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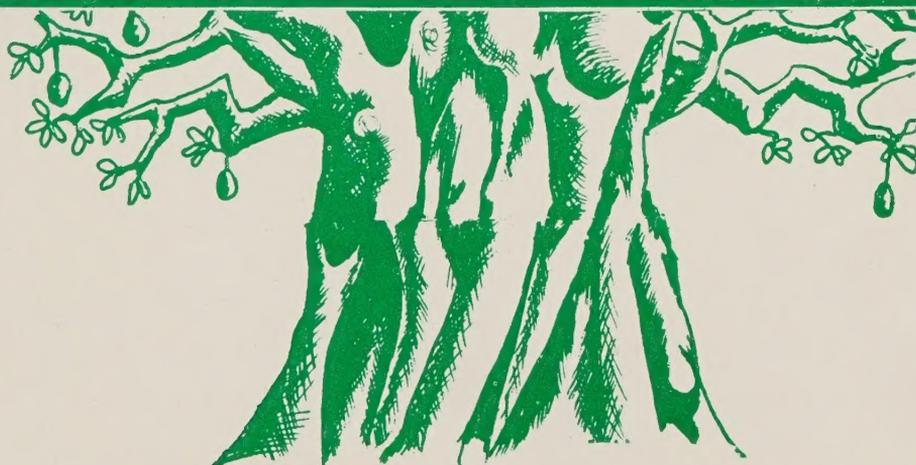
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Contributions of Vance County People of Color

By Ruth Anita Hawkins Hughes



Contributions of Vance County People of Color

By

Ruth Anita Hawkins Hughes

1988

Henderson, North Carolina

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Dedication

With Love and Gratitude
To My Parents
Hunter and Helen Hawkins
Who Encouraged Me To Write Of Our People

and
in loving memory of
my daughter
Marcia Yergan Whitehead
1927 — 1987

Cover Design: Henry B. Crews, Jr.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Ruth Anita Hawkins Hughes

Mrs. Ruth Anita Hawkins Hughes is the only daughter of Hunter and Helen Lewis Hawkins. She was born at 426 Hamilton Street, Henderson, North Carolina on February 3, 1906.

Ruth's education began at Henderson Institute, a Presbyterian school, and continued there through high school. From 1931 — 1933 Ruth attended Winston-Salem Teacher's College. She earned a B certificate from the Normal Department with which she began her teaching career. Later she returned to Winston-Salem Teachers College and earned a Bachelor of Science Degree in 1939. Her Master of Arts was received from North Carolina College at Durham in 1957.

In 1933 Ruth began her teaching career at the now closed Nutbush School under Mr. Austin Lane. She remained there until 1940 when she was transferred to the Central Colored Graded School in Henderson. The burning of this school in 1950 gave birth to the first school building for colored children in the history of the town. The school Eaton-Johnson was named for two former principals. Ruth remained with this school faculty until 1970 when desegregation moved her to E. M. Rollins School. During her tenure at Rollins, she was named one of the "Outstanding Elementary Teachers of America" in 1972. In 1973, two years after North Carolina's retirement age, Ruth closed her career reluctantly, for she enjoyed and loved working with the children of Vance County and Henderson for 40 years. She continues to keep in touch with Eaton-Johnson and E. M. Rollins through their principals, teachers, and students.

About The Author

Ruth's religious life began in 1907 when she was christened in the United Presbyterian Church. She has remained a member of that congregation for 69 years. The name of the church has been changed to Cotton Memorial in honor of a former pastor. During childhood and adolescence, Ruth attended Young People's Association and held various official positions as president, secretary, and group leader under Miss Rosa Foster and Reverend James. For attending Sunday school for 10 years without missing a Sunday, Ruth was given a pin which she has valued and kept through the years. During maturity she has served twice as president of Women's Association; a trustee, and an elder of her church. In talking of her church life, she says that her greatest desire is just to be a good, helpful member; one that can inspire people to find God and keep Him as the true friend of mankind. She feels that through her training in a Presbyterian school and church she has reached a wonderful self-realization.

Organizations that Ruth has worked closely with are the following: North Carolina Association of Education (NEA); North Carolina Association of Classroom Teachers; Vance County Unit of Voters League; delegate-at-large, Vance County Citizen League; Winston-Salem Teacher's College Alumni; North Carolina Central University Alumni; Urban-Suburban Garden Club; Pine of Carolina Girl Scout 305; Vance County Forum Executive Committee; board member of Vance County Heart Fund; and Make North Carolina Beautiful, Vance County Club.

Ruth was married to Marcus Arelious Yeargan and had a daughter Marcia Yergan Whitehead (now deceased) from this union. She has three grandchildren, Henry Crews, Jr., Hunter Anita W. Jones, and Herbert Whitehead. She was later married to John T. Hughes.

The first part of the report is a general introduction to the project. It describes the purpose of the study and the objectives that were set. The second part of the report is a detailed description of the methodology used. This includes information about the participants, the data collection methods, and the analysis techniques. The third part of the report is a discussion of the results. This section describes the findings of the study and compares them to previous research. The final part of the report is a conclusion. This section summarizes the main findings and discusses the implications of the study.

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Chapter I

PREFACE

Contributions of Vance County People of Color

After noting that only a few people of color are mentioned in the books and magazines of Vance County, I decided to speak out for us. The majority of people in this study have been classed as Blacks on court and school reports, because long ago some ancestors may have come from Africa. The term "Black race" is indeed a misused one, for many Vance County people are neither white nor Black. Red floats around some who are descended from Indians. There are quite a few mixtures of Black and Red, White and Red, and even yellow and Black.

A Chinese man, Henry Lee, married a Negro woman, Nita Hester, from Oxford. They opened a laundry on Montgomery Street in 1913. Their two sons, Sing Lee and Henry Lee Jr. played in the street where the Farm Workers office is now located. These boys were classed as Blacks and would have been segregated in those days, had they remained here. But Henry Lee took his family to "China Town" in New York City so that the boys could be Chinese.

During the formative years, it was much easier to have a two race separation than a three or four race system. A good case in point was a community of Indians and Indian mixtures down in Warren County who demanded a separate school. Their children were not allowed to attend the schools for white children, and they resented being classed as Blacks because they were not. These people could not find a "root" in Africa even if they went back to before the first slave was taken off the continent of Africa. Their ancestors came to America by the way of Bering Strait from Northern Asia and Europe or so the historians surmise.

After 1619, when slaves were brought into Virginia, wherever the white people settled, Black people were found. Mr. Samuel Peace's "Zeb's Black Baby," tells us that Samuel Reavis brought slaves with him when he and his sons were the first white settlers in what is now Vance County, in 1789. People of color who contributed to the growth and development and progress economically, philosophically, and aesthetically were and are the descendants of those slaves brought to Vance County by the Reavis family and other settlers who moved into our county. The names of Henderson, Brodie, Hawkins, Cooper, Reavis, Eaton, Davis, Alston, Gales, Harris, Baskerville, Young, Lewis, Green, and Adams are family names of people of color and can be traced back to white family names who owned the slaves.

Mr. Henry Hight gave me permission to use the files at the Vance County Courthouse for information concerning Blacks who lived in Vance County. As has been stated before, the history of Blacks has been a sort of group coverage. It has always been "the slaves," "the Blacks," without individual views of certain families, or outstanding individuals and groups who strained all of their meager resources to be a part of the complex American scene.

The parts that all the colored people have played will be given a place of honor, for the day by day living, of buying food, clothes, fuel, land, and even paying of fines for breaking the law. All of this certainly helped the economy of our town and county.

The information in this book has been collected from sundry sources, church and school manuals, personal interviews, courthouse records, Vance County School Board records, a 1902 City Directory loaned by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Adams, family bibles, and a seventy-odd-year-old personal memory of many people who appear on these pages.

The contributions of these people will not appear in an order of importance, for all efforts are important. All of these people did or are "doing their thing" as they endeavor to carve a niche for themselves and others within a framework or field for which they are fitted.

Any person, or family, who is not in this book was not left out intentionally. The writer tried to get information that would help to stir the pride of everyone, to goad each person to being a better citizen of Vance County, or any place where he is stationed. With the many opportunities open to all people in Vance County, regardless of race, creed, or color, we should have a clearer footprint on the sands of time. We should have a clearer footprint than did our forefathers and mothers, who progressed under often dire conditions and unfavorable circumstances.

Certain of my friends have urged me to put down the things on paper that I have been able to retain in my mind. Now with the town's Bicentennial and Vance County's Centennial behind us with very little credit given to the non-whites, we wish to raise our voice about people of color in our county.

Chapter II

FARM FAMILIES

There was a time when farmers were thought of as clumsy country "bumpkins." Their inaccessibility to the often far away towns and cities did deprive them of first hand knowledge of urban activities. Many of the colored farmers, both of African and Indian descent, were well versed in the farming field. The Africans brought with them farming skills from their jungle lands. Many vegetables were cultivated by slaves whom the African natives had captured from enemy tribes. Marvin Flavin, in his tales of South Africa, told how the explorers from Portugal stopped for fresh vegetables from Hottentot African natives. The Indians were also expert farmers when the first Europeans arrived. We are told that both the Jamestown Colony and the Pilgrims at Plymouth Colony received vegetables from native Indians, hence farming to people of color had been instilled for thousands of years.

"Gastronomy," a book by Jay Jacobs has an engraving done by Theodor de Brys in 1590. The engraving depicts the American Indian village of Secotan, in what later became North Carolina. The well built wigwams are arranged on hardened paths that lead to patterned fields of corn and pumpkins. Each field was divided into sections showing the plants of different sizes. These early Indian planters wanted their crops to ripen all through the growing season. This way they would be able to have fresh vegetables all during the summer. The artist, Theodor de Brys, also showed a harvest feast and dance, in the foreground, of the Indians giving thanks for their food. Such pictures prove that our Indian ancestors were scientific farmers long before the Englishmen landed in Virginia in 1607. Remember, it was an Indian, Powhatan, who fed the first Virginia settlers. An Indian Massasoit and Sesequin fed the Pilgrims in Plymouth in 1620.

It is true that the methods of cultivation by Africans and Indians differed from the European planters. So also did the early planter's methods differ from their descendants of today. To compare a hoe and rake of yester-years with the tractor-plow-drag of today would cause one to wonder how all did the same job.

Some of the present day farmers still use the mule and plow, some are strictly mechanical farmers; however, their end results are food and marketable products. The desire of colored people to grow certain crops, as tobacco and cotton, had been woven into their being — this by observing the economical growth of the landlords whom they served. During the slave years, the great landlords had hired overseers from the poorer ranks to run their plantations. These overseers were often poorer than the slaves. They had to forge a livelihood from nonexistent sources, whereas the slave in a community of plenty. The masters saw that things were created on the farm or made

elsewhere and brought to his source of energy, his slaves. Things that would insure the continuation of their production of raw and manufactured goods for the market. Colored people had seen the poor overseers, by manipulating wisely, rise to the upper ranks of landlord. Inspiration from these and other sundry sources are the bridges that carried many into the field of farming.

THE CLACK AND MITCHELL FAMILIES

Mr. James and Mrs. Carrie Etta Blackwell Clack were parents of twelve children. The history of the family is told by one of their daughters, Mary Lee Clack Mitchell, to her daughter, Karla, in the following letter:

Dear Karla:

You are fortunate to have ties with a family like ours. As I talked to your Uncle Bruce today, he informed me of our family tree as far back as your great-great-great-great grandmother, who was called "Mama Rose" who by a second marriage is the mother of Grandmother Lucinda (Davis) Blackwell who by marriage to Grandpa Louis Blackwell reared a family of five sons and five daughters. Of the five daughters, one of them was your Grandmother, Carrie Etta (Blackwell) Cooper Clack, five sons and six daughters were born. Only five daughters matured to young women. One expired in infancy. Our mother, Carrie Etta bore four sons by a first husband, William E. Cooper, and a son and six daughters by James Clack called Uncle Jean or Bub. The sons and daughters experienced a reasonable education. The eldest sons went to what we know as the C.C. Camp. The others went into public jobs and have survived such vocations as naval yard training, secretarial science, tailoring, shipyard clerk and supervisor and the dispenser of drugs to major hospitals. Three of the girls earned achievements in teaching; one became a beautician and LPN; and the other a dedicated housewife and mother, who spent some time as a medical aide and housekeeper.

Today, you children fare a fine way of having to take swimming lessons, dance from the School of Theatrical Dancing, sports of your choice and musical backgrounds in the areas of piano and band.

Having experienced time at Cullowhee in Western Carolina, you should be proud of the rich heritage for a beautiful life ahead.

Your grandparents owned land in the Dabney Community. While serving on the Dabney Special railroad crew, they grew to be one of the most progressive famers in the township of Williamsboro, on the Thomas' farm which is now Kerr Reservoir Commission. We as buying/owners of land in the Spencer Estate, are thankful for our few accomplishments. As parents, moving off the scene, we will expect greater and better things of our children and their heirs academically and monetarily, as well.

Mom and Dad last resided in one of the historical homes in the Williamsboro Community. It was their decision to put the younger children through college rather than invest in a home. Their means of survival were meager for a household of ten children to rear and three nephews of a brother, whose wife expired in her childbearing years.

During World War II, five of the sons and nephews reared were in the service at one time and all came back maturing into healthy young men rearing healthful families of today, living from the farms of North Carolina through tidewater area of Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., in Baltimore, Md., Manhattan and Brooklyn, New York and Stamford, Connecticut and around the Boston University area.

The family members range from desk clerks to Executive Secretaries; from laborers to supervisors; and from teachers to heads of departments.

Head coaches, coordinators of different organizations and/or projects, science and mathematical instructors are also named among our family members.

Be proud of your heritage and expand its resourcefulness.

Your mother,

Mary Lee (Clark) Mitchell

Mary Lee and her husband, James Mitchell are rearing their children: James, Karla and Eangeline in a new and beautiful development settlement on Route 5, Henderson called the Spenser Lands.

Their daughter, Karla, is already bringing honors to Vance County by earning high achievements in her school work. She attended the Governor's School in Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Mary's twin sister, Mattie Clack Taylor, who is mentioned in the Taylor's Family History, is also a teacher in the Vance County Schools.

THE THOMAS OWENS FAMILY

Mr. Thomas Owens, Sr. was born on a farm in Vance County in the year 1885. His arrival was just twenty years after slavery. The farm on which Tom, as he was called, had not changed much since Lee surrendered. The land owners and the workers pursued the same schedule that the former owner had insisted on. He demanded that the workers do each job perfectly as it could be done. Tom learned how to do farm work; he also learned how to be an ace carpenter.

The time came when Tom felt he should venture out on his own, so he came into Henderson. Tom had selected a young lady whose family had moved from a nearby farm in Williamsboro to Pear Street to be his wife.

Miss Bettie Bullock, her father Mr. Tom Bullock and Bettie's stepmother, Mollie, had bought a house on the corner of Lone and Pearl Streets.

After spending many Sunday afternoons on the long porch that ran the width of the house, Tom Ownes asked Bettie to be his bride. Bettie was willing but could not say yes, until her father gave his consent. Tom Bullock gave his consent after much shaking of his head and clearing of his throat. He had to show that he would not part with his oldest daughter without some consideration. His younger daughter had yet a few years before she would be asked for.

Tom Owens and Bettie Bullock were married and had one son, Sacks Owens. Bettie did not live long and Sacks came to live with his grandparents on Pearl Street.

Tom Owens Sr's second wife was a Miss Lottie Hodge who gave Tom a second son, Thomas Owens Jr. Tom Sr. married a Miss Corrina Hicks for his third wife. Corrina may not have been a mother, but she was a godmother to Ruth Burt, and Ruth's middle name is Corrina for the third Mrs. Owens.

When Tom Owens Sr. married Miss Rachael Perry she was younger than his first born son Sacks Owens. Rachael's children often made a joke of their brother being older than their mother not mentioning that Sacks was their mother's stepson.

Rachael and Tom's children were Mary, Ruth, Chellie, Bobbie, Patrick, Samuel, Friday, James, William, Roy Lee, and a stepson Clevand.

William Owens gave the writer some interesting characteristics of his father. When his father wanted to have talks with the children he had them sit in a circle as if he was an Indian Chief or an African Chief. He often lectured on moral obligations of each member of a family. He stressed the need for hard work and thrift.

Tom Owens lived the examples that he taught his children. After the farm had produced, Tom came into the town of Henderson and the nearby communities and built homes for the citizens. Many homes knew the hammer of Tom and his sons. The Garnes home on East Andrews Avenue stands majestically as it did in 1927 when Tom completed it. Tom's town home was on the corner of Andrews Avenue and Pinkston Street where the laundrymat is now standing.

The Owens children ventured out on their own. Some stayed on their farm land, several owned businesses here in town. The wives and husbands of Tom Owen's children are influenced by the old chief's way of life, so Tom Owens philosophy lives on in the lives of his tribe.

THE TAYLOR FAMILY

On a hundred acre farm in the Williamsboro community the Taylor family lives as they have for the past ten decades. Grandson and Mary Liza Taylor were the founders of this clan. Their children were: Herbert, Enoch, Andrew, Grandson, Matthew, Bettie, Pattie, Mary Bell, and Maria.

Herbert Taylor married Miss Mable Jenkins. Their children were: Herbert, Jr., James C., William T., Edward, Andrew, Clarence, Iris Marie, and Annie Daisy.

Edward Taylor married Miss Ethel. Their children are: Edward, Jr., Orleander, Kenneth, Jerry, Mable, Bettie, Iris, and Ivy. Edward, Jr.'s children are: Alvin, Jabbor, Tonya. Oleander's children are: Dunge, Dwayne and Dron.

Twins seem to run in the family, for Edward and Andrew are twins, and Edward's Iris and Ivy are twins. Rev. Andrew Taylor married a twin, Mattie Clack. Their children are Keith and Angela. William Taylor's children are Marcia, Manya, and Mariece. Herbert Taylor's children are Herbert III and Brenda.

Iris Taylor married a doctor, James Henderson. Their children are James, Jr., Irvin, Dianne, and Alton. Clarence Taylor's children are Clarence, Jr., Anthony, Creg, and Missie. James Taylor's child is Costa.

From the Grandson-Mary Liza Taylor family emerged two especially outstanding daughters, Bettie, who became Mrs. Groves and Maria who became Mrs. Russell when she married Rev. James Russell.

Mrs. Bettie Taylor Groves completed Henderson Normal Institute, later to become Henderson Institute. Bettie established a school out near Townsville. This was the United Presbyterian Elementary School. The plant consisted of three buildings; a church, a teacher's home and a school house. This school was a motivating force in the lives of the people in that section of Vance County. Many of the county children, after completing Mrs. Groves school, came to Henderson Institute as boarding students. Bettie's daughter, Isobel, completed Henderson Institute and college then came back to Vance County as a teacher where she worked until her death, which was at an early age.

Maria Taylor completed Henderson Normal in 1917. She stood second in her class and became a symbol when the mothers wanted to develop outstanding children. The slogan was, "If you can't stand first then be like Miss Maria Taylor." Until Mrs. Maria Taylor, now eighty years old, told me that Miss Mamie Adams stood first, I had been led to feel that Miss Taylor was first also.

Maria taught school in Tennessee and in summer she attended Knoxville College, a Presbyterian school. After her marriage to Rev. Lewis Russell, Maria came home to Vance County and taught for years. Her family became large and she felt that the children needed her at home. After all, she had six heads of heavy long hair to braid every day.

The names of Maria's children are: Sophia, Harriet, Cherry, Sallie, Richard, Edward, Kizzie, Elnora, Mary Eliza. Three of the Russell girls became teachers and followed in the Taylor pattern. They are Sophia, Harriet, and Sallie. Sophia taught for several years then became interested in working with sick people. She went to school and after graduation became a registered nurse.

Richard Russell is a postmaster in Washington, D.C. Harriet Russell is now Mrs. Dixon. Cherry is Mrs. Williams and Sallie is Mrs. Latternough.

A peep into the descendants of Grandson and Mary Eliza Taylor has revealed many outstanding things which are: large families, conscientious workers, and love and respect for religion and education. When Edward Taylor, Sr. drives up to a construction site with his crew of Taylors, it is known that his cement work will be done well. The products grown by the different Taylors will be some of the best because they put their best efforts into them.

A son, Andrew, of Grandson's should not be forgotten for he lived and worked in Greensboro for over forty years. From his home post he established Boy Scout organizations all over North Carolina for Black youths.

Of all the Taylors there is one who was most unique. She was Miss Annie Daisy Taylor. This Taylor was the most loved, best cared for, and most loving of all the others. Annie was blind but endowed with extra strengths in the other senses. Her memory was astounding. She was sitting alone in her brother's car where he had left her to take his smaller children into Sunday School. I walked up to the car and spoke to her. She said hello and called my name. I had not talked with her in ten years, yet she had held my name in her most unusual mind. Although blind, she was well educated. Her parents had seen to it that she obtained an education for the blind.

THE CATO TAYLOR FAMILY

Although Mr. Cato Taylor's farm in Williamsboro wasn't as large as the plantation on which he was born in 1838, he was proud of it. Cato was the son of a slave owner and a Black woman. Although slavery was in full swing in 1838, Cato's father gave his mother papers saying that Cato was free. During his lifetime Cato was referred to as a "free issue".

Cato's first wife was Pansy Fields. To this union were born the following children: Carrie, Ida, Effie, Nannie, Ulysses, Walter, and Henry. Three of these, Nannie, Ida, and Ulysses, after making a livelihood in Maine and Virginia, returned to their beloved Vance County to spend their retired years.

After Mrs. Pansy Fields Taylor died, Cato married a twice widowed lady, Pattie Hargrove Reavis Baskerville. Pattie was first married to Mr. James Reavis, a prominent political gentleman who was an aide of Mr. Plummer

Cheatham. When Mr. Cheatham went to Washington as a representative from Granville County, James went with him, and died suddenly there. He was brought back to Henderson and buried in Blacknall Cemetery. His wife, Pattie, and her son James, Jr., moved from Henderson to the country near Drewry. In time, Mrs. Pattie Reavis married Mr. Hampton Baskerville, a widower from Boydton, Virginia with three sons. Their names were: Percy, Hunter and Edward.

To the union of Pattie and Hampton Baskerville was born one daughter, Mable. Hampton lived only a few years after the marriage and Pattie was again a young widow, now with two children. Soon, however, Cato Taylor met and married Pattie. Her children and his children fell together and remained close as long as they lived. Of these, only one is alive and that is Mable Baskerville Ashe. Mable has lived in Columbia, South Carolina, where she became Superintendent of South Carolina Industrial School for Negro Girls. The name was changed to Willow Lane. Mable worked at this institution for twenty years, until she retired.

During her tenure at this school she saw many girls go on to become good citizens. Before the school was opened for Black girls, when they broke the law they were put in jail as adults.

When desegregation reached South Carolina, Mable was the only Superintendent with a masters degree in social work, so she became the first Black Superintendent of the combined industrial schools. Although Mable makes her home in South Carolina, she wants her last retiring place to be here in Vance County where she began her teaching career over fifty years ago. On one of her frequent visits here, she purchased a plot in Elmwood Cemetery, had Pattie's body moved and set up resting space for that last earthly residence.

James Reavis, Jr. was a first here in Henderson. He was the first liveried chauffeur to drive in Henderson. He drove for Mr. D. Y. Cooper, Jr. Mr. Cooper trusted James to drive his fine car because he knew James' mother, Pattie, when she was his housekeeper. He knew Pattie would tell James in her quiet voice, "drive carefully."

After Mr. Cato Taylor died, the farm in Williamsboro was rented out. Mrs. Taylor and Mable moved here to Henderson to a home on North William Street. The home had been left to them by Pattie's aunt, Mary Herndon. Aunt Mary and her husband, Mr. Kelly Hine Herndon, never had children but they loved Mable as their own. Aunt Mary was children's nurse for the Miller children who lived on the corner of Winder and Chestnut Streets. Mr. "Bat" Parham purchased the home after the Millers left. This house was given to her church by Mrs. Kate Parham Watkins. Her church was First Baptist. It is now a refuge to protect children with problems.

MR. HARRY AND MARY TOWNS

A few years before 1900 Harry Towns of the Middleburg-Drewry community married his first wife, whose name I am unable to learn. But I did get his oldest daughter's name, and the name of her children. Winnie was the daughter's name and her children were Malissia and Willie. Malissia's story is found in the business section of this report.

Harry married a lady named Mary after the death of his first wife. His children by Mrs. Mary Towns were Junious, Carnelious, Carrie, Walter, Luna, Tommie and Rosa Anna.

Rosa Anna married Mr. Alex Terry. To this marriage came Sallie, Dorothy, Rosa, Sophia, Ona Lee, Stella and one son, Alvin, called Bro.

About seventy years ago Tommie Towns married a lady named Anna. Their son is Macy Towns. Anna and Tommie were later divorced and Tommie married a widowed lady named Mrs. Fannie Bullock. Her children by Mr. Lewis Bullock were Lucy and Edmond. The Tommie and Fannie Towns children were Emma, Annie, John and Clarence.

Emma Towns married a Mr. John Henry Turner. Their children are Fannie, Patricia, Brenda, Mack and Shirley.

Clarence's five children are: Edward, Bettie, Samuel, Thomas and Violet.

Emma Towns Turner is grandmother to the following: by Shirley; Larry and Tracy. By Patricia Turner Thorpe; Harry, David, Chad. Brenda Turner Ragland gave her Darrus, Stephen and Tasha. Mack's children are Lolia, Mark, Tony and Debrah. Fannie's two are Tomeka and Deshaun.

Grandmother Emma Towns gave her culinary skills to the patrons at Nelson's Barbecue Grill for over twenty years. Now retired she is happy to stay home, cook for her children and grandchildren when they come by to see her. All of her children live, work and love Vance County, and all live near enough to see their "granny" often.

THE WYCHE FAMILY

The information for this large family came from Mrs. Lillian Wyche Lewis, the granddaughter of the man who was the beginner of the colored Wyches. She had this to say, "I think it's very important for one to know something about his or her heritage. For from this knowledge, one can draw strength from the mistakes of the past and get a clearer vision of the future. I would like for you to go back with me in your imagination to a time prior to 1865 when Benjamin Wyche, a white slave owner fathered a son by his Black slave mistress. Ben loved this son and gave him the name of Albert Wyche. Albert Wyche married one Julia Atkins, a free woman. To this union were born eight sons and one daughter. Their names in chronological order were: Adrian, Louis, James, Phillip, Robert, Albert, Allen, Nancy and Herbert. From what I can recall and from the memories of my predecessors, the Wyches' were a close knit family, never affluent, but they left a legacy of wisdom. Great-grandfather Ben gave his mulatto son Albert one hundred and fifty acres located about five miles from Henderson. This land was divided among Albert's heirs. This plot has a distinguished marker as a Wyche cemetery is located on highway 39 between Henderson and Williamsboro. This cemetery joins a plot owned by a Mr. Gray; one of Rex Gray's sons. Only the colored Wyches' are buried there.

Albert's sons Phillip and Robert lived on and near the land given by their white grandfather, Ben.

Lillian Wyche Lewis is the daughter of Phillip and Olivia Wyche. A love for education and Christianity seemed to have been a driving force in the Wyche family. Phillip Wyche was a teacher and born orator. His children followed in his footsteps. The daughters all obtained college educations and taught here in Vance County and in other places that they moved with their husbands.

Lillian completed Shaw and Central Universities. She then moved to Roanoke Rapids, N.C., and taught in the school there. Her husband was principal there for forty years.

Rev. Duffie P. Lewis and Lillian have two children, John Clark Lewis and Ethel Lewis. Ethel completed Bennett College with a BA and a MA from Western Reserve. Ethel also studied in England and France where she worked on her Ph.D. She has been a writer of books for children. She is with the school system in Washington, D.C.

John Clark married after he completed Hampton and Howard Universities with a BS degree. His work now is with Title I in Washington, D.C. John's children are Irving Parter Lewis, a student at Morehouse College in Greensboro and daughter Donna Lewis, a student at Taft University in Boston, Mass.

Josephine Wyche married a barber, Mr. Yarborough. Josephine taught in Vance County and in the Central Colored Grade School until retirement. For years, she lived in her home on Rowland Street where many of her pupils visited her. Josephine did not have children.

Ethel Wyche Green is also Phillip's daughter. She has worked in Vance County and also in other places. All of Ethel's adult life has been concerned with the education of people. Although Ethel did not have children, she was stepmother to her husband's children by his former wife Georgia Royster Green. The Green children are not only in the field of education but are into law and other state matters. One son is an outstanding lawyer in Raleigh, N.C. Sallie Wyche Hines gave her talents to Washington where she was a teacher.

Mrs. Lenora Wyche Cheek taught in Vance County. Her husband, Rev. Cheek, was a minister and the principal of schools around the state. Both were graduates of Shaw University.

Leonora's daughter was named Dorothy Cheek Stephens, Ph.D., Washington, D.C. Dorothy's daughter, Mildridlyn has a master from the University of North Carolina. Dorothy's son Clyford is a student at the same school.

Leonora's daughter Olivia Cheek Lucas is a teacher. Her son Mitchell is a student at Cornell.

About four miles down Route 5 in Williamsboro, another of Albert's sons made his home. His home is one of the oldest in Vance County. Robert married Lucy Bullock. Robert was well educated as were all of Albert's children. His education enabled him to teach his own children but he was at heart a farmer. Lillian Wyche Lewis describes her uncle as always impeccably dressed and gave much attention to clothes and good manners.

Robert and Lucy's children were Horace, Claud, Alma, Emma, Otha, Mable, Oscar, George, Robert, Jr., Melville and James.

The daughters of Mr. Robert and Lucy Wyche were teachers. Mable became Mrs. Mable Hillard. She was supervisor in Jacksonville until her death. Emma May became Mrs. Gordon West. Emma taught at Shaw University for many years. On retirement, the Wests built a spacious home in Greensboro, N.C. Emma's children are Barbara West Adam and Gordon Fred West. Barbara's children are Antenor Adam and Adrienne Adam. Gordon West's children are Jonathan West and Daniel West.

Melville, Otha, James and George were teachers and school principals. Melville's son is Dr. Belville Wyche of Philadelphia, Pa. Oscar became a minister. Claude loved the land and farmed. Horace also became a farmer. He married Annie Mae Gill. Their daughter is Seleh Wyche. Annie Mae Gill Wyche was a teacher in Vance County for over thirty years.

Seleah followed her mother's and father's family in the field of education. Robert Wyche married Miss Julia Lumpkin from Tuskegee, Alabama. Robert and Julia moved to Connecticut where he became assistant manager in a food produce company. On retirement, Robert and Julia returned to a home they had built overlooking the old Robert Wyche home place. Their daughters are Mable Cecilia Wyche Simmons and Sylvia Wyche Johnson. Mable's children are Keith W. Simmons and Robert W. Simmons. Sylvia's daughter is Angelia Denice Johnson. The field of education was chosen by the Robert Wyche, Jr., family.

The statement by Mrs. Lillian Lewis that her predecessors loved education certainly can be seen in the paths followed by most of the Wyche family.

One of Albert's sons mentioned earlier was James, called Jim, moved to Charlotte where he practiced medicine during his entire life. His son was Napolian Wyche who was the father of Mrs. Mable Wyche Von Dickerson in the field of education on the Bahama Islands at Freeport.

Most of the Wyches, or in fact most of the heads of the old families in the Williamsboro and Townsville section, were very conservative and rather sophisticated. Those who had been enslaved had to emulate in their environment which was the environment of the white people. They were too far removed to do things in their ancestral manner so they developed a taste for the American Caucasian's way of life.

The Williamsboro white people were by and large educated with a flair for politics. They were so concerned with the running of their state, that only two votes kept Williamsboro from being our state's capital city. Certainly some of this enthusiasm rubbed off on the colored workers. After slavery, the people ventured out as far as they were able to go into the fields once occupied by only whites.

Henderson, being only a few miles from Williamsboro, received teachers, doctors and politicians into the main stream of the town's life. The Wyches, Bullocks, Marrows, Crosses, Eatons, Brames and others sent such men as James Eaton, who became a lawyer and teacher. The Bullock family gave several doctors. Mr. Tom Eaton of Clark Street became a registrar of deeds. The teachers and ministers from this section were many.

As I have said before, the people walked regally. Perhaps this true story will explain.

Mrs. Lucy Bullock Wyche had several brothers and sisters. One granddaughter, Mrs. Margoria Bullock Brown said their grandfather Bullock married four times. Lucy's grandparents had once belonged to the Longhorne family of Virginia. The Longhorne's had a daughter named Nancy. Nancy went to England met and married Waldorf Astor the great-great-grandson of John Jacob Astor, the multi-millionaire of early America. Waldorf Astor's father was a naturalized British subject who became a member of Parlia-

ment. In 1919, the son Waldorf succeeded his father as the second Viscount Astor of Hever Castle. Mrs. Nancy Longhorne Astor became Lady Astor.

The colored Bullocks were proud of their connection with so great a lady and had kept in contact through the years. Rev. Oscar Bullock, the brother of Lucy Bullock Wyche liked the relationship that when he married, he named his daughter Nancy, after Lady Astor. Nancy completed her college education, then her music which she cherished became her life's work. Nancy became engaged to be married. Her mother and father sent Lady Astor an invitation. Lady Astor's gift to Nancy was the complete expense for the whole wedding, which was a grand one for by that time Rev. Oscar Bullock was pastor of the largest Baptist church in Raleigh.

When Rev. Oscar Bullock decided to leave High Point, N.C. for the church in Raleigh, he helped Rev. S.L. Parham, get the High Point church. The two fathers were friends so Samuel Parham, Jr. and Nancy became friends, but their friendship did not lead to marriage. We teased Samuel when Nancy received such a generous wedding gift from Lady Astor, who by 1941 was not only Lady Astor but Lord Mayor of Plymouth, England. We told him if he had married Nancy Bullock, perhaps Lady Astor may have knighted him.

The story of Nancy Bullock was told to Rev. S.L. Parham who told it to me. It would seem that there may have been a rubbing off of royalty some place along the line.

Before we leave the Wyche family, a story which appeared in the Washington Post on Sunday, November 12, 1978 should be observed to understand how deeply the finer things are imbedded, not only in the professional minded but in the humble servant individuals. Mrs. Julia Boggs is the granddaughter of the founder of the Wyche family.

The Last Great Lady (for Julia Boggs, Purveyor of the Vanishing Art of Gracious Living, Things Haven't Been Quite the Same Since the Crash of 1929).

The late Steward Alsop once said there were only three great ladies in Washington — Mrs. Longworth, Mrs. Bacon and Mrs. Boggs.

Times, however, have changed.

Alice Roosevelt Longworth and Mrs. Robert Love Bacon have more or less disappeared from the Washington social scene. Not Julia Boggs.

Julia Boggs, more of a grande dame than ever, is still seen in all the best houses, her taste, her style, her dignified low-keyed manners lending that last touch of elegance to the drawing rooms she graces. She understands, Mrs. Boggs does, how things should be done.

"I guess," she says a bit apologetically, "that you could say I'm old fashioned...but I care."

"Julia Boggs just is, well, that old expression, 'to the manner born'," says Mrs. Robert "Oatsie" Charles, who knows. "Julia knows who belongs and who doesn't belong. She knows what's what. She has dignity, elegance, quality and style."

"Julia Boggs," says Joan Braden, wife of columnist Tom Braden, "is the end of 'old Washington', she is the last of the cavedwellers."

"She exudes," says Kay Evans, wife of columnist Rowland Evans, "such confidence. She knows exactly what to do."

"She is marvelous, responsible, always, always correct," says Polly Fritchey, wife of columnist Clayton Fritchey.

"I think," says Lucy Moorhead, wife of Rep. William Moorhead and author of the new "Entertaining in Washington," "that Julia Boggs has always been pretty special, unique. She takes such pride and has such terrific standards. She's one of a kind."

Julia Boggs is the granddaughter of a slave. "But," she says with obvious pride, "he was over the other slaves. He had house privileges."

Her family comes from Henderson, N.C. Her grandfather was, she says, a Wyche. He worked for a white man he loved, a man all slaves called "Marse Ben." When he died, he left Julia Boggs' family a share in his property in North Carolina, which is now owned by her and four other relatives.

Two weeks ago Julia Boggs went back to North Carolina for a reunion of all descendants of grandfather Wyche, who was her mother's father. "We stayed overnight in a motel. We had a lovely banquet. Then next day we went to the cemetery where all my aunts and uncles are buried. Then we went back to the church my grandfather Wyche founded 91 years ago. Everyone brought baskets and baskets of food. It was simply marvelous."

