graduate study in Edinburgh, Scotland, and was pastor at Bridgewater, Virginia in 1929. He was pastor in Franklin, West Virginia 1936-1942; chaplin, U.S. Navy, W.W.II; and the pastor at Mossy Creek Church at Mt. Solon. For the last eight years of his ministry he was the pastor at the First Presbyterian Church in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

Dr. Beard was the father of two children, Delemo Leetasse Beard, Jr. (b. 10 January 1934), and Caroline Elizabeth Beard (b. 31 October 1939).

According to the data found in the book, Samuel W. Beard was a fruit and bee farmer. He was born on 19 January 1846 and first married Hettie R. GIBSON. They had two children: John Gibson Beard born in 1877 and Ada Harriet Beard born on 30 August 1879.

Elsewhere in the printed material it says Samuel W. Beard met Lizzie A. Shanks (her nickname) at White Sulphur Springs. It is my understanding that Elizabeth was a school teacher, teaching in that area's school system. (29)
MISCELLANEOUS SHANKS DATA

Grandfather William S. Shanks was born in 1865—the same year Abraham Lincoln was assassinated and the Civil War ended.

Grandfather William S. Shanks donated $25.00 to the Rehobeth Church Building Fund; the donation entitled him to a cemetery plot. Rehobeth Church was built around 1897.

Grandfather William S. Shanks left a will, which specified that $100.00, along with some horses and equipment, be given to his son, George. The remainder of his estate was left to Nannie (Mary Jane Shanks). Aunt Thelma Shanks Davis Barker recalls that adequate funds were not available to cover Grandfather’s funeral expenses. She, therefore, paid them herself.

At the onset of the Civil War, Great-Grandfather Letasse Shanks was thirty years old; Great-Grandmother Martha Bright Shanks was twenty.

Aunt Mary Shanks recalls that Uncle Edloe enjoyed playing the card game, Rook, with Pearl Shanks McCoy when they were young.

Aunt Mary Shanks said (1983) that Mazie Woodzell Shanks, wife of John, made the best biscuits she has ever eaten. Aunt Mary and Uncle Edloe Shanks always ate with Mazie whenever they visited in Millboro, Virginia. (Mazie was the daughter-in-law of Great-Grandfather Letasse Delemo Shanks.)

I was told that my mother, Ruth Shanks Smoot, as a young girl was "stuck on" her cousin, Ernest Shanks, son of John and Mazie Shanks. What expressions people verbalized in those days!!

My grandfather Shanks would often, according to Aunt Thelma Shanks Davis Barker, tell the following story:

When he was a young man, Grandfather worked on someone’s farm and roomed in a house on the property which was said, at one time to be haunted! Awakening one
night, Grandfather saw standing at the foot of his bed a headless woman! He maintained all the rest of his life that the apparition was distinctly standing there and facing him, minus its head!!

Grandfather was so frightened that he jumped out of bed and with or without taking time to dress (I don't know which), left the house. He ran all the distance across the mountain and didn't look back until he reached the confines of the Shanks' home on Pig Run (Millboro, Virginia).

I wonder if the mountain over which he ran was Mill Mountain. It was on Mill Mountain (Tunnel Hill) that Emory Vess and others of my ancestors saw many such apparitions and "things" for which there were no logical explanation or clarification.

There are about seven old family graveyards located up and down the sides of Mill Mountain which, to the mind of a believer, gives credence to such tales. I am one such believer!

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Aunt Thelma Shanks Davis Barker rode on a train for the first time when she was only three years old. She and her father, William S. Shanks, were traveling to Millboro, Virginia. Grandfather told Aunt Thelma they were on a "flying machine." This answer was in response to Aunt Thelma's questioning the fast rate of speed at which they were traveling.

During their stay in Millboro, she was not allowed to go visit her grandfather, Letasse Shanks, who was confined to his home--I assume because of his advanced state of facial cancer. I believe, by this time, it had invaded his bloodstream. Aunt Thelma remembers him only vaguely as being a tall man with a gruff voice.

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Letasse Shanks traveled to Tyreanna, Virginia, a suburb of Lynchburg, in or about 1914 to visit my grandparents, William and Mary Jane Jack Shanks. After returning to his home in Millboro, a neighbor commented, "Well, I hear you went to Lynchburg." Whereupon, Letasse replied, "I didn't go to Lynchburg, I went to CAMPBELL COUNTY! Wasn't no LYNCHBURG!" (29)

(After coming to Amherst County in 1895, my grandparents lived in several localities, including Campbell County, Virginia.)

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During the late 1800's Grandfather William S. Shanks worked in Newark, Ohio for the Newark City Railway Company. Some of this time he lived at a boarding house belonging to a Mrs. Shipty. According to an account book Grandfather kept, he was charged the grand total of $3.50 per week for his room and board!

The thought occurred to me today that the Shanks men born on this side of the Blue Ridge Mountains were demonstrative men. My uncles and cousins were "kissers." They would always kiss the women and girls upon arriving and departing. A good-by kiss was always considered a necessity not to be overlooked.

When I was a little girl, I especially loved to see my cousin, Carl Dunford. He is about eighteen years my senior and always teased me and kissed me at each visit or reunion. On the rare occasions I now see him, he still kisses me!

There is a special letter in my file which I received from Carl in September of 1986. He gave me permission to quote the following excerpt from the letter:

"It is so very nice of you to refer to me as your favorite cousin. Although, I doubt very seriously if I deserve such recognition. Many thanks anyway. Also, my feeling is mutual as I have always thought of you as a very sweet, compassionate person--and you can put that in your book if you wish."

Now, do you understand why he is my favorite cousin? Besides being a handsome and charming man, he expresses his thoughts with such eloquence!!

Uncle Edloe and Uncle Walter were especially known for kissing the ladies "hello" and "good-by." Maybe this show of affection was expressed because we were seldom all together as a group. I don't know.

When Uncle Edloe was about seventy years old, he grew a mustache for the first time in his life. Aunt Mary pretended she hated it. You notice I wrote "pretended." I think she really didn't mind it too much!

Sporting the mustache in grand style, Uncle Edloe insisted on kissing all the ladies--young and old--myself included! Such fun we had teasing him! Now, I have been wondering if just maybe Uncle Edloe didn't grow his mustache just so he would have an excuse to kiss the ladies, thereby, surpassing Uncle Walter!
Seriously, Uncle Edloe was a great person and a lot of fun to have around. He could tell some great stories about the past and his youth. I truly loved and enjoyed all my Shanks uncles and cousins as individuals.

Great-Grandfather Letasse probably would have frowned on such fun-loving times and companionship between the family members. Then again, I may be wrong in my belief. Just maybe, it was the kind of relationship he wanted but never achieved.

Aunt Angie Burke recalls that after becoming an adult, Letasse Shanks never, to her knowledge, entered a church as a worshipper. Why? Also when visiting relatives or neighbors, he "poked" and "nosed" in the closets and rooms.

In my personal profile on Great-Grandfather Letasse Shanks, I relate one such experience regarding this passion of his. I wonder why he deemed it necessary to look behind closet doors!

Uncle Leslie Dunford, husband of Rosetta Shanks, was born on 15 August 1896 in Cumberland County, Virginia. He was, and is now, an intelligent man and a good conversationalist. I remember how much he enjoyed discussing various subjects and that he did so with quiet ability and dignity.

During the early 1950's, Uncle Leslie loved to discuss the possibility that the United States would, one day, reach out into space and conquer the moon. In the beginning of our space programs while others shook their heads in disbelief, Uncle Leslie never doubted their eventual success.

As a child, I heard him comment on more than one occasion how he would love to be a passenger on the first space ship launched to the moon. Of course, he wasn't able to have his wish, but I have always been glad that he was alive and able to witness the first missions (flights), manned and unmanned. It's good to see someone realize a dream even if only in part.

Today, Uncle Leslie lives with his son, William Earl Dunford*, and Earl's family in Holcomb Rock, Virginia; and as always, he remains a handsome and interesting senior citizen.

Although not an ancestor by direct bloodline, Uncle Leslie, being Aunt Rosetta's husband, deserves a space in this written history. His patient manner, quiet dignity, and kind attitude toward his fellow man will be long remembered. (1 February 1985)

*William Earl Dunford died during the writing of this book.
Elizabeth (Lizzy) Shanks Beard married her second husband, George M. Tisdall, on the condition that he would not interfere with the "raising" (upbringing) of her son, Delemo Beard. (29)

In 1905, when Delemo Leetasse Beard was seven years old, his mother, Elizabeth (Lizzy) Shanks Beard, a widow, took him to visit William and Angelina Vess Ayres. It just so happened to coincide with the time Delemo had a case of "the itch!" As a result, the entire Ayres family was infected. Delemo also went to visit in Campbell County that summer and carried his affliction to Nannie Shanks and her family! (29)

Some of the children would take Angelina Ayres' slit bottom chairs and use them as sleds during the winters! (29)

Leola Shanks, daughter of Letasse, was in love with James Rhea, son of Tom and Malinda Rhea. James, nevertheless, married Leola's sister, Emma. (29)

Another family member recalls that "Old Mr. Shanks" could tell some wild tales. Once he told that he shot a deer and chased it over the ridges of seven mountains before the deer finally collapsed. Mr. Shanks then carried the deer home (by way of seven mountain tops)!

I found the following entry in an account book belonging to my grandfather, William S. Shanks:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dated-</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10 December 1895</td>
<td>Paid by L. D. Shanks to Wm. S. Shanks on borrowed money, the sum of $25.00.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 March 18__</td>
<td>Paid by L. D. Shanks to Wm. S. Shanks on borrowed money, the sum of $20.00.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23 July 1902</td>
<td>Paid by L. D. Shanks to Wm. S. Shanks on borrowed money, the sum of $100.00.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
I think it is interesting to note that Great-Grandfather Shanks found it necessary to borrow money from the one son with whom he had the most constrained relationship. At the time the first payment was made, Grandfather William Shanks had been living in Amherst County only a year.

William S. Shanks
Have you ever had a dream of doing something special or going to some special place, but thought it could never be? Well, I have.

Reconsidering, I have actually had quite a few dreams in my lifetime which have become realities; one is the writing of this book.

At the beginning of this project, I discovered some of my dreams would never become realities unless I "put aside" all my reservations and apprehensions concerning my limited abilities and my feelings of awkwardness in the presence of people with whom I would need to interview and converse. Likewise, I would need to overcome the "timid child" still within me and face the future with some resemblance of self-assurance.

This, I am not sure I have accomplished, but I have learned the only way to fulfill my dreams or find the answers to my questions is to ask. Learning through discovery and experience, I now know the worst consequence resulting from a direct question or letter of inquiry is usually and simply one of no response or reply. That isn't a big problem. You just write another letter, this time to someone else!

So you see, dreams do not always come true of their own accord. Usually they are sitting there in the clouds waiting for someone like myself to look upward and say, "I choose you as my dream. Come stay by my side, and together we will make you a reality."

Yesterday one of my very special dreams came true. I had chosen this dream some time ago and had worked diligently toward its becoming a reality. I had made inquiries and written many letters, somehow knowing that my dream would be fulfilled. Eventually, a telephone conversation confirmed its impending reality.

On September 12, 1985 I would once again walk in the footprints of my childhood. I would stand in the room where I was born. I would climb the stairs which once so long ago held baskets of brown country eggs. I would walk into the bedroom under the eaves which I long ago shared with my Nannie. I would marvel at the smallness of the dining room and kitchen, and stand on the rebuilt back porch where I stood so many years ago frightened by the crawling caterpillars. I would roam around the yard where I used to chase my pet red hen. I would, I told myself, visualize the old barn, long ago fallen into ruins, remembering the day Nannie's bull almost killed me, and I would recall the sounds of screams—mine, Daddy's, Mama's, or maybe all three. I would once more in memory walk to my onion patch lovingly holding Nannie's hand. Then we would walk around to the front porch where so often she had rocked me in her chair. There too, in memory, would be my little red rocking
chair which Uncle Edloe Shanks made and gave to me on my first birthday.

Under the shade of the apple trees, I would see my childhood once again--those beautiful, innocent, idyllic days of long ago. All this and much more, I knew I would see.

So yesterday, with memories overflowing the boundaries of my mind, I stepped into the front door of my dream. It was just as I remembered, only seemingly smaller. Even with the additions which have been added over the span of forty years, the house was the same.

In the downstairs bedroom, in which I was born, I could still recall the window curtains that had hung there forty years ago. This room is now the living area somewhat enlarged.

In Nannie's bedroom, I felt as if I were a child again. Oh, the memories I have of sitting in her bed, especially during the night of my brother Lowell's birth. He was born as the last shadows of darkness gave way to the early light of December 11, 1944 after hours and hours of painful labor which Mama barely survived.

Nannie's job that scary night was to make sure that my cousin, Steven Davis, a baby himself, and I were kept safely ensconced in her bedroom. Because of the seriousness of Mama's impending labor, Aunt Thelma had been asked to assist by lending her nursing skills to the delivery. After my birth, also a very hard one for Mama in 1941, there was supposed to have been no more pregnancies. In 1944, Mama was already thirty-seven years old.

To help pass the night and ease her own anxiety, Nannie decided to sort through her old letters and papers, throwing the discarded ones into the stove while keeping an eye on a sleeping baby and a little girl who was supposed to be asleep, but wasn't!

As Mama's screams became louder, Nannie pitched more papers into the little heating stove. As a result, the chimney was ignited and set ablaze by the raging flames.

Sometime during the night, amid all the confusion of birth and fire, I guess I finally fell asleep. Standing by the chimney (flue) yesterday, I could almost feel the heat of that little black stove as I had on that cold night in 1944.

And I could almost "see" Nannie's baskets of brown eggs setting on the two bottom stairsteps, leading upstairs. I almost expected to see the old blue chair tumbling down the stairs -- landing in the eggs, breaking and scattering them, and the little four year old girl watching the scene from higher on the stairs.

I also had not forgotten the corner in which I hid on those nights when a fox would raid the chicken house. I can still hear the voices of Mama or
Nannie saying, "Walter, get the gun. A fox is after the chickens again!" It was then I would run and hide in the corner!

Grapevines now occupy the spot where one summer Nannie helped me plant my onion patch. I harvested all of the onions before they were barely large enough to eat. I can still remember pulling them from the earth.

The barn and chicken houses were long ago torn down, but my close call with the bull and my little red hen are still alive in my memory.

The apple trees no longer stand, to shade the yard and house. But one old gnarled tree gives an indication of the past beauty of the place. Now, only old snapshots of the family taken under their boughs attest to their ever being.

It was time to leave. For an hour, I had relived my first five years of life. My emotions at that moment were very fragile. I felt as if Nannie had walked beside me, holding my hand each step of the way just as she had when I was her "little girl."

In the same spiritual sense in which she had led me back to Rehobeth, she now had led me through the place of my birth, gently, silently, knowingly.

Away above the clouds, far beyond the stars, serenely waiting in Heaven, today Nannie smiles because she knows another of my dreams has come true.

Nannie
Mary Jane Jack Shanks
1946
Aunt Rose, as she was addressed, was Nannie Shanks' oldest child born on 21 July 1896. She married George Leslie Dunford on 17 November 1919 in Lynchburg, Virginia. They were the parents of three sons: George Leslie, Jr., William Earl, and Carl Edward.

I remember Aunt Rose as being a lady who required perfection in all she did. Whether it was her housekeeping chores, her cooking, or any other of her endeavors, she performed them with the highest degree of proficiency and expected others to be as efficient. She required adults to act properly and expected them to exercise politeness and manners at all times. When in her presence, children knew they had better be on their best behavior.

I can remember only two of the houses in which Aunt Rose resided. Each was located in Tyreanna, a suburb of Lynchburg, and in very close proximity to each other. Our family reunions were usually held at her home.

I guess the thing I remember the most about Aunt Rose is the way in which she entertained her guests, especially the ladies of the Home Demonstration Club. It was before one of these meetings that she taught me the correct way to wash and serve a head of lettuce. (I was not used to having "iceberg" lettuce, or head lettuce, at home--only the leaf variety which grew in our garden.)

Whenever Nannie spent time during the summer with Aunt Rose, I tagged along. I can recall the times Aunt Rose rolled my hair on rags after shampooing it on Saturday afternoons in anticipation of Sunday morning's church service.

Two of my favorite reasons for enjoying myself at Aunt Rose's were the variety of foodstuffs and the companionship I shared with my cousin, Wayne Dunford. Wayne was Aunt Rose's grandson and, for a time, he lived permanently with her; consequently, we were good friends and playmates.

And the food -- Aunt Rose had everything I ever dreamed of eating! Each night, before going to bed, we were served huge bowls of ice cream and slices of cake. I especially remember that the kitchen cabinets were always filled with different types of cereals. Before those visits, I had not realized that there were cereals other than Cheerios and Cornflakes!

These visits occurred when I was a very little girl, prior to the times I spent in Richmond with Aunt Edith. The years involved were probably the late 1940's and maybe the early 1950's.
One particular visit I remember occurred when I was about seven. Following the removal of my tonsils, Aunt Rose, who lived near the hospital, cared for me in her home. The arrangements had been made in advance because my parents could not afford to have me stay overnight in the hospital.

I vaguely remember the hospital room and, after surgery, believing myself to be in a bed high in the ceiling. An unidentified lady in the hospital — maybe the parent of the patient in the room with me — gave me a rubber ball. For days afterward, it smelled of the anesthetic, ether; therefore, it was forever known as my "ether ball." I do not recall the drive to Aunt Rose's, but I do remember eating the crushed ice she fed to me throughout the night.

Many of the walls in Aunt Rose's house were painted a bright rose, and everything therein was kept immaculate. I was always especially impressed with the elegance of the dining room complete with silver, crystal, china dishes, and other expensive serving sets.

Aunt Rose and Uncle Leslie owned a little dog possessing the loudest and most ferocious bark possible. I often wondered how such a big bark emitted from such a little dog! Nevertheless, he would always be standing at the gate looking fierce and sounding twice his size. Of course, he scared me and the other children alike.

I always thought of Aunt Rose as a very intimidating lady. I was more than a little afraid of her, but at the same time, I knew she cared for me and was teaching me the correct mode of behavior and the acceptable courses of living.

She suffered from several long-standing medical problems, including an ulcer on her lower leg which never completely healed and a life-long, loosing battle with her weight.

Uncle Leslie was a good and patient husband, never ceasing to care for her well-being. After Aunt Rose's weight prevented her from performing her household chores, he willingly took upon himself the role of cook, dishwasher, and housekeeper.

During a hospital visit with her not long before her death, I held her hands. Never will I forget how soft they were. I remember thinking at the time how beautifully her hands had weathered the ages. At her death in 1977, she was eighty-one years of age.
Aunt Edith married Harry Sterges Margaret on 5 October 1925 in Lynchburg, Virginia. They had three children: Harry Jr., Helen, and Virginia.

I remember Aunt Edith as my "city aunt"—worldly, fashionable, and full of fun. She resembled Mama in physical appearance with the likeness becoming more apparent in later years. I guess, during all the years I knew her, she lived in Richmond, Virginia.

One summer, she invited my brother Lowell and myself for a visit. I don't recall the duration of our stay, but it was for at least one week, and we had great fun.

I was about ten years old, (maybe twelve) that summer—a little girl not used to the ways of city folks, but one ready to learn!

I remember going to the movie, "Red Shoes," with Cousin Helen one evening. The theater was only a few blocks from the house so we walked. I can still recall the excitement I felt as we crossed the streets and hurried through an alley where the gravel crunched under my shoes.

I also thought it was terribly "grown-up" to ride the city bus downtown for an afternoon of shopping. In Thalhimers with Aunt Edith, I rode an escalator for the first time.

Helen and Virginia rode a bus to work each morning. From an upstairs window, I would watch them, dressed in their pretty dresses, board the bus, thinking how elegant was their lifestyle. Yes, how glamorous it all seemed to me—a little girl from the country!

One day Lowell did something which displeased Aunt Edith. His punishment was to sit in the glider/swing on the front porch until she decided he could get up. Poor Lowell! Two hours later Aunt Edith, remembering her directive, rushed to the porch. There in the hot summer sunshine, sat Lowell, with his fair skin by then as red as the hair on his head. Knowing Aunt Edith was a strict disciplinarian, he had not strayed from the swing.

Aunt Edith expected you to know how to do things correctly. For example, she yelled at me for not letting the water drain from the bathtub after finishing my bath, not realizing bathrooms and bathtubs were not a part of my daily life. Having no such convenience at home, I did not know I was supposed to pull the plug!

She also, absolutely, did not tolerate any "backtalk." I tried correcting her once concerning the price of a bag of dog food. I discovered it was the wrong thing to do. Boy, was she mad when I proved I was correct regarding the price! Being a determined little girl even then, I went to the
closet, took out the bag of dog food, and presented it to Aunt Edith, price side showing. Uncle Harry was very amused. I guess he rarely won any arguments with her and therefore enjoyed my victory.

The next time I stayed with Aunt Edith was during the summer of 1955; I had just had my fourteenth birthday. After Uncle Harry’s death some years earlier, she had remarried and was managing a restaurant in downtown Richmond. I had a great time going with her to the restaurant each morning and helping behind the counter. The restaurant was located beside a Richmond dairy; therefore, she introduced me to all the guys who came by on their coffee breaks. For years, I carried around with me the pictures of two fellows I met. Of course, to them, I was only the proprietor’s niece and someone with whom to flirt, but to my young mind, I thought I must surely be falling in love. I never seemed to notice how they also flirted with Aunt Edith!

I look back on those days in the restaurant and see a little girl trying very hard to grow up. I think, maybe, it was one of the happiest summers of my life. I know it was the first time I learned the true meaning of independence as applied to myself. Aunt Edith trusted me and allowed me the freedom I needed to explore my own feelings concerning my life and my future.

Aunt Edith owned a cabin on the Peankatank River and we spent a lot of time there, especially on the weekends. It was at this vacation spot I met my first boyfriend. His name was Ernie, and after returning to our respective homes, we wrote to each other for a while. Mama, feeling that Aunt Edith had allowed me too much freedom during that vacation, always insisted on reading our correspondence.

I never told anyone that while driving back to Richmond after our visits to the cabin on the river, my daring, risk-taking Aunt Edith and I occasionally cruised along Route 60 at 95 miles per hour!

On another visit to the cabin, Cousin Harry Jr. and a group of the younger relatives, including myself, had an exciting, and illegal nighttime race down the river in his motorboat. I can still conjure up in my mind the feel of the wind blowing in my face as we raced through the dark, leaving a path of swirling foam behind.

During that visit at the cabin, I also went on a fishing excursion down the river. I enjoyed the fishing very much, but I had to be the odd one in the group. Instead of catching a fish, I caught an eel!

One night in particular, when I was about sixteen, a large group of the relatives spent a weekend together at the cabin. We slept in the beds, on the floor, on the sofas, and outside in the cars. I remember that Aunt Thelma and Uncle Bill Davis owned a station wagon at the time. They had stopped by, on their way to some other vacation destination, and slept in the car all night.
Mama, being her usual, excessively proper self, complained about a cousin of mine wearing, according to Mama, a pair of "those indecent shorty pajamas." Sitting here today while writing this on paper, I wonder at the type of memories which our minds retain over the years. I wonder why Mama chose my cousin's shorty pajamas as a point of dissension, when in fact, I also was wearing the same style. Mama took a picture of me the next morning while I was still wearing them. I don't believe the pajamas were the object of Mama's scorn at all, but I am sorry she felt the need for attention to such a degree she chose that particular method as a means of getting it.

But back to the vacations with Aunt Edith; they were great! The cabin and the river will always remain a part of my childhood memories.

As I mentioned before, Aunt Edith could be a stern parent, but to be with her was also fun. She was a very expressive person and enjoyed being in the company of other people.

In later years, she shared her home with Harry Jr., his wife June, and their children. Her oldest grandson, Mike, was an adopted child, who in 1984, was mysteriously murdered along with his girlfriend in Richmond, Virginia. This case is still unsolved (1988).

I saw Aunt Edith only twice after she suffered a debilitating stroke. During this period of time, she was confined to a hospital in Richmond. Seeing her so helpless and unable to speak properly upset me greatly. It was then I realized how much she had contributed to my life in terms of social education and self-improvement. I loved her very much.

She had, I think, tried to take some of the "country bumpkin" image out of me by teaching me the social graces and manners necessary to life. She was always reminding me to "hold my shoulders back and to sit up straight." I think she always tried very hard to provide me with opportunities for self-advancement. Social gatherings which she frequently planned supplied interesting insight into the correct methods of entertaining and inter-relating with others easily. She, I think, hoped to introduce me to as many new situations and experiences in life as possible, with the intended result hopefully being one of learned independence and self-sufficiency.

She even introduced me to those horrible, horrible things known as kidney beans! Today, I make a tasty kidney bean salad and enjoy it tremendously. I wonder if I would have ever bought a can off the grocery shelves myself, if Aunt Edith had not insisted I eat them thirty years ago! Also, all those years ago, she said Herman was the quietest man she had ever seen. She should see him today!

I will always think of Aunt Edith as a fun-loving person, quite like myself in temperament and personality, and as a lady who took the time to share her life with my brother Lowell and myself.
My mother, Ruth Elinor Shanks Smoot, was born on 14 July 1907. She married my father, Walter Edward Smoot, on Christmas Eve in 1938 at a parsonage in Lovingston, Virginia. Their marriage lasted thirty-nine years, one month, two weeks, and two days.

My brother, Lowell Clayton, born on 11 December 1944 at 7:20 a.m., and I, Cathy Carson, born on 7 April 1941 at 5:00 a.m. were their only children. Just as a matter of interest, Lowell and I were each born on a Monday in Grandmother Shanks' home located on what is now known as Sunset Drive in Amherst, Virginia.

Doctor Sandidge, a well-remembered country doctor, and Mrs. Richardson of Amherst assisted at my delivery. Mama's labor was long and complicated, the pain made worse probably because of her age. Daddy was overheard saying, "There will never be another pregnancy!" Nevertheless, four years later Lowell arrived. By then Mama was already in her thirty-eighth year.

Because of the impending problems expected to occur with Lowell's delivery, Aunt Thelma Davis, by then a registered nurse, was asked to come and assist the doctor. As expected, the birthing process was a very long and traumatic one, and very hard on Mama physically. This time the doctor was very emphatic in his warnings, advising Mama that she was never to become pregnant again.

I believe Mama was a very complex and private person. Although very pretty, she was not an outgoing person, but rather shy and insecure. I believe she felt life had not been fair to her in the respect that it had not been as fulfilling as she had hoped it would be. I know she had dreams which never became realities and I know she never accomplished some of the things in life to which she had aspired.

Many times she told me that she had wanted to have a career in nursing. For this reason, she encouraged me to look in that direction, but at that time, nursing didn't interest me and I had no desire to make it my life's work. Now, ironically, it would be my choice of professions if I had the opportunity and the ability to so choose.

I think Mama sometimes found Daddy a difficult man with whom to live. He was, and still is, a good man, but when younger had difficulty controlling his temper. In the role of husband and father, Daddy, I believe, felt inadequate and consequently vented his feelings of frustration regarding what he considered his shortcomings at those persons nearest to him.
The relationship between Lowell and Daddy caused Mama much heartache. Like my father, Lowell had a quick temper, not allowing for any compromise between the two. I know Mama felt caught in the middle where they were concerned.

I am sure Daddy loved Mama, but I think she always wished he would have shown it more often. Daddy seemed to be able to express his anger, but very seldom his love or gentleness, even though I'm sure it was his desire to do so.

Even today, having reached the age of eighty-four, Daddy's German heritage will not allow him to reveal his vulnerabilities, but they are there.

Daddy, the grandson of a German immigrant, was brought up inherently believing that a man displays no weakness, a man does not cry.

I have seen my father's gentleness; I have twice seen him cry.

Mama was a hardworking lady all her life. She postponed her married life in order--so she told me--to nurse her father until his death. For a number of months after their marriage, Daddy lived at home with his parents; he subsequently moved into Nannie's home to live with Mama. Mama worked both inside and outside the home during most of her life.

Mama was a good housekeeper. Cooking, canning, taking care of the vegetable garden, and washing clothes on a scrubbing board--later a wringer-type washer--were chores which filled her days. I think she enjoyed cooking and sewing especially. She had a talent for sewing and could make clothes without requiring a store-bought pattern. I can remember the times she ripped apart old clothes and used the pieces as guidelines for patterns she would cut from old newspapers.

One particular Saturday night Mama remained at the machine sewing throughout the night so that I would have a new dress to wear to church on Easter morning. I can see in my mind's eye the little dress as clearly today as I saw it on that Easter Sunday morning thirty odd years ago. It was lavender in color with a hint of muted blue giving the dress an overall effect of being almost, but not quite, violet. It had short puffed sleeves and was trimmed in white lace.

I can recall awaking during the night and seeing Mama sitting at the sewing machine while the rest of the world slept. I am positive that into every stitch she sewed her love. Upon arising with the Easter sunshine, there before me, all hemmed and ironed and beautiful, it waited. During the darkness of the night, Mama had created from a remnant of material a tangible evidence of her love for me. I wonder how many mothers today would be willing to give of their time and lose a night's sleep in order to give their child such an abundance of unselfish love.

I think Mama, at times, felt left out of many things. Because she felt herself to be undereducated socially and intellectually, she was not at ease in the company of certain people.
I believe Mama felt her sisters enjoyed a better lifestyle than she. Many of the luxuries of life were never a part of Mama's environment. The purchasing of new clothes and extras for herself and the home were rare occurrences in those days.

My intention is not to make it sound as if Mama wasn't happy or that her life was one void of any good times. Photographs taken during her early adulthood seem to indicate the presence of friends and laughter especially during the years of her employment as a waitress in the student dining room at Sweet Briar College.

Mama loved her granddaughters and was extremely proud of them and their achievements. She especially hoped to see Debbie graduate from high school and to attend her marriage ceremony, but it wasn't God's will that it should be.

Greg and Debbie became engaged during the last Christmas of Mama's life. The ring was given and accepted on Christmas Day 1977 at her house which in hindsight seems especially important and relevant. By way of sharing in Debbie and Greg's engagement, Mama was witness to a small part of their happiness. In honor of her memory, they chose 14 July, her birthdate, as their wedding day.

Mama liked Greg and with the intention of complimenting him, on one occasion in her unreflecting way, said, "You are the first 'Mays' I've ever liked!" I can only wonder as to the identity of Mama's other unlikeable 'Mays' acquaintances!

I believe Mama's worst trait was possibly her attitude of unwarranted unacceptance and disapproval toward others and their views and lifestyles. I think her attitude stemmed from jealousy regarding her feelings toward her sisters, and from her own lack of material possessions and education. This is my personal opinion based upon my knowledge regarding her personality and lifestyle.

Mama would have loved Tracy and Amanda very much. Two great-granddaughters would have had special meaning for her. Somehow, I have an awareness that she knows about them and rejoices in their being even now.

Each year on Mother's Day, I visit the cemetery and while kneeling beside her grave, I whisper to her my own private thoughts. Somehow it seems to compensate a little for the conversations we should have had, but didn't, while she was alive.

Mama's last days were not easily endured either by herself or the three of us. I hope she knew we were beside her during those last days. As she began to sink in and out of consciousness, she repeatedly called for her sister, Edith, who had died the previous year. Maybe Mama could see Aunt Edith or just felt the need to converse with her; I don't know. I do, however, believe there was a reason for this "calling out" to Aunt Edith,
but the reason, if there was one, shall remain theirs alone; and my assumptions will remain solely my own—unspoken.

Ruth Shanks Smoot, Cathy Smoot (Carson)
Edith Shanks Margaret, Walter E. Smoot
1956/57

Mama ultimately died of a cardiovascular-accident (CVA—a massive stroke). I hope she knew I loved her. It saddens me to know I never told her in so many words after I became an adult. I am trying to teach my granddaughters that there is never a wrong time to say "I love you," and that one is never too old to say the words.

I hope Mama enjoyed happy times in her life; she deserved them. There is so much more I could write concerning her life, but at this point, it is not necessary. Life is composed of many facets and twist and turns of nature. Therefore, who is to judge the quality of one's life in terms of content and purpose? We can only see that which is on the surface (of one's life), and thereby exposed to the world. And in so seeing, we can share in the contributions and memories derived from one's sojourn through his years on earth. We need to determine none other. A person's inner self and his private actions and concepts belong solely between himself and his God. We must not intrude or stand in judgement of what we can't see or understand.

When Lowell was hospitalized during the days between April 1965 and August 1965 as a result of his automobile accident, Mama was terribly upset. For months she drove to the hospital each day. The doctor's
prognosis for Lowell’s recovery was nil. They agreed he could not see or hear. They agreed he was incapable of responding to any stimuli.

Mama would sit for hours holding his hands and talking to him, trying to elicit any type of response, trying to will him back to consciousness. One day there was some movement of his hand and a single tear trickled slowly down his face. Mama believed this was a sign that he heard and was trying to communicate with her. (The more I learn regarding the progress being made, and the subsequent recoveries of a number of brain-damaged children, the more I tend to believe as Mama did. If Lowell had not developed and died of pneumonia, and with proper therapy, who knows what the outcome could have been.)

But we can’t change what has already been written in the pages of history. Although others may disagree with me, I believe nothing is other than it is destined to be. Lowell’s life, for whatever reason, was destined to end as it did, and in so doing, fulfilled some purpose.

As Mama lay dying in 1978, I hope she, too, could hear me softly saying, "Mama, I love you," and in the hearing know it was true.

Mama was buried on a cold winter afternoon in 1978 in the Sardis Cemetery in the western hills of Amherst County, Virginia. On February 11, 1978, she was laid to rest beside my brother who had been buried there on August 25, 1965. Everything seemed so unreal.

As the daylight gave way to dusk, and the stars began to twinkle in the night sky, Daddy bowed his head and for the second time in my life, I saw him cry. His shoulders shook uncontrollably and in a voice broken with grief Daddy said, "Nothing has ever hurt me as much in all my life. Not even when I lost my son did it hurt so much. I have lost my wife and I don't know how I will go on without her."

In his own special way, Daddy truly loved Mama. I hope within her heart, she knew.
When Aunt Thelma Shanks Davis Barker was seven years old, Nannie Shanks left her in the care of Uncle Albert Miller (husband of Clara Jack Miller, Nannie's sister) while she went to visit Aunt Angie Ayres who, at that time, lived near Hot Springs, Virginia.

During the time Nannie was away, Albert sewed a little dress for Aunt Thelma's doll. Aunt Thelma recalls that the material was dark blue and that Albert trimmed the dress with lace.

Clara and Albert had no children of their own. Aunt Thelma remembers them with fondness.

Whenever Nannie Shanks was visiting in the Bath County area, she tried to spend some time with each of the relatives. Angie Vess Ayres, wife of Uncle Billy Ayres, was Nannie's maternal aunt, sister of Sarah Susan Vess.

Reference: Thelma Shanks Davis Barker
VES S/VEST

Individual Family Sheets

1730-1988

Including Concise Data and References
DIRECT* AND INDIRECT VEST/VESS
FAMILY SHEETS

SAMUEL HARVEY VEST I*
Author’s 5th great-grandfather
b. c1730 Rockingham County, Va.
d. 1826 Rockingham County, Va.
m. unknown

Children:
1. Samuel H. II b. 1751-1760
2. Hiram Sr. b. c1775
3. others?
(11; 12)

SAMUEL HARVEY VEST II*
b. c1751-60 Rockingham County, Va.
d. 12 August 1842 Rockbridge County, Va.
m. unknown

Children:
1. John b. c1778
2. Samuel III b. 1781-90
3. William b. c1784
4. Soloman b. c1788
5. Hiram I* b. c1798
6. daughter? b. c1809-11
7. Elizabeth b. c1812?
8. Andrew b. c1815

John (s/o Samuel H. II) married Mary Carthrae on 3 November 1800 in Rockingham County. They had a son, John Jr., a daughter, Elizabeth, and three other children. John lived in Bedford County as early as 1810 and served in the War of 1812. His daughter, Elizabeth, married James MARKHAM in Bedford County, Virginia on 5 April 1823. James was the son of Thomas MARKHAM, Sr. James Markham’s first cousin, Nathaniel Markham, was the father of Susan Markham WELCH. Susan and her husband, William WELCH were the great-great-grandparents of Gwendolyn Welch JOHNSON CAMPBELL, my fifth cousin, once removed, and very dear friend. Susan Markham Welch and my great-grandmother, Sarah Susan Vess JACK were second cousins. (16; 16A; 49, Register 1)
Elizabeth (d/o Samuel H. II) was expecting a child when she married John Morris on 24 February 1847 in Lexington, Virginia. (6) The following agreement was signed prior to their marriage:

JOHN MORRIS and ELIZABETH VEST AGREEMENT

1. Her interest in the land belonging to her father, Samuel Vest II, deceased, plus the interest in Samuel's land belonging to Elizabeth's brother, Andrew Vest (which she had purchased from Andrew)—these possessions of Elizabeth will be "separate from all demands of said John Morris," whom she is about to marry. (i.e., when Elizabeth is married, she can do whatever she wants with the property.)
2. Andrew Hayslett, Sr. is to be the trustee for Elizabeth's unborn child.

Andrew Vest (s/o Samuel H. II) married Harrieta Tolley Goltz, a widow, on 18 January 1853 in Rockbridge County, Virginia.

Solomon Vest (s/o Samuel H. II) married Sarah Reedy on 28 October 1812 in Rockingham County, Virginia.