To have Julia Boggs and her group doing a dinner or a lunch is pretty much a sign in Washington that one "has arrived." Those who have been using her for years are used to her grand manners and her perfectionist ways of doing things. But those younger, or less secure in their social positions who use Julia Boggs for status or insurance are intimidated by her authoritative, almost dictatorial methods of operation. There is nobody, however, who doesn't like her, doesn't trust her.

MR. HENRY AND MRS. KATE YANCEY ALLEN'S FARM FAMILY

Going down Route Three, near the Carver Elementary School, on the right side of the road is the Allen farm. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Allen, with their sons and daughters, Edmond, James, Cleophas, Gertrude, Ruth, Mildred, Cassie, Martha, Lucy and their families developed sturdy cotton, tobacco and corn plants. Along with farming, Mr. Allen did a thriving neighborhood variety store business.

Education was a must with this family, for their home faced the once Brookston School. The new Carver Elementary School is a few steps up the road, so there was never an excuse for this farm family to not get a good educational foundation. The teacher or teachers usually lived with the Allens, so between the parents and the teachers the Allens were an educated family. Cassie Allen Wright and Edmond became teachers. Miss Mildred is a school secretary. Gertrude and Martha were nurses in the old Jubilee Hospital until it closed. Lucy completed home economics at Central University then became dietitian for the school until a few years ago when she retired. Now Mrs. Lucy Allen Davidson is living back on the farm quite near to her relatives. Mrs. Ruth Allen Harris is making a career of being a housewife and mother. She is helping her daughter, Arnetta, in many phases of school and church activities. Arnetta has just won the state honors for knitting an American flag for the Bicentennial. Mr. James Allen followed in his father's footsteps and has remained a real farmer. Cleophas was honored a few months ago with a silver service for long working career in the Graystone quarry.

JAMES AND CLARA LEWIS

The "Jim" Lewis farm, also on Route Six, has many earmarks of the Ben Louis plantation in Boyden, Virginia. James Lewis, known as Jim, was born on a farm in Palmer Springs, Virginia in 1869. Right after Lee surrendered in 1865, Jim's mother, Catherine Lewis, moved to the old "Dick" Watkins plantation near Middleburg, N.C. Catherine brought Jim and a daughter, Bettie and a little silver mug that Yankee soldiers had given her. A message with it read, "Little girl, you are free." Bettie didn't know she hadn't been free all the time. At five years of age she had run and played and was happy on the plantation. The slaves on the Virginia plantation ran the plantation under a bachelor master, Ben Lewis, and were happy there.

Pattie, Jim's grandmother, was in charge of the spinning and weaving. Her old spinning jenny and spinning wheels stood in the corner of her dirt floor cabin forty years after she was dead. The little cabin was right at the back door of the big house. It was a little museum for the descendants of the Lewis's to come and gawk at and wonder. How could people live with such few things and in such a house? "Uncle" John and "Aunt" Lucy Lewis owned the plantation in 1914 when great-great-grandmother Pattie's little cabin was visited. John and Lucy Lewis were grown and married before slavery was over. Mr. Ben Lewis, the master of the colored Lewises, lived until 1871. At his death he left his plantation to the remaining adult couple on the farm. They were instructed to care for Pattie Lewis, John's mother. The Lewises who left Virginia were not mentioned in the will, for Mr. Lewis had never quite forgiven them for leaving. John and Lucy and their children took care of Ma Pattie during her lifetime. They loved her so much that they kept her little cabin and did not allow her few personal little treasures to be moved. However, because Ma Pattie's progenies had come all the way from

Vance County to visit the old home place, they were allowed to touch. Aunt Lucy saw one little girl's eyes go back to a little brown and yellow jug. She picked up the jug and gave it to Pattie's great-great-granddaughter. It sits on a mantel in Henderson, N.C., a reminder that a little Hottentot lady once treasured the yellow and brown earthenware jar.

The Catherine Lewis family had become North Carolina, Vance County Lewises by the time Jim and his sister, Bettie, were grown. Bettie remained on the Watkins' farm after her daughter, Helen was born in 1881. A few years later she bought a strip of land in the town of Middleburg. Her place was just large enough for a small cabin and a cotton patch. Her brother, Jim, had set his mind on a large farm. So to get the needed money to purchase his first fifty acres he took his wife, Clara and their first-born children and went to work at Old Point Compass in Virginia. Although there were some hard years, and some setbacks, by the 1920's Jim was far on his way. He owned a larger farm than the Lewis farm in Virginia. He was proud to say that he grew, besides cotton and tobacco, everything that his family ate except coffee and the sugar to put in the coffee. Then he thought of his early farm years when corn was parched for "coffee" and molasses was used as "sugar." He ended by declaring that he could eat well without either coffee or sugar.

Along with his growing crops he "grew" seven children. The children worked as hard at their choices of vocations as Jim had, to get his land. His oldest son, Duffie, became a Baptist minister and the principal of a school in Roanoke Rapids for many years. Rev. D.P. Lewis was pastor of the Baptist church in Lewisburg for equally as long. Three of Jim's daughters, Mrs. Helen Newsom, Mrs. Thelma Hawkins, and Mrs. Anirl Morton became teachers. Miss Carrie Lewis became a beautician and caterer for a family in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Myrtle Lewis Durham worked in the diet section of the new Jubilee Hospital. From her grandmother, Sarah Hawkins Clark Jordan, she learned many cures and helps for the ill. "Jim's" youngest son farmed with his father, then moved to Pittsburgh, Pa. There he was rental agent and superintendent for an apartment house.

All of the Lewis children helped their parents on the farm, but not one became a farmer. They live on the land, get someone to do the work, sit back on their patios and enjoy retirement. The youngest child, Anirl, retired from a Vance County school a few years ago. The Lewis sisters built their homes up on the paved road, and their three homes are like a community. All lawns join and the sisters join in their projects.

When Clara Jordan married James (Jim) Lewis, she brought dignity and prestige to the former Virginia Lewises. Her mother Sarah Hawkins Jordan, and her father John Clark Jordan's background had indeed been touched by the finest of American cultures. Although Sarah could not read, she had a keen mind that held all she saw. The masters of the Caucasian Hawkins family were well educated doctors, statesmen and business men. Their wives

and children were taught the best cultures of the day. Sarah being in charge of a little Caucasian girl who was born the same day as she, emulated what she saw and heard. Not only did Sarah learn to live inside the masters home, but she was taught many helpful medical aids. She was the best midwife during slavery. Vance and other nearby counties depended on "Aunt Sarah" as she was called, to bring the newborns safely in. Once while listening to her talk to my parents I heard her say that during her many years of service she had only lost two babies. When she died in 1932 at age one hundred and five her mind was as clear as when she was active. Nurse Rosa Brown Hawkins heard her lecture to a class in nursing here in Henderson a couple of years before she passed and was amazed at her clearness of mind.

John Clark Jordan who married Sarah was a first class furniture maker. His master a Mr. Clark paid him for the furniture that he sold. He also refused to sell John to Mr. Joseph Hawkins who offered to buy him when he visited the Hawkins farm and saw Sarah and fell in love with her. Later John and his master moved to Warren County and John and Sarah married and had thirteen children.

MR. AND MRS. NATHANIEL BAILEY

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Bailey of the Dabney Community in Vance County were hard working parents of many jobs to support their lovely family of two girls. The girls went to the elementary and high schools of Vance County. The family are members of Michael Creek Baptist Church of Stovall, North Carolina.

After finishing high school Ms. Stephanie Bailey attended UNC at Greensboro. There she majored in nursing. After graduation she worked at Wake Memorial Hospital in Raleigh, North Carolina. Presently she is nursing at Westley Long Hospital in Greensboro, North Carolina.

The first daughter, Beverly Bailey Elam, attended St. Augustine College in Raleigh, North Carolina and majored in Elementary Education. After completion she worked first as a Vance County reading teacher with the E.S.E.A. Reading Program.

Upon completion of that, she joined the E.M. Rollins School faculty as a teacher in that school.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey are very proud parents and feel they have made a wonderful contribution to Vance County and Greensboro, North Carolina.

THE CALEB AND JANE BRAME FAMILY

In the first week of June 1984, Mrs. Jane Brame drove her horse-drawn wagon into our street. The wagon held many different kinds of vegetables in small wooden baskets. As the mothers came out with their tin and enamel dishpans, it was easy to see what they wanted most. Green peas were nestling in their plump green shells, also some early June peaches. Mrs. Brame

sat patiently while the mothers picked over the peas and squeezed the peaches to see if they were mellow enough for supper.

There were no scales in the wagon. A well-used quart measuring tin was used to figure the amount due each lady. Green peas, we called them English peas, were five cents a quart; peaches were ten cents a quart. Other vegetables such as cabbage and little round white potatoes were added to the purchases before the much depleted wagon left with a promise to come again soon. As soon as the wagon's occupant was out of hearing range, a girl turned to her mother to settle a question that had come up while the women were selecting the early goodies. The question was "Is Mrs. Brame an Engine?" The mother said no, Mrs. Brame is a lady. The little girl added, "I mean the ones that wear feathers." The women looked at each other and smiled. One woman said, "Her straight silky hair surely looks as if someone in her family once wore a feather."

Some time after the "early goodies" episode, Pearline Brame, Jane's youngest daughter, was pointed out to us at Henderson Institute. On talking with her, it was learned that she lived on a large farm run by her father, Caleb Brame, also a brother, Sol, and several sisters, Octavia, Dora, Rachel, and Caroline. Some years later, three of the Brame sisters bought the old Cox homeplace on West Rockspring Street. They remodeled the house, however, they kept the farm and kept people living on it. It produced, perhaps not as well as when the parents lived, but it produced a marketable crop.

The three sisters were similar in several ways; one, they never married, they were very industrious, they were never jealous of the other ones' success in her line of work. Octavia was a caterer for large weddings, dinners or ordinary club affairs. When she had rush orders the two sisters and a first cousin, Nannie McGee, fell to work and helped carry on.

Dora was stock lady in several dress shops downtown. This was long before the white stores were forced to hire colored sales people. Dora helped to sell in the Glamour Shop, where she last worked before passing on.

Caroline came to live with the three sisters when her husband passed. She had been a housewife on a farm during the years the three Brame sisters were doing their things, separately and together. They owned a cab company together called B & B Cab Company. The cab business was just as successful as every venture the Brame sisters engaged in.

Rachel became Mrs. Blackwell and moved to Oxford, North Carolina and took her talents to Granville County.

On Tuesday morning, June 13, Pearline ended her tasks. Excerpts from her death notice will follow, but there are very important things about people that are never in death notices or obituaries. The long hours that Pearline sewed costumes for plays at Eaton-Johnson after a hard day's work with small children, the after school work that she did in her sister's food booth

during the long dusty and sometimes cold fair week, these things are never printed. The many, many garments that Pearline made for people in Henderson and Vance County during weekends, holidays and summer vacations are known by people who came in contact with the Brame sisters.

Another thing, the loving coherent care that the two sisters who were not professionals had; they willingly helped Pearline go back to school to obtain a higher degree. Pearl often said "My sisters helped to keep me at Winston-Salem Teacher's College."

In the home that the three sisters shared, only Octavia remains. She will be sad, but she should also be glad, for they were three grand ladies. Ladies who are indeed contributors to Vance County and are representative citizens.

AREA DEATHS – JUNE 15, 1979

Miss Pearline Brame, a resident of 317 Rock Spring Street died Tuesday morning at Maria Parham Hospital following a sudden illness. She was born in Vance County and was the daughter of the late Caleb and Jane Brame. She was educated in the public school of Vance County, and attended the former Winston-Salem State Teachers College, where she received her B.S. degree. For approximately 40 years she taught in Granville, Halifax and Vance Counties before retiring in 1970 from Vance County. She was an active member of the former North Carolina State Teachers Association at local, state and national levels.

She was a member of the Flat Creek Baptist Church where she served as church clerk, senior choir leader and chairman of numerous auxiliaries.

She was a member of the Rose Garden Club, Hospital Guild and the Henderson Chapter of the Winston-Salem State University Alumni and was a neighborhood worker for the Heart Fund, Cancer Fund and United Way campaigns.

In 1967 she received the Winston-Salem State College Alumni Association Award for outstanding service to the organization. In recognition of 25 years as a leader of Brownie and Girl Scout Troops in the Henderson area, she was awarded a service pin by the Pines of Carolina Council.

She is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Rachel Blackwell of Oxford and Miss Octavia Brame of the home; and several nieces and nephews.

LEN AND ANNA PATTON BULLOCK, SR. &
LEN AND LUCY HAMILTON BULLOCK, JR. FAMILY

Vance County has always been known as a good place to rear a large family. One reason is because there was enough space to keep people from bumping into each other. Route Five, from Henderson to the Virginia line, was dotted with houses large and small containing parents with many children.

Mr. Len Bullock, Sr. and wife, Mrs. Anna Bullock, reared their family of twelve children on a fifty acre farm on Route Five in Williamboro community. This farm was sold, after Mr. and Mrs. Bullock passed away, to Horace Bullock. Years later, the farm was sold to Mr. George and Elvira Jones. The Jones family was also large. After the parents died the Jones children did not sell. They continued to develop this farm into a productive farm as well as a show place. A daughter, Mrs. Otelia Jones Smith, and her husband live on this farm. Although both were engaged in school work, they found time to develop a park and a biological garden with many plants. More about this farm is told in another family story.

Mr. Len Bullock, Jr., married Miss Lucy Hamilton. Their home is several miles from the old Len Bullock, Sr. farm, down the road and nearer to the village of Williamsboro. Len, Jr. continued to farm as had his father. He and his wife did not rear quite as many children as did his father. Their children were: Esther Mae, the only girl, Hamilton, called "Dick," Leonard, called "Mut," Frederick, William, called "Stump," and Francis. Francis and Frederick were twins. Mr. Bullock wouldn't boast of twelve children, perhaps that is why some of the children were called two names.

The one daughter, Miss Esther Mae Bullock, has led an interesting life in the Williamsboro community. After teaching for several years, she decided to go into the field of Library Science. She received the first masters degree in her field to work in our county in 1957 from North Carolina Central University. From that time until she retired, she served the libraries in Vance County. Miss Esther Mae was also the first woman superintendent in Flat Creek Baptist Church Sunday School. This church is over a hundred years old.

Hamilton and William Bullock must have inherited the art and love of barbering from their grandfather, Alfred Amsted Hamilton, and their uncle, Eddie Hamilton. These two were known as good "hair trimmers" from Williamsboro to Henderson. Hamilton, Len, III, Frederick, and William served their country in World War II. After his service in the Army, Hamilton completed a course in the Barbers Trade School in Atlantic City, N.J. and opened a shop. Soon after he was settled, his brother, William, who had worked with Mr. Thomas Rogers here in Henderson, joined Hamilton. The shop is still operating.

Among the Bullock brothers most valued keepsakes are their honorable discharges. The brothers were not in the same outfits during the war, but two of the brothers, William and Leonard, (Stump and Mut) met on Okinawa, a grand reunion I'm sure. The brothers returned safely from the war and went their separate ways to marry and rear families. Esther Mae and her brother, Frederick, live on the farm very much as when Mr. Len, Jr. left it. Only the house has had a complete rejuvenation. The upper story was removed, and the old frame building emerged a modern brick ranch house with all new interior walls, and complete with all modern appliances.

During Mr. Len Bullock, Jr.'s children's growing up in Vance County, the schools were badly in need of upgrading. The people in Williamsboro were determined to get a new Rosenwald School. Mr. Len and his wife worked hard on the project to raise half the money that was required by the Rosenwald board. Eventually their dream, with the help of other people, became a reality.

Later when buses were needed to take youths to Henderson Institute, the only high school for colored youths, the Bullocks helped their community to raise the seven hundred dollars needed to buy the bus. Leonard and Frederick drove the bus during their high school years.

The Len Bullock, Jr. farm was typical of other farms in the Williamsboro community. However, the soil on this farm may have been different, for the sweet potatoes certainly had a different flavor. This may have been one of the gourmet secrets passed on from Mrs. Dollie Wimbish Hamilton to her daughter, Lucy Hamilton Bullock.

THE HAMILTONS

The parents of Lucy Hamilton Bullock had twelve children, as did Len Bullock Jr.'s parents. Perhaps people from large families tend to associate and marry into large families. Certainly Lucy Hamilton and Len Bullock, Jr. joined two such families.

Alfred Amsted Hamilton and his wife, Dollie Wimbish Hamilton, owned a farm in Williamsboro. When the farming season was over Mr. Amsted Hamilton cut hair and taught school in Williamsboro. Early in the nineteen hundreds, the grass looked greener in the town of Henderson. So the Hamiltons moved to Whitten Avenue. Amsted worked in the cotton mill, and Mrs. Dollie Wimbish became the cook in the home of a Yankee lady, Mrs. Alma Johnson Parham. Mrs. Parham had braved the "Rebel blinks" when she married this southern gentleman, Mr. Brooks Parham.

Dollie, called Mammy by her white employers' children, and by her own grandchildren, ran the Parham culinary department to the satisfaction

of the family and the delight of the many guests that attended formal and informal affairs at the hospitable Parham home. The Yankee guests were very impressed with Dollie's delicious foods and took many of her original recipes back to New England.

From their home on John Street in Henderson, the Hamiltons with their brood, formed a strong relationship with a new religious denomination called the Holy Denomination. Dr. Fisher held the first meetings in the then Masonic Hall, owned by Blacks on Breckenridge Street near the jail.

The Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian denominations were well established here in Henderson, but Dr. Fisher's Holiness church was a new concept that caught on and continued to grow. Mr. Hamilton became a pioneer in this denomination. Along with Mr. Dave and Mrs. Emily Bullock, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Bullock, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Alston, Mrs. Catherine Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Sonny Henderson, Mrs. Laura Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Young, and numerous others, they pushed the new church forward.

Many branches of the Pentecostal church sprang up throughout Vance County. Rev. Moses Bullock, in the Drewry community, gave land for a church and helped to establish many small congregations; sometimes the meetings were held in homes. Mr. Hamilton was usually on hand to explain the new doctrine for Bishop Fisher, who did not live in Henderson, was busy setting up churches in the larger towns. Goldsboro, Raleigh and Durham were centers of the new religious thought.

The men members, when addressed by people of the Holiness Church were called "Brother," and the women, "Sister." "Brother" Hamilton had not taught school in Henderson, but he taught Sunday school on Whitten Avenue at Holy Temple until he went to join the great Master in the "Holy Land above." Mrs. Dollie Wimbish Hamilton was the daughter of a Saponi Indian, however, since she had been with Amsted Hamilton, a converted Saponi half breed, so long perhaps the "council circle" allowed them to be together within the "Pearly Gates" instead of on the great white "Hunting Grounds."

THE HENDERSON AND BOYD FAMILIES

The Henderson family has been from the beginning of our town among the offvent families. This bears out when the little village that is now our town, was named for Mr. Leonard Henderson. The colored Hendersons were proud people and have, by and large, held this banner name high.

Rev. James Henderson, who owned a farm out near Williamsboro and Townsville, was an outstanding farmer, minister and president of Franklinton Christian College during the Twenties and early Thirties. He and his wife, Zell Henderson, were parents of children that followed in their parents way of life and add stature to Vance and Warren counties. Lucy, their daughter, taught in Vance County until she married and moved out of the

county to be with her husband, now deceased. A son, Beechie, walked in Rev. Henderson's educational footprints. He has been principal of the Hawkins High School in Warrenton.

Mrs. James Brame, a great-granddaughter has gathered from word of mouth a little biographical sketch of her foreparents. I present here the essence of her findings.

This sketch is the outgrowth of a series of conversations relating to incidents in the Henderson and Boyd families.

Mrs. Brame is called "Tim" by her family and close friends. Tim says, "of our ancestry we know almost nothing, as in the 1800's no attention was given to family history and records, that is black family records, our information comes from our parents."

Our grandparents were born into slavery and although our grandparents, Joshua Henderson and grandson Boyd, lived in a more sophisticated kind of slavery than the kind in which their parents lived. They live in the midst of prejudices, adversities and segregation; a farcical society where a Black man could not be assured to the basic necessities; but, they had the determination of Booker T. Washington!

Grandparent, Joshua Henderson migrated to Vance County, Nutbush Township from Craven County, North Carolina. He was employed with a saw mill firm. He came to the county a widower with a small son. He was not in the community long before he became engaged and was married to one Lucy Bullock.

As a young couple, they were very industrious and despite oppositions and adversities, they were determined to succeed. They were parents of nine children in whom they instilled a desire to achieve.

"Aunt Lucy," as she was affectionately called, was a midwife; consequently, she was the nurse for everyone for many miles around. She never refused to administer aid whenever she was called upon, which was almost daily.

"Uncle Josh," as he was called, owned and operated a grist mill on the Nutbush Creek which was a part of the many acres of land acquired by them. He ground grain (wheat and corn) for people for that section of Vance County and the adjoining counties.

The mill remained in operation until the Corps of Engineers indicated that the Nutbush Creek would become a subsidiary to what is now Kerr Lake. Consequently, those huge stones that had constantly turned through the years were hauled away and the three story building which housed them was demolished. The Nutbush Creek became engulfed in the great waters of Kerr Lake as had been indicated. That was the demise of a great landmark that had been mecca for the community years. Even though this landmark has vanished, the Henderson Point recreation area kept Uncle Joshua's memories alive.

Our grandparent, Granderson Boyd, was a lifelong resident of Vance County. He was born in the Townsville Community, one of seven children. He first married Betty Thomas and they were parents of one daughter. His wife died very early and he was later married to Henrietta Thomas. They were parents of six children. They established residence in the Woodworth Community.

Granderson Boyd was a minister and religious leader. There were not many congregations able to support a minister in those days. The young reverend spent most of his time traveling from one small church to another holding services, conducting prayer meetings, officiating at marriages, funerals, baptisms and performing for many communities the functions of a spiritual leader. He made a great contribution to the erection of the Antioch Christian Church.

Granderson Boyd was a great property (land) owner in North Carolina and Virginia. He also operated a grist mill in Southside, Virginia with water being supplied by a private pond which also served as a fishing place for family and friends. The construction of a highway through that property caused its discontinuance.

The family of these two men have long American residence behind them. We humbly feel that under prevailing circumstances, both made a great contribution to the county, the state, the nation, and the world.

JOHNNY I, II AND III

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Bullock, Jr. moved from the Drewry community into Middleburg, N.C. Early in their farming venture, animals began to make a showing. Not just horses, mules, and milk cows, but hefty beef cattle. The Bullock farm expanded when Johnny and Warren bought nearby farms. Ruffis also decided to stay in Vance County and follow the plow.

Johnny Jr. married Miss Ethel Falkner, the daughter of Mr. James and Rosa Reavis Falkner. Mr. Falkner was the principal of the Negro Elementary School in Middleburg in winter, but when the spring came he and his children became farmers, hence when Ethel married Johnny, Jr. and he took her to their farm, she settled right in to being a farm wife. Johnny and Ethel's children were: Rose, Edward and Johnny, III. These children attended the local schools and went to Henderson Institute for their high school work. From there they went to Washington, D.C. and did their college work at Howard University.

Johnny III became interested in the care of farm animals. He went to Tuskegee Institute to take veterinary science. While there he married and lived there until his death at an early age. Edward's interest led him into work at City Hall in Philadelphia. He caters to the general public, but a large portion of his clientele are southern people who visit his place for the variety of southern dishes served.

The Johnny Bullock children have an interesting background left from their mother, Rose Reavis Bullock. Rose's father, William (Buck) Reavis was a constable in Middleburg for many years. A policeman is a status symbol in any family. Buck served from right after slavery until well into the nineteen hundreds. "Uncle Buck," as he was called, had a wife who created a niche for herself in the field of designing. "Aunt" Jane sketched, cut and made clothes for the ladies in that small village. The Kimball, Watkins, Bennett, and Twisdale ladies ordered fine silks and satins from Richmond to be trusted to "Aunt" Jane's designing, but the colored ladies felt just as proud in their ten cents a yard calico designed by the same woman.

Warren Bullock married Miss Effie Carroll from the Macon community. Effie had attended Henderson Institute during the time Ethel Falkner was also a student there; so when the two schoolmates married brothers whose farms joined, they renewed their friendships.

Warren and Effie's children are: Barbara, Mary, Patricia and Warren, Jr. The mother and children were left to run their farm when Warren, Sr. was crushed by a falling tree. Although Warren survived and lived for several years, he was never able to work the farm. Effie and her children ran the farm, not for just their subsistence but their labor put the four young people through college. The three girls are teachers in Washington, D. C. Warren, Jr. made the Army his vocation. While in Scotland he married a "Lassie." The Warren Bullock family attended the wedding in Scotland. Several years later Effie passed on. Warren, Jr. and his "Wee Lassie" attended the funeral at Oak Level United Church of Christ in Warren County. The lady from Scotland shed as many tears as the Bullock family from Vance County.

The brothers described made names of being excellent farmers among their rural neighbors. Their lifestyle of owning the land, educating their children, being religious leaders and being good citizens inspired many people of color to "go and do likewise."

THE ED BULLOCK FAMILY

Mrs. Ed Bullock whose husband, Mr. Ed Bullock, Sr., passed May 28, 1982, were very supportive of the Dabney Community Schools. They have four children, two boys and two girls. They were progressive tobacco farmers and owned their lovely home and farm.

Mrs. Sarah Ann Bullock Johnson is married to Mr. Jimmie L. Johnson, Jr. She finished Henderson Institute and attended Durham Business College. She has been employed with the Roses Stores for fourteen years. They have two girls ages seven and four.

Ed Bullock, Jr. finished Henderson Institute and attended Durham Technical Institute until he was called to serve his country. He served one year in Vietnam. He is self-employed with Long Distance Trucking. He married Miss Geraldine Hawkins and they have a daughter, age ten.

Thadus Bullock finished Henderson Institute and completed work in business at Durham Technical Institute. He is also self-employed with Long Distance Trucking. He married Miss Lois Stanberry.

Mrs. Sandra Bullock Burton finished Vance Senior High School. She attended St. Augustine College, Raleigh, N.C. She is employed with the Charleston, S.C. School System. She is married to Mr. Leon Burton and they have two sons age four and four months.

Mrs. Ed Bullock, Sr. has lovely thoughts and memories to smile over as she goes about her daily chores.

REVEREND RICHARD BULLOCK, SR.

Rev. Richard Bullock, Sr. combined farming with preaching. All of his children learned basic farming skills when they were young. When they had completed the little community school, Nutbush Number One they moved into high school in Henderson. Those who were interested entered college. One son, Richard Bullock, Jr., decided to take one side of his father's vocation. He continued in school and completed the course in the School of Theology at Shaw University. Rev. Richard Bullock, Jr. was principal of a school called Nutbush Number Two. Another son, Frank, liked the merchandise field. He opened a small business on a part of the William B. Henderson homeplace, after he purchased it. He and his wife, Mrs. India Plummer Bullock, a school teacher from Manson, were doing a thriving business in 1934. Farmers brought many things to "Frank's Store" to barter for things they needed for their farms. Mr. Frank Bullock seemed to anticipate what they needed and kept a variety of things on hand. "Frank's store" not only catered to farm folk. Many town people went down to the store to pick up a few fat roasting hens, a big country smoked ham, or a dozen or so of farm fresh eggs. Some of these things had been purchased with money. More often, a farmer needed fifty pounds of salt pork to feed a large family more than he needed one ham, which would only last one meal.

Eventually, the call of the "asphalt jungle" drew some of the farmers to the cities. Mr. Frank Bullock began buying up vacated farms. He found himself entwined in farming just as his father had been. After Frank and India's son, Frank, Jr., had gone west, and their daughter, Ida Rose, was established in the teaching field, Frank decided to venture into the Nursing Home field. He is now part owner of the Pine Crest Nursing home. As always, his wife, India, is right by his side.

Other of Rev. Richard Bullock, Sr.'s children are: Gus, James, Iola, now Mrs. Rufus Clark, Bessie, Richard, Jr., Rebecca, Mary Ellen, Ethel and Nannie.

The Rev. Richard Bullock, Jr. children are: Mel Raye, William Stuart, Frederick, LaQuitta and Gloria. The much used Bullocksville Park has been

named in honor of this family, and the many other Bullocks that lived in this community for over a hundred years.

Mr. Frank Bullock, Sr. has retired from the position of president of Pine Crest Manor, sometime after the writing of this report. Frank, Sr.'s children are: Frank Jr., Nursing Home Administrator, and Ida Rose Green, teacher.

ULYSSES AND "LIZZIE" ELIZABETH BULLOCK

A trip down Route 5, Vance County will eventually let you come to a turnoff right before you get to the Virginia line. A short distance off the turnoff will bring you to the Ulysses Bullock farm. Although you may be completely urban minded, your sense of evenness will be awakened. The plowed fields on either side of the road, leading to the large, plain framed house, look as if they were measured, for they stand as straight as tin soldiers. Wherever plants are growing, they seem to have an agreement not to grow higher or lower than the rest. The sight makes one think of the test farms for the agriculture department of Agricultural Universities. By the time you reach the yard that runs all around the house and even down to a trout pond, you are aware of a park-like environment. There are tables and benches for church or club picnics. Although Ulysses and his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Brame Bullock, no longer do the manual work of their farm, they were both reared on a farm. They know and see that things are as their forefathers taught that a farm should be. Ulysses was also a merchant. Not too far from his home, he ran a store where many useful articles were sold. This store was a blessing for this rural community for they were quite a distance from any shopping center. Elizabeth taught in Vance County and in Henderson for a number of years. She retired from the Rollins school in Henderson because of eye trouble. Her time is spent relaxing on their farm, and discovering great beds of creasy salad and greens in the spring. The greens are divided among her town friends who consider this a gift a real treat. Her church work continues in the Cotton Memorial Presbyterian Church just as she did in the little Townsville Mission Church. A beautiful piano, given by her, stands and is used in her new church home.

MISS PATTIE'S TRIBE, WILLIAM AND PATTIE CHEATHAM

"Miss Pattie" wasn't a Miss, she was Mrs. Pattie Harris Cheatham. She and her husband William lived on their large farm in Vance County, with their nine children. The Cheathams lived near enough to Henderson to feel that they lived in town, and were often seen here. The family was referred to as "Miss Pattie's Tribe" because Mrs. Cheatham and her children looked like Indians. They had reddish complexions, curly or straight hair, very black and silky, and high cheek bones.

During World War II, a center of the sugar rationing was held in the old Colored Central Grade School. While talking to Mrs. Cheatham, she was

asked if the Cheathams were really Indians. Mrs. Cheatham gave the correct answer to "Are they Indians?" She said, "Yes and No." We are several races. From my father's side we are Caucasian or white. From my mother's side we received the Indian, or red, and the African or Black. We are sort of mixed up, not all of any race.

Mrs. Cheatham's answer explains so many of the people who are non-white, but neither are they Black or red.

The names of the nine Cheatham children are Rosa, Alfonzo, Louise, Jennie and Junnie, twins, Sarah, Aleck Waverly, and William. After Mr. Cheatham died, Mrs. Cheatham married one Mr. Jack Bassey. To this union came Ellin and Jack, Jr.

The Cheatham homeplace was loved by the children who spent so many happy times there. During their mother's life they returned to the farm for holidays and vacations. After the mother died, the children decided to keep the home fires burning. The home house is occupied by one daughter, and nearby, a sister has built a very modern home. Although the council fire is not surrounded by the "tribe" as when they were young and the parents lived, Sarah, who lives in the old house welcomes members of the family. With their families, they share fond memories of days gone by.

MR. DAVE AND BETTIE EATON

The garden farm of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Eaton resembled the Long Island truck farms, only on a smaller scale. Although a little cotton and tobacco grew on this farm, their main crop was vegetables. "Uncle Dave" and "Aunt Bettie" as they were called, could be depended on for early green peas, turnip salad, snap beans and the marble-like white potatoes. If the winter hadn't been too severe, a little bunch of emerald parsley chopped and sprinkled on those little potatoes started spring gourmet in many kitchens — kitchens from Flat Rock to Mobile, or South Henderson, as the residents now like their section to be called.

An old shaky, unpainted wagon was used by the Eastons to peddle their wares. Besides the vegetables in baskets, made by Uncle Dave, were several other eatables. Jars of buttermilk, topspeckled with dots of butter was also abundant. A large, grey, agate dishpan with a rust hole in the bottom, covered with a snowy white flour sack napkin held fat piles of sliced hickory smoked ham and shoulder; covered with sweetgum branches.

During the fall and early winter the Eaton's wagon groaned with packs of sweet potatoes, purple top turnips, winesap apples, pumpkins, scuppernong grapes and a few rusty Luzianne coffee cans of hickory and black walnuts.

"Aunt Bettie" and "Uncle Dave" brought one other commodity to town and shared it with all of their customers for free: a smile. They were so

cheerful and full of smiles that children followed their wagon. Perhaps they would have followed them home, but that was too far to walk back.

ROBERT AND ANNIE HAWKINS & ROBERT AND MARY HAWKINS

The Robert Hawkins farm looks out on the Louisburg Highway, about five miles from Henderson. Robert's home and those of two of his sons, Robert Brooks and Colonel are within calling distance of each other. Near the highway another building, painted with a bright green trim, has the name of "The Green Star" over the front door. During the daylight hours the three above mentioned men, and another son, Robert, called Bud, worked the many acres; the Green Star was as silent as the tobacco barns. When the stock had been fed, and Mrs. Mary Gregory Hawkins had fed the men, lights began to appear in the Green Star. Soon a few farm lads drifted in for a soda and the piccolo began to send melodies up and down the road. The music may have floated to Henderson, Kittrell, Franklinton and Louisburg for by ten o'clock the Green Star would be crowded with young and old. Those too old to dance the fast new steps enjoyed looking on Susie, Robert's daughter and her husband, Mr. Taylor. They served crisp fried chicken, ham sandwiches and beer.

Robert was proud of the successful farm and the night club, and he had a right to be. For years before his first wife, Mrs. Annie Hawkins, died in the flu epidemic, Robert had share-cropped, standing-cropped, half and fourth cropped. He had plodded along from year to year, sometimes not even breaking even. Bills would have to be carried over until the next year. Along with the farming he had worked with a farm supply company, leaving the farm work in charge of his wife and children. He had helped to load hogs, cows, and household furniture for the supply company. When a farmer couldn't pay for his seeds, food and fertilizer, whatever he had mortgaged to the company was taken by the company. One year Robert's brother, Edward Hawkins, couldn't pay for his supplies. One of the top workers for the supply company gave Robert the order to go and get his brother's furniture. This Caucasian seemed to be laughing as he ordered "Robert, take the team and some of the 'boys' and go down to Mr. Young's farm and break up 'Ed', root and branch." Now Robert knew the rules of farm mortgages, but he loved his brother and did not want a hand in stripping his brother's house. Robert reminded the man that Ed was his brother. The man replied, "I know that, so pay his debt or get on that wagon and bring the stuff in." Robert talked to the president of the company. The man understood and sent some other "boys." From that day on Robert made up his mind to get ahead so that he would never have to be broken up "root and branch."

For years, the Vance County citizens had had a fair at the end of the growing season. The Caucasians would have a fair one week, and while the side shows and booths were still there, the colored Fair would be the next week. For some years there, the colored people seemed to lack interest in the

Fair. The former leaders were getting old and some had died out. Robert Hawkins revived the lagging interest. He called meetings, late at night, early in the mornings, in churches, in country stores, and on the street corners until he rebuilt the Colored Fair Association. For years the Colored Fair led all the Colored Fairs in the state. Warren County asked to come in and show their wares with the Vance County Colored Fair. Robert was manager, Hunter Hawkins president, Willie Wilkins was secretary.

In time Robert Brooks and his wife, Mrs. Virginia Carroll Hawkins replaced Robert Sr. when his health failed. His son, Colonel, and his wife Mary Bing Hawkins, also took an active part in that very gala week. It was a joyful busy week, with Wednesday as free day for school children. They came from every colored school in Vance County. They gazed at their mother's pickled peaches, large, large collard greens, the hogs, chickens, and even to admire the school booths with things that they had made. The red, white, and blue ribbons meant prize money. Those that had red or white ribbons vowed to get blue ribbons next year.

The white and Black Fairs have faded into one hue. The two colors seem to blend very well. If the dead does know what the living is doing, Mr. Robert Hawkins and Mr. Hight must be happy to know that their dreams are still a reality.