(8; 9, Db Z-256, Db P-527; 10; 11, WB 10-51; 12A, WB 9-224)

HIRAM VESS I*  
Author's third great-grandfather; Son of Samuel H. II*  
b. c1798  
Rockingham County, Va.  
d.  
m. Julia "Polly" Cohenour  
(d/o Christian)  
Rockbridge County, Va.  
b. 1791-1800  
d.  
Children:  
1. POLLY VESS  
b. 1820  
d.  
m. William Alpin  
no other data  
2. MATILDA VESS  
b. 1824  
d.  
m. Samuel Vest III  
(Her uncle?)  
1836
3. HARVEY VESS
   b. 1822
   d. 
m. #1 Susan Liptrap (d/o Polly) 27 April 1843
   Rockbridge County, Va.
m. #2 Rachel Ailstock 7 January 1850
   Rockbridge County, Va.

4. MATHEW VESS
   b. 1825
   d. 
m. #1 Mary (Polly) Moore no date
   #2 Mary Ann Archer Steele 16 August 1860

5. MADISON VESS
   b. c1826
   d. 
m. Sarah (b. 1822)

Children:
   John T. b. 1847
   Mary J. b. 1849 (1850 Rockbridge Census)

6. GEORGE W. VESS II*
   Author's great-great grandfather; Son of Hiram I*
   b. 1830 Rockbridge County, Va.
   d. 9 August 1862 Battle of Cedar Mountain
      Culpeper, Va.
   m. Sarah Susan Brooks* 7 January 1850
      (d/o George and Edith Turpin Brooks)
      Bath County, Va.
b. 17 November 1822 Bath County, Va.
d. 18 February 1861 Bath County, Va.

Children:
   Mary M. b. 1850 d.
   William B. b. 1853 d.
   Child b. 3 July 1856 d. 4 July 1856
   Indian Draft, Va.
   Sarah Susan* b. 19 January 1857 d. 28 April 1934
Child b. 4 February 1860 d. 4 February 1860
Angelina Ellen b. 4 February 1861 d. 1938

Mary married Jeremiah Hodge (s/o James) near Green Valley, Bath County on 3 December 1873.

William married E. Susan (b. in West Va.)

I do not know where Great-Great-Grandfather George Vess is buried. Since he was killed in battle, his grave site is probably somewhere near Culpeper, Virginia.
(See Children of George W. and Sarah Susan Brooks Vess for more details.)
(2; 2A; 3)

7. ANDREW J. VESS
b. 1828
d.
m. #1 Levinia (Melvinia) Plogger (d/o John and Martha) 21 February 1854
Rockbridge County, Va.
m. #2 Angeline McMullen Ayres** 11 December 1895
Bath County, Va.

**Angeline McMullen Ayres was the daughter of James and Sarah McMullen. Also, I believe she was a sister of Mrs. John Shaw Rhea (Elizabeth McMullen Rhea).

8. LUCINDA VESS
b. c1829
m. Isaac Liptrap 30 October 1845
Rockbridge County, Va.

9. NANCY ELLEN VESS
b. 1830
m. George W. Hamilton 26 December 1848
Rockbridge County, Va.

10. CROSBERRY DUNCAN VESS
See complete data further on in these Vest/Vess Family Sheets.
CHILDREN OF GEORGE W. II and SARAH BROOKS VESS  
Author's great-great-grandparents

1. MARY MARGARET VESS  
b. 1850  
d.  
i.  
m. Jeremiah Hodge  
(s/o James)  
b. November 1845  
3 December 1873  
Bath County, Va.  
Bath County, Va.  
Children:  
George D.  
b. December 1876  
Bath County, Va.  
Sarah  
b. November 1880  
Bath County, Va.  
(2, 1900)

2. WILLIAM B. VESS  
b. 1851/53***  
d.  
i.  
m. E. Susan  
c1870  
Probably in West Va.  
b. 1850  
d.  
i.  
Children:  
Charles F.  
b. 1870  
West Virginia  
James H.  
b. 1872  
Virginia  
George R.  
b. 1873  
Virginia  
J. Rawley  
b. 1875  
Virginia  
Solomon  
b. 1877  
West Virginia  
William B., Jr.  
b. 1880  
West Virginia  
(7A, 1880)

***Pendleton County, West Virginia 1880 Census recorded William's age as 29.

Author's Note:  
Census records indicate that two unnamed children were born to George and Sarah Brooks Vess in Indian Draft, Virginia: one child on 3 July 1856, and one child on 4 February 1860. I have no other documentation of these births.
3. **SARAH SUSAN VESS***
b. 19 January 1857  
d. 28 April 1934  
i. Rehobeth Church Cemetery  
m. George Thomas Jack  
b. c1847  
d. 12 September 1931  

Children: See George T. Jack Individual Family Sheets, JACK Chapter.

4. **ANGELINA ELLEN VESS****
b. 4 February 1861  
d. 9 September 1896  
i.  
m. William Ayres  

****Also spelled "Angeline."

**SAMUEL HARVEY VEST III**  
Brother of Hiram Vess I  
b. c1781-1790  
d. c1850  
m. #1 Mary Lyons**  
(d/o Philip Lyons)  
Reverend Benjamin Erwin, officiating  
m. #2 Matilda Vess  
(d/o Hiram Vess I)  
(Apparently, Matilda was her husband's niece)  

Children: nine with Mary; five with Matilda.

1. **HIRAM VEST II**  
Nephew of Hiram Vess I  
b. c1800  
d.
2. GEORGE W. VESS I
   carpenter and cooper
   b. c1804
   d.
   m. Jane Elliott (d/o William/Hannah Johnston)
      March 1840
   Children: nine daughters

Hiram Vest II and George W. Vest I may have been twins.

In 1840, Hiram II (with 3 children) and George W. I and their wives lived together. Later George and his large family lived in Collierstown. The wives of Hiram II and George I were sisters.

**Death records were not recorded until about 1852, so there is no death record for Samuel Vest III's first wife, Mary Lyons Vest. However, in the will of her father, Philip Lyons, he mentions that his daughter, Mary, had predeceased him.

3. LEVI VESS
   b. c1806
   d.
   m. Elizabeth Bias 14 August 1834
      Children: twelve

4. ADDISON VESS
   b. c1807
   d.
   m. Hannah Standoff (d/o Henry/Ester Hyman Standoff)
      7 April 1828
      (Addison needed his father's permission to marry)

5. WILLIAM H. (or A.) VESS
   b. c1809
   d.
   m. Sarah Nowell (d/o John) 27 September 1832
      Children: See Indian Connections in Rockbridge County, VESS Chapter.
6. SAMUEL HARVEY VESS IV  
b. c1811  
d.  
m. Elizabeth Ford  
  (d/o James and Ann Standoff Ford)  
  28 February 1832  
  Rockbridge County, Va.  
  (A. B. Davidson, Presby.)  
  
  Children: See Children of Samuel H. Vest IV, this section.  

7. JOHN HARVEY VESS  
b. c1814  
d.  
m. Matilda Morris  
  (d/o William, dec'd)  
  31 December 1845  
  Rockbridge County, Va.  
  
  Children: none  

8. MARGARET VESS  
b. c1818  
d.  
m. Adam Wilhelm  
  (gs/o Adam)  
  10 December 1845  
  Rockbridge County, Va.  

9. MARY VESS  
b. c1820  
d.  
m. Archibald Rowsey  
  (s/o Henry)  
  17 April 1846  
  Rockbridge County, Va.  

10. JACOB H. VESS  
b. October 1839  
d.  
m. #1 Margaret C. Bethel  
  9 October 1866  
  Fairview, Bath County, Va.  
  
m. #2 Sarah H. Armentrout  
  (widow)  
  30 December 1903  
  Bath County, Va.  

11. HANNAH ELIZABETH VESS  
b. c1841  
d.  
  no data  

12. WILLIAM P. (PAXTON?) VESS  
  no data  

13. ZARUBABEL (ROBERT B.) VESS  
b. 18 December 1846  
d. 16 September 1913  
  Bath County, Va.  

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i. Mount Mary Cemetery, Bath County, Va
   (just south of Deerfield)
m. Sarah Catherine Taylor
   b. 9 February 1848
   d. 14 December 1922
   i. Mount Mary Cemetery, Bath County, Va.
   (See further data regarding Zarubabel in VESS History and JACK History.)

14. MATILDA (ANNIE) VESS
   b. 9 April 1850
   d. 24 January 1915
   i. Mount Mary Cemetery, Bath County, Va.
   m. Probably unmarried, no other data
   (3; 6; DB-P-52-7 (Aug. 1826); 10; 11, WB-10-51; 11, WB-9-224 (Nov. 1842)

Numbered references correspond to the VESS Individual Family Sheet References.

CHILDREN OF HIRAM VEST II
Son of Samuel H. III
1. MARY J. (ELIZABETH) VESS
   b. 1836
   d.
   m. Samuel D. Moore 17 July 1859

2. JOHN W. VESS
   b. 1839
   d.
   m.

3. SARAH E. VESS
   b. 1840
   d.
   m. Andrew Hayslett, Sr. 19 December 1859
   Rockbridge County, Va.
   (Sarah was his second wife)

4. ISABELLA VESS
   b. c1841
   d.
   m.

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5. NANCY A. VESS  
b. 1847/48  
d.  
m. Isaac Bane  
(s/o R./S. Bane)  
25 October 1871  
Rockbridge County, Va.  
6. RACHEL H. VESS  
b. 1850  
d.  
m.  
no other data  
25 October 1871  
Rockbridge County, Va.  
7. AMERICA MARGARET VESS  
b. 7 August 1854  
d.  
m. Dorman Hayslett  
(s/o John/Polly)  
29 August 1870  
Rockbridge County, Va.  
8. MARGARET V. (MAGGIE) VESS  
b. 1862  
d.  
m. Benjamin Camden  
(s/o G. W./ N. F.)  
2 March 1881  
Rockbridge County, Va.  

CHILDREN OF SAMUEL HARVEY VEST IV  
Son of Samuel H. Vest III  

1. Margaret N.  
b. c1834  
m. Unknown  
2. Sarah Jane  
b. c1836  
m. David F. Siron  
(s/o Nathaniel/Hannah)  
3 June 1858  
Rockbridge County, Va.  
3. Hannah (Hank)  
Elizabeth  
b. 1837  
m. Lewis Entsminger  
(s/o Alex/Mary)  
16 July 1856  
Rockbridge County, Va.  
4. Mary Margaret  
b. c1840  
m. Fred A. Carter  
(s/o Fred/Polly S.)  
21 January 1868  
Rockbridge County, Va.  
Fred was a blacksmith in Bedford Co.
5. James M. b. c1842 m. Hannah M. Ackerly (d/o Stephen S.) 12 November 1869
6. David J. b. c1844 m. Martha Irvine (d/o James/Nancy) 29 August 1867
7. Samuel G. (carpenter) b. c1846 m. Mary Knick (d/o John/Polly Tolley Knick) 26 March 1876
8. Nancy E. b. c1848 m. Unknown
9. William b. c1854 m. Unknown

CROSBERY (CAUSBERRY) DUNCAN (DUNK) VESS***
Son of Hiram I and Julia; shoemaker
b. August 1832/34 Alleghany County, Va.
d.
m. #1 Virginia (Vergie) Plott 17 April 1856 Rockbridge County, Va.
(d/o Abraham/Polly)
(Abraham was the s/o Henry and Catharine Enstminger Plott)
b. 1831 (Vergie) Rockbridge County, Va.
d. c1875 Rockbridge County, Va.

m. #2 Georgianna Lowman 12 April 1877 Rockbridge County, Va.
(d/o James C./E. J.)
b. 1842 (Record listed Georgianna as "a 24 year old spinster" and "Dunk" gave his age as 42 years.)
d. before 1893

m. #3 Sydney Ann Nicely Madison 21 December 1893 Bath County, Va.
(d/o George/Eliz. Nicely)
b. March 1840 (or 1844) Bath County, Va.
d.

CHILDREN of CROSBERY and VIRGINIA:
1. Theodore A. b. 1858 d. 20 Feb. 1910
2. Samuel M. Howard b. 30 May 1862 d. 20 Feb. 1910
3. Emma V. b. 1864 d. 20 Feb. 1910
4. John Calvin b. 11 November 1868 d. 29 Jan. 1941
5. Mattie A. b. 1872
6. Luther b. 1874
CHILDREN of CROSBERY and GEORGIANNA:
1. James Howard  b. 1878
2. Ferda W.  b. 1879 (October)
3. Joseph F./Floyd J.  b. 1881 (January)

***Several different versions of his name appear on the records regarding C. D. Vess, eg. Causberry, Cropberry, and the most likely correct version, Crosberry. Crosberry is the spelling recorded on his Civil War records on file in the National Archives in Washington, D. C. Usually he was referred to as "Dunk."
(2; 3; 4; 8; 10)

CHILDREN of CROSBERY and SYDNEY ANN:
No children listed

CHILDREN OF CROSBERY (DUNK) VESS
1. THEODORE A. VESS
   b. 1858
   d.
   i.
   m. Johanna McCullough

Children:
   Hattie  b. 1886
  Dove  b. c1897
Jessie  b. 1888
Drothy b. no data
Sallie  b. 28 August 1886
Lewis b. no data

16 August 1883
Lexington
Rockbridge County, Va.

Dove married ____________ Ross. Their children were: George, Ollie, and Joseph.

Jessie married #1 Hattie Putnam (d/o John Putnam) on 23 October 1915 in Staunton Baptist Church, Staunton, Virginia. Hattie was born in 1882/83 in Bath County, Virginia.

Drothy married _________ Kale.

Sallie married George Edward Hostetter on 1 May 1907 in Lexington, Virginia. She was interred in the New Monmouth Presbyterian Church Cemetery, Kerr's Creek, Rockbridge County, Virginia. Sallie’s name is
inscribed on her gravestone as Sallie VEST Hostetter. Her husband, George Edward Hostetter, was born on 13 July 1882 and died on 19 February 1951.

2. SAMUEL M. (HOWARD) VESS
   b. 1862
   d. 20 February 1910
   i. Millboro Christian Church Cemetery
      Bath County, Va.
   m. Elizabeth Rowsey
      (d/o Lafayette/M.A.)
      Rockbridge County, Va.
   Children:
      no data

3. EMMA VESS
   b. 1864
   d.
   i.
   m. Andrew P. Hayslett, Jr.
      (s/o A./E. Hayslett)
      Rockbridge County, Va.
   Children:
      Andy b. no data
      Myrtle b.
      m. Wallace Landers

4. JOHN CALVIN VESS
   Constable of Bath County
   b. 11 November 1868
   d. 29 January 1941
   i. Windy Cove Cemetery
   m. Mattie J. Rowsey (Martha)
      (d/o Henry/Nancy Hostetter Rowsey)
      Rockbridge County, Va.
      Rev. Rumburg officiated
   Children:
      Henry Ruffner, Sr. b. 14 May 1899
      Emory Nickol b. 25 July 1897
      Lemma Virginia b. 2 June 1905
      Otho Talmadge b. 28 November 1907
      Ernest Woodrow b. 3 November 1910
      Emma Louis b. 9 September 1915
      (stillborn)
      Bath County, Va.
      d. 11 December 1971
      d. 26 May 1985
      d.
      d.
      d.
      d. 9 September 1915

Author's Note:
   Emory Vess, before his death, said there was another child by the name of Guyotha, who died as an infant.
No data

Mattie A. Vess was listed as C. D. Vess' daughter in the 1880 Rockbridge County Census. I found no other mention of her in the public records.

6. LUTHER VESS
b. 1874
d.
i.
m.__________________________ 21 October 1896

"at Martha's residence"
Bath County, Va.

Children:
no data

7. JAMES HOWARD VESS
b. 1878
d.
i.
m. Mamie Lair 1901

Children:
    Florence b. 1902
    Elbert b. 1904
    Charles L. b. 1906
    Marian b. c1910

8. FERDA W. VESS (m)
b. October 1879 No other data

9. JOSEPH F. VESS
(Probably also called FLOYD J. VESS)
b. January 1881
d.
i.
m. _________ Keller 26 December 1906
Millboro, Va.
MADISON, BROZILLA E., age 27, divorced, (d/o George E./Sydney A. Madison) married
ROBERTSON, STEPHEN B. (s/o Stephen F./Frannie A.)

Apparently, Brozilda was the daughter of Sydney Ann Nicely Madison Vess and her first husband, George Madison.

CHILDREN OF JOHN CALVIN VESSION: Son of Crosberry Vess

1. EMORY NICKOL VESSION
   b. 25 July 1897
   d. 26 May 1985
   i. Millboro Christian Church Cemetery
   m. Louise Roscoe Marshall (d/o Robert A./Ida C.)

   8 July 1925
   Staunton, Va.

   Children:
   Eugene Hileman b. 5 May 1928 d. 2 Feb. 1934
   Melba Louise b. 3 January 1930
   Gamett Reed b. 14 August 1934
   Alice Virginia b. 18 January 1938
   Betty Lou b. 11 October 1939

2. HENRY RUFFNER VESSION, SR.
   b. 14 May 1899
   d. 11 August 1971
   i. Rockbridge Memorial Park
   m. Margaret Frances Windsor (d/o Alexander/Mattie Pelter Windsor)

   5 November 1929
   Lexington, Va.

   b. 27 August 1909

   Children:
   Henry Ruffner, Jr. b. 19 March 1932
   James Emmett b. 13 June 1939
3. LEMMA VIRGINIA VESS
b. 2 June 1905
d.
i. Ohio
m. Otto Carter
(s/o Charles L./Lenora)
Rev. O. M. Anderson officiated
15 November 1923
Millboro, Va.

4. OTHO TALMADGE VESS
b. 28 November 1907
d.m. #1 Virginia Neff
#2 Mary Virginia Mitchell, (divorced)
(d/o John L./Mary Black)
22 August 1961
Bath County, Va.

5. ERNEST WOODROW VESS
b. 3 November 1910
d.m. Never married

6. EMMA LOUIS VESS
b. 9 September 1915
d. 9 September 1915
(prolapse of umbilical cord; Dr. Edmund, Physician)
i. Big Springs Cemetery
Bath County, Va.

7. GUYOTHA VESS
b. c1912
d. as an infant
(1A; 2A; 3; 4; 8; 13; 14)
No other data

John Calvin Vess
11 November 1868 -
29 January 1941
GRANDCHILDREN and GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN OF JOHN CALVIN VESS

1. HENRY RUFFNER VESS, JR.
   b. 19 March 1932
   m. Doris Leigh Addison 18 December 1953
   b. 19 June 1935
   Children:
   Henry R. III b. 5 July 1956
   Russell b. 25 January 1962

2. JAMES EMMETT VESS
   b. 13 June 1939
   m. Lois Bowyer
   Children:
   Gregory
   Angelina m. Joseph Anthony Studerbaker 3 October 1986

3. GARNETT VESS
   b. 14 August 1934
   m. #1 Elinor Warlitner (deceased)
   #2
   Children:
   Dalton No other data
   Sherry
   Darrell
   Rodney
   Oliva
   Lisa
   Michael

4. MELBA LOUISE (BOBBIE) VESS
   b. 1 January 1930
   m. Paul B. Forbes
   Children:
   Ronnie
   Janet
5. ALICE VIRGINIA VESS  
   b. 18 January 1938  
   m. Richard E. Nichols  

   Children:  
   - Ricky  
   - Tonia

6. CATHERINE M. VESS  
   b. 17 February 1936  
   m. Kenneth R. Windsor  

   Children:  
   - Vickie  
   - Donna

7. BETTY LOU VESS  
   b. 11 October 1939  
   m. Ralph McGlothlin  

   Children:  
   - Gloria  
   - Louise  
   - Patricia  
   - Rhonda  
   - Kathy  
   - Junior  
   - Jeffrey

8. EUGENE VESS  
   b. 5 May 1928  
   d. 2 February 1934  
   i. Millboro Christian Church Cemetery Bath County, Va.  

   (2; 3; 4; 5; 10; 12; 13; 45)
VESS DESCENDANTS--INCOMPLETE
GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN OF
JOHN CALVIN VESS

Children of Ronnie and Pamela Forbes:
  Lawanda
  Bobbie Jo
  Shawnna

Children of Craig and Janet Plecker:
  Shannan
  Christopher

Children of Randy and Eugenia Forbes:
  Ryan
  Cody

Children of Dennis and Stephanie Forbes:
  Nathan

Children of Dalton and Janet Vess:
  Reed
  Derick

Children of Alan and Sherry Lowry:
  Deena
  Glen
  Michael

Children of Darrell and Mary Vess:
  Sandy

Children of Rodney and Jennifer Vess:
  Daniel

Children of Jeff and Oliva Gibson:
  Karen
  Sharon

Children of George and Lisa Lotts:
  Jennifer
  Cindy
Lindy

Children of Julian and Donna Wolfe:
  Melissa

Children of Warren and Tonia Henry:
  Samantha
  Adam

Children of Donnie and Gloria Bryan:
  Heather

Children of William and Louise Wolfe:
  Crystal
  William
  Corey
  Tiffany

Children of Roger and Audrey Ruley:
  Jennifer
  Stacey

Children of Patricia McGlothlin:
  David

Children of Joe and Rhonda Grimm:
  Danny

Children of Kathy McGlothlin:
  Travis

Children of Henry Ruffner Vess, III:
  Jeremiah William (b. 14 June 1979)

(14)
HENRY ROWSEY
Maternal great-grandfather of Henry R. Vess, Jr.

Children:

Lydia b. m. William (Bump) Dale
Molly b. never married
Bessie b. m. John Seay
Mattie b. 18 June 1874) m. John Calvin Vess

m. #2 Georgia Ann Gibson

After Henry's death, Georgia Ann Gibson Rowsey married Wyman Ailstock. Aunt Angie remembers that Georgia Ann told fortunes by reading tea leaves. Aunt Angie and Mary Ann Loan Jack would often go to Georgia's home for this purpose. Aunt Angie remembers that she and Mary were very impressed with the "readings" and, therefore, drank many cups of tea. Years later, Aunt Angie's daughters, Isabelle and Ardelia, also went to Georgia Ann to have their fortunes told.

Martin and Mary Ann Loan Jack rented their home on Mill Mountain from the Gibsons.

William and Lydia Rowsey Dale had one son named Earl Dale.

Mattie Rowsey, the daughter of Henry Vess' maternal great-grandparents, Henry and Nancy Hostetter Rowsey, married John Calvin Vess, Henry Vess' paternal grandfather.

***Andrew and Polly Moore Hostetter were married on 23 October 1839. Andrew was born on 11 September 1818. (5; 13; 14)
REFERENCES

1. Allegheny County, Virginia Marriages
1A. Augusta County, Virginia Marriages
2. Bath County 1860-1900 Censuses
2A. Bath County Death Records
3. Bath County Marriage Records
4. Gravestone inscriptions--Millboro, Va., Windy Cove
5. Jack Family Members
6. "LEXINGTON GAZETTE," Rockbridge County, Virginia
7. National Archives, Washington, D. C.
7A. Pendleton County, West Virginia 1880 Census
8. Rockbridge County 1830-1850-1880 Censuses
9. Rockbridge County Deedbooks
10. Rockbridge County Marriage Records, Register I
11. Rockbridge County Wills
12. Rockingham County 1810 Census
12A. Rockingham Marriage Bonds and Minister's Returns
13. Emory Vess
14. Vess Family Members
EMORY NICKOL VESS
A PROFILE

Author's Note:
The following profile about Emory Nickol Vess, written prior to his death, was completed the day after our introduction to each other on May 18, 1985. Each word and every story which Emory recalled and recounted to me on that special day is imprinted in my memory.

I was able to see him only that one time. Eight days after our meeting, Emory died. On Sunday, May 26, 1985, his allotted time on earth was ended, and we were left with only our memories of him -- memories of both long and short duration.

"A Remembrance" was written two days after Emory's death. The details contained therein are exact.

Yesterday I traveled to the beautiful mountains of western Virginia where most of my transplanted roots grew and died. There on the Bath County side of Mill Mountain, I met a man who made and left a deep and lasting impression on my mind. During the researching of my family history, only one other old gentleman--Ernest Shanks, my first cousin, once removed--touched my heart to such a degree as did Emory Nickol Vess. At one time, these two men were acquaintances.

Sometimes in life you meet a person and immediately feel an emotional awareness which draws you together. Yesterday, because of the favorable acceptance and approval I received, I felt this sense of awareness between Emory Nickol Vess and myself.

Emory Vess was born on 25 July 1897 in Rockbridge County, Virginia. He was the first-born son of John Calvin and Mattie Rowsey Vess. He moved with his family to Bath County in November of 1910 and has lived there all his life.

Emory is, today, an old man in age and body, but young in his heart and mind. Around him is an aura of the past but also a conscious knowing of the present. Still in his eyes, you see the sparks of his youth and in his voice, deep even with age, you hear the authority of a well-spoken man. In his bearing and carriage, you see the qualities of a man well-respected by his family, friends, and neighbors.

Emory has his opinions on the quality of life in today's society and speaks of them openly. Among the products which he advises discarding are cigarettes and beer. Interestingly, he makes a distinction between beer and whiskey. Another "non productive" person who Emory would discard is our present United States President!
He makes a special effort to insure that one knows his name is Emory Nickol as opposed to Emmery Nickell as recorded in a family Bible.

He is a man who enjoys talking. Even at the age of 87, he can recall and recount in detail many stories including ones concerning the spirit world. He says he has seen many apparitions during his years in Bath County. This impressed me because I, too, have seen and do not discount such "beings."

Emory recalls "Old Lee Shanks," my great-grandfather. Also he remembers the Jacks, Brights, and Groahs (Crows). Such memories he has stored away in his head! He remembers when Millboro was a thriving lumbertown, with the wagons of lumber lined one-behind-the-other at the train depot; the rowdy men sleeping overnight with their horses and wagons; and my Jack relatives lining the streets.

Maybe in this profile, I should not disclose his thoughts of the Groahs. That can be our secret! As for the Shanks, Emory said, "They (the men) were all as mean as rattlesnakes!" I guess each man is entitled to his opinion!

I could say much more about Emory Vess in this profile, but I guess by now you know how I feel about him. After being in his home for only a few hours, I feel as if I've known him for years. Here is a man advanced in years, no longer able to perform the work he once did; a man who has had, I am sure, a lot of happiness and his share of sorrow in life; a man with love and faith still showing in his weathered face and above all else, a man who took time to meet me, answer my questions, and tell me stories about the past which I so dearly appreciated. But most of all, he felt close enough to me and accepted me enough to jokingly call my research "junk" knowing I would understand his teasing!
It was Sunday morning, May 26, 1985. About 11:15 a.m., Reverend Eugene Campbell asked the congregation gathered in Cornerstone Baptist Church to bow their heads for his morning prayer.

Nine members of the Emory Vess family bowed their heads. Seated together on the same pew near the back of the church were seven of these nine members. Some were his close relatives, some more distant, but each loving him in his or her own special way.

With their heads bowed, each family member, I am certain, was thinking of Emory and whispering for him a silent prayer. "Dear God, please take care of Emory," one member silently prayed. And while the choir and congregation softly sang the hymn, "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms," God peacefully took Emory home.
Samuel H. Vest II was the eldest son of an earlier Samuel H. Vest, who died intestate in Rockbridge County in 1826. Samuel Vest II had a brother, Hiram, who I refer to as Hiram, Sr. within this history. Hiram, Sr. lived in Rockingham County, married Betsy Welchorn in that county in 1809, was administrator of his father’s estate, and did not follow the rest of his family to Rockbridge County, Virginia.

Samuel II and Hiram, Sr. may have had a brother named John and other siblings. In any event, by the settlement of Samuel I's will in 1826, his son, Samuel II, acquired all of his father's lands. (44A, DB P-57-7 August 1826) He moved to Rockbridge County about 1815.

Samuel II's oldest son, John, was cited as a hero in the War of 1812, married Mary Carthrae on 3 November 1800, and fathered at least three children: Elizabeth, John, Jr., and Rachel. Rachel married James Daft on 26 October 1837 in Rockbridge County. John, Sr. lived in Bedford County as early as 1810, while John, Jr. (b. c1800) lived in Rockbridge County in 1840. (16A; 45; 46, 1840) (Refer to John Vess, VESS/VEST Individual Family Sheets.)

Samuel H. Vest II also had a son, whom he named Samuel H. Vest III, which further added to the confusion of documenting these family groups! And, yes, there was a Samuel H. Vest IV also! He and his wife, Elizabeth Ford Vess, lived in Rockbridge County in 1840 with their three daughters, later having six or seven more children. (45; 46; 47) (Note the simultaneous usage of the names Vest and Vess.)

By 1840, Samuel II was a widower living in Rockbridge County. With him resided his grandson Levi and Levi's wife, Betsy Bias Vest, and their three children. (46, 1840) Samuel II fathered at least nine children and died in Rockbridge County in 1842. I have no data regarding his wife, whose name I, likewise, do not know.

After Samuel II's death, his sons and descendants began spelling their surname as both VEST and VESS, with the children of Hiram I mainly choosing VESS, while Samuel III and his descendents were noted by either version. Hiram Vest, Sr. of Rockingham County continued using the name VEST. (44A; 44B; 45)

Samuel H. Vest III had eleven children by his first wife Mary Lyons (see family sheets), and six more by his second wife, Matilda Vess. When Matilda remarried in 1852 (she married James Jack), Hiram Vess I (b/o Samuel Vest III) gave his consent. Does this mean that Matilda was Samuel Vest III's niece as well as his wife? (See Hiram Vess I, Family Sheet) (14; 61, WB 10-51, 12 Nov. 1842; 46)

Hiram Vess I was my great-great-great-grandfather. He was born c1798 and married Julia "Polly" Cohenour on 22 June 1819 in Rockbridge County.
County, Virginia. They were the parents of ten children, including my
great-great-grandfather, George W. Vess, who was killed during the Civil
War at the Battle of Cedar Mountain, and Crosberry (Causberry) Duncan
Vess, great-grandfather of Henry R. Vess, Jr., who now resides in
Amherst County, Virginia.

Much of the Vess history is interwoven with that of the JACk's;
therefore, I will not repeat it here. Together, with other family related data,
I have also incorporated a lot of VESS history in the CIVIL WAR Chapter
of this book. (Also refer to the RHEA Relationships.)

Numbered references correspond to the SHANKS, JACK, VESS,
BRIGHT, RHEA, HARDWICK, PUTNAM, and FAUCETT History
References.

ZARUBABEL (ROBERT B.) VESS
Son (sons) of Samuel H. III and Matilda Vess

The 1860 Bath County Census lists Robert Vess as a member of the
James and Matilda Vess Jack household. (Matilda Vess, widow, had
married James Jack in 1852.) Robert's brother, Zarubabel, was not listed
in this census. In the 1870 Bath County Census and thereafter,
Zarubabel's name was listed, and Robert's name wasn't. According to his
gravestone inscription (in Mount Mary Cemetery, Bath County) Z.B. Vess
was born 18 December 1846. According to the 1860 census, Robert was
born c1847.

At first, Molly believed Zarubabel's middle initial was a "B," but on
closer inspection of the marriage and census records, she decided that
perhaps it was an "R." Conceivably, he was Robert Zarubabel B. Vess
and dropped the Robert; or, maybe he simply reversed the two names. Of
course there is always the chance that Robert died between 1860 and 1870.
However, due to the fact that we could not find a death record or other data
pertaining to a Robert Vess, I am assuming that Robert and Zarubabel
Vess were not two, but the same man—Robert Zarubabel B. Vess.

Zarubabel married Sarah Catherine Douglas Taylor on 3 December
1872 in Bath County, Virginia. Sarah was born in Highland County on 9
February 1848. They adopted two children.

The name "Robert" must have been one of Matilda's favorites; in
1859, she and James Jack, her second husband, named their youngest
child "Robert!" (Refer to James Jack, JACK Chapter.)

(12A; 14; 15; 31; 46)
1870 ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY CENSUS--BUFFALO TOWNSHIP
(as recorded)

VESS, Hiram  70
Margaret  52
Margaret V.  8

HAYSLETT, Henry  10
Dorman  12
Stuart M.  1

(Three children of Andrew and Sarah E. Vess Hayslett?)
(See Children of Hiram Vess II -- Sarah E. Vess.)

INDIAN CONNECTIONS IN ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY

Crosberry (or Causberry) D. Vess' first wife, Virginia (Virgie) Plott, daughter of Abraham and Polly Gaylor Plott, may have had Indian ancestors. The Gaylor (Kaylor) family was German, but Molly was unable to find the Plotts on any ship immigrating to America. Nor were they listed in the deed index of either Bath or Rockbridge Counties--suggestive--since Indians usually did not own land.

The Lowmans are suspect too. In Bath County on 9 April 1838, Lewis LOWN married Rebecca H. Rhea (d/o Thomas Turk Rhea); and on 30 October 1837 Rachel LORM married William FRY. I have noticed that people in Bath County pronounce LOWMAN as LORM or LARM. Also, there are families in the area writing their name as LOAN. This, also, is suspect because the spelling of Indian names seemed to be even less consistent than those of the general population, for instance, DAFF-DART-DARFT-DUFF and MEHANE-MEBANE-MAHONE. Now, LOWMAN-LOWN-LORM! Maybe Dunk's second wife, Georgeanna, was an Indian maiden, too! Of course, this is not documented although Emory Vess did say there was Indian ancestry in the Vess family.

Another Indian connection is suspect in the Samuel A. Vess family through their connections with the Hostetters whose Indian ancestry has been documented. The Vess and Hostetter families intermarried throughout several generations. (46)

WILLIAM H. VESS
Son of Samuel H. Vess III
b. c. 1809
m. Sarah Nowell  27 December 1832
(d/o John)  Rockbridge County, Va.
Children:

- Samuel A. b. 1834
- John b. 1836
- William A. b. 1838
- Sarah A. b. 1841
- Amanda b. 1844 (twins)
- James F. b. 1844
- Calvin W. b. 1848
- George B. b. 1851
- Nancy b. 1854

SAMUEL A. VESS
Son of William H. Vess
b. 1834
m. Bathsheba Hostetter 12 February 1863
(d/o David and either wife #1 Margaret Standoff Hostetter or wife #2 Jane Hughes Hostetter)

Children:

- Lee Johnson b. 1864 listed as “colored” in 1892
- Alexander “Mack” b. 1866 listed as “white” in 1894
- Others (?)

The Rockbridge County Marriage Register #2 has this entry:
Lee Johnson Vess, 28, colored* (s/o Samuel/Sheba Vess), married Rebecca Lee Hostetter, 20, (d/o George/Sallie Vess Hostetter) on 6 June 1892. Rebecca was the great-granddaughter of Crosberry Vess and his wife #1, Virginia (Vergie) Plott Vess. (See above.)

Alexander “Mack” Vess (s/o Samuel /Sheba Vess) married Caroline Frances Goodbar in 1894, at which time he was classified “white” as opposed to his brother Lee’s classification “colored.” (46, #2)

*When there are two brothers (or family members) and one is listed colored and the other listed white, the assumption is that “colored” means “Indian.” People having Negro ancestry never were listed as white. If one brother is white, it’s unlikely the other is black, but they each could be Indian! Indians were often labeled “colored,” “mulatto,” or “other.”

David and Samuel M. Marshall were official witnesses at the marriage of two JOHNS girls (Indians), who had been born in Amherst County. I would, therefore, assume the Marshalls and Johns were friends, probably relatives. (14)
On 26 October 1837 (Rockbridge Co.) Rachel Vess (d/o John Vest/Vess), married James DAFF. (45) In the immigration reports, I could not find a single DAFF or DAFT entering the country--another reason to believe they were probably, at least, part Indian. In the Augusta County 1850 Census, Margaret Daff, wife of Philip Groah II, was listed as a mulatto. (Refer to GROAH/CROW Chapter.)

MARTHA ANNA J. VESS, daughter of Jacob H. and Margaret C. Bethel Vess, was born on 4 May 1867/68. She married John Wood, a widower, on 14 April 1887 in Bath County, Virginia. (14) They had one child, Ethel J., born in February 1897.

The 1900 BATH COUNTY CENSUS lists this household:

VESS, Jacob H. Head of household Farmer
WOOD, Annie J. daughter
WOOD, Ethel granddaughter
ROWZIE, Hallie* female (b. May 1884, adopted daughter)
ROWZIE, George W.* male (b. July 1881, adopted son)
(15, 1900)

*In 1910 Census, listed as Hallie and George W. VESS.
Emory Nickol Vess (s/o John Calvin Vess) and Raymond Shanks (gs/o Letasse Shanks) were called to register for World War I on the same day. Emory N. Vess died on 26 May 1985--only eight days after Henry Vess had driven with Herman and me to Millboro, Virginia for the sole purpose of introducing us to his uncle Emory. (Refer to Emory N. Vess)

Emma VESS (d/o C. D. Vess) married Andrew Hayslett, Jr. The following data is recorded on their marriage license: Emma V. VEST (b. 1864/65, d/o C. D. and Virgie) married in Rockbridge County, Virginia on 1 October 1884, Andrew P. HAYSLETT, Jr., age 21 (s/o A. Hayslett and E.)

Emma Louis VESS (d/o John Calvin Vess) died on the day of her birth, 9 September 1915. I think she was probably named after her father's older sister, Emma Vess Hayslett, who had perhaps died shortly before September 1915. (45; 48A)

Sarah Susan Vess was raised after her parents' deaths by John Shaw Rhea II. The Rhea family had been German Quakers for generations.

The Faucett (Fossett) family were also Quakers (quoted in the 1870 census). In Wayland's book, "The German Element In The Shenandoah Valley," there is a story included about the time that Mr. Faucett was asked how he could be a Quaker (by definition a conscientious objector) and still manufacture cannonballs at his furnace! Mr. Faucett replied, "I am an American Quaker of the times." Somehow his patriotism overcame any scruples he had about shooting cannonballs at the British during the Revolution.

So, it would seem that both my great-grandmother, Sarah Susan Vess Jack, and great-grandfather, George Thomas Jack, were raised in separate Quaker homes by Quaker step-parents, i.e. Shaw Rhea and Albert Faucett.