Farming stayed an important item in Colonel's life. However, he and his very enterprising wife learned early in their married life that more than one "iron" in the fire was needed to keep things running smoothly. Colonel went into several other phases of related soil work. He cut hedges, mowed lawns and did hauling. Mary's interest and training in the cooking phase of home economics caused her to be in demand in the lunch room programs in the Vance County schools. She served at Kittrell as dietitian for many years. Mary's work with community projects, such as Four H's Home Demonstrations Clubs and their related field, took her on a trip to South America. She went to study some phases of nutrition as related to the school programs here.

The push with which Colonel and Mary worked is seen in their only child, a son, Colonel T. Hawkins, Jr. He is the assistant professor at Coppin State College in the Department of Special Education, in Baltimore, Maryland. Colonel Jr. is completing his dissertation now and will be armed with a Ph. D. by 1980. Colonel's spring vacation of 1979 was spent running down the roots on his grandfather; Robert's family tree. His charts were nearly filled when last seen. Only one grandfather couldn't be accounted for. Perhaps Colonel had looked in the wrong file, however, there might still be hope of placing him.

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PETER HARRIS FAMILY

Peter Harris and his wife, Beulah Eaton Harris, bought land in the Flat Rock Community of Vance County. If any of this rock emerged on Peter's farm, his constant cultivation with rake, hoe and plow soon reduced the rock to soil. This farm produced the regular market crops of tobacco and cotton, along with every needed food for the family and the hired help.

Each year saw Peter's tobacco crop early on the market. There was a need for the early urgency as soon as his children completed the Greystone Elementary School. Money was needed to get the children to Henderson Institute. Mr. Harris and his wife, having been deprived of an education by forces beyond their control, vowed that their children would get the best education that they could give them. Need had caused Peter Harris to educate himself along certain lines. He learned early that mathematical skills were needed in dealing with the people in the tobacco warehouses and cotton merchants. Mr. Harris became his own computer. He could and did add up his pounds weighed in and the price on whatever quality was being sold that day quicker than the paymaster with his pencil and pad. This skill was passed on to several of his children who became teachers and were some of the Pioneer Teachers in understanding the new math when it invaded the Vance County School curriculum. Elizabeth and Maggie, not only were quick to grasp the new concepts, but they seemed to enjoy demonstrating to the Vance County Teachers' workshops very intricate and technological steps.

The Harris farm produced children who have contributed worthwhile lives to Vance County and to other places. There were seven children in the family, two have been mentioned. The names and vocations of the others are: Sallie Wright, teacher; Emma Lue Pollard, secretary; Blanche Kearney, cosmologist; Andrew Harris, dentist; and Arthur "Buck" Harris, the only one of the Peter Harris children that followed a plow until his death by lightning in 1938.

Mrs. Maggie Harris Davis, a teacher and her husband live in the Peter Harris homeplace. Mrs. Elizabeth Harris Bullock and her husband Robert lived a short distance from the homeplace. With the coming of the Kerr Lake and its vacation people, a store was added on the farm. Peter Davis, Maggie's husband, ran the store. Four or five tenant houses tell that Peter's farm still produces.

Mrs. Emma Lue Harris Pollard and her husband Leroy, found advantages in the City of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia, to rear their three children, Leroy, Jr., Diana E. Pollard and Jacqueline Pollard. The advantages that the three availed themselves to are expressed in several newspaper articles about the youths as they followed their vocations.

In April 1977 the following statement appeared about Jacqueline: "Jacqueline Pollard of Sicklerville, N.J. will become Wellesley's new Personnel Director, effective May 2, 1977. Miss Pollard comes to Wellesley from the University of Pennsylvania where she has been Assistant to the Executive Director of Personnel Relations since 1974. In that capacity she has provided assistance to the Executive Director for the operation of the office's daily activities, acted as administrative and policy liaison with staff members of the University and community, provided special research assistance on projects and reports critical to the office and assisted the Director in planning and budgeting. She has administered departmental budgets totaling approximately one million dollars. Miss Pollard was Judicial Inquiry officer for the University of Pennsylvania from 1974-1976. She holds the B.A. in sociology from the University of Pennsylvania and is presently pursuing graduate studies in Sociology and Personnel Administration there."

Jacqueline Pollard has been chosen to appear in the 1980 edition of *Who's Who in Black America* and *Who's Who in the East*, 17th Edition.

Diane E. Pollard's preparation for her vocation as stated shows that she knows in what direction she is moving. After completing high school in Philadelphia, she went to Cheyney State College where she received a B.S. in Elementary Education in May, 1971. From Temple University, she received a Master of Education in 1973. Diana entered Villanova University at Villanova, Pa. and received a Master of Science in Library Science in September, 1978. Her training has enabled her to hold the following positions: teacher in the Shoemaker Junior High School in Philadelphia, Assistant Director of the Social Action Programs at Villanova University and Assistant Librarian at the Radnor Township Memorial Library in Wayne, Pa.

Diana has been guest speaker at Temple University, Guidance Conference at Washington, D.C., Philadelphia College of Arts, Guidance Association Conference at Valley Forge, Pa.

In 1979, Diana co-authored an article on "Counseling Minority Women Retiring the Job Market" and "Journal of Nonwhite concerns in Personnel and Guidance."

Leroy Pollard, Jr.'s biography is as close and colorful as the strokes made by his paint brushes on canvas. Leroy's qualifications are Master Prints and Artist, Male Nurse and Medical Technician in Cardiac Division.

He graduated from Bok Vocational School in Philadelphia. He received a diploma in Art and Academics in 1962. Leroy received a hundred dollar bond for the best calendar for the 1962 year. He served three years in the U.S. Navy.

In 1965, he graduated from Philadelphia College of Art as a Master Printer. In 1966 he received the Gimbel Art Show Award for a picture he painted, "The Coming Generation." In 1967 he entered training in the medical technical field and later served in the Cardiac Division in Intensive Care.

Leroy's work as a master printer reached Henderson when he worked with Macon Printers on Garnett Street in Henderson, N.C.

Emma's letter on August 8, 1979 said, "We tried to rear them right and it is now paying off. We are proud parents. We've come a long, hard way."

Emma completed twenty years with the City of Philadelphia and her husband thirty-seven years with the North American Insurance Company. Since their retirement, they have been enjoying their hobbies. One of which is to drive back to the Peter Harris farm and visit a sister. They sit under the large shade trees and recall the happy days of their childhood.

Elizabeth Harris Bullock's children attended Central and completed their college work there as did Elizabeth. The Bullock children left Vance County after their marriages and settled in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Baltimore. Bettie Jean Bullock married Harold Broidie. She followed her mother's footsteps and is a teacher in the Junior High School in New Jersey. Alma is Mrs. Jackson. She works for Social Security and Margaret is a private secretary in a law firm.

Blanche Harris married Robert Kearney who died a few years later. For many years, Blanche was in business on Montgomery Street in the beauty business. Later she moved with her small daughter, Geraldine to Philadelphia where she opened a shop. After high school, Geraldine attended college in the south. She married a Mr. Warren and they settled in Greensboro where she is secretary at A & T in the ROTC.

The oldest daughter of the Peter Harris family was Sallie. Sallie, who became a teacher in Vance County, married Rev. Roosevelt Wright. They had two daughter, Louise and Beatrice. Louise married a soldier, Mr. Eric Hansen. For years Louise traveled abroad with her husband and two children Eric Jr. and Babett. Mr. Hansen died in service and Louise returned to Henderson to be near her stepmother, Mrs. Cassie Allen Wright and her father. Mrs. Cassie Wright had been reared not far from the Harris farm and knew the former Mrs. Wright. Cassie did not have children but loved and cared for the Wright girls as if they were their own. Although Cassie taught everyday, she found time to make beautiful clothes for the girls.

Louise died a young woman and left Eric and Babett to be reared by their aunts, Maggie, Elizabeth and Emma.

Babett completed school in Philadelphia, married and lives with her husband, Mr. Hall. They have one son, Akido Vomone. Although Akido may

never see Africa where his name was born, his name brings memories of Grandpa Peter's African heritage.

Babett is secretary to a firm in the City of Philadelphia.

Eric Hansen, Jr. attended schools here in Henderson. He completed his college work at Virginia State in Petersburg, Virginia. He now works in Raleigh in the Department of Natural Resources as a Chemical Analyst. Eric is a dynamic writer and speaker. He has the eloquence to stir older people while bringing out the best intentions in his peers.

Dr. Andrew Harris, a dentist is the youngest of Mr. Peter and Beulah Harris's children. Andrew and his wife Geneva are involved in many religious and civic affairs in our city. Their two children are Andrew, Jr. and Andrea. The Senior Citizens often boast of Andrea. She does a lot for them. Andrea served as Executive Director of a four county program that helped many in need. She also has served as the Associate for an agency who worked with Senior Citizens throughout the eight southeastern states. Andrea is still with that agency, part-time, as Director of Program Operations and employed full time with the State of North Carolina, Department of Commerce. She likes to go back to Greensboro to attend activities of her Alma Mater, Bennett College.

Andrew, Jr. is married and has two daughters, Alona Nanett and Omar. Andrew's wife, Cynthia, is in school work. He is employed with a firm here in Vance County that makes electronic devices.

On the day that Mrs. Beulah Eaton Harris died, three young teachers stood by her bed talking with her. Although very weak, she said, "I want you three, Maggie, Carrie and Ruth to always be friends. Continue in your field of teaching and be sure to see that my baby, Andrew stays in school and gets a good education. I never had the chance that you girls have." We promised and have lived to see all of Peter's and Beulah's dreams come true.

Before leaving this family, two other people should be mentioned. I knew both of them, Mrs. Frances Eaton was the mother of Mrs. Bell Eaton Williams. Bell was the mother of Mrs. Peter Harris. Both Frances and Bell were enterprising women. They showed courage and willingness to accumulate land on very meager income. Bell's home plot on Whitten was once a busy poultry yard and vegetable garden. The small salary that Mr. Jessie Williams brought home from the mill could not adequately care for their large family but Mrs. Bell Williams' projects made owning their place a possibility. The youngest daughter, Mrs. Carrie Bell Williams owns the plot now and has replaced the home house which burned some years ago with a replica of the old home. Truly the spirits of these grand and great-grandparents are reflected in the family described here.

THE FAMILY OF MR. WILLIAM AND MRS. CLARA GREEN HENDERSON

Flat Rock community (now called Satterwhite, or Satterwhite Point) is on the right going north from Henderson. For many years after Route Three had been surfaced, a dirt road led to the many farms. These farms had several features in common among Black farmers.

The first feature, and by and large the most important, was that several owned their farm land and had tenants working on them.

Mr. William Henderson and his wife, Clara, followed the community pattern and reared a large family who helped to make the farm produce the best of crops. Competition with neighboring farms was not voiced, but the children on the Henderson farm knew how many pounds of cotton the children on the Harris or Baskerville farms could pick in a day.

A second virtue shared by the farmers in Flat Rock community was their thirst for education for their children. Although they had been denied a chance to go to high school, they were determined that their children would go not only to high school, but on to college.

From William and Clara's dreams emerged ten children. The ten finished high school. Six completed college work and four used their high school education as a foundation for what they were most interested in.

Izola, Evelyn, Margie, Clara, and Charity are teachers. William, Jr. completed A & T College and became postmaster at the school. Robert Charles became a minister and has a church in New Jersey. Joe, Dallas, and Ithaniel are in business.

REV. JAMES HENDERSON

The James Henderson farm had as "head" man a person of many talents. He was first farmer, then preacher and president of the now defunct Christian College at Franklinton, N.C. The farm had the general features of other Vance County farms. It was different in that Rev. James Henderson had every new governmental innovation described in the daily papers, Progressive Farmer magazine, or Agricultural Journal. He read carefully all the new terms, allotment, soilbank, turn-under, concurved plowing, crop rotation, etc. He not only adhered to the new voices on farming, when he mounted the pulpit at Oak Level Christian Church, (now Oak Level United Church of Christ) on "preaching" Sunday he carried the new farm news with him. After prayer, he would begin to spread the different articles and begin to explain to his mostly farming parishioners what the terms meant. He brought the language down to the level of the most uneducated. He was aware of the trouble some of his members could get into by applying and getting the money that the government was letting the farms have. If they did not carry out their part of the contract they would be fined and sent to prison. After he presented his information, he allowed a ten-minute question period.

A non-farmer sitting through this counseling period didn't understand any of it. What was understood was that a real man of God was doing as Christ did. He was helping his fellow man by sharing his understandings, which were really blessings among the farmers. Rev. Henderson's sermons were quite different from most country church ministers back in the early Thirties. His sermons were short and to the point. If Rev. West Bullock was visiting Oak Level that Sunday, he would put a spark into the environment by "raising" and singing, "Shine On Me, Let The Light of the Lighthouse Shine on Me."

Each Sunday that Rev. James Henderson preached, his members went home better Christians and certainly better farmers.

Rev. James Henderson was married to Zella Daze. Children born to them were: Beechie, Lucy, James, Jr., called Jimmy, Len, called Buck, and Anderson. Lucy and Beechie are both college graduates. Beechie is the principal of the Hawkins High School in Warren County. Lucy taught in Vance County until she became Mrs. Lucy Headen.

Some of the Rev. James Henderson's great-grandsons and daughters now make their home in Henderson and Vance County areas. Mr. Joseph Emerson Henderson, Jr. lives in Henderson and is a land of surveyor for the Cawthorne Company in Henderson. Mr. Ira C. Henderson also lives in Henderson, on the Eastside. He is a chef at a local restaurant in Henderson. Other of the great-grandchildren are: Tony, Dwight, Sam, Wanda and three others whose names I cannot recall at this time.

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD HENDERSON

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Henderson of the Dabney School Community are land owners. They raised tobacco and recently have been very progressive in truck farming. They have supplied the Henderson Open market with rich vegetables and fruit.

They are the proud parents of eleven children of whom all finished high school and many attended college. Mrs. Mary H. Wright lives in Washington, D.C. and works with a Control Data Corporation of which she is the manager of Key Punching Department. She has held this job for fifteen years.

Ralph Henderson of Oxen Hill, Md. works for the Pentagon as a Federal Protective Officer, sixteen years. Sheila Faye H. Williams of Washington, D.C. is a Data Conversion Processor Operator. Edna Henderson, also of Washington works as a Data Conversion Processor Operator.

Arnold Henderson became ill after completing high school. He has worked with the parents part-time on the farm. Frederic Henderson is a nurse at the Granville Hospital in Oxford, N. C. Cynthia Henderson, trained as a Special Education teacher, lives in Henderson. Since graduation she has been employed with the Roses Stores. Presently she is Department Manager for Roses.

Malissa Henderson is a freshman at the UNC Chapel Hill, N. C. Upon graduation Malissa received several awards and honors. She received a four year scholarship. She received an award for nine years of perfect attendance. She received a \$500 award from the Auxiliary of V.F.W. and \$500 from the Honor Society. She was named the most outstanding Black student at Vance Senior High School. She attended Governor's School at Winston-Salem, N.C. She is persuing a major in Computer Science.

Last but not least of the children is Sonja Henderson who is entering her senior year at Vance High School. She has done exceptionally well in her school work. Summer 1983, Sonja was a delegate the Girls' State School at UNC Greensboro. The American Legion Auxiliary Post 176 sponsored her.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson feel proud of all of their eleven children and the role, large or small, that each child is playing in Vance County and in other places.

THE WILLIAM B. HENDERSON FAMILY

The William B. Henderson farm was located near Bullocksville park on the old Fleming Town Road. The two story, unpainted general store, run by Mr. Henderson and his sons and daughters, when they were old enough to see over the counter, sat across the road from Frank Bullock's store. The Henderson store was the political meeting place for the community. A large room upstairs, called the Lodge Hall, was the "Sanhedrin" of the Masonic Order of Free Masons. Besides being a good farmer, Mr. Henderson was very much interested in the development of his county. He read and talked with the politicians of the day, and thus kept abreast of what was happening in county and state affairs. Mr. Henderson was elected the Vance County Senator from 1897-1899. He married three times. His first wife was the mother of Sallie, Annie, Carrie, John and William. His second wife was Kinky Reavis who was the mother of Alice and a boy named Bod. His third wife was Pochuntus Watkins. She didn't have children.

All of these children were religious leaders in the different Vance County communities in which they lived. Several of them had large families. Two sisters who remained in Vance County reared children who are distinguishing themselves in the humanitarian field. Annie Henderson became Mrs. William Green. Her daughters Alice, Jennie, Margaret and Hattie are spending their services in the teaching field. Katie became interested in improving the looks of people and went into beauty culture. James is Dr. James P. Green, the outstanding Negro physician in Vance County. William has been the owner of Adams Street Grocery Store, along with over thirty years with Carolina Bagging Mill. Sallie Henderson became Mrs. William Paschall. Sallie's children were: Daisy, Samuel, Calvin, Susie, Alice, Ruth and William. Daisy became Mrs. Daisy Amis. She was a faithful church worker

in the Mount Pleasant Baptist Church and carried her zeal with her until her mission on earth was completed. Susie is a supervisor in the city schools of Philadelphia. Calvin was principal of the Kittrell Grade School for thirty-odd years. He moved to Pinkston Street School just a short time before he joined the heavenly host. William worked with his brother-in-law Mr. Allen Williams, as a funeral director. William died in 1982.

Both Mrs. Sallie Paschall and her husband, William, were very soft spoken people. The children were quiet when they attended the old Nutbush Number One School. All of them were very studious and paid attention at all times as to what was going on in the classroom. All, that is, except William, who was called "Poss."

One day the teacher had dragged a dusty book of myths from the little library at Nutbush, run by Mrs. Lucy Jeffries Perry. The teacher was attempting to get the pupils' undivided attention. She read the story of Cerberus, the three-headed dog of Hades, which guarded the gates of the lower world. As soon as the teacher's eyes dropped to the page, William turned his body and head so that he could look out a window. After stopping several times and asking questions to be sure that the pupils were following the story, she asked William a question, trying to keep his attention at least in the room. William smiled and blushed, then stammering in an embarrassed way he said, "My one-headed dog is out there in those woods after a rabbit. I can tell by his bark. If you will let me go home and get my gun and kill that rabbit, I will try to find out about that three-headed dog."

Samuel Paschal, the youngest of Mrs. Sallie Henderson Paschall's children, was taking his time about getting a wife. Many lovely young ladies were just ready for the question. His family was becoming a little anxious. All of the older children were married and rearing lovely families. One Christmas when Samuel was home on furlough from the Army, the family started asking him when did he intend to get married. Did he have some girl in a foreign land that he was in love with? Samuel told his family that he had made a promise that he had to keep about marrying. Everyone became very quiet, with many thoughts passing through their minds. When they had suffered long enough, Samuel said, "I promised my third grade teacher that I would not marry until I had a house and furniture. I'm paying on the house and when I collect my furniture from many lands, then I'll marry." He did too. Samuel is now Samuel Paschall, Ph.D. He has realized all of his dreams.

THE JEFFERSONS

James Andrew Jefferson was the son of George and Lizzie Clark Jefferson. The Jeffersons migrated from Providence, Rhode Island to Warren County. James was married to Miss Lucy Coker, the daughter of Mr. Ernest "Dick" Coker and Mrs. Jennie Burwell Coker. The Coker children born to this union are: Mrs. Lucy Coker Jefferson, Rev. Ernest "Tap" Coker, now

deceased, and Mrs. Emma Mae Coker Bullock. The Jeffersons are Mr. James Andrew Jefferson, Mrs. Sallie B. Jefferson White, Mrs. Georgianna Jefferson Campbell, Mrs. Jessie Bell Jefferson and Mr. John White Jefferson.

During the early years of the Jefferson marriage the couple lived in the homeplace. The homeplace is a six room house at Burchette Chapel where they farmed eighty-three acres of their own rich farm land.

In 1942, through an act of fate, the house and land ended up in the possession of a wealthy relative. The house is still standing today. I don't remember too many people having lived in it since. For some reason, the land has barely changed. Nothing has been built or taken away. I understand that one time it was an orchard place. There were fruit trees of every name. Most of the trees were cut down, while the Jeffersons inhabited their homeplace, to make more room for farm land. Today the land is almost like it always was. All except the last two of the living children of the Jeffersons were born there at the homeplace. They are Mrs. Edna Marie Jefferson Yancey, Mr. James Andrew Jefferson, Jr., Mrs. Janet Ross Jefferson Henderson, Mr. Thomas Clifton Jefferson, Mr. William Henry Jefferson, Mr. Ernest Coker Jefferson, Mrs. Georgianne Jefferson Alston Harley, Mrs. Lucille Jefferson Quinitchette-Onyemezikeya and Mrs. Mary Emma Jefferson Evans.

The Jeffersons were originally a farm family doing much of the farm work on "Lower Thirty-Nine." They moved to 654 Rowland Street in Henderson in 1958. The family are born members of Oak Level United Church of Christ, Rev. Leon White, pastor. There is a story told in the family of the relative who always put his money in the chimney of an old abandoned house. My father told this story because when he was a little boy, the man would always stop him from his playing and take him with him to the chimney while he "deposited" his money. When asked if he could remember where the "money chimney" was, he would always answer, "I could go to it with my eyes closed." Only, for some reason, nobody could get him to go and nobody else went. Maybe even less than twenty years ago, maybe more, this old house was finally torn down. A close relative got the job of pulling down the chimney. He later denied finding any money (to keep family members off of him) but admitted that he did find twenty dollars. Within a month, this same man had put his large family in a home of their own, and has lived well ever since. The money was really there. So the two good chances at being wealthy, the eighty-three acres of land that got away and the money chimney, just whisked away.

Of the Jefferson offsprings, Edna married Mr. Willie Yancey of Middleburg. She has one son, Kenneth E. Yancey and two grandsons. She is retired and lives in New York near her son and his wife, Karen. James married Mary Kearney, we call her "Bit" of Drewry. They live in Warrenton. They have one daughter, Sharon Jefferson, who is a concert pianist. James has been employed as an engineer at Warren General Hospital for twenty-

five years or so. Janet, Thomas and William are deceased. Janet was married to Mr. Junius Henderson of Warren County. They have three sons, Julius Henderson, who is in the Air Force and lives in Florida. James O. Henderson is in the Navy and is stationed in California. Larry D. Henderson is also in the Air Force. His job is to watch constantly to see if Russia or anyone has "pushed the button." He is stationed in Italy. William has five sons and daughters, all living in New York. He was married to the former Miss Ophelia Terry of Thirty-Nine. Thomas was married to Miss Mattie Suitt of Ridgeway. He has one daughter, Shirley, who lives "down Thirty-Nine."

Ernest lives at the homeplace, now in North Carolina and works in Durham. He was married to Miss Elmarie Turner, of New York. They have five children, all except one lives in New York. Georgianne "Anna" was married to Mr. George Alston of Pearl Street, in Henderson. Her second husband is Mr. James Harley of Charlotte. She has made her home in Charlotte and has been a social worker for the past seven years. She has four sons, George, Jr., Kevin, Jonothan and Sean. She has two daughters, Angela and Jacqueline, and two granddaughters, Kish and Amy. Georgie and Kevin are both in the Military Services. Jonothan, called "Bucky," and Sean are in school. Angie is a graduate of Johnson C. Smith University and works in a Charlotte bank. Jackie attends UNC at Greensboro, Lucille mad her home in New York for eighteen years. She now resides in the "Red Hill" section of Henderson, on Thomas Street. She is a graduate of Empire State College at Old Westbury, New York. She worked as a teacher for fifteen years. She has two daughters, Jancey Dinenne, "Nina" and Patrina Ruth, "Trina." Jancey is attending SUNY at Stony Brook, New York. Ms. Quinitchette was married to Harry Quinitchette, Jr. of New York. Her second marriage was to Professor Cyril Mattias Onyemezikeya, of Lagos, Nigeria. Lucille is also a writer. She has written several books and is the editor of this one here. Rev. Mary E. Evans, resides with her husband and children in Bullocksville. She married Mr. Thurman Evans. Their children are Phyllis, Falecia, Alice and Thurman, Jr. They have one grandson, Clayton. Mrs. Evans has recently joined the ministry. She preaches at churches all over the area. She is currently attending the Shaw University Divinity School and doing well in her ministry. She has been employed by Carolina Telephone Company for many years.

The grandchildren knew and grew up around their Coker grandparents. "Pa," as old man Dick Coker was called, was a constant source of joy and delight, not only for his grandchildren, but all children. He knew where the vines were deep in the woods that were clustered with grapes. He knew where all the best plum and nut trees were and didn't mind waiting until that peak of ripeness and then taking a string of children there. Once, he really showed us some grapes, deep in the woods where he took us, still on the vines in early November. The grapes were wrinkle somewhat and reminded me of raisins, but they were sweet! Pa was the kind who kept his big bib overall pockets full of jaw breakers and bubble gum. Both children and grown folks loved to be around him.

Pa was famous for his appetite. Everybody in the area and people from miles away knew how Dick Coker could eat. He would eat as much by himself as the rest of us ate together. People could not understand how "Big Ma" cooked all of that food daily without ever complaining. Perhaps because her mother, "Cookie," named that because of her great ability to cook back in slavery, passed on her cooking skills to her and the rest of the Jefferson women. People loved to be around "Un Dick" around mealtimes. One reason was to witness the great way he had of eating; the other to partake of the tables, full of delicious food, my grandma always cooked. In our house, in our family, food was always given freely to whoever happened to be there. In Pa's house, you ate with him, if you happened to be there and you ate well. The children never knew their Jefferson grandparents. I understand that they were those white-Black people. Maybe some of the older grandchildren knew them, but they were long dead before we younger children were born.

Mr. James Jefferson died in New York in 1959. Mrs. Lucy Jefferson resides at the homeplace, in Norlina. She takes care of her mother, Mrs. Jennie Coker, who is nearing one hundred (there is no record of her birth) but still sweeps and rakes and keeps her rooms clean and gets her own wood and whatever else she wants.

THE JEFFERSON'S INLAWS

Mr. Willie Yancey, Jr. is the son of Mr. Willie and Mrs. Mary Yancey of Middleburg, North Carolina.

Mrs. Mary "Bit" Kersey Jefferson is the daughter of Mr. Dempsey and Mrs. Alice Kersey of Drewry, North Carolina.

Mr. Junius Henderson is the son of Mr. Judge and Mrs. Annie Epps Henderson. He is from Epps Road in Warren County.

Mrs. Mattie Suite is the daughter of Mrs. Martha Suite of Ridgeway, North Carolina.

Mrs. Ophelia Terry Jefferson is the daughter of Mr. Lester and Mrs. Mary Terry of Long Island, New York.

Mrs. Elmarie Turner Jefferson is the daughter of Mr. "Pop" and Mrs. Cora Turner of Center Moriches, L.I., New York.

Mr. George Alston, Jr. is the son of Mr. George, Sr. and Mrs. Henrietta Alston. For many years they were residents of the "Happy Hill" community. They lived on the corner of Pearl and John Streets in Henderson. They were well known and well loved in the community.

Mr. James Harley is not from the Henderson area. He is from Charlotte, North Carolina.

Mr. Harry Quinichette, Jr. is the son of Mr. Harry, Sr. and Mrs. Dorothy Quinichette of Center Moriches, New York.

Professor Cyril Mattias Onyemezikeya was a college student from Africa attending school in New York. He is currently a professor of the University of Nigeria.

Mr. Thurman Evans is the son of Mr. Johnny and Mrs. Alice Evans of Bullocksville, North Carolina.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE JONES

The George Jones family lived on Route Five, on the righthand side coming from Henderson. Mr. Jones was the son of Mr. William and Mrs. Kittie Jones. They owned a farm several miles from the farm of Mr. and Mrs. William Jones.

While the George Jones family was being reared, they lived in a very modest little farmhouse. Money was being made on the farm, however, the Jones parents were more interested in education for their children than the looks of the home. They both knew the value and the cost of an education. They got a taste of the cost when they entered their son, Bravett, into Henderson Institute for a four year period. Their other children, Otelia, William, Lenora, Almeda, George, Jr., James and Cleo would have their chance in their chosen vocations.

After finishing Henderson Institute in 1926, Bravett went to New York and took a course in barbering. He worked at his trade for the rest of his life. George made the Army his career. Otelia, now Mrs. O.T. Smith, became a teacher. She taught here in Vance County until she retired. Lenora married Mr. A "Doc" Marrow and helps him to run his very lucrative oil business. William Jones became a veterinarian and worked at his profession in Sioux City, Iowa.

Bravett and Elsie were parents of a daughter, Elsie and a son. "Doc" and Lenora's children are Tempie, Dan and Arthaniel. William and Sarah's children are Sheryl, Wilma and Tawanda. Otelia and Arlando Smith have one son, Arlando, Jr. Arlando Smith Jr. comes to Vance County every week when we see the Jeffersons on TV. He is an associate director of that television series.

Mr. George Jones, Sr. did not live to see any of the changes on the Jones farm. However, when he lived, he knew that things would develop as they did; he had laid the foundation for the same.

The Jones farm has had a new face for many years. As the Jones family became adults, they planned together to make their family site more attractive. A beautiful bungalow was built facing Route Five. The children came back to grandma's house for all vacations and holidays.

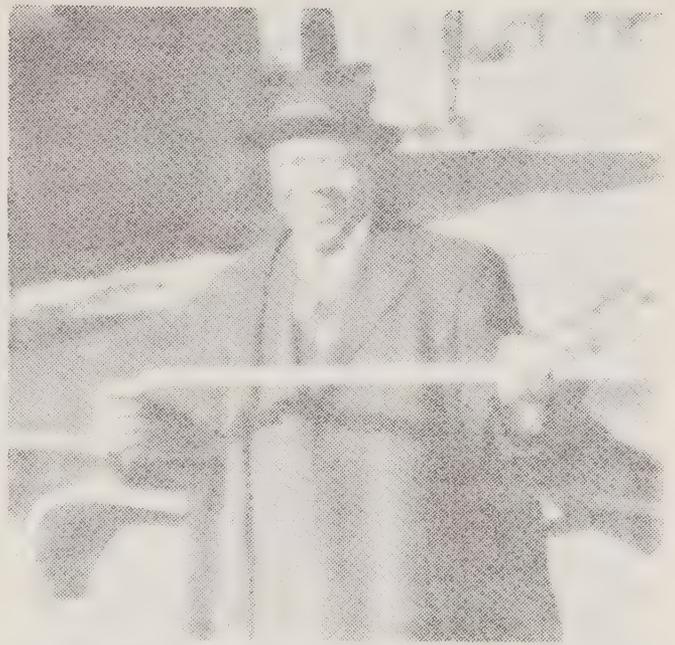
Before Mrs. Elvira Jones passed, she saw and went next door to live in her daughter Otelia's beautiful ranch home. This home, with its sloping lawns, well trimmed shrubs and abundant flowers, is a showplace on old Route Five, now called Thirty-Nine.

Tenants now work the Jones farm land. The home is once again filled with Joneses. Dr. William Jones returned to live there when he retired from his job in Iowa. He and his wife, the former Sarah McGee, enjoy the visits of their children, Sheryl, Wilma and Tawanda. The two oldest daughters completed their education at Howard University in Washington, D.C., where they now work.

A part of the original Jones farm is being used for a flower park. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are both retired from teaching, but are "re-hired" by their flowers and trees.



Mabel Baskerville's mother Mrs. Pattie Hargrove Baskerville married farmer Cato Taylor from Williamsboro. Mabel was reared on that farm and visits it when she returns to Vance County.



Our Sexton, Mr. Cephus Alexander
1967

Cephus Alexander lived with many Drewry families as he had no permanent home. He was one of the best loved and cared for of his community. He served as "policeman" at Bullockville park.



Four generations of Mrs. Alice Sprull Bullock family. From L to R: Alice Sprull Bullock, her daughter Mrs. Elenora B. Henderson, her daughter Mrs. Mary Terry, her daughter, Mrs. Marvis Hawkins. Single picture is Elenora.



James Reavis of Middleburg, was an uncle of Mrs. Ethel Falkner Bullock. Mr. "Buck" Reavis, James's father was the first colored magistrate in that village.



The twins above are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Alice Bullock. They were born three days after the tragic death of Mr. Bullock. The little boy is the grandson of Mrs. Alice and Stephen Bullock. Alice lived to see many grand and great-grandchildren. She was ninety-six when she passed away.



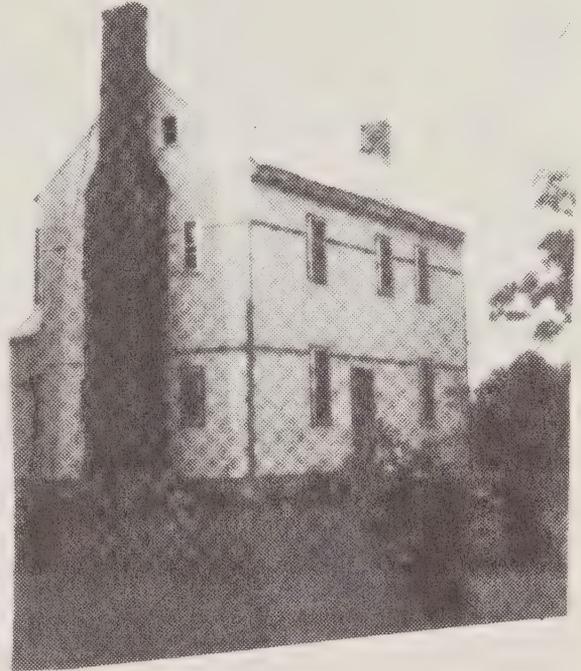
James Pollard is the great-grandson of farmers Peter and Beulah Harris. James and a younger brother often spend summer vacations on the Peter Harris farm with their grandparents, Leroy and Emma Harris Pollard.



Old Dabney Farm Gets New Life



PROUD OWNER — With the help of the Vance Agricultural Extension Service, former sharecropper Walter Green now has his own home and farmland in the Dabney community and no longer must worry about the rising cost of renting farmland.



Walter Green and his family and the Extension of the state are making the farm work.



James and Clara Lewis' children. Seated: Rev. Duggy Lewis, Myrtle L. Durham, Albert Lewis. Standing: Helen L. Newson, Anirl L. Morton, Thelma L. Hawkins and Carrie Lewis.



Albert and Myrtle Lewis Durham. Parents of James and Rudolph Durham. Both sons served in the U.S. Army.



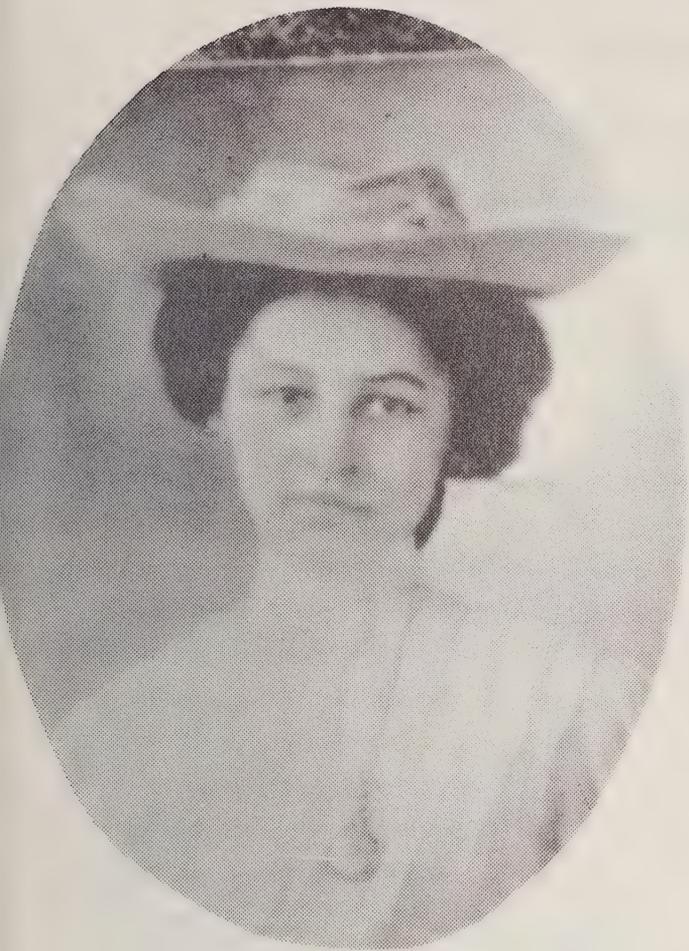
Florence Jordan, the daughter of Mr. Lyn Jordan. Also the granddaughter of "Aunt Sarah Hawkins" Jordon Clark who was the godmother of all the Hawkins tribes.