Author's Note:
Remember Abraham and Betsy Jack were most likely German Quakers. (See JACK Chapter.)

Numbered references correspond with the JACK, SHANKS, VESS, RHEA, HARDWICK, BRIGHT, PUTNAM, and FAUCETT History References.
THE MAKING OF A MIRACLE

July 27, 1985 was a special day in my life. That particular Saturday morning dawned wet and foggy, showing no signs of becoming drier. I had lain awake since 4:30 a.m., the anticipation of the day expelling any further hope of sleep.

At 7:30 a.m., after driving up Route 130 W. and meeting my recently discovered cousin, Henry Vess, we headed to Big Island, Virginia. There we picked up his mother, Margaret Vess, a charming and delightful lady of some seventy-odd years.

The three of us were on our way to Lexington, Virginia. There, at the Holiday Inn, waited a lady to whom I owe a great amount of thanks and appreciation. Molly Oliver was then and still is the backbone of my research regarding this book.

At last I was going to meet this lady. My hands were wet with nervousness, and I pleaded, "Henry, if you have ever talked, please talk now. Help me if this meeting falters." Knowingly, but with his usual teasing attitude, he answered, "Me talk? You're the one who has written and conversed on the telephone with the lady for three years!"

By then we were at the door. Room 103. The door opened and there she stood, all five feet of her! She extended her arms to me. We hugged each other! Then she and Henry exchanged greetings and also hugs! Henry, Cathy, Molly--together at last! I don't know why I had been so nervous. She was the same Molly with whom I had talked for years. I remember thinking, "Gosh, you are short!"

After all of this excitement, Henry excused himself in order to go to the bathroom. Maybe he was nervous after all! How silly of him. Our adventure now began in earnest.

After introducing Molly to Margaret, who had remained in the car, the three of us drove to downtown Lexington to visit my great-aunt, Angie Jack Burke.

Many times I had visualized this meeting between Aunt Angie and Molly. Now here I was bringing not only Molly for a visit, but also two more of Angie's unknown relatives. This was quite a feat for me to have arranged all by myself. But being the determined descendant of Letasse Shanks that I am, I was able to accomplish it.

We rode the elevator to the fifth floor of the Lee Manor Apartment Building and, as I knew it would be, Aunt Angie's door directly across the hall from the elevator stood wide open, awaiting our arrival.

I walked inside, softly calling her name. She came out of the bedroom smiling and looking prettier than I had ever seen her. After the introductions were completed and we each were seated, the historic day really began.
Unexpectedly, Mrs. Vess and Aunt Angie knew many people in common. Molly and I sat and listened in raptured awe to the words flowing between these two ladies of prior generations. Henry was listening too, of course, but not in the romantic sense as Molly and I envisioned it.

If nothing more ever comes out of my historical research, the love and sharing that I saw between strangers on that rainy Saturday morning will be enough. I doubt that any room has ever before been filled with such overwhelming feelings of kinship and belonging.

With Aunt Angie, in turn, holding and patting my hand, we sat together on her bed. Never before had I felt so close to her. She was so vibrant and happy. She recounted the details of her life, past and present, and was the epitomy of the grand and charming lady which she is and always will be.

We later sat around the kitchen table drinking coffee and eating the cake which Aunt Angie had prepared in advance. Everyone was astounded at her agility and expressed their amazement at her ability to take care of herself and the apartment in which she lives alone. (In 1985, at the time of this visit, Aunt Angie was 90 years old.)

It was a visit I will never forget. I am so proud to be Angie's great-niece. In her I see qualities of excellence and merit, transcending the attributes characteristic of most people.

When time came to say good-bye, I, as always, whispered a silent prayer asking that the visit would not be our last. The elevator door closed, encasing us inside with our own private thoughts.

On the road again, we drove to Millboro, Virginia, the place which binds all of us together—Henry, Margaret and me because of our ancestry and Molly because of her interest in our family.

Henry and Margaret pointed out places of interest along the route up the mountain, and we laughed and talked, sharing our lives with each other.

When a deer leaped across the road directly ahead, Henry frightened us out of our minds yelling, "Look a-yonda, a wild cat!" That is just like him, trying to scare us to death. Actually he did think it was some such creature at first. Molly later said, "I don't think he wanted to put on the brakes because we were so close to the precipice." As a matter of fact, the road is scarcely more than a narrow dirt and gravel trail running up and down the course of the mountain.

Recovering from this exciting interlude, we proceeded on, down the mountain into Bath County. Actually the dividing line between Rockbridge and Bath Counties runs across the crest of the mountain which we had just traveled.
Our next stop along the way was at the home of Roscoe Vess. She is the recent widow of Emory Vess, who died on 26 May 1985. I was really glad to observe her improved physical and mental condition. When last I had seen her, she seemed so tiny and frail. Now, although still a little wisp of a lady, she seemed cheerful and well.

Molly and I explored the downstairs area and commented on the woodstove and the nice brightness of the kitchen as compared to the dimly lit living room.

Roscoe, whose full name is Louise Roscoe Marshall Vess, is the daughter of Bob Marshall. She and Emory had two sons and four daughters.

Next, we roamed through the Millboro Christian Church Cemetery. There, a lot of Margaret's and Henry's relatives are buried including Emory and a child of his who died years ago.

We then went to visit Jasper Jack and his wife Daisy. Jasper is the grandson of Rebecca, a sister of my great-grandfather, George Thomas Jack. Coinciding with our arrival, out came the sunshine, bright and hot! Daisy showed us her assortment of house plants including a special one she called her pregnant plant. I never did quite understand how the plant came to be in such a condition, but strange things do happen in "dem dar hills" so I'm told (such as deer being mistaken for wildcats!).

Henry had a nice visit with Jasper. Jasper's twin brother, Jesse, had been married to Henry's aunt, Cora Windsor Jack. Jesse, despondent because of his wife's terminal illness, fatally shot himself some years ago.

Concluding our visit with the Jacks, four hungry people began to seek a restaurant in which to eat. After we consumed a lunch of burgers in Goshen, Va., Molly said she was so excited she had been unaware that it was almost three o'clock. We had been riding, talking, and visiting for six hours and no one was in a hurry to end the day. With that thought in mind, we decided to back-track about four miles so that I could go to Rehobeth Methodist Church where many of my ancestors are buried.

It was a joy to be able to show the inside of the church to my three companions. Margaret was amazed to see the wood stove which serves as the church's only source of heat during the winter months. It stands in the center of the room with its long pipe reaching to the ceiling. To our surprise Margaret sat down and began to play the old piano. The music filled the room with memories of by-gone days and submerged me in a wave of surging emotions.

On the wall is a list of names detailing those who have made memorial contributions to the church. Included in the group of individuals is Aunt Angie, who gave in memory of her husband, Charlie Burke and others. Also listed is the name of Rosetta Shanks Dunford, eldest daughter of
William S. and Mary Jane Jack Shanks. Her donation was made in honor of the entire William S. Shanks Family.

Nearly every name on the list can be characterized as either one of my ancestors, or that of a person connected in some manner to this history. The list is quite long and very impressive.

Outside the church, we walked in the cemetery noting the graves of individual persons, most of whom died years ago. Both my Jack and Shanks great-grandparents are buried there, and also the greater number of their children.

Sharing this segment of my heritage with Molly, Henry, and Margaret meant a lot to me. They now belong to me in the sense of sharing and being as one. Taking them to Rehobeth where the idea of writing this history was revealed to me; having them stand where I have often stood, surrounded by the mountains and the memories; having them with me at the one place which touches my heart the most; having them with me at the place where I ultimately told Nannie good-bye meant more to me than they will ever know.

There at Rehobeth, my Vess relatives, Molly, and I took pictures of and with each other. Maybe someday, we will be there together again, maybe not. But for the sake of remembering, we will have our photographs. Hopefully, in them, we will be able to catch a glimpse of the past looking back at us, quietly watching and waiting as the cycle of life repeats itself, and time rolls on down through the years.

We ended our day with a visit to the cemetery at Windy Cove. Henry's grandparents, John Calvin and Mattie Rowsey Vess, are buried there. John Calvin Vess and my great-grandmother, Sarah Susan Vess Jack, were first cousins.

Windy Cove is located in a beautiful setting, high on a hill overlooking the countryside. From its gently sloping terrain, one can see far into the distance and senses that anyone buried there is surely close to Heaven. The grave of Ryland Bright, son of Archie, is also located there, at the top of the hill.

The sun was setting low in the sky when we climbed, for the last time, into the Bronco. Molly remarked that she had never expected to see so many people and places in the span of one day.

We returned to Lexington by the same route, stopping to talk to a few people along the roadside. We then drove back up and down the mountain road as before.

Henry and Molly, riding in the front seat, talked quietly on several topics and discussed various landmarks along the way. Margaret, thinking aloud about the happenings of the preceding ten hours, said she had never had such a wonderful time. Henry told a joke or two, much to Molly's delight. She remarked that Henry reminded her of one of her own sons.
At Lexington we told Molly good-bye. The hugs and thanks were genuine. She was on her way to Harrisonburg; we to Big Island. As Henry made our exit from I-81, a horn sounded, then another in return. Friends sounding a fond farewell.

The miracles of life are all around us, but sometimes we do not see them. I had just witnessed one in the making. Within a period of ten hours, five strangers at daybreak were friends at dusk. Miracles. Yes, I believe in them. I know because today I was a part of one!

Author's Note:
The above story is a true account detailing the events which occurred on that special day, 27 July 1985.
John Shaw Rhea II, along with his wife, Elizabeth Angeline McMullen Rhea, raised Sarah Susan Vess after her parents' early deaths. He was the son of George (b. 1815) and Sarah W. Rhea. His grandparents were Thomas (b. c1791) and Sarah Shaw Rhea. Hugh Rhea (b. 1774) was his great-grandfather. (12A; 15, 1870; 45)

John Shaw Rhea II, hereafter written "Shaw" as he was known, and Elizabeth (also recorded as Betsy or Bette A.) were married about 1860 and were the parents of at least eight children. Sarah Susan Vess was living with them prior to and at the time of the 1870 census. Shaw may have been named after his uncle, John Shaw Rhea I, who was born in Pennsylvania in 1821.

Other than the one above mentioned Rhea connection with our family, there were at least four more. Shaw's cousin, John W. Rhea, (b. 1863) married Elizabeth Brooks, daughter of George and Mary Brooks. George Brooks was Sarah Susan's maternal uncle.

Another of Shaw's cousins, Thomas Rhea, married Elizabeth L. Vess, a daughter of Andrew Jackson and Melvania Plogger Vess, on 21 December 1876 in Millboro, Virginia. (14; 15, 1880; 47)

A cousin, James W. Rhea, (b. 1865-67) married Emma Lee Shanks, daughter of Letasse and Martha Bright Shanks. This marriage took place on 18 December 1890 in Bath County, Va. (14)

Still another of Shaw's cousins, George Beaty Rhea, (b. April 1866) accompanied my grandparents Shanks to Amherst County in 1895 where they settled and spent their lives. George Rhea married twice, first to Ruth Rucker and second to Ester Holbert. Each of the above Rhea brothers were sons of James and Malinda Smith Rhea. (14; 15, 1860, 1880, 1900)

Archibald Rhea (d. 1777, will dated same year) was listed as a hero at an Indian battle in 1763 and was an American Revolutionary War soldier.

All the heirs of William Rhea and his wife, Elizabeth, (great-great-great-grandparents of John Shaw Rhea II and all of the previously mentioned Rhea men) sold their inherited land in 1805 to John Rhea of Mill Creek, Bath County. John was the son of the earlier mentioned Archibald and Margaret Turk Rhea. Margaret was the daughter of Thomas and Mary Wooldridge Turk. (7; 11A; 12, WB 10, p. 306)

However confusing these family connections appear to the reader, they are necessary to this historical record which, in part, traces the Rhea family back to the Turk and Wooldridge families of the early 1700's.

Therefore, although I am not directly related to the Rhea family, others in my family are (ie. children of James and Emma Shanks Rhea.)
It was from this Shanks/Rhea couple that Sarah Susan Vess Jack and George T. Jack bought their land in 1903 on which they built a home.

Author's Note:
Deeds (copies) are in my files.

Numbered references correspond to the SHANKS, VESS, JACK, BRIGHT, RHEA, HARDWICK, PUTNAM, and FAUCETT Family History References.

Emma Shanks Rhea and Mary Jane Jack Shanks
The Rhea family has been associated with Rockbridge, Bath, and Augusta Counties since the early 1700's at least. By that time the Rhea, Wooldridge, and Turk families had intermarried. During the early 1800's, the Rhea and Shaw families were joined by the marriage of Thomas Turk Rhea and Sarah Shaw, daughter of Susan Shaw. Both Sarah and Thomas died during the 1850's in Bath County. (12A)

I am including this section on the Rhea family because their family was linked directly to the Shanks and Vess families in at least five associations.

During her growing-up years following the deaths of her parents, George W. and Sarah Vess, Sarah Susan Vess was raised in the household of John Shaw Rhea and his wife, Elizabeth Angeline McMullen Rhea. Sarah Susan was with them in 1870 as noted in the census of that year, and apparently remained until her marriage to George Thomas Jack on 1 March 1875.

John W. Rhea, who was born in 1863, son of James T. and Malinda Smith Rhea, married Elizabeth Brooks, daughter of George and Mary Brooks and first cousin to Sarah Susan Vess Jack. George Brooks was Sarah Susan's maternal uncle. (14)

Imagine the confusion resulting from having a father, a brother, and a husband each with the name "George!" Poor great-grandmother! Of course, she probably barely remembered her father since she was only a little girl of five at his death in 1862. Her mother, also named Sarah (Brooks Vess), died shortly after giving birth to a daughter, Angelina, in 1861.

James W. Rhea, born in 1865/67, also a son of James T. and Malinda Rhea, married Emma Lee Shanks, daughter of Letasse and Martha Bright Shanks on 18 December 1890. They were the parents of seven children.

George Beaty Rhea, born on 13 April 1866, son of James T. and Malinda Rhea, moved to Amherst County in 1895, traveling across the mountain with my grandparents Shanks. George married twice and died in 1958.

Thomas, eldest son of James T. and Malinda Rhea, married Elizabeth Vess, daughter of Andrew J. and Melvinia Plogger Vess, on 21 December 1876 in Millboro, Virginia. Andrew Jack Vess was the brother of Crosberry (Causberry) and George W. Vess, sons of my great-great-great-grandfather, Hiram Vess I.
Author's Note:

I am not including family sheets on the Rhea family members in this history; however, if any person is interested, I have more detailed data in my files.

James Rhea, Octive Rhea Hinton, and Emma Shanks Rhea
1880 Bath County Census shows this in Millboro Township:

RHEA, J. Shaw  b. 1836  farmer
Elizabeth A. b. 1846  wife
Mary E.  b. 1866
Daniel  b. 1868
Lara E.  b. 1872
Emma J.  b. 1874
Florence G.  b. 1876
Calla M.  b. 1879

In the 1900 Bath County Census, Millboro Magisterial District:

RHEA, John S.  b. July 1839  married 30 years, farmer
(Bnotice discrepancy in date),
Bettie A. b. February 1846  age 59, married 30 years, 5
of 6 children alive, wife
Gay F.  b. November 1878
(notice different version of name and different
birthdate recorded)
Calla b. December 1880  (different date)
Chester N.  b. August 1883

Recorded in 1910 Bath County Census, on Mill Creek Road #6, Millboro
District, Bath County:

RHEA, John S.  b. 1837  married 45 years
Bettie A.  b. 1846  3 (or 5) of her children alive
Chester N. b. 1883  son, married 4 months
(Fbruary 1910)
Bessie E.  b. 1886  daughter-in-law
(wife of Chester)

MARRIAGES of the daughters of John Shaw and Elizabeth A. Rhea:

Emma J. Rhea  m. Charles L. Coiner  24 November 1898
(s/o Luther / bride's residence
Virginia Coiner)  Bth County, Va.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Spouse</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mary E. Rhea</td>
<td>m. A. Stuart Lyle</td>
<td>19 July 1888</td>
<td>bride's residence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(s/o S. B./</td>
<td></td>
<td>Bath County, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Elizabeth Lyle)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laura E. Rhea</td>
<td>m. William W. Holmes</td>
<td>4 October 1899</td>
<td>bride's residence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(s/o D. C./M. A. Holmes)</td>
<td>Bath County, Va.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(s/o B. F./</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Maggie J. Lyle)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calla M.</td>
<td>m. Forest A. Lyle</td>
<td>no date</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Callie)</td>
<td>(s/o B. F./</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Maggie J. Lyle)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Michael M. and Forest A. Lyle were brothers; Alex Stuart Lyle was their cousin. Their fathers, Samuel B. and Benjamin F. were brothers. (14; 15, 1880, 1900)
THOMAS RHEA, eldest son of JAMES and MATILDA RHEA, married ELIZABETH VESS (d/o ANDREW J. and MELVANIA PLOGGER VESS) on 21 December 1876 in Millboro, Virginia. ANDREW J. VESS and his brothers CROSBERRY D. and GEORGE W. VESS were sons of HIRAM VESS I. THOMAS RHEA was a brother to JAMES RHEA, who married EMMA SHANKS (d/o LETASSE and MARTHA BRIGHT SHANKS). THOMAS RHEA'S brother, JOHN RHEA, married ELIZABETH BROOKS (d/o GEORGE and MARY BROOKS). GEORGE BROOKS was the uncle of my great-grandmother, SARAH SUSAN VESS, on her maternal side. Each of the above mentioned RHEA brothers were first cousins to JOHN (SHAW) RHEA, who with his wife, ELIZABETH ANGELINE RHEA raised SARAH SUSAN VESS after her parents' (GEORGE W. and SARAH BROOKS VESS) untimely deaths. GEORGE W. VESS was killed in the Civil War on 9 August 1862 at the Battle of Cedar Mountain near Culpepper, Virginia, and SARAH BROOKS VESS, his wife, died from complications associated with childbirth on 19 February 1861, fifteen days after giving birth to ANGELINA VESS; the same ANGELINA VESS who married WILLIAM AYRES, son of JOHN AYRES and ANGELINE McMULLEN AYRES VESS, on 9 September 1896 in the home of ANDREW and ANGELINE M. AYRES VESS. ANDREW and ANGELINE, themselves, had only been married since the previous year. They were married, each for a second time, on 11 December 1895 in Bath County, Virginia.