Made on the Cato Taylor farm in 1922. Top picture: Dan Royster, Virginia Eaton, Sylvester Hight. Bottom: Virginia Eaton, Robert Eaton, Mable Baskerville, Lloyd Hight, Aspher Harris and Sylvester Hight. For Virginia and Mable the Cato Taylor farm was home.



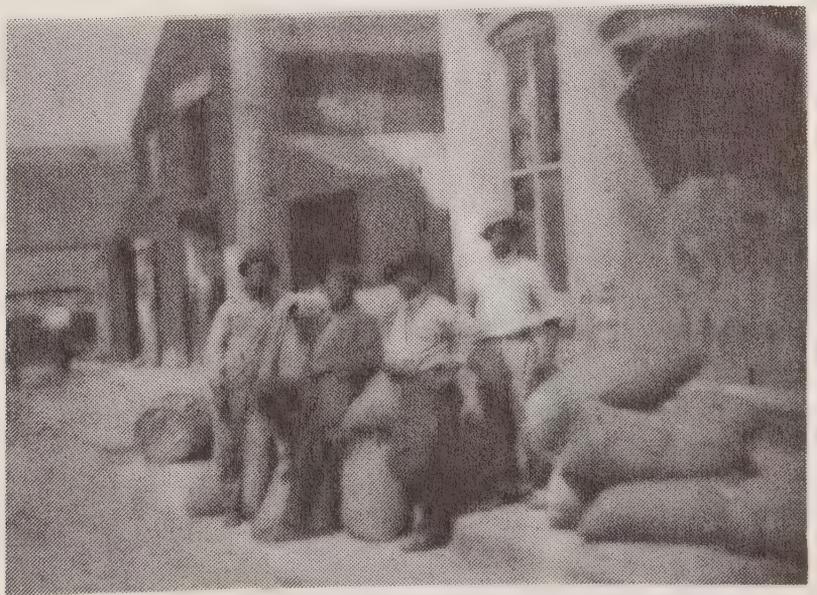
Hunter Hawkins looking at cotton to be ginned, 1907.



Rosa Wilson, was the daughter of a Middleburg farmer, Mr. and Mrs. James Walker.



Ada Cousin, was the daughter of a woman called "Aunt Bug Cousin." Ada was the fourth wife of Mr. "Buck" Reavis, colored magistrate of Middleburg in the eighteen hundreds.



Vance County farmers waiting to get their cotton ginned, 1907.

Chapter III

Town Families

- DIRECTORY OF HENDERSON — 1902**
- Alexander Nancy 85 Eden
Allbright Austin lab 21 Horner
Allen David carp 72 Pettigrew
Emily 158 Breckenridge
Florence 11 Smith row
Isaac lab 19 Smith row
Jas 72 Pettigrew
John lab 19 Smith row
Lou 15 Smith row
Lucy wid 45 Lewis
Lucy 8 s Walnut
Luvina emp tobbaeco fact 84 Tan yard
alley
Mary cook 88 w Montgomery
Richmond emp tobbaeco fact 84 Tan
yard alley
Sallie 158 Breckenridge
Wm lab 22 n Walnut
Wm H porter s end William
Alston Buck clergyman 138 Rowland av
Eina E 138 Rowland
Lizzie B 138 Rowland av
Sarah J 138 Rowland av
Artis Nathan barber 150 Breckenridge
Atkin Benj lab 94 n Chestnut
Ephram 67 Pettigrew
John restaurant 101 s Garnett
h Breckenridge
John 40 Arch
Mack lab 103 Andrews av
Matthew waiter 42 Rowland av
M 53 Eden
& Stamper blacksmith 118 s Garnett
Wm lab 56 Pearl
Baker Delia cook 35 Pearl
Malinda w end Breckenridge
Ball Luther lab 118 Orange
Balltrop Mandie cook bds 122 Orange
Baptist Pinky 83 Eden
Barnes Jas 25 Rockspring
Bascomb Jenius 134 n Chestnut
Baskfield Ned farmer w end of Pettigrew
Baskerfield Carrie laundress 56 Lewis
Chas lab Reavis Alley
Melvina 83 Lewis
Baskerville Robt lab 48 Locust
Bassfield Emmet lab 10 Smith row
Basterfield Wm lab 14 Pearl
- COLORED:**
- Beatty Annie wid 14 Water
Bell Isabell 88 Pettigrew
Minerva 141 Orange
Nannie 88 Pettigrew
Bennett Leo lab 126 Orange
Betsch John J lab 36 Rockspring
Black Lem lab 24 Pearl
Blount Robt lab 51 Pearl
Booth Mittie cook 19 Spring
Boswell Violet dom 32 Poplar
Boyd Martha 157 Arch
Bracy Estelle cook 38 Burwell
Nancy cook 30 Burwell
Branch Jim bds 14 Smith row
T B rear Harriet cotton mill
Brandon Geo baker 10 w Montgomery
bds 84 w Montgomery
Bridges M farmer 36 Bridges ally
Brim Chas driver 176 n Chestnut
Brimm Lucrecia 139 Orange
Brodie Caroline 172 n Chestnut
Haywood lab 53 Pearl
Irene cook 53 Pearl
Jas lab 115 Arch
Jim lab 63 Vaughn
John lab 103 Arch
Mary laundress Smith row
Ming farmer 27 Arch
Richard lab 13 Brown
Roxie Reavis alley
Walter lab 121 Arch
Brown Bunch lab 94 Tan yard In
Henry lab 12 John
John lab 12 Rowland av
Lidia 9 Reavis alley
Phil lab bds 84 w Montgomery
Bruce Mrs. Cooper 43 Pettigrew
Geo Tan yard In
Howard lab 51 Pettigrew
Jas lab 43 Pettigrew
Wm student 43 Pettigrew
Bryan Jas lab 22 Pearl
Bull John lab 134 Horner
Bullock Allen grocer 70 s Garnett
h 84 w Montgomery
Alice 28 Vaughn
Anthony n end Garnett
Burl lab 127 Rowland av

David lab 37 Pearl
 Daniel lab 122 Orange
 Delia 63 Lewis
 Herbert lab n end William
 John C porter
 Jordan lab 131 Andrews
 Lou 144 Charles
 Nancy 51 Vaughn
 Mary 51 Vaughn
 Lizzie 51 Vaughn
 Phillis 117 Horner
 Richard lab 28 Vaughn
 Richard lab 36 Elm
 Thos 21 Pearl
 Taylor n end Chestnut
 Burden Friday lab n end William
 Betsy 73 s Chestnut
 Moses lab 71 Pearl
 Willie 120 Horner
 Burnett J M gen merchandise
 51 n Garnett h 43 Davis
 Burrell Wedie 181 Arch
 Burris Alice L teacher Colored College
 Burroughs Delia wid 146 Charles
 Burton Lewis lab 22 John
 Wm lab 94 Hamilton
 Burwell Lewis carp 72 Pettigrew
 W M lab 130 Horner
 Carpenter Isaac lab Smith row
 Frank emp cotton mill 10 Smith row
 Carroll Margaret 13 w Montgomery
 Margaret restaurant 14 Gulf
 Nancy 14 Gulf
 Wm lab 106 Horner
 Carsingham Sarah 8 Young
 Cheatham Cora cook 40 n Chestnut
 Cheek Dinkie cook 181 Andrews av
 Wm lab 112 Horner
 Cheetham Fannie 173 Breckenridge
 Clarborne Geo lab 21 Horner
 Clark Bros shoemakers 14 n Garnett
 Jas lab 10 Weed
 David lab 158 Arch
 Ollie lab 10 Weed
 Wm painter 45 Brown
 Clarke Alex blacksmith 1 Brown
 Cleage J A teacher Colored College
 Cleage Albert student 52 Hamilton
 Jas A teacher 52 Hamilton
 Coleman Samuel blacksmith
 84 w Montgomery
 Collins Eliza cook 49 Rockspring
 Cook W H barber 12 n Garnett
 h 123 Andrews
 Cook Mrs. Anna F teacher
 Colored College
 Rev. J.L. Pres Henderson Normal
 Industrial College (colored)
 Cousins Harrison lab 125 Tan yard ln
 Cox Randolph 49 Rockspring
 Sarah 49 Rockspring
 Thomas lab 49 Rockspring
 Crawford Geo lab 14 Smith row
 Crews Geo lab 151 Breckenridge
 Crocker Robt lab 135 Andrews av
 Crump Jas lab 117 Tanyard ln
 Cruse Granison lab 154 Breckenridge
 Crutchfield Estelle 182 s William
 Cruter Hanna 144 Charles
 Jas 41 Pearl
 Dana Jas lab 33 John
 Martha 33 John
 Davis Adelaide 61 Pettigrew
 Albert lab 56 Elm
 Ameger lab 72 Pettigrew
 Frank lab 7 Weed
 Jim lab 69 w Montgomery
 John Smith row
 John lab 28 Ransom
 Lewis lab 148 Rowland av
 O W lab 17 Charles ln
 Owen lab 64 Elm
 Peter lab 52 Elm
 Plumer lab Reavis Alley
 Robt 20 Smith row
 Catherine 20 Smith row
 Sherman lab 102 Tan yard alley
 Wm restaurant 12 n Garnett
 Wm T hostler 181 n William
 Drew Bell wid 64 Lewis
 Hattie 64 Lewis
 Dugger Jas porter 12 Walnut
 Adelaide wid 12 Walnut
 Dunn Carrie cook 16 James
 Durham Dora rear 42 Young av
 Ella cook 66 s Chestnut
 Hattie rear 42 young av
 Henry grocer 88 s Garnett
 Jas lab rear 42 Young av
 Monroe lab rear 42 Young av
 Winnie cook 42 s Chestnut
 Eaton Aaron lab Tanyard alley
 Eaton J R grocer 54 s Garnett h s Garnett
 Baker lab 45 Clark
 J Y atty (prin col school)
 4 n Garnett h 101 Orange
 Thos farmer 21 Clark
 Fannie 133 Arch

Eden Matthew lab 126 s Garnett
 David undertaker 86 s Garnett
 h 126 s Garnett
 Levina 30 s Walnut
 Edwards Bose s end William
 Silas lab 3 Spring
 Wash lab 162 Breckenridge
 Washington lab 38 Breckenridge
 Elam Anna wid 129 Horner
 Ellison Sadie A teacher Colored College
 Epps Allen 12 Gulf
 Evans Daniel lab 119 Andrews av
 Francis 119 Andrews av
 Fains Alfred lab 109 Tanyard alley
 Flannigan Catharine 67 Hamilton
 Fleming Caroline 124 Arch
 Floyd Eliza laundress 11 s Chestnut
 Floyd Anna B Teacher Colored College
 Isaac 86 n Chestnut
 Oscar lab 158 Orange
 Fogg Seymore 76 Hamilton
 Foster Columbus lab 67 Hamilton
 Henry 197 Breckenridge
 Richard lab 76 Hamilton
 Fritz Jos lab 90 n Chestnut
 Fuller Lucy 106 Horner
 Wash s end William
 Gadley Noah lab 51 Water
 Wm lab 51 Water
 Gales Henry lab 30 Rockspring
 James lab 30 Rockspring
 Silas lab 163 Andrews av
 Virgil sexton 27 Horner
 Garden Della 45 Pettigrew
 Gardener Wm cotton picker
 97 Andrews av
 Garland Wm lab Reavis alley
 Garrett J. W. O Dean Colored College
 Geyer Henry 40 Ransom
 Gill Carrie servant 40 Burwell
 Jas barber 67 Tanyard alley
 Katie 67 Tanyard alley
 Gillispie Mary w end Pettigrew
 Gillespie Mary E teacher Colored College
 Glasgow Geneva 174 s Garnett
 Gordon Emery Mill st
 Green Alice cook 8 Pearl
 Augustus J carp 141 Rowland av
 Edw L lab 141 Rowland av
 Lethia 108 Horner
 Nancy 19 n Chestnut
 William lab 66 Hamilton
 Wm J carp 141 Rowland av
 Gregory Alec lab 36 Spring
 Henry lab 9 Arch lane
 Wm lab n end William
 Gwyn Geo lab 53 Pettigrew
 Hampton Wm lab 93 Tanyard alley
 Hardney Mariah 88 w Montgomery
 Harge Orange lab 45 Arch
 Harris Andrew lab 45 Arch
 Daniel lab 166 n Chestnut
 Fannie n end William
 Grass lab 34 Eden
 Henry lab 34 Eden
 Isaac lab 196 n Chestnut
 Jacob lab 39 Pearl
 Jas lab 60 Pearl
 Joe lab 60 Pearl
 John cook 69 Pearl
 John lab 3 Clark
 Laura student bds 150 Breckenridge
 Louis lab 6 Ransom
 M J grocer 16 n Garnett h 60 Pearl
 Peter lab 178 n Chestnut
 R D barber 32 n Garnett
 h 115 Rowland av
 Rosa 131 Orange
 Sallie cook n end Garnett
 Sallie 39 Pearl
 Sidney lineman 62 Hamilton
 William lab 21 Horner
 Willie lab 178 n Chestnut
 Wm lab 134 Charles
 Hart Jas W shoemaker 32 n Garnett
 h 49 Water
 D M barber 14 s Garnett st
 h 121 Rowland av
 Darcus 92 Rockspring
 Easter emp tob factory 94 Hamilton
 Hunter lab 92 Hamilton
 Lizzie 110 Horner
 Mary 98 Tanyard alley
 Hayes Anna wid 132 Charles
 Archie lab 39 w Montgomery
 Wm lab 132 Charles
 Hemming Josh lab 178 n Chestnut
 Henderson Allen lab 77 Pearl
 Henderson Normal and Industrial College
 Rockspring St.
 Frank lab 66 Hamilton
 Henry lab 25 Vance
 Leonard lab 61 Pearl
 Lucy cook 66 Hamilton
 Thos 111 n Garnett
 Turner e end Arch

Herald & Gleaner Colored College
 Hendron Hines mason 177 n William
 Hester Anderson lab 21 Horner
 Lou 49 Pettigrew
 Hicks Celia 28 Ransom
 Henry lab 158 Breckenridge
 John resturant 11 w Montgomery
 Lucy wid 157 Andrews av
 Mary wid 114 Orange
 Hight M C lab 28 John
 Hill Dr farmer 158 Charles
 Jos lab 38 Breckenridge
 Hinney Phil lab 110 Horner
 Hodge Henrietta wid 115 Andrews av
 Thos lab 173 Breckenridge
 Horner Sallie 46 w Montgomery
 Howard Daws lab 178 Chestnut
 Eliza 124 Horner
 Willie lab 124 Horner
 Howe Isaac lab 46 Rockspring
 Hoyt Gray 42 Arch
 Hughes Clara lab Bridges alley
 George R farmer 18 Eden
 Henry lab 161 Andrews av
 Hunt Green lab 143 Horner
 Lessie cook 160 Orange
 Mitchell lab 66 Hamilton
 Susie cook 35 Peck
 Hunter Jacob lab 43 Zene
 Jackson Emeline wid 168 Breckenridge
 Heywood porter 168 Breckenridge
 J W lab 33 Ransom
 Washington lab 36 Rowland av
 Jeffers Hopson lab 138 Charles
 John lab 64 Pearl
 Pattie 138 Charles
 Mary 84 Pettigrew
 Walter lab 136 Orange
 Jefferson Green lab 60 Elm
 Johnson Alfred lab 50 Lewis
 Dennis emp R R 2 Bridges alley
 Doc lab 26 Mill
 Frank lab 126 n Chestnut
 Mary laundress 14 Smith row
 Samuel blacksmith 36 w Montgomery
 Wm 25 Rockspring
 Joiner Robt lab w end Brechenridge
 Jones Addie 36 Spring
 Adam jr lab 119 Arch
 Adam lab 119 Arch
 Ann Reavis alley
 David lab 97 Arch
 Emma wid 101 Andrews av
 Henry lab 130 n Chestnut
 Janette 171 Andrews av
 Lethia 149 Horner
 Macon carp 142 Horner
 Mary 12 Rowland av
 May 36 Rowland av
 Norman lab 171 Andrews av
 Pemby laundress 160 Orange
 Phillis 36 Rowland av
 Susan 171 Andrews av
 Willie E Student 60 Pearl
 Jordan Lucy 12 Walnut
 Martha nurse 11 s Chestnut
 Mary cook Smith row
 Kelley Boston lab 69 w Montgomery
 Jas driver 42 Young
 Wm F lab 69 w Montgomery
 Keller Harriett 51 Vaughn
 Kennery Ben lab 22 Walnut
 Kerner Emma wid 63 Tanyard alley
 Lucy 63 Tanyard alley
 Kerney Pat lab 133 Orange
 King Harriett 41 w Montgomery
 Hattie student 52 Hamilton
 Kitrow Jas lab 2 Ransom
 Knott Heywood lab w end Breckenridge
 Steven lab 88 w Montgomery
 Lane Oliva J teacher Colored College
 Langford Lenie emp tob factory
 73 Pettigrew
 Penny Reavis alley
 Lassiter Benj s end William
 Elnora nurse 46 Young
 Lee Spencer lab 127 Andrews av
 Lewis Ann lab 18 Gulf
 Nathan lab 11 Pearl
 Nicademous bds 84 w Montgomery
 Robt lab 16 John
 Samuel lab 11 Smith row
 Wesley lab 11 Smith row
 Wm lab 17 Pearl
 William lab 20 Arch alley
 Lows Benj lab 97 Young
 Mallory Willis lab 19 Mill
 Mann Wm shoemaker Reavis alley
 Marble Willie lab 48 Pettigrew
 Marrow Dinkie cook 18 Andrews av
 Martin Ephram lab 6 Bridges alley
 Mayfield Geo lab 64 Lewis
 Rosanna wid 67 Hamilton
 Mayo Lorenzo 78 Arch
 Meadows Ellen 86 n Chestnut
 Merrell Mary 44 Peck
 Norman 44 Peck

Merrimon Della 10 John
 Laura j 52 Rockspring
 Robt blacksmith 28 Pearl
 Robt H fireman 429 s Garnett
 Sarah 429 s Garnett
 Simon lab 67 Pearl
 Wm M blacksmith 84 s Garnett
 h 52 Rockspring
 Wm jr 55 Rockspring
 Merritt Thomas lab 8 Charles lane
 Marrow Joe lab s end William
 Mills John Q lab 8 Pearl
 Moden Wilson lab 34 Eden
 Morris Ida cook 33 Hamilton
 Wm 19 John
 Morrison Eugene lab bds 84 w Montgomery
 Murk Mary 49 Zene
 Robt tinner 49 Zene
 Murphy Alex lab s end William
 Nailer Richard lab 42 Rowland av
 Neptune Pettitway lab 6 Bridges ave
 Nott Manda wid 6 John
 Oldby Sallie wid 67 Andrews av
 Outlaw Oscar barber 34 s Garnett
 h 26 Clark
 Owens Jacob lab 20 Pearl
 Alice lab 14 Weed
 Parham Daniel farmer 24 Pearl
 Nora 60 Hamilton
 Randolph lab 28 Ransom
 Parish Charlie lab 76 Young
 Paschall Beckum 39 Rockspring
 Paschall Stanley lab 12 Bridges alley
 Passker Walter lab 2 Walnut
 Peace Jordan lab 129 Andrews av
 Samuel Gulf
 Pearson Mollie 49 Pettigrew
 Pease Jane restaurant 17 w Montgomery
 Perry Dorkcas wid bds 63 Vaughn
 Perry Rachael V teacher College
 Plummer 29 John
 Pointer Merriman baker 20 Smith's row
 Powell H. L. 58 s Garnett
 Powell H L 58 s Garnett
 Heywood lab 11 Arch lane
 Raglan Fredrick lab 432 s Garnett
 Rattley Edna 86 Young
 Reavis Alex lab 143 Andrews av
 Heywood farmer 22 Ransom
 John lab 147 Horner
 Wm lab 91 Tanyard alley
 Wm lab 24 Pearl
 Reed Chas lab 78 Rockspring
 Frances 78 Rockspring
 Lucy 188 n Chestnut
 Wm lab 78 Rockspring
 Fannie wid 160 Orange
 Rice Cora wid 21 Smith row
 Richardson Napoleon lab 6 Walnut
 Geo lab 134 n Chestnut
 Jim lab 56 Lewis
 Thos lab 56 Lewis
 Roberts Ella 101 Andrews av
 Lem lab 94 Hamilton
 Whit lab 107 Andrews av
 Robinson Anna cook 73 Pettigrew
 Jeff lab 46 Ransom
 Mariah laundress 73 Pettigrew
 Richmond lab 73 Pettigrew
 Rogers Jas lab 185 n William
 Rowland J I grocer 64 s Garnett
 h 122 Rowland av
 Royster Alec lab 8 Charles lane
 John lab 153 Andrews av
 Melissa 8 Charles Lane
 Ruffin Jessie 21 John
 Wm lab 21 John
 Wm jr lab 21 John
 Russell Dink wid 114 Horner
 Emma w end Pettigrew
 Sanders Anna 114 s Garnett
 Jas 114 s Garnett
 Edw 2 John
 Mark 114 s Garnett
 Richard 114 s Garnett
 Sanderson Wm teacher 45 Vance
 Satterwhite Harrison lab 154 Charles
 Jas lab 188 n Chestnut
 John lab 154 Charles
 Wm lab 36 Ransom
 Scott Isaac hostler 28 e Montgomery
 Isaac 153 Breckenridge
 Maniza 162 Breckenridge
 Seward Adeline cook 39 Zene
 Simons Neal lab 17 Pearl
 Smith Gertrude 41 w Montgomery
 Jas 92 Chestnut
 Jas lab 171 n William
 Rachael 11 Gulf
 Sneed Betty 8 Young
 Buck lab 131 Orange
 Lisdon lab 146 Rowland av
 Poplar 65 Pettigrew
 Walter lab 119 Horner
 Sommerville Roderick lab 16 Pearl
 Somver Thos lab 12 Walnut
 Southerland Amie wid 22 Eden
 Dina 91 Eden
 Ella 91 Eden

Jennie 91 Eden
 Mary 91 Eden
 Nat lab 91 Eden
 Oscar lab 91 Eden
 Wm lab 85 Eden
 Speed Chas lab 67 Andrews av
 Benj lab 86 Young
 Jesse 86 Young
 Julius sho mkr over 4 n Garnett
 h 86 Young
 MA 86 Young
 Stamper Wm lab 2 Pearl
 Stampel Frank lab 53 Pearl
 Jacob lab s Garnett
 Thos lab 49 Zene
 Steele Julius painter 149 Charles
 Stone Dilla 192 n Chestnut
 Jos lab 156 n Chestnut
 Stubel Si lab 123 Tanyard alley
 Taylor Eva G teacher Colored College
 Taylor Benj porter rear Smith row
 Terrell Nancy 107 Breckenridge
 Terry Cornelius lab 170 Charles
 Lee lab 69 Lewis
 Lou 69 Lewis
 Lucy 170 Charles
 Morris lab 28 Gulf
 Payton lab 175 Charles
 Thos lab 18 Gulf
 Walter H lab 18 Gulf
 Wm lab 69 Lewis
 Thaxter Maggie 34 s Walnut
 Rosanna 34 s Walnut
 Thomas Hewitt lab 36 Rowland av
 Jennie 8 s Walnut
 Thompson R M clergyman 57 Tanyard alle
 Thornton Phoebe cook 46 Young
 Tinsley Albert 41 Brown
 Towne Horner lab 54 Pearl
 Winnie 2 Walnut
 Townes Bella 88 Horner
 Cornelius 3 Young av
 Vann Edw lab 86 Tanyard alley
 Waldon Robt J clergyman 40 Clark
 Walker Betty 110 Orange
 Watkins Nellie 8 Young
 Robt 143 Arch
 Stephen lab 143 Arch
 Sue s end William
 Watson Wm teacher Colored College
 Watson Ana 56 Hamilton
 Chas lab 50 Hamilton
 Jas M lab 72 Water
 J M jr lab 72 Water
 Jas lab 36 Bridges alley
 Mary emp tob factory 80 Tanyard alley
 Solomon lab 116 Horner
 Tom lab 56 Hamilton
 Weicht Moses carp 107 Arch
 Weston Martha 175 Charles
 White Hillard 175 Charles
 Jas carp 10 w Montgomery
 Norris Mill st
 Tum lab 99 Andrews av
 Wm lab 70 Young
 Wiler Simon lab 181 Andrews av
 Williams Anthony lab 14 Clark
 Benj clk n end Garnett
 Berry lab Mill st outside
 Birten lab 9 Gulf
 Cornelius lab rear 135 Andrews av
 Gid lab 11 Gulf
 Harrel cook 145 Orange
 Hillard lab 76 Young
 Jane mill st outside
 Jas lab 118 Horner
 Mary cook 7 Turner av
 N D porter Massenburg Hotel
 Phelia wid 83 Lewis
 Texas carp 31 Pearl
 Wilson John lab 5 Arch
 Wimbush Elizah lab 57 Brown
 Wimbush Frank clk 82 Young
 Samuel 82 Young
 Vincent w end Breckenridge
 Wesley lab 88 Young
 Wortham Agnes 45 Pettigrew
 Frank lab 10 Pearl
 Geo lab 157 Arch
 Henry lab 10 Pearl
 R G 52 John
 Richard lab 106 Horner
 Yancey Laura s end William
 Nicey wid n William
 Young Aaron barber 68 s Garnett
 h 89 e Montgomery
 Alex lab 184 n Chestnut
 Betty J 71 Hamilton
 Commodore carp 7 Brown
 Henry lab 9 Gulf
 Jane 71 Hamilton
 Jas lab 14 Arch
 John lab 19 Brown
 Tobe lab 51 Brown

THE ADAMS FAMILY

In 1904 Mr. Raynah and Mrs. Viola Adams came to teach at the then Henderson Normal Institute. Mr. Adams was a mathematician of the first order. He taught mathematics from the seventh grade through high school. He also taught Greek as long as the curriculum demanded that it be taught. The last class was in 1921. Mrs. Viola Adams was a music and art teacher. Their children are Mamie, Jessie, Raynah, Jr., Harold and Kenneth. These children are vital parts of the system that their parents helped to form.

Mamie became Mrs. Mamie Elam. She is a music major like her mother. She is a graduate of Fisk, Hampton and Cornell University at Ithaca, New York.

Mrs. Elam taught in the colleges of North Carolina. She served at Winston-Salem Teachers College. From Winston she came to North Carolina College at Durham. These schools have taken on new names recently. The former is now named Winston-Salem State University, and the latter has the name of North Carolina Central University.

Mrs. Elam lives on Rockspring St. right across from Henderson Institute where her childhood was spent. She, with her parents, lived on the campus in a building called the teachers hall. The campus has not remained as she knew it as a child, with beautiful well-kept buildings and the grounds that were mowed like a country club golf course. Now, buildings have been splashed down, with seemingly no artistic arrangement, just rooms to accommodate the influx of pupils from all over town and from the country. Henderson Institute had to change to meet the present day needs of pupils. Henderson Institute couldn't have met the needs of today's youth as it was geared under Rev. Cook nor Dr. Cotton, or the white faculty.

A 1904 catalogue gives rules that had to be obeyed if a pupil wanted to remain in school. On page eleven some of the rules are given.

1. Attendance on prayers each school day.
2. Strict observance of the Sabbath, attendance on public worship *thrice* a day.
3. Respectful behavior to teachers and all others.
4. All regulations to be strictly observed.
5. Excuse will be granted for no absence, except for the students severe sickness.
6. Each student must have a good, portable, Reference Bible; also a medium sized English dictionary, rubber overshoes, or boots, rubber garments, and an umbrella. Young ladies must have these articles.

THINGS FORBIDDEN WERE:

1. Unpermitted association of ladies and gentleman, communication in writing between them, or visits to the halls or rooms of the other.
2. Leaving the school without the consent of the teacher and principal.
3. Boisterousness, dancing, running in the building, singing in the halls at anytime, or in the rooms during the hours of study.
4. Games of chance, profane or indecent language; the use or possession of tobacco, snuff, intoxicating liquor, or of any weapons of any kind.
5. No light literature is allowed among the students.
6. Visitors cannot be received during school, or study hours by students, and gentleman, unknown to the Matron or Principal, will not be permitted to see lady students at any time.

The punch line at the end says: Persons unwilling to keep these rules are invited not to come.

The above rules were the moral codes under which the Adams children and all others who attended Henderson Institute had to obey. Even the day students had to attend Sabbath school at the Administration building every Sabbath at three o'clock. It didn't matter that you had attended Sunday school at your own church. If you failed to attend Sabbath school you were sent back home on Monday when you reported for regular classes.

The second Adams child was Jessie, who completed Henderson Institute in 1923. Soon after he married Miss James Bruce, called Jimmie, and went to live in Boston for many years. Later Jesse and "Jimmie" came back to Henderson to live. They built a unique log cabin club. It is located in Vance County on the Old Oxford highway, about four miles from Henderson. Its name, the Wagon Wheel, matched the rural setting around it.

The Wagon Wheel served my daughter's generation in two important ways. It offered them recreation and carried over some of the early Henderson Institute moral codes through Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Adams who had been thoroughly indoctrinated during their formative years.

The club became a great success for it was an ideal place to give all types of entertainment with large groups or a nice place to go for relaxation. Their apartment upstairs was always a warm welcome spot for the old timers, school friends, to sit and chat of life on the Henderson Institute campus.

A son, Jesse Adams, Jr., was added to the family. The years rolled on and Jessie, Jr. became a student of Henderson Institute just as all the Adams had been. This is quite understandable as Mr. Raynah Adams, Sr. had helped to develop the original Henderson Normal Institute from its infancy into a first rate high school.

Jessie Adams expanded his business into the "piccolo" and record furnishing business. His machines and records were in many shops, clubs and

schools where and when music was needed; not only in Vance County, but in surrounding counties as well.

Listening to so many of his fathers records may have influenced Jessie, Jr. to become a musician. He had a little band, called the Happy Notes, that furnished music for the local dances during his high school years here.

Mrs. James Bruce Adams passed away and later Jessie, Sr. married Miss Millie Durham. The Wagon Wheel had served two generations and was replaced by the Holiday and Howard Johnson Inns. The second Mrs. Adams ran the Adams Record Shop on Montgomery St. during their marriage, and continued the shop many years after Jessie passed away.

Raynah Adams, Jr. followed the path of education. He married Miss Ethel Lancaster from Chacity, N.C. Mrs. Ethel Adams brought with her from Hampton Institute and Virginia State a wealth of music. She is an accomplished director of music, besides being a school "marm." She has rendered her services in the Vance County and Henderson schools freely. Her church, the Cotton Memorial, depended on her for their choir music for over thirty years.

School salaries here in North Carolina were small. During the thirties Raynah, Jr. worked for North Carolina Mutual Insurance Company. Along with this he operated a gas supply business on Norlina Rd. Raynah and Ethel's daughter, Eva Marie Tearson, took her talents to the north after her marriage to attorney Tearson. She works with the Urban League.

Harold Adams married Miss Doris Walker from Burlington. Doris and Harold received their high school work at old Standby, H & I. Doris completed her education at Knoxville, Tenn. Soon after her marriage she and Harold kept three businesses going. They renovated the Adams homeplace into a tourist home. An Army Quonset hut became Doris's kindergarten school and several years later a laundrymat replaced Grandpa Beason's old store. Miss Florine McGhee helped Doris in the school for awhile. Harold and Doris did not have children of their own but they were never childless for Doris kept her charges until the parents called for them which was sometimes after eight at night.

Kenneth Adams and Miss Elizabeth Russell attended Henderson Institute at the same time. Just as Harold and Doris were childhood sweethearts, so were they. Eventually they married and lived for a time on the Russell lands in the homeplace. Later, they built a lovely home on Beckford Drive, but still on the Russell land. This same land was talked about in another part of this report. Kenneth ran a billiard parlor on Horner St. along with his regular job with the U.S. Post Office. Elizabeth and Kenneth did not go far from H & I for Elizabeth was a technical specialist at the old Jubilee Hospital and Kenneth often helped his stepmother, Mrs. Eva Johnson Adams, who was superintendent there.

Since starting the Adams story several things have taken place. Raynah Adams, Jr.'s two sons were not living here. Paul still lives in Virginia, but Raynah, III has been hired here by our Daily Dispatch Newspaper. He had worked for the *Washington Post* and brought a world of experience from that paper.

Mrs. Mamie Louise Adams Elam was guest pianist on the Bicentennial Music hour at the First Baptist Church. Mamie sat there, regal, without music, and played two selections, Magnolia and Mammy, by Nathaniel Dett who was one of her teachers at Hampton.

Last week, while attending a meeting at Mamie's, I saw a picture of the four Adams men, Jessie, Raynah, Harold and Kenneth, standing with their stepmother, Mrs. Eva Adams. It suddenly dawned on me that only one person on that picture is alive, and that is Mrs. Eva Johnson Adams. The picture was made on one of her trips from Vidalia, Georgia where she now makes her home. She came to us in 1919, and stayed until the new Jubilee was built. The flowers and shrubs that now grace our municipal building were planted by her.

MR. HENRY AND MRS. ANNA BOYKINS FAMILY

The Boykins lived on the corner of Chestnut Street and Pearl for about four years after they were married. In 1915, their first child, a daughter named Elizabeth Rose, was born. Elizabeth was born on Happy Hill. This may have accounted for her happy disposition even when she was about a year old. The older children would beg to take Elizabeth for walks or just to have her sit in someone's lap on the side lines and clap for the winner of a race or a game.

Lone Street ended in Pearl, so when Mr. Boykin bought the old Seamoor Fogg home, Elizabeth was still accessible for baby sitters, although we didn't do much sitting. We kept on the move from one yard to the other. A second daughter, Annie Bell was born. By the time she came, Elizabeth's sitters were adolescents and not interested in sitting. Biking had our attention. A younger group had to initiate little Anne Bell into the "Happy Hill" games.

Mrs. Anna Green Boykin was born in Greystone, the oldest of six children. Their names were Anna, Elijah, Moses, Martha, Mable, Mary. Anna came to Henderson at an early age to work for Mr. and Mrs. Jack Rose. When she married Mr. Boykin and her daughter was born, Mrs. Rose named the baby for her daughter, whose name was Elizabeth. Elizabeth Rose later met the Caucasian Elizabeth and they became life long friends.

Mr. Boykin was not a Vance County man. He was born on his grandfather's farm near Charleston, South Carolina. The grandfather was a slave owner and was the father of Henry Boykin's father. Henry Boykin said he never saw his grandfather, but after Lee surrendered, his father and mother

remained right where they were born and continued to work the farm. Of course Henry fell right in his father's lifestyle and farmed, even after he married the first time. That marriage lasted until Henry was forty-two and his wife died. He then decided to leave the farm and came to Henderson with a tobacco executive. Henry roomed with a Mrs. Julie Eaton and her husband on John Street. Very soon after he arrived in Henderson, he met Miss Anna Green who had lived with Mrs. Eaton until Anna's marriage to a Mr. Dennis Lewis. Mr. Lewis was deceased, also their beautiful twin daughters. Henry and Anna married and pooled their denied ambitions in their two daughters, Elizabeth and Anne Bell. Both Mr. and Mrs. Boykin had been denied an education because they had to become self-supporting very early in life. Mr. Boykin had helped to educate his youngest brother, Jeff. By the time Jeff was born there were schools near the farm. Henry's parents became more enlightened and wanted something other than sharecrop farming for their children. Jeff completed high school in Columbia, South Carolina, then went on to Knoxville College in Tennessee. Jeff eventually became a Presbyterian minister. He visited Henry several times during his lifetime. While in Henderson, he also visited a schoolmate, Dr. John Cotton, whom he had known at Knoxville. Henry lived until he was ninety-seven. Jeff passed about forty years before Henry.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boykin saw both daughters through Henderson Institute. Elizabeth attended Bricks Junior College and received her teaching certificate. She began teaching in Vance County in 1933. During her years of service, she continued going to summer school and taking extension courses until she received her "A" certificate.

Elizabeth married Curtis Tinsley Parham of Weldon, North Carolina and to that union one son, Curtis Tinsley Parham, Jr. was born. Just as Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boykin had fostered education for their daughters, Elizabeth set the same goal for her son, Curtis. Curtis, Jr. attended Ohio State College and A & T University at Greensboro. Curtis has an insurance business on the Norlina Road in Henderson. He is married to Geraldine Cole and they have two daughters. Anatalie Rose and Henri Parham. Anatalie is a sophomore at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, N. C.

Annie Bell Boykin, the youngest of the Boykin girls attended Fayetteville University. She married a Mr. Luther Sharp and lived in Boston until her father's health began to fail. Henry was sick about nine years. Annie Bell helped with her father until he passed as has been stated before, at ninety-seven. Now she keeps busy caring for sick people. Annie Bell does not have children, but her sister Elizabeth's grandchildren are near and dear to her and call her "Auntee."

Elizabeth and Curtis were divorced and Elizabeth became Mrs. Raymond Engram. Mr. Engram's children by his first wife were grown but they loved Elizabeth, their stepmother. She treated them as her own. The married Engram children were Paul, Cynthia, Raymond, Jr., Ruth Mae and

Charlie who was a senior in high school. As soon as he finished Perry high, Elizabeth sent him to A & T at Greensboro. Mr. Raymond Engram left his farm near Louisburg and moved to Henderson. He kept the store on Rockspring and served the neighborhood until Elizabeth's death. Elizabeth taught at Eaton Johnson and Henderson Institute. At her death students who she had taught came from as far away as California to pay respects to a teacher who was also a friend to them. Mr. Raymond moved back to his farm and spent his last days near a sister, Paula and a brother, David.

THE SILVER MAE, WILL BRAME FAMILY

The truism "From a little acorn a large oak tree will grow," is shown in the above family. The first time, and many times afterwards, when the mother of the family was seen by the reporter, was in 1919, when she was nine years old. She was in a buggy with a Mrs. Christmas. Although Mrs. Christmas wasn't a large woman, she seemed to fill the seat of the buggy because Silver Mae was so small. In truth, she looked like a little doll, or one of the fairyland characters that Kate Greenway drew.

While Mrs. Christmas delivered her supply of fresh country butter and eggs Silver Mae held on tightly and looked straight ahead. The horse nibbled the blades of grass that his mind seemed much more interest in than dashing off without Mrs. Christmas. We wanted Silver Mae to get out of the buggy and play with us while Mrs. Christmas and the mother receiving her products talked of the weather, the farm, and how little was being paid for picking cotton. I think we were more interested to see how tall she was, and to get a better look at her little patent leather slippers, and that beautiful bow that Mrs. Christmas placed on Silver Mae's long brown curls. To my knowledge, Silver Mae never answered our questions, nor left that buggy. At first we thought Silver Mae couldn't talk, but that was dispelled when Mrs. Christmas returned to the buggy and Silver Mae said, "Where do we go next?" One of our gang said, "Silver Mae, Silver Mae doesn't like town chilluns." She was indeed beautiful and we never ceased to stare when she came on Saturday mornings.

Evidently Silver Mae did not attend school in Henderson, or if she did she didn't attend Henderson Institute. However, the man that she married, Will Brame is seen in several class group pictures in 1917 and 1918. Years after this Will Brame married Silver Mae Ornie Marbey.

Silver Mae's obituary tells the complete story of how this small woman became the mother, grandmother and great-grandmother of seventy-seven people before she was sixty-nine years old. The following, taken from the obituary, gives the names of her twelve children. Silver Mae and Will Brame gave to Vance County the real things that a place needs to grow; they gave a large family whose branches have spread, like the oak tree, to many places. That little Silver Mae acorn will live on and on in those children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Silver Mae Ornie Marbey Brame, the daughter of the late Clara Morris was born December 23, 1910, in the county of Vance, departed this life June 5, 1978, in Pine Crest Manor, following a lengthy illness.

She confessed Christ at an early age at Davis Chapel. She later became a member of the Nutbush Baptist Church, where she joined and worked with the Missionary Circle.

She leaves to mourn, her husband, Will Brame, four daughters, Mrs. Edna Brame Mitchell of Philadelphia, Mrs. Mary Brame Braidiford of New York, Mrs. Nancy Brame Lewis of Henderson, Mrs. Clara Brame Underwood of Cleveland, Ohio; eight sons, Chester Brame of Philadelphia, Arthur Lee Brame, Willie Morris Brame, Alvester Brame, Richard Calvin Brame, Alvia Brame of Henderson, Lincoln Roscoe Brame, and David Brame of Long Island, New York; six daughters-in-law, three sons-in-law, 43 grandchildren, 22 great-grandchildren, and a host of friends.

THE MATTHEW SHAW BURWELL FAMILY

When Mrs. Elnora Burwell Brown was asked about the history of the Burwell family, she answered in a letter that explains far better than a non-Burwell person could; the letter follows:

Dear Ruth,

The following is the history of my family as I can recall. My grandparents on my father's side, namely James Shaw Burwell, and Nancy Dunston Burwell were natives of Franklin County. My grandparents on my mother's side also were natives of Franklin County. They were Hilman and Patsy Dunston Mayo.

My father had five brothers, Charles, Henry, Sidney, Sandy, and George. He had four sisters, Frances, Liza, Ada and Sallie, all Burwells.

My mother had five brothers, Luther, Jim, Joe and Johnie. She also had seven sisters namely, Molly, Roxie, Emma, Liza, Tempie, Martha and Maggie Mayo.

My parents, Matthew Shaw and Truzjie Mayo Burwell were married in Franklin County in 1896. Two years after marriage I, Elnora, the oldest daughter was born. This daughter, Elnora Burwell Brown, do hope you can have much joy in reading the sketches penned here. In 1900, my parents moved from Franklin County to Vance County, which had been newly formed. During this year 1900, my oldest sister, Queen Ester was born. In 1902, my sister, Oga, came. Nancy Burwell was born in 1904. Sister Maggie Burwell was born in 1906. Dorothy Burwell, another sister, was born in 1909. An infant died in 1912. My oldest brother, Joseph Matthew Burwell, was born in 1915. In 1918 my youngest brother, James Hilman Burwell, was born.

The family has done remarkably well. They all held good jobs. The oldest boy, Rev. Joseph Matthew Burwell, became a minister. He pastored the Cary United Christian Church for thirty-eight years. He retired from this church December 21, 1981. The congregation was very proud of him and gave him a big send off.

I, Elnora Burwell Brown, the oldest daughter of the late Matthew Shaw Burwell and Truzzie Mayo Burwell, was born May 29, 1898 in Franklin Co. I am a graduate of the former Central Grade School, now Eaton-Johnson Jr. High School in Henderson, N.C., and the Eastern Academy in New Bern, N.C. I obtained my A.B. degree in 1945 from North Carolina College at Durham, N.C. I have been identified with school work for a period of forty-four years, having worked as teacher, principal and assistant principal. I have worked diligently and untiringly in the interest of boys and girls. I am one of the organizers of the Vance County Unit of the N.C.T.A. and was its first secretary (1926-1952). I served as secretary-treasurer of the Dabney Elementary School P.T.A., and New Hope, Jr. High School. Included in my secretarial work was that of District P.T.A. My activities have not been limited to education alone, but where the interest of girls and boys were there was I. As a member of the Rowland Chapel Christian Church, religious activities have not been neglected. In 1963, I retired as a teacher and spend my leisure time helping those in need. Now I am spending my time helping Senior Citizens at the Presbyterian Church.

Yours very truly,
Elnora B. Brown

WILLIAM AND ADDIE BRYANT

Benjamin Willis Bryant of Battleboro, N.C. married Miss Addie Magnolia Stamper of Henderson, N.C. From some years they lived in Battleboro, but Addie loved her hometown, her school, Henderson Institute, and her family who lived in Henderson. In 1929 the Bryants came to Henderson to live. The children of this couple were: Sylvester, Juanita, Ethel, Ophelia, Benjamin, Jr., Darnealla and Arcalia.

On March 14, 1934, William Bryant married Miss Ethel Brame of Warren County. William and his wife made their home in Henderson. Their children are: William M., Ralph, Shirley, Daniel, Juanita, Ferebee, Ethel Cozette, Wilma and Marchila.

Ethel Brame lost her parents when she was a small child. She was unable to obtain an education for she had no one to send her to school. She had to go to work before she was grown. When she married into the Stamper family she was encouraged by her mother-in-law to study, to read. Soon she began to take an interest in word games, puzzles, and all types of stimulating materials. When her children started school she became deeply involved in their school. She learned from their books. By the time the children com-

pleted high school, she felt that she could cope much better than when she had first married. Several of the children completed college; one has a masters and two others are working toward their masters degrees.

Ralph is a chemist and Marchila works for IBM in Newark, New Jersey. Ferebee has a masters degree from Atlanta University, and works with the telephone company in Richmond, Va. Juanita is a social physiologist with a masters degree in her field. She works in Newark, New Jersey. Ethel Cozette is a registered nurse. She worked as a secretary in several Vance County schools before she decided to go into nursing. Wilma is a teller in a bank in Richmond, Va. Shirley is a secretary in the same city. William is manager of a Slones chain food store in New York City. Daniel works for the Coca-Cola Company.

William Bryant, Sr., called "Bill," was well known in downtown Henderson for he was a chef in the Capital Cafe for many years. When Bill became ill and unable to work, Ethel says that he told her over and over again, "See that the children get as much education as they can so that they will be self-supporting." Ethel worked and helped her children to go as far as they wanted to. Now all of the William and Ethel Bryant children are employed, take care of their mother, and help the welfare department with their tax money. The proper guidance by the parents has paid off in a group of nine children who are good citizens wherever they are. If more parents stimulated their children to be independent by becoming self-supporting the economy in the U.S. wouldn't be in the red.

THE BRANCHES

Jesus said, "I am the vine, you are the branches, for apart from me, you can do nothing."

A "vine" at some time sent out a large number of colored people name Branch. From time to time I have met members of this clan, however, a very young Branch, Keith by name, caught my attention.

Two years ago I received a call from a young man asking if I could lend him the history of Henderson Institute. I told him I would not let the material out, but he could come to my home and use any of the material needed for his class report.

Keith arrived at seven, the time agreed on. He introduced himself and expressed thanks for letting him use the material and my time.

Keith was a refreshing kind of boy. Interest and enthusiasm exuded from his questions, not only about Henderson Institute but about Henderson and Vance County. Someone had told Keith that I was writing a book on Vance County Colored folks. We talked and I found this member of the Branch family aware of the many opportunities offered all people here in our county. He spoke of the jobs that his parents are doing to pay for their home and for the childrens' education. Keith said, "I am going on through college."

For years, fifty or more, children and some adults have come to me for information on history of one kind or the other; they thank me for whatever I was able to offer, but during all those years only Keith wrote me a letter of thanks and told the results of the material and the grade he made on his paper. Below is the gem of a letter.

Dear Mrs. Hughes,

I want to thank you for allowing me to interview you about the history of H & I; not only did I learn about H & I but a great deal about our county. I also made a good grade.

All of the students gave a talk on their subject and with your help I was also able to give one. All of the reports and tapes will be kept in the library for other uses.

You were very kind to give up your time and to share your information and experiences with me. You truly helped me learn more about local history and especially about H & I.

Good luck with your book.

Sincerely,
Keith Branch

From the above, wouldn't you say this "Branch" must be from a fine vine? Mrs. Charlie Branch of 313 West Rockspring Street gave me the vine from which Keith Branch came. Mr. Andrew and Mrs. Ella Branch were his grandparents. The following is a list of people who belong to Keith's vine.

Branch:

Ella Gracie Marie James Thomas Ruby Clarence Magdaline

Charlie Curtis Donald Fred Susan Asia Edgar Norward

Bronetta Velma Mary E. Bronetta II Clarence, Jr. Michael

Granderson Mary Lue Brooks Loretta Gracie Lloyd Mary II

Sandy Diane Doris Jennetta Teressa Wallace Charles

Lenda Arin Ann Jackylon Sandy Dian Wallace Clarence Lenda Aisa

The list of names are mothers, fathers, uncles, aunts, cousins, sisters and brothers. When the above read their names they can thank their kinsman, Keith Branch, for putting them with the people who helped make Vance County great.

MR. STEPHEN AND MRS. ALICE SPRUILL BULLOCK

When Stephen Bullock married Alice Spruill he was happy that his bride's lifestyle was the same as his. Both were reared on farms and understood and loved farm life.

Stephen and Alice made their first home with a Mr. Fletcher White who owned a large farm not far from the Drewry community. Stephen knew there was enough land for him and his little family. However, he did not know that mother nature had some multiple surprises in store for this family. They became the parents of thirteen children. Two sets of twins came. Berniece and Beatrice, then a set of boys, Eugene and Ulysses. The other children were: William, Robert, Alfred, Stephen, Jr., Nannie, Mary, Eleanora, Olivia and James.

Thirteen has been given the position of unlucky in numbers, but these thirteen children were very happy on their farm. Those who are living come from far away places to visit their mother. Mrs. Alice Bullock is now ninety-five years old. She is remarkably alert and still remembers the happy years spent on the farms. Their last stay was on the Edward Fleming plantation. Several of the Bullock children married and had their own farms in Vance County. When Mrs. Bullock, who lives in Goldsboro with her married daughter, Mrs. Olivia West, visits her daughter, Mrs. Eleanora Henderson, she visits her old farm sites.

During the funeral of her son, William, after the services Mrs. Bullock sat in a car at the cemetery where she was greeted, kissed, and hugged by many people. She called them all by name, which showed how strong her memory was and still is. Some of the people whom she called cousin were her deceased husband's kinfolk. Although Stephen had long been gone, she held him so close in her heart that his relatives were still hers.

Only five children of the original children are alive: Eleanor, Olivia, Bernice, Mary and one son, James. There are many grandchildren and quite a few great-grandchildren. It is hoped that some of them will live to be ninety-five. Grandma Alice's good life can be an example for all of them.

Mrs. Bullock has talked of their large kitchen built a little distance from the living quarters. When her brood sat down to eat both long benches were occupied with hearty appetites which the older children had helped with the growing of the good food.

She also remembers the day her twins, Eugene and Ulysses, were born, for her husband Stephen had died two days before the twins were born. He died in a brush and straw fire. Her cup of sorrow was filled to overflowing, but with her strong belief in God, she says "He" has brought her through all of the sorrows and joys that passed through her ninety-five years.

On May 10, 1985 Alice joined her five sons and a daughter in the heavenly land. Alice was 99 years old. She and Stephen are now together forever.

THE ULYSEES BURROUGHS FAMILY

This family offers a study in independent children. Mr. Burroughs and Mrs. Ethel Scott Burroughs are parents of William, Alfreda, Charlie, Anthony, Ulysees, Jr., Shirley and Christopher.

The parents worked (the mother in the Bagging Mill) now called Burkart and the father worked for Outdoor Supply Company. There was always money for the rent, food and clothes which Ethel made with skill and style. But as the children reached adolescence, they wanted cars. Not a family car, for both parents had a car which enabled them to get back and forth to their jobs. The parents were not able to buy each child a car as soon he or she was old enough to get license and they would not allow them to stop school and go to work to purchase one.

The many factories, mills and plants in Henderson had night shifts. The children, as they became hiring age, got jobs and worked from three in the afternoon to eleven at night. They remained in school and completed high school. Now, each owns his own car. They are certainly contributing to the car market.

Ethel's backyard was once a sitting patio where friends gathered with their children to chat. Now the yard is a sitting room for six cars. William is in the Army and he and his wife and children live in Germany. His car is added to the car yard when he comes to America about once a year.

The independence of the Burroughs children should be a good indication that children who are taught to be thrifty become thrifty and independent adults.

The writer was the fourth and fifth grade teacher of the seven Burroughs children. Although none of the children attended college, each is a professional in his or her own way. Shirley is with the Army and is stationed in California. During the summer of 1981, she was sent to Henderson as a recruiting officer for several months. Charlie, called Tommy, is a dancer with the Knoxville Jewel Box Review. They tour the country with one-night stands during the summer. Their fall shows are usually in Canada. The other children work in the industries and stores in Henderson.

MR. JUNIOUS AND MARY LENA MEADOWS BURTON

Many years ago Mr. Moses and Mrs. Matilda Mayfield Burton lived on Palmer Ave. This was a short street running from Rockspring to the corner of Ford. It is now called John. The children of this quiet, religious couple were: Junious, Eunice, Carrenta, Susie, and Eugene. The mother worked in the Taylor's factory and the father in the Fertilizer Plant. Their children lived just a block from Henderson Institute and the parents saw that they attended regularly. Miss Carreter taught summer school for pupils whose parents wanted them to get "ahead" or in my case "catch up," I always landed in her arithmetic group.

Four of the Moses Burton children moved to other states, Junious, called "June," stayed home and married Miss Mary Lena Meadows. The names of the children born to this couple are as follows: Annie Bell, Dorothy, Eugene called "Flim," Nellie Perry, and Beatrice.

Beatrice married a Mr. Morrison from Orangeburg, S.C. Their daughter, Patricia, called "Pat," is a trained nurse. She worked at the new Jubilee Hospital until she married and moved north to be near her parents. Dorothy married Joseph Johnson. Their children are Sandra and Joseph, Jr. Sandra went north but her brother completed Henderson Institute then went to college and took Mortuary Science. He owns and operates a funeral home on William St. Eugene, called "Flim," has given his to Vance County also. His son is married so we may assume that Moses and Matilda Mayfield Burton flows through their heirs and give to Vance County.

THE BEN "BAJJIE" AND ANNA CHAVIS FAMILY

Everyone on our side of town knows Anna Johnson because she was born there. She attended school with us and we played together. Her mother, Mrs. Laura Johnson, was the "Mother" of Holy Temple Church from Bishop Fisher's time. Her brother, Rev. Thomas, called Tommy, was very important in the Apocalyptic framework of the Holiness Churches throughout North Carolina.

Anna married young; a young man from Boyton, Virginia. He had lost an arm at some time, but Bajjie was so industrious and strong one never thought of him as being handicapped. Bajjie worked in the bagging mill, Taylor's Factory, at the Municipal Building, and at other odd jobs after his regular workday. He went wherever the most money could be earned. He never had trouble finding work because he had taught himself to work harder than men with two hands. Employers were glad to have him come back when different seasons opened.

Bajjie and Anna had quite a few daughters and a son. The girls are: Sarah, Laura, Ruth, Hattie, Cleo, Mary and Irene. The son's name is Ben, Jr. but is called Billy. During the rearing of his children, Bajjie always had a fine garden with fresh summer vegetables and plenty of collard greens and potatoes for the winter. He often shared a basket of turnip or mustard greens with his neighbors. One neighbor, Mrs. Helen Hawkins, lived very near him. These two enjoyed talks of back hom in Virginia. Now, Mrs. Hawkins was not born in Boyton, Virginia, but her mother, Bettie Lewis, her grandmother, Catherine Lewis Henderson, and her great-grandmother, Pattie Lewis, were all born on the Jim Lewis plantation. Mrs. Hawkins had made several trips back to Boyton to visit relatives. Bajjie had lived near these relatives and kept Mrs. Hawkins well informed as to who still lived, who got married, or had gone away. There was a close tie between the young Bajjie Chavis and the then aging Mrs. Hawkins. Both knew that their roots, some of them, could be found in Virginia.

When all of the children were of school age and one, Sarah, married, Bajjie died. Anna worked and cared for her family just as the two of them had done. When Anna died, most of the children were grown and on their own. The daughters still live within calling distance of where they were

born, and all own their own homes. These girls are hard-working, as were their parents. Although Bajjie was never able to own a home, he maintained a fine home. It may have been that he planned to go back to Virginia, where his family owned farm land, to build. His daughters certainly plan to remain on their old stamping ground for Ruth's home is 443 Roosevelt Street, Hattie's home is 439 Roosevelt Street and Laura's is about two hundred yards away at 326 Whitten Avenue.

These daughters of Anna and Bajjie Chavis are living examples of if you couldn't or wouldn't aspire for higher education, you can be good substantial citizens through hard work and perseverance.

MR. BLANCH AND MRS. LIZZY REAVIS CLAY

Blanch Clay has been mentioned in the section of this report with the carpenters. Blanch and his brother, Nelson, were trained by their father a master carpenter. However, Nelson Sr. did not teach his sons the songs, poems and ditties that he performed for us. When Blanch's and Lizzie's sons were born, Grandpa Nelson had joined his heavenly saints.

The three sons Eugene, Sandy Albert and Lawrence were not interested in the hammer and saw trade. They wanted the amusement and excellent pay of city life. Lawrence had spent most of his life in the north when an aunt, Lurene Clay took him to live with her when his mother died. Albert followed the south-north movement, but Eugene had fallen in love with Mrs. James Ora Vincent and they were married and started their family in Henderson. Eventually Eugene called "Chink" took his family to New York to live. The "Big Apple" was good for the Clay family. The children, Marcia, Eugene, Jr., Barbara Jean and Lawrence attended the schools in New York. After completing their education they found work in their fields. That is the boys did, but Barbara Jean married and lives in Canada.

Eugene Clay had a "sweet" job that is he worked for a large candy factory. James Ora Clay worked as manager of an estate manor. Both retired and turned their minds to their first home, Henderson. A cousin, Joel Townes, rented his mother's home to the Clays. Their homecoming was natural and happy for their vacations had been spent in the home on Ford Street, so they feel quite at home.

James Ora is called "Sib." She has a garden, flowers and fruit trees just as the original owner Malissia Towne had when she lived and reared her family long ago.

Joel Townes visits his childhood home and his cousins. Joel said his mother lived alone in the home many years after his father Hunter Townes died.

Hence, being in his former home revives fond memories of a happy childhood with his parents.

The Clay and Townes family are now joined as they were over fifty years ago.

LARGE FAMILIES — CREWS FAMILY — GRANT, ABRAHAM AND GEORGE

One very unique family had three large things in common. The men were fat. They had pleasing personalities, with wit and laughs, and two had, indeed, large families. Mr. Grant Crews weighed around four hundred pounds. He was a clerk for Mr. Joe Melinsky on Garnett Street, near Montgomery. The Melinsky store sold to everyone, but catered mostly to country and farm folks. The Melinsky line ran from brogue plow shoes to ladies twelve stave corsets. Mr. Grant Crews knew nearly every farmer in Vance County, and could and did call them by name, and this gave the often shy farm folks a welcome feeling. Mr. Grant sat outside near the door and invited the customers in like a barker at a fair carnival. Mr. Grant Crews had the size and the laugh, but his family was small. His son, Horace, was fat, but he never reached his father's weight. Horace worked in the tobacco factory as head of a crew.

The next Crews brother was Mr. George Crews. He was a stout, full of fun man, but never could match his brother Grant.

The third Mr. Crew was Rev. Abraham Crews. He weighed over two hundred pounds and had the same pleasing wit. They were a family of twelve in all, with nine to live. Their names were: Bettie, Jessie, Vastie, Josephine, Joseph and Abraham. Rev. Abraham Crews and his wife, Mrs. Narcissia Crews, lived next door to Holy Temple Church on Whitten Avenue. They reared their children by the Holy Temple doctrine. Perhaps Rev. Crews thought one of his sons would follow his steps into the ministry. Instead of his sons, two of his daughters, Mrs. Josephine Jackson Wilson and Mrs. Georgia Caringie are ordained ministers, in the Holy Denomination. Rev. Georgia Caringie passed in 1980.

Although Rev. Crews's sons did not join the ministry, both Abraham, Jr. and Joseph kept very close to their religious upbringing. Abraham joined Shiloh Baptist Church where he and his wife are active in choir and all phases of church life. Abraham, Jr. and his wife, Mrs. Jessie Crews, are the parents of: Randolph, Ervin, Abraham III, Theodore, Melvin and Mildred Mae.

Joseph Crews and his wife, Mrs. Ruth Sheran Crews, brought the large family to the front. They are parents of twelve children. Their names are: Carolyn, Georgia, Lavern, Ruth, Eunice, Anthony "Tony," Joseph, Jr., Gerald, Timothy, La Wanda, Alicia, Andrew and Larry. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Crews have kept close to the Holy Temple Church. Their children are active members in young adult and youth groups. Several of the children inherited their mother's love of music. Carolyn and Lavern play for community groups. All of the children have beautiful voices and sing with several groups.

Mrs. Ruth Crews's voice helps Holy Temple to be one of the best choirs in Vance County. Mrs. Ruth Crews also comes from a religious family. Her mother, Mrs. Beatrice Terry Shearan is an ordained minister with Little Zion Holy Church.

Rev. Josephine Jackson Wilson and her children are well known in Vance County as the "singing Jacksons." Rev. Josephine Jackson can preach, play the piano and sing. She does all with the grace that her father used with one of his famous sermons, "The House has Fallen on Daddy."

During revival week, when the Holy Denomination was taking root in Henderson and Vance County, D.D. Fisher used to visit Holy Temple on Whitten Ave. Rev. Abraham Crews, being one of Dr. Fisher's first Henderson converts, was in charge of the pulpit guest. Rev. Crews urged the members to lead clean, Christian lives; to stick together so that the church would grow. For when members of a church start fighting each other, one could look out for "The House would have fallen," hence, "The House has Fallen on Daddy." How very true Rev. Abraham Crews's sermon has come, with the schism, and court orders and even families torn asunder.

Sixty-five years after Rev. Crews preached the above sermon, his home church was torn asunder. Some members left their home church and started another church an North Henderson. The Joseph Crewes remained with the home church and with their grandchildren, Bonnie and Clide Chavis. They take active parts in the beautiful seasonal programs. It would seem that there will always be a Crews to keep the "House from falling on Daddy."

FAMILY OF MR. AND MRS. PASCHALL CRUTCHFIELD

Mr. and Mrs. Paschall Crutchfield were known by relatives and friends as "Pat and Topsy." When a granddaughter was asked what Mrs. Crutchfield's real name was, the answer came quickly, "Topsy." However, Dr. Mary Crutchfield Thompson who is also a granddaughter and is her grandmother's namesake supplied the answer, Mary.

Paschall Crutchfield worked at Pinkston Lumber Plant which was just above J. P. Taylor's Tobacco Factory. Topsy stayed home and cared for some of the neighbors children along with her own eight. The names of the Crutchfield children were Millie Crutchfield Davis, Francis Lila Jeffress, Mamie Crutchfield Foster, Hunter Crutchfield, Cora Crutchfield Hawkins, Tom, John and William Crutchfield.

The Crutchfield and Thomas Hawkins families are so closely interwoven through intermarriage that they often seem one family. Two of their sons have the same name. A brother whose name was Matthew Crutchfield married Bettie Hawkins and Thomas Hawkins married Cora Crutchfield. Their children were double first cousins to each other.

The Crutchfield children and grandchildren contributed worthwhile lives in many different fields, not only in Vance County but also in the New England states where many of them settled.

Mrs. Millie Crutchfield Davis lived in Henderson and worked in the J.P. Taylor Tobacco Factory. She moved to Durham and continued in tobacco work. Mr. and Mrs. Davis had two daughters, Queen Esther and Elizabeth. Queen Esther married a Mr. Robinson. They had one son Herbert Robinson, who made quite a name in football at North Carolina College in Durham. Queen Esther died when Herbert was very young and his Aunt Elizabeth and grandmother reared him. Millie's living room table was loaded with trophies won by her grandson Herbert. Although Herbert's football playing days are over, he is doing an outstanding job in government work in Washington, D.C. His Aunt Elizabeth who was as a mother to him visits him from her home in Ohio where she and her husband moved after her mother Mrs. Millie Crutchfield died.

During Millie's life, the relatives from Henderson who had gone for the North Carolina homecoming game, always stopped at Millie's for some of her cucumber pickles. She always had a bowl ready and some take home jars for their holiday tables.

Another outstanding Crutchfield came from William Crutchfield. William married Miss Lyda Hatch in Henderson where their daughter Mary was born. Until Mary was six years old her parents ran a boarding and lodging home right in front of the railroad station for train crews. When Mary Crutchfield visited Henderson in 1977 she wanted to see her birthplace. An empty space gaps where the large unpainted house with porches up and downstairs stood. The neat little cement station is also gone. Mary remembered when her mother Lydia would hold her hand as they crossed tracks and would go with her across Williams Street and tell her to stay on the side she had led her to, until she reached her grandparents', Pat and Topsy's, home up in Mobile. Lydia knew nothing would bother Mary for during those years 1901 and 1902, there were no cars to watch and the drivers of the horses and mules would keep them in what was then the dirt road.

The William Crutchfields moved to Boston where other Crutchfield and Hawkins members were living. Mary completed her college work at Cambridge Latin School and later at Tuft's Dental College.

Mary was married to a Mr. Wright. Her second husband was Mr. Oscar Thompson. They lived in Cambridge and Hyannis where Mary had built a home for her mother until Oscar's death several years ago.

In another part is an excerpt from an award banquet given by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in 1973 for Mary Crutchfield Thompson, Dr. Mary Crutchfield Thompson. A part of Pat and Topsy went with every Crutchfield in whatever their activities.

Another one of Pat and Topsy's tribe was interviewed in Marston Mills, Mass. during the summer of 1979. She is Althea Jeffress, a granddaughter of Lila Crutchfield Jeffress. Althea was once married to a Mr. Lee, who was the father of her very distinguished children. Her present husband is Mr. William Duffin. Marston Mills is a small beautiful New England village just a few miles from Hyannis, the home of the Kennedy family.

William and Althea bought a small Cape Cod cottage badly in need of repairs. This was right in William's line who is a master carpenter and interior decorator. Their home now nestles among beautiful flower beds which can listen to a fountain which is active in their large fish pool.

Althea's chart below gives a picture of what Lila's heirs are doing.

Althea E. Duffins Chart

Grandparents:	Joseph E. Jeffress, Lila Crutchfield Jeffress
(3) Sons:	James A. Jeffress, Teacher Henry Jeffress, Doctor/Pediatrician Clarence E. Jeffress, Musician
Parents:	Clarence E. Jeffress, Charlotte M. Jeffress
Maiden Name:	Althea Jeffress
(5) Brothers:	Clarence E. Jeffress, Jr., Decorator Robert E. Jeffress, Musician James A. Jeffress, Chemist Walter J. Jeffress, Post Office Clerk Davis S. Jeffress, Welder
Althea's children:	Dr. James M. Lee Dr. Henry J. Lee Bruce C. Lee
Althea's grandchildren:	James M. Lee III Bruce C. Lee, Jr. Henry J. Lee, Jr. Tamara A. Lee
Althea's employment before retiring:	Worked in Waterburg National Bank eight years in Waterburg, Conn. William Duffin, Interior Decorator, second husband.

THE FIVE GENERATION FAMILY HOUSE — DANIELS, JIMMIE & CATHERINE

When I walked into the neat white cottage that September morning I did so with guilt. I fully realized that I was intruding on a lady filled with sadness, for she had just lost two daughters, within a month of each other. My urgency came from the realization that the lady whom I needed the information from was old and with sorrow perhaps could not remember some facts that I needed.

Instead of finding an old lady draped in sadness, I beheld a lady of age yes, but with a cheerful smile and a youthful sparkle in her eyes. Mrs. Catherine Daniels, called "Miss Kitty" by everyone; looks no older than she has for sixty years. Although Miss Kitty is the last mother left on our Happy Hill section somehow she has held on to her youth as we the children have marched into three score years and seven, looking our ages.

The little boy who let me into the house was a great-grandson of Miss Kitty's. The thought ran through my mind, this home has sheltered five generations of this family. Mrs. Lucy Henderson, mother of Miss Kitty built the cottage in 1916. Mrs. Lucy Henderson was alone so she had her daughter, Catherine, (Miss Kitty), her husband, Mr. Jimmy Daniels, and their five daughters, Helen, Eva, Mary Lue, Janie and Elizabeth move in with her. Eventually Mrs. Henderson passed on. The daughter, Mary Lue, married Mr. William Oliver. They lived in the house until they could get their apartment set up just in front of by then what is called the Daniel homeplace. Mary Lue and William, called Will, have one son. This boy was the joy of the four aunts and the apple of Miss Kitty's eye. The boy was called "Little Bill." But as is the way of life Little Bill grew to be a man and moved to New York. A son, Cary, was born to Little Bill. This child opened the gate to the Daniel's cottage the day I mentioned above.

The years had dealt sadly for Mary Lue when her health became poor. She was confined to a wheel chair for many years. Mary Lue was moved back to the homeplace so that her mother, Miss Kitty could care for her during the day when Mary Lue's husband worked. Miss Eva Daniels helped when she returned from her work. All the other Daniels girls had married and moved away. Mrs. Helen Daniels Person and Mrs. Janie Daniels Eaton lived in New York near Little Bill. For over ten years these kept the road hot coming every holiday, and in between if Mary Lue became worse. During the last two years of Mary's illness, there being no young daughter to see after the mother, Bill decided to give up his job in New York and to come back to give his mother around the clock care. By this time Helen was also ill so Little Bill brought his Aunt Helen home also. Elizabeth Daniels Henderson and her husband, Herbert, live just across the tracks from the home. They visit the family daily.

When Little Bill realized that his mother would not improve, he sent for his son, Cary, to spend time and attend school in Henderson where he could be with his grandmother, Mary Lue, and his great-grandmother, Miss Kitty. Cary was a fifth generation of Mrs. Lucy Henderson, who built the neat well kept cottage on the corner of Lone and Hamilton Streets. The Daniels have kept the outer structure just as in its original form, but the inside has every modern device and improvement. The love of this house is shown in the care that the heirs have given it.

Helen, the oldest Daniels sister, passed a month after her sister, Mary Lue. Helen's husband, Mr. Robert Person died many years before Helen went North. Mrs. Janie Daniels Eaton, knowing that her mother couldn't walk for supplies because at near ninety Miss Kitty was slowing down a little; brought Miss Kitty a nice little car to do her shopping. Little Bill who resumed his restaurateur skills at the Silo, Henderson's newest eatery, is Miss Kitty's chauffeur.

Not long ago a relative of mine lamented not having girls. She has two boys who fail to extend the proper courtesies of cards, etc. She said she knew she could not depend on them to look after her in her old age and illness. I thought of Little Bill Oliver and how he cared for his mother. Of course there were nurses and family members to help out, but Little Bill went beyond what was needed.

The Thanksgiving before Mrs. Oliver died I saw movement from Miss Kitty's to the Oliver home, back and forth both Bills went. Later in the day when I walked my little dog, Gray Gal, I talked with Little Bill. He told me, instead of cooking the Thanksgiving dinner at his grandmother's house, he decided to cook at his mother's home. His father, William, or "Big Bill," pushed Mary Lue into her home to have the feast. The scent of rising rolls, roast turkey and turnip greens gave memory lane a job. Mary Lue was delighted. When she talked to me about it later there were tears in her eyes. Seemingly she knew or felt that it was her last dinner at her home. By the next Thanksgiving she had passed, but the memory of a boy that measured up lingers in our minds, as just as wonderful as a daughter's devotion.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE DEBNAM

Mr. George Dabnam is know all over town as "Mr. Ralph." He and his wife, the former Annie May Mitchell, reared their family of seven children on Whitten Avenue. The children are: James, William, Reginal, Georgia, Gwendolyn, Mary and Francis, a stepdaughter.

The Debnam's children's home was a four minute walk to Eaton-Johnson Elementary School. It was a three minute walk to Henderson Institute. The children completed both schools and each decided upon his own vocation. The three girls chose college, to lay the foundation for teaching. After college, Mary and Gwendolyn became teachers, but Georgia decid-

ed to enter the business world. She became a secretary at the Henderson Glass Factory.

"Ralph" Debnam is an expert plumber. Although he never had license, his work was so good, he kept his employer's company in demand. Since his retirement, he is able to be on his own for the amount allowed under Social Security. If Ralph had been allowed license, he could have been his own employer. His children knew of how their father, with all of his skill, had been forced to work under somebody else. Ralph's children continued with their education. They made sure that they would qualify in whatever trade or profession that they would be interested in making their life's work.

Ralph and Annie May's grandchildren are all in college, or through college. A news article this spring told of April Kearney's achievements from college. April is Georgia's daughter. Cecil Carter, another grandson, is well known in the churches in Vance County. He is a "Wizzard" on the piano and organ. Donna, Frances's daughter, made prints during her college career.

Mary and her husband, David Foster, can boast of two daughters who have completed work at Winston-Salem State University. Regina Foster is a teacher. Sylvia Foster is a nurse in the University of North Carolina hospital. David Foster, III, is an honor student at Vance Senior High School.

THE FAMILY OF RICHARD AND INDIA DAVIS

Turning right at the old fertilizer plant, from Norlina Road, there are several large farms owned by colored farmers.

On the left side, going down Route Six, is the farm and home of Mr. Richard and Mrs. India Bing Davis. This farm was purchased about a century ago, when only a few Blacks owned the land they tended.

The Davis farm became the home of six Davis sons. They are: Leslie, Norman, Thurston, Hartwell, Clifton and George. They also have a daughter, Nannie.

The Davis family did not depend entirely on their farm for spending money. They supplemented their income by working in the Graystone rock quarry. Mr. Richard, called "Dick" Davis, and his brother, John Davis, of Henderson, and several of the Davis sons became expert stone cutters. Several imposing stone churches in Henderson, and a large sprinkling of stone houses throughout our county owe their existence to the skills of the Davis family and other Black cutters at the quarry.