Numbered references correspond to the SHANKS, VESS, JACK, BRIGHT, RHEA, HARDWICK, PUTNAM, and FAUCETT History References.
BROOKS/TURPIN HISTORY

1585-1988
BROOKS/TURPIN

Trying to locate, identify, and correlate the names of Sarah Brooks Vess' ancestors afforded Molly and me a difficult job indeed. For a long time we kept going over and over the Brooks families in the Augusta County censuses, but they never looked quite right. Finally, Molly went to the National Archives and looked at the records of other states. Here are the clues which helped put the pieces of the puzzle together:

1. On 16 March 1786 (Augusta County, Va. Marriage Record) George Brooks I married Mary GRASS (d/o Jacob GRASS). (19A) Mary was also the half-sister of Edward and William BURK. (19D) In 1815 when Edward died, Mary was apparently already deceased. (19B)

2. Augusta County, Va. tax records show that in 1792, George BROOKS I went to Kentucky. (3)

3. George BROOKS I was listed on the central Kentucky 1800-1805 tax lists.

4. Between 1803 and 1805 "George Brooks I of Virginia" claimed land in Barren County, Kentucky. (6)

5. On 16 August 1804 George BROOKS I married Editha TURPIN. (7)

6. Names of George BROOKS I and family appear in the 1820 Augusta County, Va. census. (It figures they might return to Virginia since both George and Editha's families were from Virginia.)

7. On a microfilm, "Abstracts of Early Church Records of Barren County, Kentucky," we have "born on 7 March 1823 (or 1825), George W. Brooks, son of George Brooks I and Editha Turpin Brooks, non-resident." (According to the census, George W. II was born in Augusta County, Virginia)


All of these statements deal with the same George W. Brooks I, the one who was the father of Sarah Brooks VESS.

Numbered references correspond to the BROOKS/TURPIN References.
1810 BARREN COUNTY, KENTUCKY CENSUS

Males

BROOKS I, George one b. 1765-1784 (husband)
Born in Augusta County
two b. 1801-1810 (sons)

Females

one b. 1785-1794 (wife)
two b. 1801-1810 (daughters)

By 1820 they had left Kentucky and were living in Augusta County, Virginia.

1820 AUGUSTA COUNTY, VIRGINIA CENSUS

Males

BROOKS I, George one b. 1775-1794 (husband)
two b. 1805-1810 (sons)
three b. 1811-1820 (sons)

Females

one b. 1775-1794 (wife)
two b. 1805-1810 (daughters)
two b. 1811-1820 (daughters)

Author's Note:

Notice the ten year inconsistencies of the parents' birthdates in the two censuses, while remembering the 20 year span in each date is the style of the census itself. In the 1820 census, George was seemingly ten years younger and Editha, ten years older. Since George and his first wife, Mary Grass, were married on 16 March 1786, I am sure the 1765 birthdate is the correct one. As for Editha, either date is possible.

By 1830 George and Editha had returned to Kentucky. Can you imagine trekking from Kentucky to Virginia to Kentucky with nine to twelve children! Well, that is just what my great-great-great-grandparents George and Editha Turpin Brooks did!

George Brooks I sold land in Barren County, Kentucky in 1819 and bought land in Hart County, Kentucky the same year. The Hart County land was not delivered until 1825; meanwhile George made another trip to Virginia where he and his family remained for a few years. A daughter,
Sarah Susan Brooks, and a son, George Brooks II, were born in Augusta County, Virginia in 1822 and 1825. (1; 6; 11)

CHILDREN OF GEORGE I and EDITHA TURPIN BROOKS:
1. Nathan  b. 10 August 1805
2. Mary  b. 1 May 1807
3. John H.  b. 5 October 1808
4. Nancy H.  b. 20 April 1810
5. Rhoda J.  b. 4 April 1812
6. Lilly Ann  b. 8 November 1814
7. Joshua J. (W.)  b. 12 August 1815
8. Miles B.  b. 20 February 1817
9. Jeremiah V.  b. 2 May 1819
10. Celia L.  b. 30 November 1820
11. Sarah Susan  b. 17 November 1822  d. 19 Feb. 1861
   Bath County, Va.
12. George W. II  b. 7 March 1825
13. Editha R.  b. 5 April 1826
14. Johnson A.  b. 12 January 1828
15. Harriet M.  b. 8 March 1830
16. Jacob L.  b. 12 June 1832

Jeremiah Vardiman Brooks married Hulda in Hart County, Kentucky. They had a child, Editha Brooks, born on 7 December 1849, in Hart County.

Sarah Susan Brooks married George W. Vess on 7 January 1850, in Bath County, Virginia, and they were the parents of Sarah Susan Vess, who married George Thomas Jack. (See JACKE/JACK History.) (1; 2; 4; 5; 9; 11; 19E)

Numbered references correspond to the BROOKS/TURPIN References.

Editha Turpin Brooks, mother of Sarah Susan Brooks Vess, brings into this history another possible Indian connection and a colorful British Robin Hood, her great-great-great-grandfather, MICHAEL RICHARD (DICK) TURPIN. Dick Turpin lived in Yorkshire, England from about 1585 until 1649.

In the early 1600's great landlords were fencing in land for agriculture and for game preserves, making it impossible for the small yeomen to find enough pasturage for their black-faced Yorkshire sheep. This brought on the kind of petty warfare like that in the American midwest, when the
farmers attempted to fence in the land where the cowboys and their herds had previously roamed freely.

As a result, there was a good deal of shoutin' and shootin' in America between the farmers and cowboys, and the same thing went on way back then in England. The difference was the English of that era used bows and arrows instead of guns.

A young shepherd named Michael Richard Turpin (b. 1585) repeatedly poached on the fenced-in game preserves of the local Yorkshire lords. In the fashion of Robin Hood, this self-proclaimed highwayman went about robbing the rich to give to the poor. Finally, in 1649, the lords caught him and chopped off his head!

But to this day folks in the area say that on moonlit nights he can still be seen, riding headless over the Yorkshire moors. His gravesite is in York, England, in St. George's Churchyard "near the River Foss" and its location is listed in all the northern England tour guide books. (16; 18) Also mentioned is the "Turpin Farmhouse," also called "Turpin's Lair," (near the moor called Dale in Yorkshire) and the tale of Richard Michael, the headless highwayman, my 8th great-grandfather!

Of course, the Turpin Family was distraught at the turn of events, so Dick Turpin's oldest son, Michael, took off for America with his mother and brothers and sisters c.1655. He bought land in Henrico County, Virginia (the parent county of Goochland, Cumberland, Chesterfield, Powhatan, and Bedford Counties). Many Turpins still live in Bedford County, and it is likely that Editha's parents died there.

MICHAEL TURPIN I had a number of sons listed in his will, including Philip Michael II, John, and Matthew. Philip Michael II (or Michael Phillip) in turn had at least two sons, Philip Michael III and John.

In Michael III's will, dated 7 September 1795 and proved 6 June 1796, his wife's name was given as Betsy RED...OSS. (19C) The page is damaged so the name is obscured.

In a book entitled "OUR KIN," written by a Mrs. Ackerly regarding the Bedford County, Virginia area, she decided the name might be REDFORD, despite the fact that there were no Redfords in the vicinity. Molly and I believe it is very probable that the obscured name is, in truth, REDCROSS!

Upon checking the present day (1987) telephone directory I found two Redfords listed in the city of Lynchburg, Virginia. Surprisingly, there are also two REDMANS (REDCROSSES?) presently living in the city. (Refer to Augusta/Amherst/Nelson County Indian Connections, CROW Chapter.)

Molly and I have no direct proof regarding this possible Redcross connection, but Cumberland County (parent county of Bedford) is a bit due east of Amherst, a likely area for the Redcroses to have lived. (Uncle
Leslie Dunford, husband of Rosetta Shanks Dunford, also came from Cumberland County.

Matthew Turpin (b. 1664), brother of Michael Turpin II, had a son, Henry, who married Ann [__________]. Henry's will, dated 18 October 1782, mentions three daughters and four sons. He willed "to my two sons, George and Jeremiah, all my land in Kentucky." Son, Henry II, inherited his father's home plantation. (19F) George and Jeremiah were the only Turpins from the early generations that we found who were associated with Kentucky.

In Michael Turpin III's will, his children were listed by name. They included John, George Miles, Elisha, Henry, Mary, Martha, and Elizabeth. George Miles was born about 1730 and I think that in all likelihood, he was the father of Editha Turpin, wife of George Brooks I. (19C)

Although George and Jeremiah, sons of Henry, had connections with Kentucky and possibly with the Brooks family living there, Editha named one of her sons, Miles, possibly after her father. Therefore, without further documentation (such as Miles' will, etc.) my reasoning is thus:

If George Miles Turpin was Editha's father, it follows that Sarah Susan Brooks, who married GEORGE VESS had a great-grandmother Redcross! It would also indicate that I have not only one Indian great-great-great-grandmother in Sarah Redcross CROW, but a 5th great-grandmother named Betsy Redcross Turpin!

Assuming that Michael Phillip Turpin III's wife was Betsy Redcross and that Editha's father was George Miles, plus counting all the children George and Editha had, half the population of Kentucky must be part Sioux as well as being my cousins!
PEDIGREE CHART

I. MICHAEL RICHARD TURPIN  
"self-styled Robin Hood" Shepherd  
b. 1585  
d. 1649; beheaded  
Yorkshire, England  
Yorkshire, England

II. MICHAEL TURPIN I  
b. 1630  
d. Virginia  
Yorkshire, England

III. MICHAEL PHILLIP TURPIN II  
m. Martha Skirm  
b. 1655  
d. 14 Aug. 1718  
Yorkshire, England  
Henrico County, Va.

IV. MICHAEL PHILLIP TURPIN III  
m. Betsy Redcross?  
b. 1705  
d. 1796  
Henrico County, Va.  
Henrico County, Va.

V. GEORGE MILES TURPIN  
b. c1730  
d.  

VI. EDITHA TURPIN  
m. George Brooks I  
b. c1775-85  
d.  

VII. SARAH SUSAN BROOKS  
m. George Vess  
b. 1822  
d. 1861

VIII. SARAH SUSAN VESS  
m. George Thomas Jack  
b. 1857  
d. 1934

IX. MARY JANE JACK  
m. William S. Shanks  
b. 1877  
d. 1956

X. RUTH ELINOR SHANKS  
m. Walter E. Smoot  
b. 1907  
d. 1978

XI. CATHERINE NADINE SMOOT  
m. Herman E. Carson  
b. 1941  
d.  

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The Turpins must have been an enterprising clan. A generation after settling in Virginia, they had a doctor, a lawyer, a Baptist minister, and several mill owners in the family. They were the folks who introduced Yorkshire sheep to Virginia. So, whenever I see a black-faced sheep, I will remember—it's one of Grandpa Michael's!

Molly made the comment that she had once worried about me stating that I have a hole in my head, referring to the indentation resulting from my surgery. After documenting the Turpin findings, she said, "I see I really didn't have to worry—in your family a guy can ride around with no head at all!" WELL, THAT'S MY FAMILY!!

To conclude, the Turpins came to America, landing in Virginia, then proceeded west to what was to become Bedford County. Many Turpins still live there, today. Even Michael's descendants, who went to Kentucky returned, for the most part, to Virginia. It is likely that Editha's parents died in Bedford County, Virginia.

As of this writing, (July 1987) Molly Oliver is on a working vacation in England. While there, she is planning to further document the Turpin ancestral data. Especially, on a moonlit night, she is hoping to catch a glimpse of my grandfather riding headless across the Yorkshire moors. And, naturally, she plans to take pictures of the original Turpin Homestead and the gravesite of my adventurous and colorful British Robin Hood!

What a history of contrast we are seeing. My heritage, it seems, includes Indians, Mennonite bishops, farmers, coal miners, Confederate and, possibly, Union soldiers, Quakers, and now, most fascinating of all, an English Robin Hood—in English terms—a highwayman! With a background such as this, it would be impossible for me to be other than I am—a determined, romantic, and impulsive descendant!

Numbered references correspond with the BROOKS/TURPIN

Author's Note:
Molly Oliver took this picture (1987) of the original Turpin homestead, located in Yorkshire, England. The home is still an occupied family dwelling.

Local Yorkshire shoppes sell various items relating to the Turpin homestead and history—including needlepoint scenes like the one Molly brought home to me!
Turpin's Lair
Yorkshire, England
Ancestral Home of Michael Richard Turpin
Built c. 1585
Photographed 1987
Samuel Robert Brooks, who married Mary HUTCHINS in Frederick County, Virginia, at the Cedar Creek Friends Meeting on 14 November 1761 is, most likely, the father of George Brooks I. The Hutchins (or Hutchinsons) were Quakers and belonged to the same Meeting as did the Rheas and Faucetts. The fact that all these families moved to Bath County near each other, along with the knowledge that the Vess and Jack families had an association with the Hutchins (or Hutchinson) families, leads me to favor Samuel and Mary Hutchins Brooks as George's parents. (12; 13)

Although I have other data on the early Brooks' families, I am not including it in this history because much of it is not directly related to my ancestry. Furthermore, I am not sure whether these offshoots of data are branches growing from our family tree or from another similar to ours. I do know Great-Aunt Angie Jack Burke recalls that she had Grass and Brooks ancestors; she also remembers that her mother, Sarah Susan Vess Jack (d/o George and Sarah Brooks Vess) mentioned having a cousin Nora Hutchinson, whose mother was Elizabeth. Quite possibly, Elizabeth was descended from one of Mary Hutchins Brooks' brothers.

George Brooks II married Mary _________. They were the parents of Mary Elizabeth Brooks, who married John A. W. RHEA in Bath County, Virginia on 15 April 1886. (10) Mary Elizabeth Brooks Rhea was born in 1857 in Bath County, Virginia. (8)

Sarah Susan Brooks married George W. VESS on 7 January 1850, in Bath County, Virginia. (10) Before George was killed in the Civil War on 9 August 1862, he and Sarah Susan had parented four (possibly five) children, one of whom was my great-grandmother, Sarah Susan Vess JACK, wife of George Thomas Jack. (Refer to JACK/JACKE History) Great-Great-Grandmother, Sarah Susan Brooks Vess died shortly before George Vess enlisted in the Civil War in 1861. I do not know for sure who cared for the children after their parents' deaths. Possibly George Brooks II and his wife, Mary, gave them a home; Aunt Angie believes they were raised by Brooks' relatives. Later, Sarah Susan Vess went to live with John Shaw Rhea.

Early in our research, Molly and I believed that George Brooks I's father may have been John Brooks, who died in 1762, in Augusta County. Apparently, John's father, also named John Brooks, had died before 1749. Later findings indicated the other possible and more likely lineage, i.e. Samuel Robert Brooks. (2A; 12; 13)

At an early point in our research, Molly found a notation stating that one David Brooks, who married in 1759, was disowned by his family but reinstated two years later because he "stole his bride, Sarah Sanders, from
the home of her parents!" Romantic! Apparently they were Quakers who moved in 1767 to the New Garden Monthly Meeting, North Carolina. I do not know if David is a part of my ancestry or not, but his adventurous spirit approximates that of my other varied ancestors. (13)

Numbered references correspond to the BROOKS/TURPIN References.

Author's Note:

I decided to conclude MATOHE -- A LABOUR OF LOVE with the following true accounts entitled SARAH and MARCIE -- A SEQUEL TO SARAH.

The reader, I am sure, will recognize Sarah as being the author of MATOHE. Marcie is my friend who chooses to remain "Marcie" to those who do not already know her identity. I will therefore honor her request.

All persons mentioned within these two stories were and are actual individuals. In keeping with the ancestral concept of MATOHE, I opted to distinguish these persons by assigning each a name representative of an ancestor of an earlier era.

SARAH was completed in July 1986; I began MARCIE -- A SEQUEL TO SARAH shortly thereafter and completed it before the end of 1986. I hope the reader will recognize within the following pages the thread of love which binds the persons and course of events together.
SARAH

Shattering the still, hot darkness which permeated the entirety of the bedroom, the screams of the little girl came shrill and unbidden. Again the red, blue, and yellow swirling mass of color had invaded the child’s sleep; its vivid hues resembling blazing tongues of fire closed in on her with a suffocating effect, filling her with terror—a terror too great for her to comprehend.

Stumbling over a pair of shoes and his discarded clothing, the child's father reached her bedside—a small single bed on the far side of the bedroom—only seconds after the screaming began. Murmuring softly, he picked up the small trembling body and held her close, displaying a gentleness otherwise uncommon to him.

Having quickly lit an oil lamp, the mother now stood looking down upon the scene. She was always amazed at the gentleness she saw in her husband whenever these frightening nightmares interrupted the child's sleep. It was a gentleness which as a rule was replaced in the light of day with harshness. For whatever reason, he was a man who kept this gentleness hidden away from the eyes of the world, concealed beneath a facade of stern, harsh authoritativeness.

And now, watching the child, her only daughter, the mother was more certain than ever before that something out of the ordinary was causing these nightmares which plagued the child's sleep. She didn't know what this reason could possibly be, but she could sense its presence.

The awareness was never far from her conscious thoughts, always nagging at her and disturbing her tranquil moments.

She realized that the child had to be sheltered and protected at all costs. Why, she did not actually know, but the awareness strengthened her resolve to see that no harm would come to the little girl.

During the winter of 1947-48, she had felt strongly compelled to keep her daughter at home with her when the cold winds blew and the snow covered the hillsides. Intuitively, she knew the child was not strong enough to trudge through the fields and climb to the heights of the hill where the school bus made a scheduled stop.

The cold, wet, frosty air entering the little girl’s lungs would certainly bring on the terrible cough which was so upsetting and exhaustive. After all, the mother reasoned, she hadn't had any heavy material with which to sew long pants for the little girl to wear. Being a mother, she just knew her daughter couldn't go outside without her legs warmly covered. Also, there was the lack of a heavy coat and hat. The child hated wrapping her head in the old scarf hanging behind the kitchen door. There had been so many arguments about wearing it!
The mother, standing now watching the child return to sleep, felt hot tears of despair filling her eyes. So many things weren't as they should be. There was the lack of money, the lack of nourishing food, the lack of decent clothing, and the lack of communication between her husband and herself. Most disturbing, there was the nagging fear of some unknown problem lurking in the deep darkness.

With distressing thoughts whirling through her head, Elizabeth decided that no matter what the cost, she was going to take her little girl to see a doctor. For once in her life, she would override any protest which her husband would surely have. The health of her daughter must be her first priority!

The child's name was Sarah—a name passed down through four generations—a name derived from the Hebrew language meaning "Princess." The name had been that of her Great-Great-Great-Grandmother (a full-blooded Indian); her Great-Great-Grandmother; and her Great-Grandmother. It was a name which she was proud to carry. Someday she hoped another child—maybe her own granddaughter—would perpetuate the name into future generations.

But first, Sarah knew, she had to survive her own childhood. She realized she wasn't a strong child—the coughs were so exhaustive and sometimes she felt so isolated as a result of her Mama's solicitous actions.

Sarah had not been allowed to attend her friend's birthday party in the spring because Elizabeth said the night air was too chilled. The church picnic supper last spring was also off limits, because all the girls had decided to dress in shorts and Elizabeth thought the shorts were inappropriate for the season. She said the weather was much too cool to risk Sarah's health so early in the season. So again, Sarah had to stay at home.

Also there was the early autumn evening when Sarah wanted to play outside with her brother, Benjamin, until time for supper. The cool night air was crisp; it hinted of leaves crackling underfoot, orange pumpkins in the cornfields, and scary Halloween witches—the kind of evening where darkness comes earlier than expected and the lights showing through the windows seem to beckon one to come inside. It was the kind of evening which enhances your senses and increases your appetite.