While the men were doing their jobs, Mrs. India Davis was not only busy with her farm life chores, she was also a midwife. She nursed not only in her county, but in both Henderson and Warren County. Dr. Dorsey, who owned a drugstore on Garnett Street, kept "Nurse" India busy with his children. It is said that Dr. Dorsey recommended India to all of the expectant mothers

who came into his store. Many people here in Vance County were helped into the world by this efficient midwife.

The Davis home has always been a pleasant place to visit and while away a lazy after church session. It was also a romantic spot for the sons, daughter and their friends. Romance budded and bloomed, right under the noses of the family, for the sister Nannie, without their knowledge of it. Nannie was born lame. She was loved and protected by the family. They never expected Nannie to find love. The truth is, love found her.

A Rev. Henderson, in the community, had lost his wife. He was well over middle age and was hoping to find an old lady to replace his departed spouse. The ladies his age seemed to be full of complaints of this and that. While visiting the Davis family, his eyes and heart fell on Nannie. Her lameness didn't matter to him, for she was young and full of life.

Rev. Henderson knew how protective Mrs. Davis always had been of Nannie. So he went a-courting during the week. He knew the boys would be at school or work, and that Mrs. Davis was away attending her patients.

One day Rev. Henderson drove his little horse and buggy to the Davis home, "stole" Nannie and married her. The first brother who returned home learned from a farm hand that Nannie and the preacher had eloped.

After the shock of the romance and marriage had dimmed, things settled down. Eventually, Nannie gave her family another girl, India Henderson. Rev. Henderson passed away and Nannie and her daughter, India, settled at the old homeplace. They were to remain there long after Mrs. India Davis and her husband passed. The sons married and moved near and far.

One son, Leslie, called "Les," stayed at home with his mother, sister and niece. During his years of caring for the family, he married Bettie Johnson. Bettie came from a large family in Warren County. Her parents were old and she was tied down also. She knew and understood why she and Les had to divide their time and love with the old folks. Bettie's daughter, Debra Maryland, and her school work kept her well occupied during those trying years. Now the daughter has completed Virginia State and is self-supporting. Les and Bettie keep the homefires burning at the Davis farm. Clifton, his wife Catherine, and their son live just over the way from the old homeplace. They are able to often visit the dream place of "Dick" and India Davis.

Mrs. India Davis lived to be nearly a hundred years old. She remained alert and happy. She said that God had enabled her to rear her family and to enjoy their success long after her beloved Richard had passed. In fact, India saw her dream come true.

During Leslie's high school days, he eventually decided to leave the quarry behind. He eyed the many factories, mills, and new business centers

that were between Henderson and his "Boring Cross" community. The White Cross Drug Distributing Company needed a person with Leslie's qualities. Leslie needed just such a job. He wanted to, along with his wife, give their daughter, Debra, the best opportunities available. Now that Debra has her career well in hand, another Davis dream has materialized.

Leslie Davis joined his sister, brothers, mother and father in November, 1983. Only one of the original sons is left and that is Clifton. Clifton and Catherine have a son to carry on the Davis name; that son also has a son, so Richard and India Davis live on.

THE SHERMAN DAVIS TRIBE

When Mr. Sherman Davis went courting Miss Amanda Richardson Moss, he was not only looking for a wife, but also for a lady of his own background. Sherman was a mixture of black, white and red. The young lady was also, but could boast of more Indian ancestors than he. Sherman was from Warren County and Amanda was from Granville County. At some past time, the ancestors of the two may have belonged to the same Indian tribe, the Saponi. Vance having been carved from several counties, including Warren and Granville, was in between the two people's homes. They chose a happy medium, Vance, as their home when they were married.

Mr. Sherman Davis had been reared on a large farm in Warren County, but he changed his work from growing tobacco to the manufacturing of tobacco products when he worked in his wife's Uncle Lee Dance Hall's tobacco plant. The building stood on the corner of the Tanyard Alley, now Winder St. and College Street. Sherman bought a lot and built a home at 517 Winder Street, where he and Amanda lived with their ten children. His walk from his home to the tobacco plant was just two blocks away. The plant lasted into the late nineteen hundred, when the Taylor factory combine squeezed out all of the small operators. Sherman then worked for Taylor's factory.

The names of the Sherman and Amanda Davis children are: George, Fred, Basel, Milard, Queen, Martha, Hallie, Durell, Narcissus, Bloonie. From these ten children there are ten grandchildren, nineteen great-grandchildren and four great-great-grandchildren.

What the members of the Davis children are or have accomplished may be seen from this profile, furnished by one of the Davis children.

ONE: George Davis, Sr. (deceased) had seven children.

1. Doris Davis Young—Income Specialist with the Welfare Department in New York City.
2. George Davis, Jr. (retired) Manager of Rehabilitation Workshop for T. B. patients in Jamaica, L.I. New York, where articles were made and sold to companies for sale to stores.
3. Constance Davis Shay (deceased) was head teller of a bank in Jackson

Heights, New York. Her three children are, Jennifer Shay—Typist in a New York City office. Tommy Shay—United States Navy. Steven Shay—student in elementary school.

4. Donald Davis is foreman of a sheetmetal firm in Floral Park, Nassau County, New York. His two children are, Dona Davis—was a high school history teacher and assistant basketball coach. Works now in merchandising at Montgomery-Ward Company. His child is Christopher Davis—in Kindergarten.
5. Rolanda Davis—Traveling salesman.
6. Marian Davis Bolt—was teacher's aide at Rikers Island. Her three children are, Kenny Bolt—college student. Michael Bolt, male Social Worker at Halfway House for Females in Manhattan, New York. Yvonne Bolt Rose—Stenographer in New York City. Her child is Nichole Rose, in elementary school.
7. Eleanor Davis Cross—Housewife. Does part-time work for the City. Her six children are Arnold Minnis, self-employed. Sells light bulbs. His son Minnis is in elementary school. Dorothy Cross, college student. Joyce Cross, senior high school student. Doris Cross, Junior. Melvin Cross and Raymond Cross, both self-employed delivery men.

TWO:

1. Narcissus Davis Evans, retired. His two children are: Otelia Evans Barnwell, widow. Lives in Clinton, Maryland and teaches in Washington, D.C. Her children are: Valeria Barnwell, student at Duke University, Durham, N.C. George O. Barnwell, student at Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio. Eleanor Barnwell, student elementary school in Clinton, Md., grade 5.
2. Constance Evans Bronner, teacher in Alexandria, Va. Her one child is Kimberly Bronner, student in elementary school in Alexandria, Va. grade 2.
3. Durwell Davis, worker in New York Post Office, (now retired). His son is Earl Davis, truck driver. Earl's son is: Howard "Chuckie" Davis, specializing in business.
4. Martha Davis Bouey, (deceased). Lived in Raleigh, N. C. Martha was a designer and dressmaker. Her love of music followed her. She played the violin for social and professional affairs in Henderson and in Raleigh.
5. Hallie Davis, was a designer and dressmaker, as was her sister. She plied her trade for individuals and did group work for schools. From an early age Hallie was a great church worker. She served as secretary of Shiloh Baptist Church Sunday School for sixteen years. Hallie served on the committee that organized the first Vacation Bible School in Vance County. Although age and a severe illness has slowed Hallie down, she is active in the Sherman Davis home. She is a joy and comfort to her ill brother, Durell, and her retired sister, Queen, who has also kept close to home.
6. Milard Davis worked in the bagging Mill during his lifetime.
7. Fred Davis, U. S. Army until his death.

8. Basel Davis, worked in a New York City hospital until his retirement. He makes his home in New York City, which became home to him after World War II.
9. Blonnie Davis, worked in the Bagging Mill when he made his home in Henderson. Following mill work, he went to New Jersey.
10. Queen Davis, now retired from teaching in Vance County left her mark in two outstanding areas. Of course, she did the regular activities of any classroom teacher. She was chosen one of the first classroom teachers to conduct a reading laboratory to help children to improve their reading skills. Eaton-Johnson and Rollins schools benefitted from her work. Some pupils several levels belows their age grade level were able to reach grade level through her efforts. For years, Miss Queen Davis's art work was seen in stage backgrounds, stage props, and attractive bulletin boards wherever she was teaching. Her reading class programs were outstanding because of the professional touches with which she enhanced her scenery.

The Sherman Davis' must look down on their tribe and be proud. Proud that the people whom they caused into being are doing worthwhile things wherever they are. They are representing Vance County in many realms of achievement.

THE MATTHEW EATON FAMILY

Getting people to talk about their families can be a very traumatic experience. Many of those interviewed hedged when talking about their grandparents. They seemed to feel that their family would be compared or ranked with some other outstanding, famous personalities. In reality, just facts as to their contributions were needed.

Alice Eaton Bryant, daughter of Mr. Matthew and Mrs. Fannie Palmer Eaton was one of the exceptions. There had been many delightful and interesting things about her grandparents. She seemed to enjoy giving information, especially about one grandmother who was quite a character in her day.

A delightful story about this grandmother will appear in a section of this book, called "Odd Stories." For now, we will look back into the early years of the Eatons.

On a large farm in Warren County, a woman, Alice Kearney, was born. She was reared by her slave mother, and Caucasian slave owner father. Alice married David Eaton and after slavery, they moved to Vance County and reared a family. One son, Matthew Eaton, went back to Warren County and married Fannie Palmer. Fannie's father, Henry Palmer, Jr., was the son of a full-blooded Cherokee Indian woman, Polly Palmer, and her Indian husband.

David Eaton had been denied schooling, and so had his wife. However, they were both born leaders and had desires to move ahead. So, when Henderson Normal Institute opened in 1891, with day school for children and night school for adults, David Eaton was one of the first adult pupils.

With his newly found key of education, David became a Baptist minister, the Henderson jailor, and owner of a restaurant on Garnett Street, right where Penny Furniture Store now stands. The restaurant did very well, for Alice's and David's delicious dishes were known about in the nearby communities. David also owned a hack business where he hired out horses for different kinds of work. The horses were used on Sundays when David and Alice were called to churches in the near communities.

This loving, hard-working pair were the parents of Matthew Eaton. "Al" Eaton, the daughter of Matthew and Fannie, calls her family the Fannie Palmer Eaton Clan on Flint Hill.

Alice, or "Al" as she was called, remembers riding on Sundays to country churches to hear her grandparents preach and talk. It seemed that grandma Alaice never learned to read, but she was a great "speaker." Often, Mrs. Alice Eaton was asked to have a few words. During one of the Missionary Conventions, Mrs. Alice Eaton gave a speech on her favorite subject, "The Ruler of Life." The "few words" became a nice long speech which was needed to take up the time. Eventually, grandma came to her pet ending, which was, "All of these things are true, from Genesis to Kenisis."

Mr. Matthew and Mrs. Fannie Palmer Eaton were the parents of Bettie Eaton Jackson, Alice "Al" Eaton Bryant, James, David and William Johnathan Eaton.

The David and Matthew Eatons offer a race pattern found in many so-called "Black" race families. Causasian, Black and Cherokee Indians are all joined together to make a Black family. Certainly some "Red" ancestors are fondly remembered and revered by the progeny of the departed ancestor. Many Causasians are known and discussed by the mixed race people.

Matthew's children, Bettie, Alice and Johnathan went to New England. They became merged with community life there. Alice and her husband, Sylvester Bryant owned and operated a cleaning business for many years in New Rochelle, New York. Bettie and her husband, Mr. Jackson, retired and came home to Henderson. They built a home on Farrow Avenue. Johnathan and his wife returned to Henderson early in their married life.

Johnathan and his wife gave our community a new view on religious worship when they returned home Jewish. The idea of nonwhite Jews had not been experienced here. We knew the Teisers and Bakers, but having "Black Jews" was something else.

The above couple carried out their orthodox practices as long as they lived. Johnathan wore the beard of the Jewish Rabbi. He conducted himself as he had been taught by his Jewish teachers in the Synagogue to which he belonged.

The people here were awed by the lifestyle of these two Eatons. However, as time passed people began to accept their religious style. They learned firsthand that anyone can be a Jew; they came to realize that Jewishness is a belief, not a race. It took Sammy Davis, Jr. to tell the world, through television, what Johnathan Eaton and his wife Harriet taught us thirty years before Sammy Davis, Jr. became a Jew.

Matthew and Fannie Eaton worked in the cotton mills, Taylor's, and Lewis factories to rear and educate their children. Alice, "Al," lives in the old homeplace. She engages in many civic projects, as did her grandfather, Dave Eaton.

The Eatons left Henderson to make a better living. Having made it, they returned to Henderson to retire and enjoy the fruits of their labor.

FAMILY

Mr. Noah and Mrs. Lina Gatling were living at 51 Water Street when the first Henderson Directory was printed. Family tales told by Mrs. Clara Hughes said they were living in joining apartments as early as 1900. Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Gatling had much in common. They had several children who were born the same year, and years later two of those children married. Will Gatling married Minnie Hughes.

To this union was born Bettie Gatlin. Minnie died a few months after Bettie was born and the two grandmothers, Clara Hughes and Linda Gatling reared the motherless child, between them.

The children of the two families were kept out of school one day each to care for the tiny little girl. Eventually Bettie became old enough to join her father Will Gatling in Norfolk. Two of the Gatling girls, Pattie and Mable completed their high school work at dear old Henderson Institute. "Pat" as Pattie was called, finished college and became a teacher in Warren County. The first few years she lived in Warren County near her school, but as soon as she could afford an automobile she lived on East Rockspring Street and drove to Warren County daily. Mable Gatling went to a beauty school in Durham and returned to live and work the rest of her life in calling distance to their first Water Street home.

"Pat" married a Mr. Tyson from Anson County. He was a barber which fitted very well with the sister-in-law's business. A shop was built next door to the Tyson home and the two, Mable, now Mrs. Ray and Alonzo Tyson had their businesses under the same roof.

Mable Gatling married Mr. Clarence Ray, an undertaker. Their children are Clarence Ray, Jr., called "Baby Ray" and Joseph.

Both are in the field of education. For many years Clarence was in the Army, but returned to Henderson, or rather to a small community between Henderson and Louisburg. Clarence's wife Marie Hawkins is the daughter of Herman Hawkins whose father, Rev. James Hawkins owned many acres of farm land. Herman Hawkins loved the farm and was contented to rear his family, which was fair size on the farm. His children worked hard on the farm for they knew the college would be paid from the farm products.

One son sent to A & T in Greensboro and took agriculture as his major. Unlike some of his peers who came back to farm communities and taught "Ag" in the high schools, James Edison carried his skills right back to his father's farm and conducted bumper crop yields.

Clarence Ray and Marie Hawkins Ray are parents of Clarence Ray, Jr., Lisa and Kimberly. Clarence Jr. is a student at North Carolina Central University at Durham. He is now twenty-one. His sister Lisa chose the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, she is eighteen. Kimberly is twelve and attends school here in Vance County.

Noah and Linda Gatling's heirs are continuing in growth, educationally and community spirited activities. Their names appear often in the local papers when they are engaged in projects.

Pattie Gatling and her husband died several years ago. Mable Gatling Ray joined her sister in October, 1983. Her husband, Clarence Ray, Sr. had joined the immortal in the spirit realm.

JAMES AND NILANN GILL FAMILY

Mr. James and Mrs. Nilann Gill's family was once well known in Henderson. They were very social minded and entertained as much as Mr. Gill's business partner, Oscar Outlaw's family did. Only the Gills did not have as spacious a home as the Outlaws. Their groups were smaller. The Gills were from Youngsville and at one time often had relatives from Youngsville visit them. Eventually, all of the older relatives passed on. Only one sister whose name was Mattie lived for a long time in New York City.

Mr. Gill, called "Jim" lived to see his children grown. The children were Maimie, Bessie, Edith (Coochie), Edgar and Herman. Herman, the youngest, died in 1919 after a very short illness. He was eighteen and had received a blue card to register for the service in 1918 when the war ended. Herman, John T. Hughes, Junious Steel, Jr. and Herman Hare came on Henderson Institute driving Mr. Gill's horse and buggy. They were so happy that they wouldn't have to go to war that they tore their blue cards up in small pieces and scattered them like confetti. They yelled and were so happy that they wouldn't go where there was a possibility that there would get

killed. About a year later, death took Herman, but he was at home with his family. Edgar married Lottie Wortham and he also passed after a short illness. They did not have children. Mamie died in New York. She was never married. Bessie married Dr. Christmas from Durham. They also lived in New York. Bessie left no children. Mrs. Gill had made her home with her daughter, Edith, since her husband, Jim, passed. As long as she was mobile, she came back to Henderson and visited her daughter-in-law, Lottie. When Mrs. Gill died, Edith brought her home as she had Bessie and placed her in the well kept plot in Blacknall's cemetery. Edith, who while living in New York was in charge of a girls reform school, after losing her family went to Benedick College in Columbia, South Carolina as Dean of Women. A Rev. Peterson, one of the trustees of the college, heard Edith sing and fell in love with her. Singing was a part of Edith; all through her high school years at Henderson Institute, she was on every program. When she first went to New York, she made her living singing on church choirs. She was the leading soprano for the Abyssinia Baptist Church, the largest Negro church in New York.

Rev. Peterson and Edith were married in the chapel at Benedick College. Her young ladies were her bridesmaids and an all female choir gave emphasis to the solemn vows being said by two near senior citizens.

A reception at four and a formal dinner at seven gave Edith a chance to introduce her Henderson friends who had driven down for the occasion. Mesdames Laura Jordan, Carrie Marable, Ruth Hughes and Mabel Ashe were impressed at the pomp and ceremony shown their former Henderson friend.

Five years later Edith was killed in an automobile accident while driving to New York for a vacation. Edith did not have children and was the last of her family. Fifty-two people came to Henderson from Columbia for Edith's funeral. The President, Rev. Becoats gave the eulogy.

It is said that no Gill is alive to read of their progenators but there are people living in Vance County that do remember the fun loving Gills.

HAPPY HILL FAMILY LIFE BEN AND LUCINDA HARRIS FAMILY

The Benjamin "Ben" Harris home sits facing two streets. When you turn from Hamilton into a very short street called Lone, you face the Harris home which is on Pearl Street. This street was given the nickname of "Happy Hill." The name was well chosen because there were several large families there and laughter and ring plays were engaged in by some of the children from early morning until after sunset.

In the Ben Harris family were eight children. They were Nora, Ben, Jr., Mable, Edward (Quack), Elizabeth (Sis), Alice, Lessie and Henry.

The parents and grandparents of the Happy Hill children are deceased but families were the greatest contribution of all, for people are the greatest resources. Without people, nothing would have value. There would be no one to use the resources.

Another large family on Happy Hill was the Junious and Tama Baskerville family. They had seven children: Ruffin, Hattie, Geneva, Tommy, Mildred, Otis and Beatrice (Bug). Mr. Junious Baskerville worked in the Quarry on West Montgomery Street now given the name, Park Drive. Nothing is left of the quarry but a large gapping hole where men dug stones and cut them for the buildings around Henderson.

Junious lived until Beatrice was about grown. By this time all of the other children had gone to New York to live. They were influenced by the oldest brother who, when he came back from Europe at the end of World War I, decided to settle in New York. While in Henderson, this son, Ruffin, worked in Kearney & McNair's Drugstore which stood on the corner of Garnett and Montgomery Streets. From the time he began working until he went in the army, he only had one job. His job after World War I was for a wholesale drug firm. He worked there from 1919 until his death in 1961. In his death notice, the company said in the New York Times that Ruffin Baskerville was the most faithful of all their workers. That is a fairly commerate honor for not only a fellow from Happy Hill but from an hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Baskerville, Ruffin, Geneva, Tommy, Otis and Mildred have gone to join their relatives in the Happy Hunting Grounds. They belonged to two groups, the Indians and the Negroes. Two of the Baskerville children are living. Hattie and her husband, Charlie Hawkins live in Boston. Beatrice lives near her daughter in Brooklyn. Her husband, Charles Tools, also a Vance County native, passed away some years ago.

Up the street further (Pearl Street) was another family. Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Mitchell. Mrs. Mitchell's name was Emma. Their children were: Lonnie, Thenie, Duxsie, Jack, Dick, Saink. Jack and Saink were just one years difference in age. Saink caught up with Jack in height so that people thought they were twins. With relatives, they were called Saink and "Saink a Doodle." Friends soon caught on and also called Jack, Saink a Doodle, until Jack left Henderson to learn the shoe repair business. When he came back with a nice little wife, people called him by his correct name, Jack. For a while Jack worked for one of the Grissom shoe repair shops. Later he had a shop on Hargett Street in Raleigh. His window looked right out on that busy street but if you were from Henderson, Jack saw you and came out in his leather apron to shake your hand. Duxsie, Jack, Saink, Lonnie, Dick are sleeping the long sleep. Duxsie's daughter, Lena and Lena's daughter live in Durham. Saink's two daughters, Dorothy and Snooks live in New York but are in Henderson several times a year to see Mrs. Viola Gales Parham who is their aunt. Their mother, Mrs. Bessie Gales Mitchell was Mrs. Parham's sister. Snook has moved here.

Lonnie Mitchell married Julie Eaton. One of their daughters, Fairlee Mitchell Williams was the mother of Mrs. Ann Woodard Crews. Ann was once married to Henry Crews who is the grandson of the writer.

Down Pearl Street, next door to the Baskerville's was the Hailey family. Mr. Pink and Mrs. Rachael Eaton Hailey had been married before. Each had two children by former marriages; however, since Rachael's children were young when the Haileys' married, the children were called Pattie Hailey and Tommy Hailey. Mr. Pink Hailey's children were Florence and Orage. Florence and Orage were grown when they came to Happy Hill and did not play, but sat with adults.

On the east side of the Baskerville's home was the home of Mr. Quency Mills and Mrs. Sallie Green Mills. Their two daughters were fat and jolly. All of the children loved the Mills girls. Gloom fell over the children one Saturday morning when Judy was found dead from a heart covered with fat. Florence, the oldest sister missed her sister and spoke of her often when talking to friends who knew Judy.

Mr. Mills was a carpenter and Mrs. Mills was a midwife. They are in another part of this report. Mrs. Mills died in the forties. Mr. Mills died about ten years later. The last of their line, Mrs. Florence Mills Jordan passed in 1975.

Mr. Jake and Mrs. Pollie Harris lived about mid-way on Pearl Street. Their children were Lena, Jake, Jr., Annie, Pollie, Abraham. Abraham owned and operated his cab during most of his adult life. He married a lady called Allie and their children were Chester and Elizabeth. Elizabeth, after completing Fayetteville State University, taught for many years. She married and had one son, Jasper. Elizabeth passed away suddenly while she was still a very young woman. Her son lives with his father in Durham.

Mrs. Olivia H. Klass is Lena's daughter. Olivia attended Henderson Institute and received her teacher training at Alabama State. She taught for several years in Alabama where her Aunt Pollie was also engaged in school work. Lena passed away in June, 1979. Annie and Abraham preceded her in death. Chester lives in Washington, D.C.

Although Mrs. Sylvia Henderson did not have children nor a husband, her yard was often full of children. For some reason, the mothers liked to visit "Miss Sylvia" as they called her. The children played in the yard while the mothers talked. They were never yelled at at Miss Sylvia's. You could climb her fence and where your mother spoke sharply for you to get off the fence, Miss Sylvia would say the children could not hurt the fence. The fence wasn't demolished in any way. Miss Sylvia has been dead sixty years, but the fence still stands, a sort of reminder that a sweet old lady loved kids.

On the corner of Pearl Street and Lone Street stands the home of Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Mollie Bullock. Mr. Bullock was called Uncle Tom, not in

a derogatory manner, but because all the neighbors felt a kinship to him. They were all his one day of the year. He would walk the length of Pearl, Lone and Hamilton Streets knocking on each door saying "This is your Uncle Tom saying Happy New Year!" A man was supposed to visit your home on New Year's Day first. After the man gave you "good luck" females were permitted. Even today many people do not welcome women visitors on New Year's Day. After Uncle Tom died, Mr. Charlie Gales would make the good luck rounds. No one knocks for luck these days, perhaps that is why gas is over \$1.00 per gallon.

From Mr. Tom Bullock's home went two sons who were involved in patriotism. Henry volunteered and joined the Third Regiment of North Carolina and helped America fight Spain to free the Cubans from the tyrannical rule of her Spanish government. That war was in 1898. America won, but not for the enslaved island people. Their new boss, America, began to exploit her and kept the natives in the same social and economic conditions as their former master had. In 1948, two of the same company, now old men sat and discussed how they had freed the hare from the eagle for the hound. Henry moved to Oakland, California, and in 1918, when America found herself in war with Germany, he was forty-two years old, a little past active service. In 1941, although Henry was sixty-five, he again served his country by coming out of retirement from the Union Pacific Railroad service and acted as guard at an ammunition plant.

Henry and his wife, Mrs. Sarah Brown Bullock was returning from a Henderson visit to their homes in Oakland when Henry died on the train near Denver, Colorado. Nurse Rose Lee Brown from the Henderson Health Department was on vacation and accompanied the Bullocks back to Oakland.

Uncle Tom's youngest son was named Thomas also. He was named Thomas Julian. He was always called T. J. Bullock by those who knew him. He had completed the old Henderson Normal Institute some years before World War I. At Hampton Institute, he had enrolled in ROTC. He volunteered and went in the service in 1918. His military skills in the armed forces soon won him promotions. He kept going up until he reached the highest office open to a colored man at that time in his division.

Another "Happy Hill" family was the Mr. William and Katie Hunt's family. There were four children, William, Jr., Minnie, Raybelle and Nathaniel (Red). Not any of the Hunts looked red or black. The father and mother were fair with straight hair. Mrs. Hunt was red headed and was often seen sitting in her home combing her hair which reached below her waist. People on the "Hill" often said the Hunts were assigned to the wrong race.

Raybelle first married a Mr. Alston (Negro) and to them was born a daughter, Inez. The marriage eventually broke up and Raybelle went to New York. Raybelle learned to speak Hebrew. She found work in a variety store on

the eastside of New York. The owner of the store was a Russian Jew and thought Raybelle was also one of the children of Israel. They were married and lived together until the man died.

During their life, Inez and her mother saw each other up in Harlem when Raybelle came to visit. Inez, whose father was a Negro had a little flush of the tar brush. Just enough to not be able to pass for any race but a colored one. When Raybelle died, she left Inez a sizable fortune. Inez came to Henderson draped in beautiful furs and expensive jewels. However, she only enjoyed her wealth a few years. She passed away. Her children do have the benefits of a grandmother who used a white skin given to her by some white progenitory to feather her nest and that of her heirs.

William Hunt, Jr. married Eva Fitts from Warrenton, N.C. William was a tailor and for years ran a shop with the help of his wife and son on 118th and Morning Side. This neighborhood was a center for southern people, especially for some families from Henderson. Curtis and Reese Reavis Wilson could look from their living room window right into William's Tailor Shop. In the course of a day, several familiar figures from Henderson would enter for fittings, clothes, etc. Halice Baxter lived near the store and could tell you who from home came and went.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt lost their son not long after he became twenty-one. Years later, William Sr. died and Eva brought his body home for burial in Blacknall's cemetery. Many years after that, Eva returned to Henderson and spent her last days in Pine Crest Nursing home. She told her sister that she wanted to be buried in the Hunt's Square beside her beloved William. After a funeral in her Episcopal Church in Warrenton, she was returned to her resting place beside her William.

Mr. Warren and Mrs. Mary Hawkins Hare lived most of their married life in a home on Powell Street. Their early years were on "Happy Hill." Herman, Willie, Dave, Jack and Feefo were born to the Hill. Nancy and Jessie spent their childhood on Powell Street. They had first cousins Ben Harris' children, that lived on Happy Hill. So they had their fair share of the "Hill." Mrs. Lucinda Harris and Mrs. Hare were sisters.

Willie Hare went north to Lincoln University but loved Henderson and returned to be a principal at Nutbush School in Vance County. When Willis's family came, he moved to Philadelphia where salaries were better. Now Willis's children are grown and he is retired. Each year he and his wife Truella return for the Henderson Institute Homecoming. They plan to build here within a year.

Jessie Hare is a teacher. He lives in the Hare homestead and keeps the homefires burning. All of the Hare children and grandchildren return to visit the town that they love and the site that they cherish.

Near the western end of Pearl Street lived an old couple, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Merriman. They never had children but they taught their neighbor-

hood how to have pride in their homes. The Merriman's home only had three rooms, but the yard and flowers could have graced a palace. Prize rosebushes were tenderly cared for. Even now, after sixty years and many careless tenants, two of the bushes survive.

Mrs. Fannie Harris owned a home next door to Mr. Thomas Bullock on Pearl Street. There were two children, Sam and Rosa Bell (Poolie). Sam was about grown when Rosa Bell was born. Although there were just two children, Ms. Fannie's porch usually had a number of young folks around, especially young men. Sammie worked with a group some of whom had no parents or did not feel that they should cook hot meals everyday for their working sons. Sammie went home at noon for a good hot dinner. Ms. Fannie started her vegetables as soon as her breakfast dishes were done. Sammie would often invite several of his working comrades to come home with him for dinner. When he entered the door with friends he would call out "Mama what's for dinner?" His mother would say "Peas," although the pot held turnip salad, beans or cabbage. The answer would be "peas." The fellows started calling Sammie's mother "Ma Peas." They loved her and the delicious foods that she served. Eventually some of the fellows boarded with Ma Peas.

Sammie died a young man but his friends continued their relationship with his mother. When Rosa Bell became grown, she married Mr. Melvin Taylor. They were parents of two daughters, Lottie Beatrice and Mary. Melvin passed when the girls were young. Rosa Bell continued to live at home where she could look after her mother who was growing weaker with the years.

The two sisters completed Henderson Institute. Lottie B. went to Central University at Durham. Mary took business and worked as secretary for Parker Fitts Garage on Ford Street. Lottie was Librarian for Henderson Institute. During her tenure there she met Mr. Charles Brown, a teacher, and they were married. Mary and Lottie have joined the immortal, as well as Mr. Brown.

Since beginning this report Rosa Bell (Poolie) joined her daughters in the great beyond.

THE HUNTER AND HELEN LEWIS HAWKINS FAMILY

A very large, very old house that is now boarded up, stands on the Fleming Town Road. This house and surrounding grounds and buildings was the home of the branch of Hawkins that Hunter derived from. Down on the creek, deeply buried in the creek bed is an old mill stone. A mill once stood on this site, run by a slave woman. This woman's name was Noddie. She was the mother of Chloe Hawkins and Sarah Hawkins Clark. Chloe Hawkins married Moses Hawkins. Their daughters were: Sarah, Mollie and Easter. Sarah was not really Moses's daughter but was Chloe's firstborn by her master, Captain John Hawkins. Mollie's husband was Jeff Hawkins. All of these people belonged to Captain Hawkins and his name. Easter was the

mother of Carrie and Hunter Hawkins. The father of these children was Henry Dunston, a half-breed. Henry's mother was a full-blooded Cherokee and his father a Caucasian doctor in Henderson whose name was Dr. Hood. The Indian woman's name was Carrie. The Dunston name came from a white religious family who reared her and taught her to read, especially the Bible.

Henry's son, Hunter, was the father of two children, Alfonzo, who died an infant in 1908, and a daughter, Ruth Anita Hawkins. Ruth Anita Hawkins married Marcie Arelius Yergan and to that union was born one daughter, Helen Marcia Yergan. Marcia first married Henry B. Crews of Oxford, N.C. From that marriage came Henry Beacher Crews, Jr. Marcia's second marriage was to Herbert Whitehead of Wilson. Their children are: Hunter Anita Whitehead Jones, and Herbert Wentric Whitehead, Jr. Henry Crews married Ardis Bun. Their daughter is Camile Crews.

Henry Crews, Jr. and the two Whiteheads, Hunter Anita and Herbert, are the sixth generation of Moses and Chloe Hawkins, and the seventh generation from the slave woman, Noddie, who ran the mill for Captain William Hawkins.

At an early age, Esther moved from the Greystone community to Henderson. Her two children, Carrie (named after her father's mother, the Cherokee) and Hunter lived with their mother on what was then called Moss's Hill. This section was the west end of Gary Street and a short street near the Beck home. The name came from Dr. Moss who lived on Chestnut Street where the bank now stands. He owned the land and houses back of his home.

The location of the Hawkins' home was very convenient to the children's father's business for Henry Dunston ran a barber shop on Montgomery Street where People's Bank was located. Years later, Hunter operated a barber shop in the same location. Of course, that was after Hunter's experience in the Spanish American War and a spell of living in New York where he and Helen were married in 1902.

Childhood impressions can shape an adult's life. Hunter was known as an adult to despise any form of alcohol usage. He often said that when he would be sent by his mother, Esther, to his father's shop for money or whatever was needed, his father would be very red in the face and would do a lot of talking before his customers, concerning him. Henry would send what was requested but Hunter would feel so embarrassed that he wanted to run away. On returning home he would tell his mother what Henry had said and that he didn't want to go near that shop again. His mother would tell him not pay Henry any attention, that is was the whiskey that he drank that made him do a lot of talking.

Hunter didn't know what whiskey was like until one Sunday in Sunday School, a temperance lesson was being taught by a chart. The chart was a

large piece of paper, about the size of a window shade, with a single goblet in the center. The goblet was filled with a deep red liquid substance. Arising from the base of the stem was a water moccasin whose head came over the rim of the glass. Hunter knew what a water moccasin was because he had seen several on Nutbush Creek where he and other children had gone to wade in the water. He had been warned to stay away from that kind of snake because its bite could cause death.

The Sunday School teacher, Miss Laura Merriman, told the class that the red substance was wine or whiskey and the snake stood for what whiskey would do to the drinker. Hunter thought back on how red his father's face would get when he was full of whiskey and made up his mind that he would never drink any alcoholic substance. Hunter lived until his death in total abstinence.

When Hunter was fifteen years old, he was downtown near a warehouse where some men on a wagon were signing up people to go with them to South Carolina to pick fruit. Hunter always wanted to travel so he signed on. He knew his mother would object, so he went home, slipped a few things in a paper bag and the next morning left with the pickers.

On arriving at the orchards, he found tall wire fences around them and white men with guns standing near. The nice coaxing voice of the men whom the group from Henderson had followed changed to an abusive tone as they were told to unload and get to work and not cause any trouble.

When the Henderson crew had worked a week they asked for their pay. The man in charge said they had been fed and housed and had used up their pay. On talking with some of the other workers, they found that some had been there several months without pay. Hunter decided to get away. Going through the gate was impossible because a guard was there day and night. The only other way was to swim across the Santee River, which was said to be several miles wide. Hunter and another Henderson boy, Johnny Wortham, started their swim at night the peonage camp slept. Both boys were good swimmers. By daybreak, they were on the other side. They had no idea where they were so they decided to stay near the river until they could find a town. The wagon on which they came had taken about a week to get to the orchards. They decided to find a town and let their parents know where they were. They felt that they would be sent money to ride a train home. The boys walked several days and came to a small town called Mullins, S.C. They found the Black section and explained their plight to a motherly woman who gave them each a penny postcard to write to their parents. She let them sleep and eat with her boys until they could hear from their parents. Hunter's card to his mother said, "Dear Mama, I am down here on the hog, please send money to the above address."

Esther's answer was also a card that said, "Good Son! Get on your hog's back and ride him home."

Johnny's mother sent him five dollars which was what she made cooking in two weeks. The ride in the caboose which was attached to a freight train was only a dollar apiece from Mullins to Henderson. They sat in the semi-darkness and ate cheese, crackers and gingerbread cookies. They vowed not to leave home again. Johnny kept his vow. Hunter also kept his vow until the recruiting began for the Spanish American war. Hunter ran his age from seventeen to twenty-one to enlist.

From camp he wrote his mother and sent her a few dollars with which she had the picture of him in his sergeants uniform enlarged.

In 1899 the war was over and Hunter returned to Henderson just long enough for the home folks to see him in his uniform and call him Sergeant Hawkins. One of the home people to see him was a Miss Helen Martha Lewis, lately from New York City. When she encountered him on Garnett Street and seemed so surprised, he asked her why she was so surprised to see him in Henderson, it is his home. She answered, "I heard you got shot and killed in the war with Spain." He explained about the arm injury and asked if he could walk with her to Davis's store where she said she was going; little realizing at that time from 1902 until 1949, the end of his life, that he would walk with Helen.

Helen Martha Lewis was born in 1881 on her grandfather's farm. Her father was Jefferson Watkins, a Caucasian. Helen's family (her grandmother, Catherine Lewis Henderson; her mother, Bettie Lewis; her uncles, James, Willie, and Henry Lewis) after slavery, left Virginia and settled on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Watkins. When Helen was born, her grandparents, the Caucasians, took her into their home. She slept in the room with Dick and his wife on a little bed called a trundle bed. Jefferson Watkins had gone away to make a living in Philadelphia, Pa. She had heard a lot of talk of him, especially when a letter came from him. One day Miss Polly, the white housekeeper, told Helen that her father was coming for a visit. On the day of Jeff's arrival, her grandmother had Helen dressed in a Sunday dress and alpaca top shoes that Jeff had sent Helen at Christmas.

When the buggy driven by Helen's uncle James (Jim), her mother's brother, came in sight, her grandfather told Helen to run and open the gate for her father. Helen did as she was told and the tall man jumped from the buggy, hugged and took her on his knees for the ride to the farm house. All of Helen's relatives, Black and white, rallied around Jefferson, which made Helen very proud of her father who was loved by so many people.

Jefferson stayed a few days and Helen didn't see him again until Mr. Dick Watkins died. By that time, she was eleven years old. After the funeral much talk went on about the farm being in deep debt. Eventually, the family went their ways and the colored went their ways. Helen went to be Mrs. Maria Parham's helper. Mrs. Parham's daughter, Kate, was married to Mr. Ed Watkins who was a relative to the Dick Watkins family. That is how Mrs. Maria Parham knew about the little mulatto girl from Middleburg.

After Maria Parham died, Helen worked for the Barnes and the Shaws until greener fields in New York called where the pay was great, five dollars a month, room and board.

No matter how far Helen got from Middleburg, she remembered and loved her father's family. She was treated well by all of them. She was never made to feel that because she was mixed with Black blood, that she wasn't as good as the rest of her Caucasian family. For many years, Wellons Watkins was station master at Middleburg. When we went to buy return tickets to Henderson after visits to Helen's mother and dear grandmother, Wellon would talk about the happy days on Dick Watkins' farm. Often he would drop by and discuss different members of the family.

None of this was strange to me, for Mr. Frank and Mrs. Pat Watkins had been neighbors of my grandmother Lewis. They were always in and out of the house during our visits. I played with Anna, Frank, Skinner and Hester. Warren was too old to play and George too young but I knew they were some of my mother's people.

The Watkins were great people, caring little what the people, that is white people, think about their relationship with Blacks. My mother, Helen, as a sister who is not a Watkins but the Watkins love her and treated her just as if there is a blood tie.

The last time Helen saw her father was in 1903. She and Hunter worked and lived in New York but would visit friends in Philadelphia. While shopping downtown in Philadelphia, Helen decided to visit Jefferson's office. Mr. George A. Rose, Sr. had given her his business address. When the receptionist wanted her name, she said, "Mrs. Hawkins." The receptionist wanted to know if she had an appointment.

Helen said, "No, just say an old friend from home." When Helen went into his office, Jefferson stared at her, then jumped up and shook her hand and said, "You are Helen!" "You look just like my sister, Annie Rose."

They talked, he told her he was married and had one son. Helen told him of her fine Spanish American sergeant, now a barber in New York. They kept in touch through the years. After 1906 when Helen and Hunter came south to live, Jefferson's health began to fail him. Mr. Rose came around to Hunter's shop one day and told Hunter to tell Helen that Jefferson Watkins was dead.

Hunter and Helen's daughter is a retired teacher, after forty years. The granddaughter, Marcia Whitehead, is a teacher.

Marcia's son, Henry, works as a director in the University of Chicago. Her daughter, Hunter Anita, is with the Air Force and is at present in Omaha, Nebraska. Her son, Herbert, is a junior high student in Wilson, N.C.

Since writing the above report several events have occurred. First Herbert Whitehead, Marcia's youngest son, completed high school in Wilson and against all family opposition, joined the Marines.

The next and very important event is that Hunter Anita, Marica's daughter became a sergeant in the Air Force. She carries her great-grandfather's name, now she has obtained his Army rank. She is hoping and working on an advancement at camp in San Antonio, Texas.

Hunter Hawkins loved his country and was so proud of his flag, that he placed a pole on the front of his house and had it flopping in the breeze for every holiday. Had he lived he would have seen his great-great-granddaughter come into the world on July 4, 1983. Henry Crews, Hunter's great-grandson is the father of Miss Camile Crews, however, her great-grandmother refers to the little lady as "Betsy Ross" the flagmaker lady.

THE FAMILY OF CARRIE HAWKINS WILLIS

Mrs. Carrie Hawkins Willis perhaps is not known to the majority of the people who watch Natalie Cole, for they will be of the younger generation. However, Henderson, North Carolina is the birthplace of Natalie's great-grandmother, Mrs. Carrie Hawkins Willis and of her great-great-grandparents and her grandfather, Omega Hawkins. Omega is the father of Maria Hawkins Cole who is Natalie's parent. Natalie's son, Robbie is the sixth generation of Mr. Mingo and Mrs. Rebecca Hawkins "tribe."

Mrs. Willis was called "Aunt Sky" by her Henderson kin. I often wondered why, but no one seemed to remember where the nickname came from. Perhaps fate went ahead and prophesied what was in store for Aunt Sky's heirs. Her daughter, Charlotte, born in Henderson in Mobile went sky high in the field of education. She left Henderson a young child, grew up in Boston and through hard work and study became Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown. She returned to her state and established the first cultural high school for Black youth, Palmer Memorial Institute in Sedelia, North Carolina. Dr. Brown did not have children, but her brother Omega's children spent much of their time at Palmer Memorial Institute after their mother's death.

Omega had three daughters, Charlotte, Maria and Carolyn. Carolyn and her husband died when they were very young parents. They left one daughter, Carol, who was adopted by Maria and Nat King Cole. Carol lives in California, is married and has two boys. Carol has also flown "sky high" in the theatrical world. She is said to be an excellent actress. She is also in charge of her adopted sister, Natalie's Cole's private office.

Maria Hawkins had her career in show business long before she married King Cole. Maria sang with Duke Ellington's band and had made quite a name for herself. She was guest on the Ed Sullivan Show and participated in many phases of show business. Meeting King Cole was no accident, it was

inevitable that those two should meet, marry and produce the greatest black girl to grace our twentieth century stage, Natalie, the "sky highest" of them all.

Maria and Nat had one son, Nat Kelly Cole. He is a junior at the University of Redbanks, in Redbanks, California. Twin girls, Casey and Timoline graduated from Northfield Mount Hermon School in 1979. They will enter college the fall of 1979. Their mother's letter did not state where at the time she wrote. These twins seem guided by their great-aunt Charlotte Hawkins Brown, for they chose a school that she was associated with and has been participating in music, art and the classics in literature. As great-aunt Lottie, as Dr. Brown was called, looks down on the twins doing their thing, her spirit must be estatic that her kin is walking tall, "sky high."

Nat King Cole was not a Vance County man, but at the time he married Maria Hawkins, he tied right in the "Vancesonians." He and Maria were given a grand marriage reception by the show people. Ebony magazine carried each scene in glamorous and magnificent splendor. The newlyweds spent their honeymoon in Mexico, but before going back to "tinsel town" they came to Henderson where Maria's cousin, Dr. John Dewey Hawkins and his wife, Mrs. Lucille Long Hawkins, gave the Coles another grand reception. There may not have been as much glitter to the affair on Andrews Avenue, but the interest and appreciation of the guests would equal any audience.

Of course, Dr. Hawkins asked the honored guest to sing. This he so graciously did. He went right to the piano, turned to the guest and said, "Please do not applaud." That star of Broadway. Europe, Asia and othe places where he performed, played and sang two songs from more than one of his albums. He gave us free what he had been paid thousands of dollars for. His soft, quiet, unassuming attitude won our hearts.

HAWKINS FAMILY A SIX GENERATION FAMILY MINGO AND REBECCA HAWKINS

Henderson is divided into many verbal sections that do not appear on the Henderson City map. Happy Hill was Pearl Street and Hamilton Street from Palmer Avenue, now John Street, to Chestnut Street. Goose Hollow was the lower end of East Rockspring Street, Water Street, Eaton and Vance Streets. West End was west on Breckenridge, Pettigrew, Ransom, Orange, Horner and Spring Streets. Flint Hill was south covering Arch, Winder, Flint and Davis Streets. Winder was also known as "Tan Yard Alley" for many years where a business was located whereby large skins from horses and mules were tanned (treated) to be used for shoes. This was just below the Vance Hotel.

The most impressive section for Negroes during the early nineteen hundreds was Mobile. To be allowed a visit to that section was indeed a treat. First, there was the two-mile hike from Happy Hill to the coal shoot where perhaps a train would be rewatering and recoaling. One could peep into the windows and see the beautiful red or green velvet seats that one hoped to ride on some day. After the "coal shoot" would be the long, low dark red bagging mill buildings. If your trip to Mobile was during the week, you would be sure to see some familiar face, for people from families all over town worked in the Mill.

When the Vance Flour Mill was built, it stood tall and formidable like a great tower. It was painted white and gave the impression that its product had seeped to the outside and would fall like snow on the railroad tracks that ran right up to it.

After passing the Johnny Hicks' and Uncle Abe Reavis' homes, you came to the first real stop in your itinerary. Your parents were repaying visits to the Satterwhites and other family friends and relatives on Mobile.

Mr. and Mrs. Satterwhite, Sr., their daughter, called "Sis" Satterwhite Cooke and their son, Junious, welcomed you and brought more chairs to their porch so that you could watch with them the parade of people who seemed ever on the move going or coming. This was a good resting place, but not too much fun as the children there, Robert and Erma, were too young to play ring play. One could wait though for the next stop would be with Tom and Cora Hawkins and their children. Several were just right for the "Farmers in the Dell," and other ring plays.

A little up the street, now called Nicholas Street, was the Grant and Catherine Hawkins family. Thomas and Grant were brothers. Each had children about the same age, so this group offered the same type of fun.

Before this visit was over, a trip into a store not only warranted a big hug because you had been named for Cousin Ruth Hawkins Alston but a large, all day sucker would be placed in your hand and your parent smiled and let you lick away and didn't mention candy spoiling your teeth.

The children that you played with were the grandchildren of Mobile pioneers. Some of the pioneer families that are remembered were Rev. Allen Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Toney Eaton, Rev. Jim Hamilton and wife, Alice. Mr. Mingo and Mrs. Rebecca Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott, Mr. Paschall and Mrs. Mary Crutchfield, Mr. Irvin and Mrs. Lethia Ann Stamper. There must have been others but Cousin Rebecca Hawkins Burwell can't recall everyone. She has spent ninety years on Mobile and at ninety, recall isn't always easy. So if your family's name is not with those early Mobile pioneers, please forgive and blame it on the doings of "Father Time."

Two of the early Mobile families lived near each other, their children fell in love and married. A Hawkins brother and sister married a Crutchfield

brother and sister. The two families are so closely interwoven that they seem like one tribe. From these two families have come people that walked tall in Vance County and in other places and other continents.

Mr. Mingo and Mrs. Rebecca Hawkins gave our county eight children. Their names were: Benjamin, Thomas, Grant, Robert, Jane, Ruth, Carrie, Bettie and Ella. Benjamin Hawkins lived in Weldon, N.C. He was a brick mason. Thomas Hawkins spent his life in Henderson. He was a brick mason. Tom, as he was called, married Cora Crutchfield. Their children were Benjamin, Magnolia, Fredrick, Phillip, Dewey, Carrie, Asker and David Smith.

Benjamin, called Benny, married Josephine Wortham. Their daughters were Lynett and Marian. Lynett married a Mr. Jones and lives in Norfolk, Va., where she operates a beauty shop. Lynett's daughter is Sheran Jones. Marian was Mrs. Bobbit. She died several years ago. There were no children. Benny was a horse man. As a lad he had watched his father, Tom, examine and pass or reject horses at the horse sales at Mr. Southerland's stable. Mr. Thomas Hawkins liked his trade of laying bricks but his hobby, a profitable one, was horses.

For a while, Benny worked in the Bagging Mill. It was during a visit in Philadelphia that Benny answered a ad of a company who bought and sold dray horses. The owner of the company liked what Benny told him and hired him. Benny stayed with that company on Babridge St. for twenty years.

Carrie Lovelet Hawkins Marable finished Henderson Institute in 1923. She had been inspired by her cousin, Charlotte Hawkins Brown, to get a good education as a must for a successful life. She completed her college work at Winston-Salem Teachers College, then went to New York and received a Masters degree in Elementary Education from Columbia University. Carrie taught here in Vance County for over forty years.

Carrie first married a Dr. Sewell from Kentucky. Her second marriage was to William Marable, Vance County native. "Bill," as William was called, was a teacher here in the city system until he died. He had spent a long time in the U.S. Army before returning home to teach.

During Carrie's teaching years and after the her retirement, she has visited five of the seven continents of the world. Her itinerary has been Europe, Africa, Asia, South America and many places here in North America. As soon as she reads "The Thorn Birds" perhaps she will take off for Australia and end up in Antartica where the natives are penguins.

She has made the Atlantic Islands a yearly visit. Carrie is welcomed on many of the islands as a close neighbor friend. Las Vegas is visited every winter. She has a date with the one-arm bandits.

Magnolia married Ernest Kirk of California and of Indianapolis, Ind. Magnolia had completed her education in N.C. and had begun her teaching career in Vance County. When she married and moved to Indianapolis, she continued until her children, Clarice, Josephine and Ernest were born. When the children were old enough for school, Magnolia went back to the teaching profession.

Mr. Ernest Kirk was a licensed plumber. He was in charge of a large hospital plumbing plant. Mr. and Mrs. Kirk's daughters obtained their education in the schools in Indianapolis and in Purdue. Josephine has a masters degree in English and in Psychology from Purdue. Josephine married an African, Mr. Osili, who is Federal Minister of Work and Housing and lives in Legas, Nigeria, West Africa. Her children are Lila Reese, Uzomaker, and Lfeanyi Osili. Uzomaker is an honor graduate from Princeton University in June, 1979. Josephine's son, Lfeanyi Osili, completed high school work in Legas at age fourteen. He entered Princeton University in the USA in September 1979. Lila Reese graduated from Indiana University and Butler University.

Clarice is Mrs. Banks. She has a degree in music from Butler University. She is a director of Public School Music in Indianapolis. Clarice's daughter is Mrs. Frankie Joe Banks Jacobs. Frankie is a teller in a bank in Indianapolis. Her sons names are Kara Mikelle and Kristopher Michael Jacobs.

Frederick served his stint in World War I. He returned to Henderson and worked in the Bagging Mill that his father had laid the brick foundation. Fred, as he was called, was proud to say, "My father did the foundation." In fact, all of the Hawkins children felt close to that mill for that reason. Fred married Miss Mable Young. They were parents of four daughters, Deloris, Helen, Magnolia and Patricia.

Helen, the oldest, passed away as an adolescent. Deloris Hawkins completed high school at Henderson Institute then completed North Carolina Central at Durham. Deloris and Donald Green married and went to live in New York. Two daughters were born to them whose names are Donnetta and Jacqueline.

Although trained to be a teacher, Deloris found a waiting list and decided to go into New York City Social Service. Donald is employed by a large shipping company.

Magnolia stated on the day that she graduated from Henderson Institute that she would try "cottage" instead of college. Alex Rainey had asked her to become Mrs. Rainey as soon as she completed high school and she did. In school, Magnolia had been interested in science and had excelled in chemistry. Her knowledge in this field obtained for her a job with a tobacco firm as a chemist analyst. At the present time she is weight master for the Universal Tobacco Factory. She is supervisor in her department.

Magnolia and Alex's children are Mable, Curtis, Frederick and Patrick. Mable completed high school and business school. She now works for Social Service. She is married to James McKnight. Their children are Semaj, Kishare and Jamila. Magnolia's three sons are unmarried and live on Adams Street with their parents.

Patricia, the youngest daughter of Fred and Mable, completed Henderson Institute and North Carolina Central. More about Dr. Patricia Hawkins Percill may be read in the section "Important Vance County People In Other Places."

Phillip Hawkins worked in the Bagging Mill all of his life. He married Marie Jones. To Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Hawkins were born Cora, Jamie, Thomas and Louise. Cora's children are Glovertine and Ellis. Louise's children are Sandra Zoss and Anthony Zoss.

Janie does not have children. Thomas does not have children. He served his country in the navy for twenty years. During this travel all over the world he brought back to his relatives in Henderson many souvenirs. Thomas built his mother, Mrs. Marie Hawkins, a comfortable cottage on "Flint Hill." Now that his mother is deceased, Thomas and his sisters keep the house open so that they can come home from New York and enjoy the atmosphere where so many memorable things took place when their mother lived. Jamie had a beautiful wedding in this home. Although her husband has passed away, she can still remember where she stood and cut her cake after Rev. Lafayette Hicks had performed the ceremony. Thomas died April 5, 1981.

Phillip second family was with Annibel Hicks. To this union was born John Phillip, Jr., Martha and Ruth Anita Hawkins.

Martha is married Cecil Vann. They operate a well-stocked store not too far from where Cousin Ruth Hawkins Alston and her husband, Grant Alston, had their store with the "oh so good, all day suckers." The Vann children are: Paul, Jackie, Gloria Jean, Michael, Andra, Tanya, John and Cynthia.

John Phillip lived with Dr. Charlotte H. Brown and drove for her at the period in her life that she needed someone who was willing to let her depend on them for her physical support. He gave her his best and she gave him some of her best inspirations, through her daily living.

On completing his work at Palmer, John Phillip entered A & T College at Greensboro, which was just a few miles from Sedalia. He carried with him the beam to search for more knowledge. The light led him into the field of education where he and his wife both worked at sending out sparks for their pupils to catch. John was married to Virginia Small and their children are: Genifer and Maranda.

Dr. John Dewey Hawkins and family will appear under "Important Vance County People In Other Places."

Dewey married Miss Lucille Long of Maryland. Their son is John Dewey Hawkins, Jr. He is called "Jackie." Jackie's two sons are John Dewey Hawkins III and Christopher.

Asker Boyd Hawkins was the valedictorian in our Henderson Institute Graduation Class of 1926. The valedictorian being the highest ranking student usually deliver the farewell speech in commencement. The next in rank were two girls, Milburt Davis and Ruth Hawkins. Their averages were the same. Asker could choose the speaker and he named Ruth. He and she had the same family name and were sort of "kissing cousins." Her address was "The Young Negro of the Future." Dr. Cotton, the principal, cued her once every day and her father, Hunter, several times as soon as he came from his barber shop. For college, Asker chose Knoxville College at Knoxville, Tennessee. His high school sweetheart, Anna Fields, from Bullock had moved to Knoxville to attend school there where her Aunt Sallie Fields Cogwell was in charge of the department of sewing as she had for many years done at Henderson Institute.

Asker and Anna were married and went to live in New York. Both sons, William Earl and Asker, Jr., called "Peet" were born there. Asker, Sr. was always a good math student. While in New York, he continued to take courses at Columbia. He earned another degree and decided to come back to Henderson. He taught in Vance County while his sons were growing up. When the sons entered college, Asker obtained a job teaching math in Junior College in New Jersey.

Before we leave Asker Hawkins, it is well to note that while living in Henderson, he operated an oral factory on Montgomery Street in a building owned by his brother, Dr. John Dewey Hawkins. Asker made the teeth as Dr. Dewey took the impressions. The two brothers had team work, wouldn't you say?

Mrs. Anna Hawkins is a cosmetologist. She ran a shop on Horner Street for the first colored hair dresser in town, Mrs. Delia Durham. Anna continued her work while living in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Asker Hawkins' sons chose North Carolina for their college work. "Peet" had his BS from Shaw University but was doing his work for his Masters Degree in Education. He was on his first teaching job at Elm City, N.C. when he lost his life in an accident on his way to school in Durham. Peet was engaged to be married. The young lady, although now married, still has her engagement ring from a love lost to destiny.

William Earl Hawkins married a young lady name Francena who completed her college education at Winston-Salem University. She came to teach in Vance County where she met William. After a few years, they moved to

N.Y. where Francena is a teacher of Learning Disabilities in Lawrence Junior High School at Lawrence, N.Y. William Earl teaches Physical Education at Village Elementary School at Brentwood, Long Island, New York.

William and Francena's son came to N.C. and completed his college work at N.C. Central University at Durham. William Earl, Jr. will perhaps follow in the field of education.

Davis Smith Hawkins was the youngest of Thomas and Cora Hawkins' family of eight. A picture of David in a beautiful little Lord Fountain suit, with shoulder length curls, age five or six, showed that someone wanted to keep him a baby. Eventually, Dave made them cut his curls, but all of his life he had curly hair.

After completing high school, David went to work for "Red" Taylor at the old "Hill Top" on Raleigh Rd. He learned a lot about the restaurant business, especially to cook. He became so efficient that Mr. Taylor put him in charge of the food department. David's knowledge of food came in handy when he went to New York to work. He was so capable of handling large group meals that the actress, Marian Hopkins, would send for him to come to wherever she was playing and cook, cater, etc., for her parties.

In 1967, David became interested in a business that made all kinds of decorations for homes and especially for stores like Macy's, Lord & Taylors. He worked for an Interior Decorating Company until his retirement.

David married Lelia Judkins. They have one daughter, Virginia. Virginia is Mrs. Johnny Jones. They are parents of seven children. Their names are, Eric, Lillian, Magnolia, Cynthia, Virginia Michelle, Kevin and David. The Jones' grandchildren are Reniphia, Kiko, Omar and Kenya.

Virginia and Johnny lived in N.Y. for years, but now live in Henderson. Dave, Sr. was left in N.Y., in reality, he was finishing years for retirement in 1975. Like the proboscidian, he came back to Vance County when journeys end was near. Dave died February 2, 1977.

Mingo and Rebecca Hawkins were pioneers in Vance County, and a part of them rode with the first Black astronaut when he soared into space. Guion S. (Guy) Bluford, Jr. is the grandson of Ella Hawkins Brice. Ella, the youngest of Mingo and Rebecca's children grew up on Mobile and attended Henderson Normal Institute. A young professor, John Brice, came to teach at the school; fell in love and married Ella Hawkins. They had four children, Johnathan, Eugene, Carol and Lolita. The Brice family moved to Sedalia, N.C. where Professor Brice had taken a job with Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown at Palmer Memorial where she was president. The children lived on the campus during their formative years, and attended the school in N.C. College was a must for everyone related to Dr. Brown, so all of the Brice children chose their schools and pursued their interests.

Carol Brice, now Mrs. Carol Brice Carey, became a concert singer and an actress. She was well known in the music scene in New York City. She appeared not only on stage, but did several movies. Her brother, Johnathan, was always at the piano when she performed.

Lolita Brice became a teacher, and later married Guion S. Bluford, Sr. Guy Bluford is their son.

The article in the "Jet Magazine" about our first Black astronaut caught the writer's attention when "Guy" mentioned his mother, Lolita. I had known the Brice children many years, and only one Lolita. A letter was sent to Guy, and his answer follows:

National Aeronautics and Space Administration
Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center
Houston, Texas 77058

October 18, 1983

Mrs. Ruth Hawkins
424 Hamilton Street
Henderson, N. C. 27536

Dear Mrs. Hughes:

I was very pleased to receive your letter and to learn of your interest in my family tree. The Professor Brice that you talked about in your letter is my grandfather and Lolita Brice is my mother. Both of these people are now deceased along with Eugene Brice, however, Johnathan Brice lives in New York City and Carol Brice Carey now lives in Oklahoma.

I wish you the best luck in writing your book.

Sincerely yours,

Guion S. Bluford, Jr.
NASA Astronaut

Yes, Mingo and Rebecca from Vance County sent out some of the most famous heirs. Marie Hawkins Cole, her daughter, Natalie Cole, "Cookie" Cole, Marie's niece and adopted daughter have made footprints that will live on and on, along with "Guy" Bluford, their cousin.

These famous people should be proud that their roots and family tree is right here in Henderson, and we the people of Henderson are proud that they are giving something beautiful to the people of the world.

THE SILUS HIGHT FAMILY

One family that could have sung "Daddy, Dear Old Daddy You've Been More Than A Daddy To Me" was that of Mr. Silus Hight of John Street. From my earliest recognition of this family, there was no mother. I do remember seeing an old lady standing in the door. I thought she was someone that worked for the Hights because her skin was brown and all of the Hights looked like Caucasians. Lizzie Summerville told me in later years that the lady was "Aunt Silver Hight." I never saw her but once, but I saw Mr. Silus Hight all during my childhood.

The Hight children were Willar, Benny, Buddy, Mattie, Jessulyn, Sylvester and Lloyd. Willar was Mrs. Berry, a teacher. Benny was a mill worker and the one called Buddy was married to Carolina Hamilton and had started a family when my job at eight years old sent me through the Hights yard every late afternoon. The Health Department was born in our town and the administrative body decided that the flies in our town came from the pig pens in the back of every enterprising citizen's yard. The citizens were told to move their pens out of the city limits. This is where Mr. Hight became the hero. His home was inside the city limits but his several acres back of his home was in the county.

The people had a certain time in which to obey this health order. A push similar to the land grants of the old west descended on Mr. Hight for plots to establish new homes for the pigs.

The pigs breakfast was taken from our home about the time I went to school. The evening meal was my job or perhaps should say pleasure, for in those days the pigpens were meeting places where school friends could continue the chatters that began at school. The wells where we went to get the family water supply were also delightful meeting places.

Mr. Hight was a man with a sharp tongue. One would expect a group reared by and largely without a mother to be rough and ready. His barbs developed a group of people who were soft spoken and refined. The four youngest, Mattie, Jessulyn, Sylvester called "Billy" and Lloyd called "Dixie" maintained a very dignified air from childhood to senior citizens. A mother although needed, could not have reared a better mannered group. The older children were grown, but on meeting either of them, they were just as the younger ones.

The three Hight daughters were teachers in Vance County during the early twenties. Willar continued teaching in Jamaica, Long Island when she moved to New York.

Jessulyn has been in the catering business in New Jersey. Dix and Billy gave all of their working years to Vance County. Billy worked for the E.G. Davis store company for many years until he was ready to retire. He then

opened a pool room on Horner Street and ran that on into his retiring years. His job now is to keep the home fires burning for his sisters and relatives when they get tired of life in the city and come to the same house, much improved, where they were reared. Dixie served the Episcopal Church on Chestnut Street as Sexton until his retirement. Dixie was married to Mildred Jackson Hight for 35 years. Benny, Buddy and Willar died many years ago. They sleep in Blacknall's Cemetery with their mother and their daddy...dear old dad.

LARGE FAMILIES – THE LEWIS AND GEORGE HUGHES FAMILIES

The colored Hughes family once numbered among the large families of Henderson. A grandson, John T. Hughes, furnished information on a family that has nearly disappeared from Vance County. However, progeny of the original family are making large tracks in other states.

Mr. Lewis Henry Hughes, Sr., was born on his Caucasian father's farm during slavery. Lewis Henry Hughes married Emmaline Summerville of Warren County. She was the great-aunt of the house painter, Ernest Summerville, called "Flat." To the Lewis Henry Hughes family were born five sons, Willie Lewis, Jr., George, Henry and Eddie. The five daughters were Henrietta, Betty, Anna, Dianah and Katie.

Lewis, Jr. did even better about family size when he married Miss Clara Dawson from Charlotte, N.C. She was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister. They were the parents of twelve children. However, only seven reached maturity.

The family bible has a record of the births and deaths of two infants named Lewis Jr. On inquiring why there were so many children with the same name, the mother, Mrs. Clara Davison Hughes, said that she had been determined to have a son named for her husband. When the first two boys died, she had named them Lewis. Her third boy lived and was called Lewis, Jr., although he was really Lewis, IV. Now Lewis 5th, is an outstanding member in N.Y. City Council of Builders and Housing. He is the director of the project. Lewis's brother George is sales manager with General Motors. The "New York Times" carried the story of his work because George was the first Negro to get his type of job with General Motors. Both George and Lewis IV are college graduates. They attended colleges in N.Y. City where they were born and reared. Their father, Lewis Hughes III, made his home in N. Y. after he returned from World War I, however, he never really became a real New Yorker. He lived and planned his trip back to Henderson every summer. While in Henderson, he spent much of his time visiting old friends. Even his N.Y. friends were originally from Henderson. During the latter part of his life, he and another Henderson friend, Ruffin Baskerville, spent their vacation in Henderson at the same time. It was felt that after his mother, Mrs. Clara Davison Hughes, died, he would not come back. He not only came back but kept the old homeplace on Bridgers Street just as his mother had

kept it. The home was not dismantled and sold for many years after Lewis III had passed. Lewis Hughes III worked as chief messenger for Allied Chemical Co. Stockbrokers from 1919 until his death in 1967.

The youngest of the twelve children was John Thomas Hughes, called John T. or just "T" by some. John Thomas made New York his home as did all of his sisters and brothers. As a youth, he had worked for Mr. James Pratt, with Andrew Royster, in the clothes cleaning business in Henderson. When he reached New York he became interested in a new technique in cleaning called "French Cleaning." He studied this method and followed the cleaning business until he retired.

John Thomas Hughes, Sr. and his first wife, Blanch, had one son, John Thomas Hughes, Jr. He attended Catholic schools in New York City. After passing an examination, he entered the post office and chose social service as his vocation.

The Lewis and Clara Hughes daughters were: Minnie Hughes Gatling, Daisy Hughes Davis, Evelyn Hughes Hester, Clara Hughes Davis, Katie Hughes Trenfield. Only two of the daughters had children. Clara, called "Sugar Pie," has a daughter, Amelia Gertrude Davis Franklin. Amelia is known in Brooklyn, where she lives, as "Tootsie." Her daughter is also Amelia Gertrude Franklin Harper. She is called "Queenie." Queenie has an infant daughter named Clara. Just before Mrs. Clara Davison Hughes passed away, she proudly showed a photo of her with the four just mentioned. She said, "Five generations, can you beat that?" Mrs. Clara Hughes lived a very active life until she was about ninety-five. She traveled back and forth each winter to visit her children in New York. Her children thought she should have someone to travel with her, so they sent Bettie Gatling, Minnie's daughter, to ride with her. She became very insulted and threatened not to go. She said, "I don't need a baby sitter, I can travel alone."

Only three of the original twelve Hughes children are alive. Evelyn and Clara are in nursing homes, and John T. lives in a senior citizen home in Brooklyn, N.Y. He is looking forward to his seventy-seventh anniversary on September 19th.

Mr. Lewis Henry and Emmaline Hughes, Sr. had another well known son in Henderson. He was Mr. George Hughes, the Hack man. During the late eighteen hundreds and early nineteen hundreds, you could depend on Mr. Hughes to take you home from the railroad station. He first ran a fringed surrey which stood at the old Henderson train station. Later, when cars came into being, he bought a jitney to take passengers any place in Vance County.

George Hughes had one daughter, Lizzie, who married Mr. Thad Dougger. Lizzie and her husband were parents of Dorothy and George Dougger. Dorothy was born in New Jersey, but came to Henderson and lived in her grandfather's home on Vance Street. During her stay in Henderson she

worked in Raleigh at Shaw University. She was house mother for girls in Estey Hall. Dorothy Dougger and her husband, a Mr. Smith, had one daughter, Edith. Edith attended the schools in Henderson and Mt. Clair, N.J. When Edith married and moved to California, her mother also moved to Los Angeles, California. Dorothy is now actively involved in social work.

Mr. Tom Hughes, Caucasian, was also the father of a Clara Hughes who also lived near her father's farm, about a mile from a section of Henderson called Goose Hollow. Clara's daughter was Alice Hughes who appears with her husband, James Key, in the merchant section of this report.

Most of the colored Hughes can trace their roots, name, physical features, and heritages to the Tom Hughes farm on Hughes Road. A part of that road is now Water Street, in Henderson.

The last of the Lewis and Clara Hughes children died in February. Daisy and Evenlyn passed a year before John T. Two days before John T. died I talked with him. His last words to me were, "I am an old and very sick man." He was eighty-two years old, and was once my husband.

THE GREEN JEFFRIES FAMILY AND EAST ROCK SPRING STREET

The Seaboard Airline Railroad divides East and West Rockspring Street. The western part extends from Garnett Street to Powell Street; a distance of about half a mile. The eastern part only extended from the railroad to Rowland Street, until Mr. Green Jeffries took things in hand about 1900.

A large parcel of farm land extended from Rowland Street to what is known now as Bridgers Street. When Mr. Jeffries, his wife, Mrs. Fannie Henderson (Love) Jeffries moved to Henderson, he found it this way. Mrs. Jeffries sons, Richard and James Love, and her daughter, Liza Love, all moved from the country to Henderson. At that time, only a foot path extended from Rowland Street to the home site of the Jeffries. Mr. Jeffries saw the need for a road to drive his team as he came and went to the farm where he worked. When the farm work was over he and his stepsons cut sides and banked clay and stones to make a wide dirt road. This road became motivation and inspired several other families to buy home sites on the dirt road. As the road joined the eastern side of Rockspring Street from Rowland to Bridgers, this section became East Rockspring Street. The name of the street was taken from a large cold spring that gushed right where Mrs. Annie Bell Foster's home now stands, at the corner of Clark and East Rockspring.

After that road, now called a street, was built, Mr. Green Jeffries and his wife were blessed with a daughter, Lucy, who later became Mrs. Lucy Hayes. Lucy now lives in the family home. A hard surface street rests right on top of Mr. Jeffries's old road. Lucy looks with pride on East Rockspring Street for she knows that her father and brothers laid the foundation for most of it.

Richard and Charles Woods were the sons of Mrs. Eliza Love Woods. For many years Mrs. Woods lived in New York, but returned to Henderson after the death of her husband. Richard became a carpenter and helped Sidney Hays build many of the East Rockspring homes. He died in 1980. Charles moved back north and contributed his talents to another state. Although Charles passed away many years ago, his children keep in contact with their great-aunt Lucy Hayes, who is now retired and spends much time with her yard, house flowers and plants.

The Jeffries' home is a place of pride, for Mr. Green Jeffries progenies. It contains many precious articles of artifice which were collected by members of his family over a period of eighty-one years. However, the gift of a good street has benefited the East Rockspring Street people more than they may realize. Only a few people are still living who remember the foot path that was developed into a thoroughfare by Mr. Green Jeffries and his sons, James and Richard Love.

Note: Mrs. Lucy Jeffries Hayes, who gave the history of Rockspring Street passed away in 1983, but the street that her father started "lives" on.

REV. JOE AND MRS. MARTHA KINGSBERRY

The children of ministers are often expected to be "little angels." The children of Rev. Joe and Mrs. Martha Person Kingsberry were fortunate for they could be themselves. Their father's churches were not in Henderson, but in several nearby counties.

Rev. Kingsberry was pastor of Liberty Baptist Church in Warren County for thirty years. In the same county, he pastored Shacker's Chapel for twelve years. He was also the pastor of Mitchell's Chapel for ten years. Shiloh Baptist Church, here in Vance County, at Kittrell, was fortunate to have him to lead them for over ten years. During his pastoral tenure at Kittrell, he often pastored three and sometimes four other churches. The members were happy to have him once a month.

As Rev. and Mrs. Kingsberry moved through the four counties, they took their children with them. The children made friends with many young people who attended the churches. Although Rev. and Mrs. Kingsberry have gone to their heavenly rewards, the children, now adults, still attend the churches that their father pastored.

There were five Kingsberry children, Mary K. Hunter, Betty K. Fuller, Turner and Johnnie Kingsberry are still living and enjoying their families here in Vance County. The same place where their parents lived and died. Joe Junior Kingsberry died some years ago, but his children and grandchildren are living and working here in Vance County.

Powell Street, in West Henderson, was the last home of this well known religious leader. Some of the Kingsberrys still live in that same neighborhood.

THE AUSTIN AND LYNN HAITH LANE FAMILY

In 1933 Austin Lane was principal of Nutbush #1 School. This school was located near Drewry, a small community of farm folk. Lane had taken over the principalship when Mr. Charlie Clark became ill in 1932.

Most of the farm homes were small with not enough room for their large families. Austin and Lynn were contented with a small two room house right across the road from a little store run by Frank Bullock.

The Lanes had two children, Altana and Austin, Jr. Altana was about two and a half, and Austin, whom Altana called "Baby Brother," was not quite a year, at least he wasn't walking.