It was on one such evening that Sarah wanted to go outside and play—only until her father came home to supper. Elizabeth gave Sarah two choices—she could either put on her long pants and go outside or stay inside and help with the supper preparations. Two simple choices it would seem. But for Sarah the choice was not an easy one to make. She knew if she put on those long pants, which she hated, she would have to keep them, or others like them, on for the duration of the fall and winter. She
knew Elizabeth believed in the "notion" that once you donned a pair of long pants or a long sleeve shirt there was no returning to dresses with short sleeves—or any dresses for that matter—until next spring. SARAH CHOSE TO REMAIN INSIDE!

Sarah knew she would have to begin wearing the pants soon anyhow, but until then, she would do anything to delay the inevitable. On that autumn evening, alive with the promise of the winter to come, Benjamin played outside alone.

The father held his daughter until her sobbing ceased. He felt so helpless in the throes of her terror. He also was scared, but being the breed of man he was, he would never outwardly show his fear.

He, Gus Helman, grandson and namesake of the proud German immigrant, Augustus Helman, had to uphold his stern German image. But sometimes, like now, it was hard to do. Carefully he smoothed Sarah's blond hair away from her eyes and watched her drift silently back to sleep.

He could not fathom the cause of his daughter's dreams. Nor could he understand her constantly unhealthy state. At times he wondered if Elizabeth's coddling of the child hindered more than helped the situation. Sometimes he really felt sorry for Sarah. She missed experiencing the fun of so many good things in life.

But he couldn't talk to Elizabeth about it. She was going to nag the child all the same. He recalled the early morning argument they had regarding the need for Sarah to wear the damned old scarf. Heck, the child had hair enough on her head to keep her warm! Rubbing his own head, Gus wished he had half as much.

It seemed there was always something for him to worry about. The lack of money made it almost impossible to keep food on the table and clothes on their backs. Maybe he shouldn't have married Elizabeth in the first place—or any woman for that matter. Without a family, maybe he could have saved some money.

Back in the 1920's Gus had made up his mind never to marry. He had been afraid he would pass his bad eyesight on to his children. His worst fear was that he would father a blind child. With a despairing sigh, he groped his way back to bed. Noticing the tears on Elizabeth's face only increased his feeling of inadequacy.

Sarah saw not only one doctor but two! The first diagnosed chronic sinusitis accompanied by infection and drainage. He recommended treatments involving the incorporation and use of x-rays.

The second doctor's diagnosis confirmed the reality of Gus's long dreaded fears. Sarah had congenital cataracts randomly scattered over the lens of each eye! The doctor berated Elizabeth for not having had Sarah's
eyes examined at an earlier age, especially having been aware of Gus's medical history. In the doctor's opinion, Sarah's eyes were already, in his words, "bad nubs."

In the following weeks, Sarah was fitted with eyeglasses and received the treatments aimed at curing the sinus infection. She was able to see so much better that she read continuously—one book after the other. In so doing, she became known as "a bookworm." The glasses also eradicated much of the embarrassment associated with her incapability to read the written work on the blackboards at school.

After a while, the nightmares ceased. Sarah weathered the head colds, the chest colds, and the all too many nights of constant coughing. She survived Elizabeth's protective coddling and she learned to live with her father's conservative and authoritative approach toward life and all contained therein.

The years came, and then just as quickly, they were gone.

At age seventeen, Sarah informed Elizabeth and Gus she was no longer a child and acting upon her words, she proceeded to marry George, the man of her choice.

Elizabeth cried, Gus was unusually quiet, and the minister forgot he had a marriage ceremony to perform. It was the evening of August 1, 1958. Embarrassed and apologetic, the minister arrived at the church one hour late having been reminded by telephone that the wedding party and guests were "waiting in the Chapel!"

So the marriage took place and the years came and went bringing with them three daughters and taking with them Benjamin and Elizabeth. In 1965, God saw fit to have Benjamin, at the tender age of twenty, returned to His care, and so it was.

In 1978, at the age of seventy-one, Elizabeth had raised one daughter and buried one son. She had shared and enjoyed nineteen, eighteen, and thirteen years with her granddaughters in that order. They were very precious to her.

She had never stopped worrying about Sarah's health. The sense of impending tragedy had never left her. She felt it so intensely at times, it almost made her physically ill. Sure, Elizabeth knew Sarah had safely borne three daughters and accepted the loss of twin sons too small to survive with a courage far above the expected. Elizabeth realized, in Sarah, she had a daughter strong of spirit and possessed with determination of the highest degree; but, nevertheless, the child still needed special care. Elizabeth just knew it; don't ask her how! In the back of her mind, she seemed to remember the headaches Sarah complained of in 1965...
after the birth of Polly. Why did her thoughts keep returning to them? The headaches had disappeared as fast as they had come. Still...

On February 9, 1978, Elizabeth died. She looked much younger than her seventy one years.

In 1960 Sarah was nineteen years old and the mother of two daughters. The children were growing. They were strong, healthy, and secure. Susannah was only fifteen months old when Hannah arrived two days after Christmas. As they grew, Sarah dressed them in matching dresses adding only knee socks on cold wintery days. She bought the girls very few pairs of long pants and never insisted they wear garments not of their liking.

Clothing herself in a style appropriate for the young housewife and mother which she was, Sarah bought dresses and shoes galore -- all the things she had never had. Understandably, she avoided buying pantsuits!

Sarah began working as a medical secretary and was very pleased with her accomplishments and her life. She especially enjoyed the medical aspects of her job and the learning thereof. In hindsight, she wished she had taken Elizabeth's suggestion and studied nursing, although her ever worsening eyesight may have been a barrier. She knew nursing skills required excellent vision. Nevertheless, Sarah's interest lay more in the laboratory than at the typewriter.

Sarah learned the method of processing blood sugars and the ways of testing other blood and urine samples. She mastered the technique of drawing blood samples, and she put her skills to the test. Similarly, she became adept at administering electrocardiograms and other diagnostic tests. Sarah found the medical profession intriguing and exciting.

Sarah loved the exposure and the contact with the public. She appreciated the fact that her usefulness was being appreciated in return. She paid very little attention to her occasional headaches and the intermittent spells of depression, believing them to be symptoms of grief associated with the death of her brother, Benjamin, and later, her mother, Elizabeth.

Benjamin's death and the cause behind its happening had deeply troubled Sarah. She couldn't let go of the knowledge that he had been alone the night his automobile plunged over a bank in the darkness of night in Amherst County--alone as he had so often been in life.

No person ever admitted seeing or knowing anything about Benjamin's whereabouts during the hours preceding the wreck. The wristwatch he always wore was never found. As he was leaving the house earlier in the day, Elizabeth asked if he knew what time she could expect him to return. Benjamin answered her saying, "Whenever you see me, that is when I'll be home." Haunting last words.
The circumstances of Benjamin's accident were never determined. The unknown circumstances disturbed Sarah. That is when the dreams began again—not the nightmare of blazing colors, but disturbing dreams, nevertheless.

During March of 1965, following the birth of her third daughter, Polly, the migraines began. For a matter of months, they occurred frequently. Believing the headaches were a side effect of a medication Sarah was taking, the doctor advised her to discontinue its usage and to relax. After a few weeks the headaches ceased altogether.

On April 7, 1971, Sarah cried all day. She was so depressed. It was her thirtieth birthday and she felt as if something was off kilter in her life. She felt old.

During the month of February in 1978, Sarah watched her mother slowly dying. There was nothing she could do to ease Elizabeth's suffering. Beneath a cold and cloudy sky, she watched them lower her mother's coffin into the ground. Sarah kept hearing, as if from a great distance, voices saying over and over again, "You must be strong for your father's sake." "Why," Sarah thought, "should I be strong for my father? Why doesn't anyone see I am hurting too."

August Helman watched his daughter. She sat, looking straight ahead as if searching the mountains surrounding the cemetery for something she could not find. She seemed not to notice as the cold wind blew tendrils of her golden red curls into her face, which was pale and tear-streaked from intermittent crying.

The thought crossed Gus's mind that Elizabeth would be upset because Sarah wasn't wearing a scarf. But then how was Elizabeth to know?

Gus had seen Sarah in this devastating state only twice before; on those two occasions she had seemed to be in an almost trance-like state. The first time was when her Grandmother Shanks died, and the second time was here on this same hillside when Benjamin was buried. Poor Benjamin. No one would ever know how much guilt he carried inside himself regarding his son and their relationship. Things had somehow never seemed to work right between them. He had tried. Honestly, Gus remembered; honestly he had tried.

Now, watching his daughter, Gus realized Sarah was all he had left. He had lived seventy-seven years, and today he was seeing so many of them vanish forever. Thirty-three years Elizabeth had been his wife. Now it was all over. Why, Gus wondered, had it been so hard for him to show his love? Just yesterday, for the first time in years, he had held his
daughter in his arms to comfort her. Not since those nights so long ago
had he held her in such a manner.

Standing beside Elizabeth's grave that cold afternoon of February 11,
1978, Gus came face to face with the harsh realities of his life, past and
present.

It was the summer of 1979.

Sarah and her family were spending a three-day weekend at the beach-
-Sarah's favorite place to vacation. She especially enjoyed lying on the
sand while the warm rays of the sun tanned her body and soothed away
the tensions. She loved to listen to the rhythmic roar of the waves hitting
the beach, allowing her mind wander at its leisure.

In this trance-like state, Sarah could feel entirely peaceful and isolated
from the cares of everyday life, while at the same time, she could listen and
absorb all the things taking place on the expanse of sand around her.

Sarah, lying on her stomach, hidden behind dark glasses--where one
can "peep" peripherally at the surrounding world--felt almost invisible.

On the third night, as Sarah was preparing to go to bed, she had the
weirdest feeling; it was one of mild panic, resembling homesickness. She
did not know why. Her sleep that night was interrupted by disturbing
dreams. By morning the feeling of panic had vanished. Sarah put it out of
her mind and continued the vacation.

While making dinner at home a few nights later, she detected an odor
which no one else could smell. For a whole month she kept smelling the
odd odor--an odor resembling that of "sweet smoke." Fire? It, too,
disappeared--never to recur. Sarah also wondered why she was gaining
weight. Every week it seemed she had gained a few more pounds.

Sarah was preparing the evening meal one night in August when out of
nowhere, "it" returned! There "it" was, closing in on her and making her
feel the way she had on the day her mother was buried. The panic was
back, much worse than before!

The doctor's diagnosis labelled the condition "nerves." He believed
the spells of panic were most likely a delayed reaction to "not having
Susannah with her anymore." Susannah, Sarah's oldest daughter, had
recently married and moved away. Susannah had chosen July 14, 1979,
in memory of her grandmother Elizabeth's birthday, for her wedding date
and the day had somehow been bathed in nostalgia. Sarah, the doctor
said, was suffering pangs of sorrow because she no longer had Susannah
with her. With only seventeen years between their birthdates, they were
almost as close as sisters. "You will be fine," the doctor assured Sarah.

Waiting in a line of impatient people at the bank one late summer
morning in 1979, Sarah felt as if her head suddenly swelled and then
contracted. Gosh, she thought, what an odd sensation! She went about her errands that day and forgot to mention it until days later.

The morning air began to take on the crispness of autumn. The leaves quickly and silently turned red, yellow, and gold, ultimately covering the ground with the brown remnants of a summer now gone. Sarah always hated to see the last days of summer slip away. Autumn was such a sad time of year; even its beauty was short-lived and almost illusive. In the autumn Sarah became pensive and sad, her thoughts returning to her twin sons who had died at birth. In September, the migraines returned. The episodes were more severe than they had been in 1965. On more than one shopping trip the intense blinding pain rendered Sarah almost helpless. At those times, alone and scared, she would seek the nearest available telephone where she could summon aid.

Sarah was given a medication which for a time effectively reduced the frequency and severity of the headaches. They were plain old migraines, the doctor said. More importantly, he admonished Sarah regarding the extra weight she was gaining saying, "No one can help you control your weight except yourself." Sarah went home and cried.

Sarah loved to read books of any type, but now the very act of reading made her eyes water, and if she rubbed them, she saw colored spots of light. She was becoming quite anxious. Her stomach began bothering her, and sometimes while sleeping at night, she would become nauseated. She began refusing to go out for dinner and would not accept other various invitations. Her stomach was one big knot of nerves and she only felt like crying. Why shouldn't she cry, Sarah reasoned; she had become so fat and inert!

Gus was beginning to worry also. He knew something wasn't normal. Maybe Elizabeth had been correct after all. Maybe the child—he still thought of her in that way—did have a problem. Dear God, he couldn't lose Sarah too!

Gus had seen how the terrible headaches affected her. He remembered the day they were grocery shopping and how the flashing lights had warned her of the impending migraine. It had been a bad headache, and he had seen the shadow of fear in her eyes.

It was Christmas Eve and Sarah had a migraine. It had begun at the hairdresser's early in the morning, quickly becoming so severe a friend had to drive her home. The flashing lights in Sarah's eyes and the intense pain within her head completely blinded her making it impossible to see the keyhole in the door. Upon recognizing Sarah's plight, the friend unlocked the door.
That evening Sarah urged George and the rest of the family to have dinner with George's parents as planned—without her. An hour later, she regretted making that decision. She didn't want to be alone. The pain was very bad. She could not lie or sit still. Sarah walked and she cried. The pain was beyond any she had ever experienced. She became truly frightened. Sarah believed she was going to die, and recalling the circumstances surrounding Benjamin's car accident which led to his death she did not want to be alone in death as he had been.

She groped her way to the telephone and, using a magnifying glass in order to see the numbers, called her husband. "Please come home," she cried. "I can't stand it anymore!"

She was asleep when George and her daughters arrived home shortly thereafter. Vaguely, Sarah remembered Susannah kissing her face before she returned to her own home a short distance away. Sarah wasn't conscious of anything else. On Christmas Day, the pain had almost completely disappeared! For some reason, Sarah's memory of the previous night seemed surrealistic in the light of morning. The events were vague and cloudy in her mind. "Maybe," Sarah thought, "it wasn't as bad as I imagined." But Sarah's common sense told her differently. Intuitively, she had felt herself close to death as the pain ripped through her head, and now in the same intuitive manner, she knew beyond any doubt that something was definitely wrong with her physically.

Sarah was advised to increase the dosage of both pain medications and to "think about" having an x-ray made of her head. Sarah did the first and "thought about" the latter. Sarah, who was familiar with the medical procedures involved and familiar with signs and symptoms of various illnesses, for some reason backed away and decided to delay any laboratory tests. Sarah didn't want to know for sure, not yet... Maybe, she was wrong...

Spring arrived at last! Sarah's headaches had almost entirely disappeared! Any worries she entertained regarding her health were pushed to the back of her mind. She had more important things to think about. She was going to become a grandmother—a thirty-nine-year-old grandmother. She had always joked about being a grandmother before she was forty! Now the goal was going to be met!

Sarah felt good. Maybe it wasn't so bad to be fat as long as you felt well, she tried to convince herself. She and George had decided to make their long-wished-for trip to Cape Cod, Massachusetts in July. She was delighted to know she was going to finally visit the Cape, with its isolated beaches and places still touched with the romance of early New England history.
Sarah made the plans. The reservations were confirmed, the maps marked, and the itinerary established. Sarah, George, Hannah, and Polly were scheduled to depart on July 11, 1980.

Everyone was excited except Susannah. Susannah felt nervous about her pregnancy and worried because her parents were going to be so far away from home during her first trimester. She was used to having Sarah close beside her.

The month of June arrived and brought with it a tiny stab of doubt. Sarah began feeling a vague sense of unrest—not panic or worry—but unrest. Sarah decided it was only because of Susannah's pregnancy, nothing more. After all, the pregnancy was not going smoothly.

Actually, Sarah felt better than she had in months. There had been no more episodes of panic, no more undetermined odors, and only an occasional mild headache; although, at times, the swelling sensations still occurred. If she could just stop gaining weight, Sarah thought, everything might still be all right. If only she could see her first grandchild... Please God, let everything be all right...

Things were calm, or so Sarah thought. Then the first in a series of problems developed. Upon awakening one morning the last week of June 1980, Sarah immediately noticed she was having a problem seeing clearly. A transparent type shadow was partially blocking the vision in the lower right quadrant of her left eye. A feeling of despair washed over her as she made an appointment to see the ophthalmologist that morning.

After examining Sarah, the doctor said he could not find any particular problem. He advised Sarah to wait a few days maintaining the shadow could possibly be a floater and, if so, the brain would accept and learn to disregard it.

A week later on June 30, 1980, the shadow had become more dense—almost opaque—substantially blocking Sarah's vision. Her second visit to the ophthalmologist showed the development of vein and artery inflammation inside her eye and incipient damage to the optic nerve.

Immediately an appointment was made for the following day, July 1, 1980 with a neurologist. Listening while the two ophthalmologists discussed the "tortured" condition of the inflamed arteries and veins within her eye over the telephone with the neurologist, Sarah knew, but chose to disbelieve. "We are leaving for Cape Cod next week," she said. "Do I have to see the neurologist right away?" Then beseechingly, "Can't it wait until I return home?"

The doctor—a man whom Sarah had known and trusted for many years—looked directly into her face and with a voice tinged with concern and anxiety replied, "Sarah, if you go to Cape Cod next week, you will become blind before you return home. It is imperative you see the neurologist tomorrow. I wouldn't tell you this if I didn't know it was the
truth." Sarah told herself the problem was confined to her eyes. It had to be...

That night Susannah almost lost her baby!

The second day of July dawned fresh and brilliant in the early sunlight. Sarah was so worried about Susannah and the unborn child. All of a sudden events were getting out of hand. Susannah's pregnancy had to be maintained. She was carrying Sarah's first grandchild!

The neurologist examined Sarah. The doctor, a lady, asked questions regarding Sarah's weight gain, her balance, her headaches, and her diminished eyesight. The doctor told Sarah she wanted her admitted to the hospital that very afternoon! Sarah asked the neurologist the all-important question. The neurologist answered, "We will have to see." But Sarah knew! Intuitively, she had known for a long time. What was she to do?

Sarah's tests began on July 2, 1980. Included were skull x-rays, CAT scans, EEG's, EKG's, blood tests of all types, an angiogram, and various other procedures. Sarah had always been able to endure a lot of pain, but the administering of the angiogram shattered her control. Why did the tubing have to be inserted in the femoral artery in her groin then weaved upward through her body to her head, Sarah implored. Why couldn't they sedate her? Eventually, in order to proceed, the doctors gave her Valium--only to relax her--they said.

Sarah felt compassion for the student nurses who were witnessing this procedure. They seemed to be on the verge of crying too.

After the completion of the first head x-ray, Sarah was given without delay a drug with which she was familiar, Decodron, used to combat allergies and swelling resulting from various causes.

Before the doctor came into her room and said the words aloud, Sarah already knew what they would be. She could not pretend any more. She knew why her head had hurt so dreadfully; she knew why the swelling sensations occurred; she understood the underlying cause beneath the panic and depression. Sarah already knew!

Sarah was not scared for herself, but she was scared for her family. Sarah was not afraid to die, but she was afraid what her death would do to her family. Sarah never cried, not once. Not even when her doctor stood beside her bed and quietly said, "Sarah, I am so sorry, but you have a brain tumor--a meningioma--the size of an egg located behind your right eye. It has made your brain swell, filling your skull to capacity. It has interfered with the functioning of your pituitary gland, therefore, explaining your excessive weight gain, and it has already permanently damaged your optic nerve."
A strange thing happened then. A calmness descended over, within, and about Sarah. The feeling was so all-enveloping, Sarah wondered for an instant if she were dreaming. She left her bed and walked to the public telephones at the end of the hospital corridor. Sarah telephoned George.

After hearing the diagnosis, Sarah never cried, but she prayed and God saw fit to answer her prayers. Sarah survived the subsequent surgery and lives today--happily watching her two granddaughters, Mary and baby Sarah, growing strong and healthy. The little girls are always dressed in beautiful little dresses, as opposed to the long pants Sarah was made to wear in her childhood.

Augustus Helman prayed. Alone in his bed at night, he prayed. God saw fit to answer Gus's prayers. An eighty-two year old man, Gus lives today.

In the Heavenly Realm of Christian Souls, far beyond the clouds, one Angel knowingly smiles and nods her head. Softly, she whispers the following words:
"I knew she was a special child, one who needed special care."
May 23, 1986
MARCIE
A SEQUEL TO SARAH

Sarah had just been informed by her doctor that she had a brain tumor—a meningioma—located in the frontal area of her head behind her eyes. Calmly she accepted the diagnosis.

Her roommate and newly acquired friend, Marcie, watched in stunned disbelief as Sarah serenely and calmly accepted the outcome of the tests. During the next few days, Marcie, watching Sarah, began to understand the meaning of courage and bravery as applied to one's acceptance of a diagnosis of this magnitude.

There were no spells of hysteria or uncontrollable weeping. Sarah knew what lay ahead of her, and she, seemingly without fear, faced it head on.

Marcie said to her one day, "Sarah, if a doctor ever told me I had a brain tumor, I could never accept it as calmly as you seem to be doing." Sarah only nodded her head in response.

The only apprehension Marcie ever heard Sarah express was concerning the impending angiogram. Sarah wanted to be aware of the exact medical procedures involved in the administering of the test. She asked a lot of nurses about it, but she was never satisfied with their answers.

Sarah went home for the July 4th weekend. When she was readmitted on Sunday, she was not assigned to the room which she had previously shared with Marcie. Nevertheless, Marcie came to see her, walking the short distance down the hall.

After enduring the dreaded angiogram, Sarah was confined to her bed for four hours. This was a precautionary measure taken to prevent any bleeding at the point of arterial entry. During this time, Marcie tried to comfort her.

Sarah had her surgery on July 11, 1980. Marcie watched as Sarah was rolled out of the room and down the hall on the stretcher. Marcie was vaguely aware of a strange sensation which fleetingly touched her physically. Without being cognizant of the significance of the moment, Marcie whispered a silent prayer for her friend and soulfully returned to her room.

Three days later when Sarah was returned to a semi-private room, Marcie had been released without discovering the exact cause of her eye problems. The doctors had decided Marcie's difficulties were probably stemming from the lax handling of her diabetic diet and from her diabetes in general.
It would be years before the correct underlying cause was discovered. It would be years before the correct diagnosis was made—a diagnosis which would shatter all previous ones, and set in motion the dramatic happenings revealed and recorded in this personal story.

Over the ensuing years, Sarah, having survived the surgery, and Marcie, still bothered with various difficulties, saw each other on several and varied occasions. They always referred back to those few days in 1980, never once realizing to what degree those days and circumstances bound them together.

The years quickly melted one into the other. Sarah became the grandmother of two beautiful little girls—Mary and Baby Sarah—while Marcie's children, a boy and a girl, reached their teenage years.

Marcie worried about the medical problems which seemed to overshadow her life. The diabetes she could deal with, but her see-sawing emotions sometimes seemed to overwhelm her, bringing tears to her eyes at the oddest moments. The difficulties with her eyesight continued but were still attributed to her diabetes. Oddly, it was her weight which seemed to be out of control. No matter how hard she tried to maintain her present level, it just seemed to keep climbing. Fleetingly, she remembered that Sarah had also had the same problems; but, in Sarah's case, her weight gain had been a side effect of the tumor upsetting her body chemistry. Their weight gains had nothing in common, Marcie reasoned. But still the memory lingered...

Marcie's husband William and Sarah's husband George are men of the same quiet, strong caliber. Like George, William has always been a supportive husband. Sometimes watching Marcie when she was unaware, his love and his concern for her showed clearly in his face. At times she seemed so vulnerable, and at all costs, he knew he would always try to shield her from any hurt or pain. He fervently hoped her varied symptoms were not resulting from anything more serious than her diabetes.

William had no way of knowing that circumstances would soon shatter his control as they had shattered George's six years previously. The wheels of fate were slowly turning around and around—bringing people and circumstances closer together.

During the latter part of 1986, Marcie began to notice her sense of taste and smell was altered. They later became nonexistent. "What is happening to me?" Marcie wondered aloud. What had Sarah told her about an odd odor? Marcie could not quite remember Sarah's exact words...

Before Christmas 1986, Marcie began to lose track of time. On several occasions, she arrived home unsure of where she had been or what she had done. Similarly, she would find herself at places not knowing why she was there. Gradually, as the episodes of memory loss became
more frequent, she could no longer ignore her symptoms, but she still didn't comprehend their reasons for being.

In March 1986 she was again admitted to a hospital for a diabetic evaluation. This time, though, she was referred to a neurologist who immediately scheduled her to undergo a CAT scan—an x-ray which ultimately altered Marcie's life.

It was a beautiful spring night in April 1986. George had taken Sarah out to dinner—one of their favorite things to do. On this spring night, in the dimly lit setting of the restaurant, Sarah's mood of tranquility was shattered as she listened in dismay to the words spoken by a friend. In utter disheartenment, she perceived the awful truth and tried to disbelieve. Gradually the reality of the spoken words penetrated Sarah's senses and many details came into focus. Slowly Sarah realized the words were the truth. Marcie had a brain tumor! The wheels of fate were still turning around and around, leading each of them onward toward their destiny.

Even after speaking with Marcie on the telephone and discussing the tumor—an almost identical type as Sarah's—it seemed too unreal, not at all possible. Sarah knew Marcie would be frightened. Marcie had said as much six years earlier.

But it was true! This time, unlike the previous one, Sarah cried. She cried for Marcie and possibly she cried for herself. It seemed as if she were experiencing all the fear and pain which Marcie was enduring.

One Saturday Sarah became so distraught George had to take her away for the weekend. They drove to Williamsburg, Virginia, and roamed the streets of the historical city. Its romantic beauty only slightly eased Sarah's anxiety and fear. She was reliving those days of July 1980, and no one knew the depth and the extent of her feelings except herself.

Sarah's intuitive feelings concerning Marcie's condition were quite correct. Marcie was experiencing a lot of pain and anguish. Unexpected problems surfaced at the very beginning—both mechanical and physical.

On the scheduled day of surgery, May 5, 1986, a malfunctioning machine cancelled the operation. This delay caused Marcie tremendous mental stress. She could not help but regard the delay as an ominous sign of trouble. The surgery was rescheduled for the following Friday, May 9.

Also the tumor was more advanced than previously believed. It had already damaged Marcie's optic nerve—more damage than Sarah had suffered. Following the surgery, the sight in Marcie's left eye was almost nonexistent. There seemed to be innumerable problems to face and overcome.

So many times she thought of Sarah. The trauma of a third angiogram was almost more than Marcie could bear. CAT scans and intravenous tubing became constant parts of her days and nights.
Much of the time was lost to Marcie's memory. Following the surgery, she was not immediately and constantly alert as Sarah had been. Maybe this was good. Marcie often wondered aloud, "How much more pain can I endure?" With William constantly beside her to give her encouragement, Marcie did endure. During the most painful of tests, Marcie kept repeating over and over in her mind, "This, too, shall pass."

As He had with Sarah, God heard Marcie's prayers and those of her family and friends, and gave her strength.

Finally, she returned home--only to be transported, a few days later, back to the hospital in a semi-conscious state. An artery in Marcie's brain had collapsed, very nearly costing her her life.

For days afterward, she was unable to speak coherently, but she fought her way back. She tried to hold on to the thought that Sarah had survived. Knowing Sarah had withstood the pain involved and remembering she had endured the fear of the unknown gave Marcie added courage to face her own fears.

After being admitted to four different hospitals on six separate occasions, Marcie again returned home. She patiently waited a few days before picking up the telephone and dialing Sarah's number.

They talked for hours; first on the telephone and later at Marcie's home. They compared their symptoms, the tests they each had endured, the pain and fears they had shared, and their present emotional temperaments. As a result of their particular type of surgery, their fragile emotions are often released in tears.

They ask each other, "Why us?" They compare their lives and see many similarities. Their ages and lifestyles almost parallel one another. They each, as little children, lived in the same small community and attended the same elementary school during the late 1940's and early 1950's. At the present time, they again live in the general area of that same community.

They each, as children, were predisposed to nightmares which made them feel as if they were suffocating--Sarah and her dream of swirling colors of fire; Marcie and her dream of being confined beneath a mattress. Similarly as children, they each suffered with bleeding gums and periodontal problems. Ironically, the anti-seizure medication, Dilantin, which each of them is presently taking, has an adverse effect on a patient's gums. Sarah has lived with this side effect for six years, striving to minimize the damage.

Were the nightmares and other similar physical problems shared by Sarah and Marcie direct results of an incipient tumor pressing on a vital area in each of their brains? Marcie and Sarah ask themselves this question today. The symptoms brought on by their growing tumors were very much alike. Although Marcie suffered no headaches and Sarah escaped the
episodes of memory lapses, they associatively experienced eye disorders, unexplained mood changes, weight gains, sensory perception confusion, periods of melancholia, and lethargy.

Today, Sarah and Marci look into each other's eyes and, as if looking into a mirror, see their own reflections. Quietly they talk of the traumas they each have shared, the accepted routine of taking daily medication, and future problems which they may someday encounter.

They alone understand the many anxieties and the often present feelings of being "not quite the same." They alone know how others will at times treat them a "tiny bit differently."

Sarah probably understands these feelings and reactions better than Marcie at this point because she has already lived with the "wondering looks" and the questions concerning her health for six years. She tells Marcie, "Folks are just naturally interested and full of curiosity about people with special problems. They do not actually mean to disturb our fragile emotional stability. We must learn to accept and adjust."

Together Sarah and Marcie can compare and share their anxieties and questions regarding their similar medical histories--past and present--knowing the other will understand. They know that in each other they can always find a sympathetic listener and friend.

Sarah and Marcie each recognize in their husbands the similarities of love and compassion. They know their husbands are men who are not afraid to show their gentle side; men who will always be there when needed. Sarah and Marcie count their blessings. Marcie believes that out of all her pain and suffering has come the greatest gift of all--the gift of love. No one in her household will ever again take love for granted.

Yes, Sarah and Marcie are two people linked together by a special bond. In July 1980, God saw fit to bring them together as patients in a shared hospital room. Maybe the bonding had actually begun many years earlier when they were children. Only God knows. Also, only He knows the reason for their parallel lives and the reasons why they each were destined to have meningiomas.

Were they bonded only to help each other, or is the reason yet to be revealed? Maybe out of their common surgeries, pain, and trauma a new medical technique was or will be learned, updated, or revised, whereby others will benefit.

Through the visible courage and bravery which Sarah and Marcie displayed and by the telling of their story, maybe some other person will gather strength and faith and will become a better or stronger person.

During the summer of 1980, Sarah was given a Gift of Life. At that time, she wrote in her journal, "I feel that God has given me a gift of time in order that I may, in some manner, help others in a positive way."
Now Marcie has been given this Gift of Life—precious time in which to continue living. Time to watch her children grow into adulthood; time to look ahead to the future when, like Sarah, she will be a grandmother; time to reflect and contemplate on the many mysteries of life.

A person never knows what life holds in store. Maybe one will never be chosen, as Sarah and Marcie were, to carry out some special plan in life; but, nevertheless, one knows life has a purpose and knows the purpose is being fulfilled with the passing of each new day.

Sometimes it takes a traumatic experience to bring people to an awareness of life's delicate balance and its precious time span.

Sarah and Marcie have become aware. Even as little children, they were possibly aware, but didn't comprehend. Sarah and Marcie came close to experiencing the reality of death; therefore, together they rejoice in the reality of life.

Bound together with invisible, yet very apparent ties, Sarah and Marcie have shared pain, anxiety, and joy. With the telling of their story, they are sharing their lives with those who have read the preceding account. The readers can decide for themselves if the eventful lives of Sarah and Marcie were destined or meant to be as such; or were the circumstances of their meeting and their subsequently intertwined lives only an ironic, once-in-a-lifetime coincidence!

The date is now July 26, 1986. It is a hot and sultry Saturday morning. The deep rumbling sounds of thunder permeate the countryside nestled in the foothills of the Tobacco Row Mountains.

Streaks of lightning race across the sky and the wheels of fate roll on carrying Sarah and Marcie onward toward their destinies.

In their separate homes, Sarah and Marcie recognize the sounds of the impending storm—sounds reminding them of God's presence and love. They hear it in the roar of the wind sweeping across the countryside and in the rumbling thunder reverberating off the sides of Bear Mountain—the mountain the Indians called Matohe. They know and have seen firsthand what God's love can do for those who only ask.

Sarah and Marcie—this is their story!

1986
A FINAL THOUGHT

"To everything there is a season,
And a time for every purpose under Heaven...
A time to be born and a time to die...
A time to weep and a time to laugh...
A time to search and a time to give up as lost...
A time to be silent and a time to speak...
A time to love..."

"He has made everything appropriate in its time.
He has also set eternity in their hearts..."

Ecclesiastes  Chapter 3
EPILOGUE

I attempted in this history to recapture the people and events of the past. Hopefully, I also succeeded in capturing the interest of many folks in the present. Over the past five years I collected innumerable pages of ancestral data and, herein, assembled the portions which I feel prepared to relate.

In my genealogical files there are many bits and pieces of information that I cannot, with absolute certainty, link into the chain; nevertheless, this undocumented data is intriguing.

If, or when, I am able to confirm more of the details, perhaps I will consider writing a sequel. I am, however, satisfied with "MATOHE -- A LABOUR OF LOVE's" state of completion at this point; I hope the readers will share my satisfaction.

I began writing this history for varied reasons, but especially I wrote it for my two granddaughters, Tracy Michelle Mays and Amanda Katherine Ford. It is a tangible evidence of the love I feel for them.

Most importantly within the pages of this book, I think my granddaughters will catch a glimpse of the very special love that my Grandmother Shanks and I shared with each other.

MATOHE-- A LABOUR OF LOVE is completed; my dream is now fulfilled!

Cathy S. Carson
September 1988
All counties listed in the following pages are in Virginia, unless otherwise noted.
1. Alleghany County 1850 Census
1A. Amelia County Censuses
1B. Amelia County Marriages
2. Amherst County Censuses
3. Amherst County Records/Deeds
4. Amherst County Marriages
5. American Census Book--1785-1790
6. Augusta County Censuses
6A. Augusta County Circuit Court Judgement--22 August 1772
7. Augusta County Deed Book--24-344--10 August 1784
8. Augusta County Records
9. Augusta County Marriages
10. Augusta County Order Book (old #157; new #55)
10A. Augusta County Order Book 16-308--21 May 1778
11. Augusta County Order Book VIII, p. 42, dated 22 April 1763
11A. Augusta County Order Book 13-48, dated 22 November 1768
12. Augusta County Order Book 1832
12A. Augusta County Will Book 3-221--28 February 1761 -- Will of John Lewis
13. Bath County Marriage Records
14. Botetourt County Deeds
15. Botetourt County Surveyor's Reports

16. Burton, Charles, "BOTETOURT EARLY SETTLERS"

16A. Campbell County Censuses

17. Chalkley, "ANNALS OF AUGUSTA COUNTY," (Ch. I, pp. 50, 362, 503; Ch. II, pp. 29, 46, 47, 411, 456; Ch. III, pp. 412, 415, 422, 444, 459)

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20. Irish, "EARLY PENNSYLVANIA, GERMAN MARRIAGES"

21. Mayhill, "LAND RECORDS OF LANCASTER COUNTY"

22. Microfilm--Latter Day Saint's Library

23. Nelson County Deeds

24. Nelson County Censuses

25. Nelson County Marriage Register

26. Reig, "EARLY OHIOAN'S RESIDENCES FROM THE LAND GRANT RECORDS"

27. Rockbridge County 1880 Census

28. Rockbridge County Marriage Records

28A. Rockingham County Marriages
28B. Rockingham County Deeds

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29A. Virginia Census

30. Washington County Marriage Records

31. Wayland, "VIRGINIA VALLEY RECORDS"
CIVIL WAR


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7. Census Records/Deeds


10. Civil War Records


11A. Family Members


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2. Alleghany County Deeds
3. Amherst County Deeds
4. Amherst County Marriage Records
5. Amherst County Censuses
6. Amherst County Land Records
7. Augusta County Deeds, Birth, Death Records
8. Augusta County Marriages, Minister's Returns
9. Augusta County 1820-1870 Censuses
10. Augusta County Land Records
11. Augusta County Judgements
11A. Augusta County Tithe Lists
12. Augusta County Will Books
12A. Bath County Birth, Death Records
13. Bath County Deeds, Will Books
14. Bath County Marriage Records
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15. Bath County 1830-1910 Censuses
16. Bedford County Deeds, Birth, Death, Marriage Records
16A. Bedford County 1810, 1820, 1830 Censuses
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17A. Botetourt 1850 Census
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26. Campbell County Deeds, Birth, Death, Marriage Records
27. Court Records and Judgements
28. Family Bibles and Family Records
29. Family Members
30. Gochenour Family Newsletter
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33. Lancaster County, Pennsylvania Wills
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35. Montgomery County Records


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37A. Morton, Oren F., "ROCKINGHAM COUNTY VETERANS"

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38A. Morton, Oren F., "HISTORY OF PENDLETON COUNTY"

39. Morton, Oren F., "HISTORY OF ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY"

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40B. National Archives, Washington, D. C., War of 1812 Records

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45B. Rockbridge County Wills
46. Rockbridge County Marriages
47. Rockbridge County 1840, 1850 Census
48. Rockbridge County 1860 Census
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49A. Rockbridge County Death Records
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2A. Augusta County Death Records
3. Augusta County Tax Records
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5. Barren County, Kentucky, 1810 Census
7. Barren County, Kentucky, Marriage Records (Microfilm)
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9. Bath County Death Records
10. Bath County Marriage Records
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13. Frederick County, Maryland, Marriage Records
14. Hart County, Kentucky, Marriage Records
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