The remarkable thing about Mrs. Lane was her ability to live in a small rural community with very staid ideas about everything. Some parents did not want their children to be in plays in which they had to dance, nor wanted their children to sing songs that weren't of a religious nature. The children couldn't play any games with balls on Sunday. All of these ideas were reverse to the life that Lynn had known at A & T campus. Lynn's mother, Mrs. Georgia Haith, taught sewing at the Agriculture and Technology school. The Haiths lived on the edge campus. All of her life, Lynn had been exposed to the beautiful seasonal dances, the most modern jazz music and games. After the subject matter was taught those extracurricular activities were a part of the school and the community in Greensboro, N.C.

Austin, on the other hand, was reared on a large farm near Raleigh, in Wake County. He understood the moral ethics of a rural community. He'd learned to dance and sing popular songs at Shaw University whose religious views in the nineteen twenties were as antagonistic to the modern trends as the rural communities views. On Shaw campus dances were not given because Shaw was a Baptist endowed school. However, the pupils engaged in dancing, singing and smoking behind the backs of the deans of this and that. On holidays when the youths met at parties and social gatherings, the Shaw and other denominational school youths were ready with the Charleston and Blackbottom also.

Some years after 1933, a third child was born. He was named Robert for Lynn's brother, Dr. Robert Haith. Lynn didn't let what the community believed in fluster her. She and Austin had a project that concerned the children that kept their minds involved. They wanted the children to have college educations. This was no small matter back before 1941. Then, salaries for teachers were down to forty-six dollars for beginners and colored principals were making sixty odd dollars.

As soon as the Lane children were old enough to do without their mother, Lynn and Austin worked out a system for extra money towards that educational project.

In summer Austin cared for the children and Lynn went north and did domestic work. This double shift continued until Altana was a teenager and Lynn took her to work with her. Once Lynn worked for an employer she didn't have to look for a summer job. Her job was waiting for her every spring until school opened. Then she would hurry back to Austin, whom she called "Hoss" and the boys.

On meeting Austin Lane in the library at the then North Carolina College, a group of friends congratulated Lane on completing the requirements for his masters degree. Austin looked us straight in the eye and said, "The degree should go to Lynn, my wife, for she did as much research on the project as I did or more."

Here was a man who had married a young woman just out of high school. He was not so puffed up, he wanted people to know that his Lynn had helped him attain his goal. He wanted his friends to know that his Lynn had the ability to get degrees but she preferred being wife of Mr. Austin Lane and mother to their four wonderful children.

Altana completed her college work at N.C. College in Durham. She married an Army man and has traveled extensively with him and their children. They now live in New Jersey. Austin, Jr. completed college at A & T in Greensboro. He then completed law at Howard University in Washington. He is now a teacher in the School of Law at Howard. Austin, Jr. is an accomplished musician.

Robert completed A & T also. He received his masters from Howard. He is with the Spanish Embassy in South America. Georgia Carroll is a teacher in Washington, D.C.

THE CHARLIE AND KATIE MCDOUGLE FAMILY

The first time I met Mrs. Katie McDougale, she was called "Sweet" by the adults. Her sister, Eleanor, who visited her from Wise, N.C. was called "Hon," short for Honey. The nicknames of these two sisters brought visions of sugar plums and candy canes to my mind. When I asked why Mrs. McDougale had such a delicious sounding nickname I was told, "Perhaps because she has such a happy looking face and such a sweet disposition."

Mr. Charlie McDougale came from Red Springs, N.C. to work in construction with Mr. John Thomas Betch. While working here, he met his wife, Katie, at a church "Big Meeting" in Wise. They were married in the early nineteen hundreds. To this couple were born five sons, Charlie, Jr., James, Lawrence, Leon and John.

Mr. and Mrs. McDougle always lived in calling distance of Henderson Institute, so there was never an excuse for the McDougle boys to be late for school. They joined the United Presbyterian Church, which was the nucleus of the Presbyterian mission here in Henderson. They named one of their sons, John, for Dr. John Cotton who was principal of the school and pastor of the church for half a century.

All of the McDougle boys finished the high school, Henderson Institute. Three of them continued in the field of education. They entered in that for their life's profession. James became coach and mathematics teacher at his old Alma Mater, Henderson Institute.

James married Miss Jauncy Haywood of Warrenton. They have one son, James, Jr. After his marriage, James built a home in Oxford, N.C. where Mrs. Mc. as his wife is called, is employed as secretary for the Colored Orphanage. James never tried to work in Oxford. Each day he drove to Henderson, parked his car in his parents backyard. He spoke with his mother, and often had a cup of coffee with her after his father passed. Lunch time would often find him heading that way.

James was never late getting on his job because he allowed himself plenty of time to have the home visit then step across the street for his day's work. Even after "Sweet" passed he visited that home daily, to visit memories.

Charlie McDougle, Jr. married Miss Lucille Roach and moved to Chapel Hill where he was principal of the high school until he retired. John never married. He teaches in Windsor, N.C. Many of his weekends are spent at the homeplace, for the home is kept just as the mother had kept it.

Leon married Miss Jennie Tharp, and Lawrence married Miss Ruth Jones of Henderson. These two brothers are not living in Henderson; they went, following the birds, northwards.

THE MCGHEE FAMILY —

MR. JAMES AND NANNIE REED MCGHEE FAMILY

On Mother's Day, some years ago, honors were extended to different categories as, the youngest mother in Cotton Memorial Presbyterian Church, having the most children; the mother having the most children who belonged to the church, etc. Mrs. Nannie Reed McGhee was tops in this category. As Nannie went forward to get her bouquet, thoughts came to mind of how she had been able to direct the spiritual qualities of her eight children to the same source that had guided her life, the Presbyterian form of worship. Of course, the McGhee children were born right next door to the church, and it was convenient for Sunday School and church services; but as some of the children moved out into other communities, their ties stayed with their mother church.

James McGhee has been mentioned in the plumbing section of this report as being a master at his trade. He was just as effective in being a good father as he was in the art of fitting the pipes and traps that he worked with.

Before her marriage, Nannie was a Miss Reed. Her father, William Reed, was broth to Mrs. Jane Reed Brame who was known for her fresh farm edible products. Mr. Reed and his sister shared features, complexions, and the straight black hair that made us, as children, think they were Indians. They were part Indian.

Nannie's mother was dead when Mr. Reed moved to Rockspring Street. There were three girls, Nadie, Nannie and Frances, and three sons who had moved away; I never knew them. These three girls worked and cared for their father as if their mother was looking on. When Mr. Reed decided on some romance late in life and married Miss Judy Hayes, the Reed sisters gathered their stepmother into the fold. They helped to care for Miss Judy; for she was a part senior citizen when she became Mr. Reed's bride.

James and Nannie McGhee's children are: James, Jr., Dorothy, Ruffin, Walter, Florine, Corine, Sarah, and John Edward, a son who passed when he was an adolescent.

Nannie and James McGhee not only believed in religion for their children, but also insisted that the children get an education. Of the seven living children, six have college degrees. Three are school teachers, one a registered nurse, two in government jobs. The oldest son is also educated but he chose to be a chef at Fort Benning, Ga.

James Sr. passed away, but left Nannie to direct their "tribe." Nannie is still very active in her church work. She was among the honorees on June 2, 1979 when the Outreach Ministry of Cotton Memorial Presbyterian Church gave a banquet for older members that the Ministry thought deserved a few flowers that they could smell.

Mrs. Nannie McGhee lived to see all of her children educated, even grandchildren through college. On Dec. 24, 1983, Nannie joined her James in the everlasting land.

OSCAR AND LUCRETIA OUTLAW FAMILY

Mr. Oscar and Mrs. Lucretia Scott Outlaw were the social setters for two generations among colored people. Two things may account for their leadership in the social life of our colored community. Mr. Outlaw owned and operated a barber shop that catered only to a white clientele, which earned him an income above the average colored workers and Mrs. Outlaw was the only daughter of Rev. and Mrs. James Wyatt Scott, a retired Baptist churchman who went north and pastored several very affluent congregations. These charges enabled him to return to Henderson. During his pastoral journeys in

the New England states, his wife and daughter were home bodies. They had people who did their house work while they visited, usually the sick. The life of leisure became of way of life for the mother and daughter. When Oscar married Lucretia, he provided the kind of station that she was accustomed to.

On Clark Street right around the corner from her parents, Oscar built a spacious beautiful, large column porch home. It was to this home that the people who were our parents went for gay evenings of entertainment. Although ministers and their families were not suppose to dance, Mrs. Outlaw disregarded this and opened the sliding doors between her front parlor and her back parlor and led her guest in the waltz or set dances.

When the Outlaw's children came they joined the activities. These children were James, Nancy, Teddy and Oscar. About twice a year, Oscar would have a party and invited his school friends from Henderson Institute. By this time, our parents had settled down to jobs and families and were too tired to waltz and do sets, but not Mrs. Outlaw. She clapped and played the piano for us to do the Charleston, foxtrot and two-step. Mr. Outlaw kept his shop open late on Friday nights but when he could, he joined the happy hour.

James (Jim) passed away suddenly. Nancy and Jim were much older than Teddy and Oscar. Their group had experienced the social gatherings before Teddy and Oscar's peers came along. Nancy's wedding to Mr. Hugh Williams of Warrenton was a grand affair, so when she moved to Warrenton, the field was just ripe for Oscar and Tedday's day.

When Mr. Outlaw died, the income wasn't as when he lived. Mrs. Outlaw didn't let that stop her from entertaining. She used what she had to teach people to have a good time with the love and fellowship of people. The lemonade and vanilla wafers tasted just as good as the turkey, ham and ice cream had when money was plentiful. Nor did the fact that she could no longer have her horse and shiny little buggy to take her on her rounds to see the sick, stop her. She walked, all over Henderson where there was illness. She still had her fine silk and satin dresses of the good days. She would kneel and pray in what could have been her last finery.

Teddy and Oscar went to Philadelphia to work. Mrs. Outlaw was lonely so when a childhood friend from Boston, Mass. asked her to spend the remaining time with him, she consented and they were married. From Boston, she wrote a friend who had sold one of her pianos for her and stated that she was doing fine. People here were glad that she had married. Mr. Harris, because He was formally a Henderson man and his daughter loved Mrs. Outlaw and welcomed her as a mother. The daughter had attended school years before with Oscar at Henderson Institute. Mrs. Nancy Outlaw Williams and her husband Hugh were the parents of one daughter. She is Mrs. Lucy Williams Merritt of Andrews Avenue. Her home is just a few blocks from where her jolly grandmother lived. Lucy came too late to join the

happiness that her grandparents shared with the people of Henderson but when she married Samuel Merritt, she joined the social and religious life of Henderson.

Samuel and Lucy are the parents of two sons. Samuel, Jr. and James Scott. Samuel's daughters are Jina Michelle and Carla Monique Merritt. Scott's daughters are Angela Mechelle and Natalie Merritt.

Scott's work is with IBM in Glen Oak, New Jersey. Samuel Merritt, really Dr. Samuel Merritt, Ph.D. is Assistant Director of Health Laboratory for the state of North Carolina. Samuel's work will help the people here in his home town as well as the people all over North Carolina. The fifth generation of Oscar and Lucretia should be proud of their fifth generation progress for they are functioning on a sphere that will help them to be good citizens and also will help others around them.

THE EUGENE AND RUTH FIELDS PEACE FAMILY

Eugene Peace and Ruth Fields were born and reared on family owned farms in Kittrell, North Carolina. When they were still young they left their respective farms, and came to Henderson where the pay was better than on the farms. Eventually, Ruth Fields and Eugene Peace were married. World War II came into being and Eugene joined the Army to serve his country. Their children, Rebecca, Bettie Ruth, Sallie and Josephine were born. Their early childhood years were spent near a lady that they loved, next to Ruth's mother. One girl, Bettie Ruth, was named for their beloved "Aunt" Bettie Harris.

The time came when the Peaces needed a large house. They moved to 318 Whitten Avenue. The children's adolescent years were spent on Whitten Avenue with often visits back to College Street to see "Aunt" Bettie. By the time the Peace girls had finished Henderson Institute and were attending college, their dear Aunt Bettie's house on College Street burned down and Aunt Bettie moved to Hamilton Street, just a block from the Peace home.

When the Peace children entered school, Ruth returned to work. She worked for some of the families she had served before her marriage. The Coopers, Corbitts, and other well-known Caucasian families were always glad to secure Mrs. Ruth Peace's services for many reasons. She was pleasant, neat, and dependable, and she did a top job in their homes.

The oldest Peace daughter, Rebecca, won laurels for herself when she attended Central, in Durham, N. C. Her high achievement earned her Magna Cum laude at graduation. Rebecca married Mr. Joseph Nuride of Nigeria, Africa. She went to live there and to do outstanding work with the IMT library. Two sons were born to Rebecca and Joseph Nuride. Their names are Joseph Kanayo III, and Obiera. The family is living back in America so that the children can have certain advantages not found in their home village in Nigeria.

Sallie Peace Graves and her husband, Sam, are teachers in Asheville, N.C. Their children are Lavonia, and Sam Jr. Bettie Ruth Peace Dawson and her husband, Jonah, are in government work in Washington, as is her sister, Josephine. The Dawson's children are Clarence Fields, Ruth's son, is the only boy in Ruth's family. Clarence lives in New York and is a master mechanic. Although Ruth passed away several years ago, all the children and grandchildren spend holidays and vacations with granddaddy Eugene, who is now retired. Mr. Eugene Peace worked for the Henderson Grocery Company for twenty years.

THE ALEXANDER ROYSTER AND THE THOMAS MERRITT FAMILIES

Most people are only important to the people who need them. A mother, father, doctor, nurse, and other people from all sundries of life are missed only because somewhere, someone needs them.

The roots of the families above had a very important person whom many people depended on, especially the pregnant women on the eastside of town. Mrs. Malissia Royster, a midwife, was expected to see the women through their distress hours. Mrs. Royster, called "Aunt" Malissia by the many that loved her, lived with her husband, Alexander Royster on Cherry Street, near Andrews Avenue. Their home was, in that time, a predominantly white neighborhood; so it was natural that most of her patients were white.

Some of the prominent white families, the Poythress, Finch, Anderson, Swain, Coopers and Buchanan depended on "Aunt" Malissia to deliver or come right in after the doctor had delivered and take over. The many children that she cared for became her children and stayed that way. The love that these children felt for their "grannie lady" spilled over on Mrs. Royster's children and grandchildren.

Mrs. Royster also took time out to rear quite a family with her husband, "Alex" as he was called. Mr. Royster worked for a Mr. Hunt, around on Charles Street. This was just a short walk from Cherry Street where the Roysters lived. When "Mother Nature" called Aunt Malissia, Alex was near enough to care for their brood.

The names of the Royster children were: Thomas, Daugh, Frances, Louise, Riddick, Andrew, Mary and Adaline.

Three of the Royster girls married and settled in the same neighborhood where their mother Malissia had assisted the stork years before. Mary married Mr. James Thomas Merritt who worked for the Seaboard Railroad all of his adult life. Their children are: James Thomas, Jr., Mary Lue, Malissia, Alexander, Sadie and Samuel. James married Miss Alice Marrow. They were not parents, but Mrs. Alice Merritt worked with the Oxford orphan children for twenty years. She was able to give her love to the children who certainly needed it. Sadie married Mr. Thomas James. Their children are: Thomas, Jr.

and Raymond. These boys completed their college work here in N.C. but took their talents to New York where both have been able to realize their ambitions. Mary Lue married Mr. Reginald Harris, a school principal, from Warrenton. Malissia married Mr. Ernest Smith from Florida. Alexander married Miss Jennie Cheatham of Vance County. Malissia and Alexander, called "Buster" found work in New York with the N.Y. Episcopal Home Office. They worked as secretaries until they retired a few years ago. Neither Malissia, Alexander or Mary Lue were parents. Mary Lue, however, was a "sort of parent" for she taught school in Henderson for forty years. Samuel, the youngest Merritt, found his wife, Miss Lucy Williams, in Warrenton. Lucy is the granddaughter of the Outlaws mentioned in this report. Samuel and Lucy have two sons, Scotty and Samuel, Jr. Both boys completed their college work in North Carolina, but moved to the northwest for further study. Samuel Jr. has earned his Ph.D. and is now employed as a worker in the Health Department in Raleigh.

The Royster daughter, Adaline, married Mr. Burwell Bullock, a Spanish American war veteran. Perhaps the best known of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Roysters children was Adaline, or Addie as she was called. She taught school in the Henderson school system for over forty years.

Mr. and Mrs. Burwell Bullock were the parents of four children. They are: Melvin, Dorothy, Ralph and Bessie. These children all followed in their mother's footsteps. They all completed college, but did not enter the field of education. That is, only one did and that is Melvin who has been a farm agent in Spring Hope, N.C. for forty years. Melvin and his wife, Macie, live in Spring Hope on a large family-owned farm. They are not parents. Bessie has lived in N.Y. where she has moved from librarian to supervisor of libraries for the system. Dorothy found work as a department supervisor in a hospital. Ralph married a Virginia lady. Ralph and Edith entered the fuel business in Brooklyn, N.Y. They have one son, Donald, who came to Henderson for his high school work. While here, he was active in the music department and helped to form a group that furnished music for dances, weddings and parties.

Mr. Bullock had three children by his first wife, Hattie Royster. They are: Maud, Otha and Junious. They left Henderson at an early age and not much information can be obtained at this time.

Daugh Royster married Mr. Willie Green. Their children are Ethel and Clarence. After Daugh died Willie married a lady from Williamsboro named Tassie. Ethel and Clarence live in New York.

THE FRED REAVIS FAMILY

Mr. Fred and Mrs. Elenor Nash Reavis moved into their new home on Whitten Avenue as newlyweds and remained there for the rest of their lives. They were parents of six children: Valaska, Eugene, Fred Jr., Irene, Eleanor and Prince Albert.

Before Mrs. Reavis married she was housekeeper for the D.Y. Cooper, Jr. Miss Eleanor, as she was called even after she was married, set a stern pose for other workers who came after she left the Cooper job. She was a fanatic for cleanliness. The floors, walls and furniture were wiped and polished to their shining capacity. The inside of drawers of tables and bureaus were inspected and kept clean as the top surfaces. The family for whom she worked were kept on their toes about hanging up their clothes.

Virginia Eaton went to work for the same Cooper family. Miss Eleanor's mark had been so firmly implanted that Mrs. Cooper was critical if things were not just as Eleanor had kept them.

At 414 Whitten Avenue, Mrs. Reavis began the cleaning job when she walked into the new house, as a bride, and kept it up until the day she died when she must have been in her eighties. Her clean, well-kept front and back yards were a challenge to the neighborhood women to do their best. Her flowers, fruit trees and berry bushes were regarded by her six children as things to be protected. Neither the inside, nor the outside of the Reavis home showed marks made by the children who grew up and lived there until they were old enough to go out into the world on their own.

Mr. Fred Reavis was just as particular with their two gardens. Not one weed dare raise a head.

For years, Mr. Reavis was a chauffeur to Mr. Baily Owens, President of the Citizens Bank and Trust Company. He also cared for the grounds around Mr. Owen's mansion that stood on Garnett Street. The yard look as if the grass had been cut with a ronson.

For the care that Fred has given his employer, Mr. Owens, he was remembered in his employer's will with a generous cash gift. Mr. and Mrs. Reavis wanted to keep the remembrance, so they decided to use their extra garden lot on which they built a comfortable house at 432 Whitten Avenue. At the present time the house is rented by a Bullock family.

Two of the children died before Mrs. Reavis: Eugene, who was in the Navy and Fred, Jr. Prince is an outstanding artist. A beautiful collection of his work was exhibited in the Central Colored Grade School. Mrs. Valaska Beverly lives and works in New York. Irene is a retired technician, Uremia Department of Grassland Hospital, New York. Little Eleanor married Booker Baskerville, who made the Army his career. They have one daughter and, since his retirement, live in California.

After Mr. Reavis' death and the children were making their homes in other places, Mrs. Reavis returned to work. She became a "Baby Sitter" and nurse for many children around Henderson. Her services left Mr. and Mrs. Alex Watkins, Dr. and Mrs. Malone Parham, the Clements Family and numerous other families free to attend overnight affairs knowing that their children were safe in her hands.

A pleasant surprise was experienced by the people in our neighborhood when we learned that one of the Reavis children is returning home. The old home is being restored and remodeled with all of the modern conveniences to serve Mr. Irene Reavis Toran and her husband Victor Toran. And, Valaska Beverly, the oldest Reavis also lives in the homeplace. Irene and Valaska have restored and remodeled the house and grounds that their father and mother nurtured. It is a beautiful show place with many new flowers.

THE FAMILY OF REV. WILLIAM AND MRS. LUVENIA SOUTHERLAND

Rev. William Southerland was a devout religious man who believed in putting into practice the things he preached about. One of his favorite sermon subjects was concerning the large families, and tribes of people in Israel. He used the Fourth Book of Moses, called Numbers, for his texts. In this book Moses was sent by the Lord to have tribes do certain things that were pleasing to the Lord. He was also sent to do things that were also necessary to fight wars with the people who were against the teachings of the Jewish religion.

Now Rev. Southerland and his wife first had quite a family. Seemingly the Lord liked to deal with people who multiplied, so they begot eight children. These children have procreated and their children likewise. If the Rev. can look down on his descendants, he will see that his "tribe" is multiplying as did the Bible people.

The names of the Southerland children were: Columbus, Gertrude, Hezekiah, Hattie, Esther, Jenila, Judge and Luna. Gertrude's daughter is Ruth Mitchell Demby. Ruth's sons are J. Raleigh Demby and Dr. Dennis Demby.

The Southerland family — a la Ruth:

1. Hezekiah's children-both are living Nellie P. Johnson and Dorothy M. Gordon. Nellie's seven children are Marian, Theodore, Jr., Ronald, Sandra, Beverly, Michael and Anita. Dorothy's two children are Ralph, Jr. and Charles.
2. Luna's two children-both are living- Angelo Atkins and Cleo Layne. Angelo's two children are: Lavita and Anthony. Cleo's four children are: Mrs. Gail Washington, Charles Lawrence, Joy and Richard Lewis. Cleo's three grandchildren are: Adam, Jr., Duane and Stephanie Washington.

3. Columbus, to my knowledge, did not have any children. At least, I'm not aware of any nor did I ever hear a family discussion on that topic. I only knew of his wife, Fannie, in later years.
4. Judge's daughter, Mary Bell's eight children are (Mrs.) Mattie Bell, (Mrs.) Merle Thomas, William Ray, Eva Anne, Carole, Charles, Mark and Clifton Branch. I don't know any of the grandchildren.
5. Esther's son's name is Lemuel H. Quinton. His three children are Lemuel, Jr., Linda and Joseph. (Ruth is Esther's daughter.)
6. (Ruth's) My sons full names are: J. Raleigh, II and Dennis M. Demby, M.D.

Rev. Southerland's son, Judge William Southerland, expanded the Southerland clan. Judge William married Miss Elizabeth Obey. Their children are: Margaret, Willie Obey, Mary Ann, Esther Mae, Luna Elizabeth, Shirley Celeste, Gertrude Maryland, Judgetta, Ronald, Jerome, Voncile, Stephen Haywood and James Fitzgerald.

The children with their children follows:

Margaret	Dunnie, Davis
Mary Ann Evans	Andre Antonia, La Rue Michelle Evans, Tiffany Virginia Shonda Evans
Esther Mae	Andrea Antoniette, Jaque Ramon Southerland
Luna	Wardrick Lemonte, Decrecia la Ree, Thomas DeShone, Kendra Ka Trece Southerland
Shirley Celeste	Lafaeyel Monte, Lajuane Vito, James Antawn Southerland
Gertrude	Keith La Morris, Maryland Taneshia, Sylvester Allen, Jr.
Judgetta	June Antamonte, Monte Deyore, Dewayne, Taleshia Monique Southerland

Five of Elizabeth and William Southerland, Jr.'s children are not parents, however, we can see that by the twenty-five grandchildren, Rev. and Mrs. William Southerland will live in their many progenies forever.

THE ROBERT AND GERTRUDE SCOTT FAMILY

Mr. Robert Scott, Sr. was born and reared in Philadelphia, Pa. but when he married Gertrude Bailey and came to Henderson to live, he shook the Pennsylvania dust from his heels and became a loyal Vance County citizen. He let it be known that he intended to stay because he joined the United Presbyterian Church now called Cotton Memorial. He threw himself into all of the worthwhile community affairs. Soon scouting became his special thing and he is still with it after nearly forty years.

In the late twenties when Robert came to Henderson, jobs were nearly as scarce as "hen's teeth" not only in our county but all over America. This was during the recession of big business when each day the news media reported men who went to bed millionaires, woke up paupers and jumped from tall buildings and became inanimated carcasses neither rich nor poor.

Robert was well versed in doing many things and what he did was so well done that his fame got around. He had more painting, repairing electrical equipment and restoring venetian blinds than he could do. Mr. P.H. Rose, the tycoon and founder of the P.H. Rose Stores was so impressed with Robert's work, that he hired him and kept him for about forty years.

Gertrude Bailey Scott was the oldest of six daughters of Mr. Charlie and Mrs. Ruth Banks Bailey. Gertrude was born in Richmond, Va. and came to Vance County when her parents moved to Henderson to open a restaurant. As Gertrude grew up, she learned the restaurant business and helped around the business when needed. She was not interested in foods as in making women beautiful, however. Her parents had five other girls to help. They consented for Gertrude to go to a beauty school in New Jersey to learn all the rudiments of hair care and hair styling. There were no beauty schools in Raleigh or Durham at this time and the few local people who did hair, used their own ingenious methods.

Madam Walker, a colored woman who lived in Indianapolis, Indiana, had opened new vista in hair care with her steel straighten combs and her Madam Walker pressing oil, growing salve and healing and soothing dandruff ointments. The Negro newspapers were in their infancy and carried not only the news of the products but descriptions of how to heat the combs.

Somewhere along the way, Gertrude had obtained combs and pressing oil.

A large front room over the cafe that Mr. Bailey built on Chestnut Street was Gertrude's first shop. The steel straightening combs were heated by hanging them over the glass chimneys of an oil lamp on which a stout wire hairpen was stretched.

Before applying the vaseline or oil, Gertrude would examine your hair to see that it had been thoroughly washed by you. If the hair wasn't clean, she would not apply the hot comb. She knew that would injure the hair. Whatever Gertrude taught herself or learned in the different beauty schools and workshops certainly has stood the test of time for the same customers that climbed the stairs over the cafe are her regular customers today and that was over fifty years ago.

Robert and Gertrude taught their seven children by precepts of work and independence. They could not be at home to tell them what and when to do things, so they were given certain tasks to do on their own. One thing

that was demanded of all of the children when they reached school age was that they attend school everyday and to be on time.

Education seems to affect some families like measles. If one gets it usually all the children get it. In the Scott's home there are seven children and a grandson, who is adopted. The eight young people finished high school. Bronetta, the oldest, went on for her doctorate and Marvin received his doctorate. Gertrude has a masters degree and Robert, Jr., a Post Office Superintendent. Bobby, the grandson, has had a rich experience in his college career. He studied at the University of Enugu in Africa. Arnold went into the car production business with car production in Flint, Michigan. Angeletta is Dean of Girls at Kittrell College, Florence went west and married and lives in the movie world of Los Angeles, California. Two of her daughters have won beauty contests in that highly competitive city.

Three of the Scott children will appear in another section of this report.

THE JOSEPH AND CLAUDIE THORPE FAMILY

On observing Claudie Waddell and her children at the Cotton Memorial Presbyterian Church, I get the feeling that she is a typical young mother who is trying to rear her little brood by rules. The children are Joseph Henry Thorpe, Jr., Drucilla and Kimberly Annette. They are in all the children's activities of the church. Little Timothy Brian will follow in his siblings steps. Best of all Claudie, the mother, is always with the children. She is active in all of the youth as well as adult training programs.

Mr. Joseph Thorpe encourages his family to engage in the activities. He attends the programs and seems very proud of his family.

During the regular church service the Thorpe children sit quietly. If one begins to squirm, a flash from the mother's brown eyes puts an immediate halt on the restless one. Even little Timothy Brian sits quietly through Isaiah's pitching his tent, digging his well, and building the altar. The adults like the sermon and would like for the minister to continue, but the children are happy to come to the end. They like to see the altar boys put out the candles and march down the aisle behind the minister and an elder.

The Thorpe children and other children whose parents have rules and go with their children to Sunday School and church certainly have a better chance of living a normal life.

Through the years children have told me they have never been to church or Sunday School. Also that their parents never attend church unless they go to a funeral. It is so sad that these people are keeping their children from the "Goodies" of life and from eternal happiness.

MR. HUNTER AND CASSIE ROYSTER TURNER

When Hunter married Miss Cassie Royster Turner, he moved to 428 Whitten Avenue. This home had been built by James Reavis, Jr. for his wife, Janie, in the early nineteen hundreds. James and Janie lived in this place only a few years. They then sold the house and moved to Boston, Mass., the hometown of Janie. Both Janie and Cassie had been carried over the door sill as brides, but Cassie made the place home for a family with four children for over fifty years. Cassie and Hunter's children were: Claude Hunter, Roscoe, David and one daughter, Mary Lue.

Early in the married life of this couple, they took their children to Williamsboro, the community where Hunter had been reared, and to Graystone, the former home of Cassie. The children enjoyed these out-of-town visits, especially to their Aunt Nannie Royster Cowen's home, near the large Graystone quarry.

Cassie's mother, Lucenda and Malenda Hawkins, her sister, had married two brothers, Junious and Patrick Royster. The children of these two families often boasted that they were double first cousins.

Over on East Rockspring Street Mrs. Minnie Royster Good, one of Cassie's double cousins lived. These two, Cassie and Minnie, were very fond of each other. When the years had mellowed these once vivacious ladies, they walked to see each other for as long as they could walk.

Cassie and her gifted daughter, Mary Lue, had a very flourishing seamstress business in their home on Whitten Avenue. Both were excellent at their trade. Mary Lue followed her mother's instructions, then added her own artistic innovations.

The Turner sons married and moved from Whitten Avenue. David served a term in the Army during World War II. His son, David, Jr., is now grown. David and his wife, Nurse Tyree Turner, bought a very modern home in the new development named Patton Circle. However, David goes often to his parents home at 428 Whitten Avenue and works the flowers and keeps the lawn beautiful, just as his parents had. David often thinks of the happy days long ago when he and his brothers played with the three Reavis brothers who lived next door.

MALISSIA TOWNES FAMILY

Although Hunter Townes completed three and a half years at Howard University in Washington preparing for a career in the field of education, he never worked in that field. When his mother Malissia died in 1925, he left college and entered his mother's business and remained in real estate until his death. Hunter was married to Mable Vincent Highter and they had one son whose name is Joel. After Joel, called "Bin" by family and friends, completed his education at A & T University in Greensboro, majoring in music,

he taught band in Halifax and Warrenton when he returned from the Korean War.

Joel married Julia Evans and they have two children, a son, Dwane and Lana. Dwane completed N.C. Central University in Durham and Lana is in high school here in Vance County. Joel's wife is a home economics teacher. She served as supervisor of the lunchroom at Eaton-Johnson, before going to Warrenton where she is in charge of the lunch program at Graham High School. Julia is a graduate of N.C. Central University where her son has made a name for himself, not only in his school work but with his work in the field of music with a swinging combo. Dwane gives as much of his time as he can to the Cotton Memorial Presbyterian Church, where he is a junior elder.

Vance County and all of the hundred counties of North Carolina are enjoying the WQQQ radio station from Winston-Salem, N.C. where Julia Townes's niece Miss Mutter Evans has just become the first black woman to own a radio station.

The October *Jet* has this to say of Miss Evans: "Five years ago Mutter Evans went to work as news director at WAAA Radio Station in Winston-Salem, N.C. Last week Evans, 26, bought the station from Media Broadcasting Corporation for \$1,040,000, thus being the first Black woman in the nation to own a radio station."

Dwayne Townes's combo will be heard over this cousin's station during the coming holiday season.

Malissia Townes's three daughters, Marina, Christine and Marjorie have made their homes in other places. Marina and Christine married and live in Raleigh, N.C. Marina first married Rev. Randolph Johnson and they have three children, Randolph, Jr., Lee and Marina called "Little Marina" or "Marina Bell." Little Marina teaches in a elementary school in Raleigh; Lee completed twenty years with the Army and settled in Texas; Randolph earned a Ph.D. in Chemistry and works in Richmond for Phillip Morris Company.

Only the Vance County progeny of Malissia Townes has carried on the real busines.

Marjorie Townes is Mrs. Marjorie Henderson. She is in Washington with the Govenment's Mental Health program.

Marina Townes, now Mrs. Marina Frazier often visits Vance County, for Henderson is her first love. Our town is named for her great-grandfather who was Judge Leonard T. Henderson.

Willie Townes, called Red was Marina's brother. He served in World War II and then settled in New Jersey. "Red's" wife is Scootie Hatchett. Red has joined the world of spirits, but Scootie burns candles in his memory in the home they bought and spent many happy hours.

VAUGHN FAMILY

When Mr. George Vaughn married Miss Gertrude Cook, they started the roots for several large Vaughn families. Their sons were John, called "Turkey," Richard, called "Foxey," and George.

Mrs. Gertrude Vaughn was a well known licensed Midwife, who served Henderson and surrounding counties for as long as she lived.

Mrs. Vaughn loved children. When her three sons became parents of large families, she was happy. She planned many worthwhile church activities for them to engage in. She lived to see many of her grandchildren through college. A few years before she died, she proudly displayed a lovely automobile that her granddaughter, Elizabeth, had bought for her. Elizabeth, with her family, lives in Philadelphia where John and his wife moved for better working conditions. John's other children are: Edna, Reginald, John Jr., and Frances. Mrs. John Vaughn was a Miss Bailey from Oxford, N.C.

The Vaughn son, Richard, worked at the Colored Central Graded School, in the Physical Education Program, when he completed Shaw University. Later, he married Miss Tessie Bobbit. When Richard's family started expanding the low school pay would not suffice for what he and his wife had planned for their children. Richard went into business for himself. Tessie studied with Mrs. Gertrude, her mother-in-law, and became, in time, a licensed Midwife. Their plans were carried out in full, for their children completed the local schools, different colleges and are outstanding in their fields. There are seven children whose names are Melba, Frances, David, Richard, Jr., Linda, and Barbara. Samuel, Richard Jr., Melba, Frances and David are teachers. David is also the pastor of a Baptist church in Philadelphia.

George Vaughn is married to Mrs. Janie Nelson Vaughn. She is well known for her untiring work in the churches throughout the county. Her lovely voice sends brides and grooms on their merry way, and she often soothes the pains of relatives when the "grim reaper" has visited a home. Her works with the choir during Women's Day and rallies has helped to swell the treasures of the churches. Mrs. Vaughn's works for and with all denominations, although she is a member of Little Zion Holiness Church.

George Vaughn is a master plasterer. His work may be seen in our new Post Office building. No matter how hard the day's tasks have been, he is ready to engage in political and citizen club work. Tomorrow, October 6, 1981, George is running for a seat on the city governing body in his ward, the third ward. George is especially active on forums that deal with the vital issues that concern Vance County.

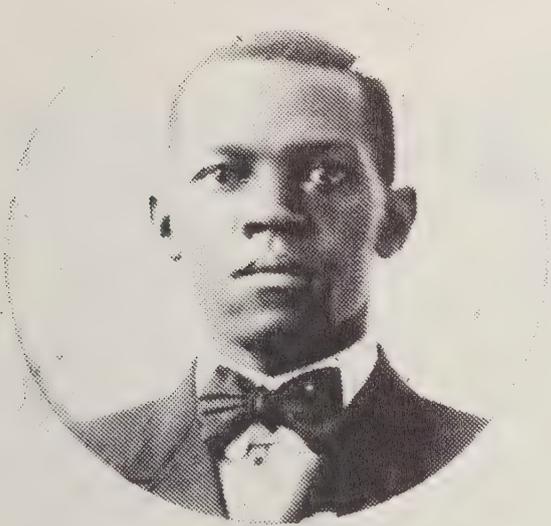
George and Janie worked hard to give their children an education. All of their children completed college and each has a B.S. degree. After regular college, Vivian decided to go into the field of nursing. She is an administra-

tor in the hospital at Axenizo, Maryland. The other children are, Elizabeth, George, Jr., Janet, Remona, Marian and Gwendolyn who was an honor student at Shaw University. Gwendolyn passed away some years ago. Janet is in the U.S. Post Office in Washington, D.C. Ramona and Marian are secretaries in the hospital at Axenizo. Elizabeth is with the Housing Administration in Washington.

The parental guidance of the Vaughn adults has more than paid off. Their children, born and reared in Henderson, are credits to wherever they have built their nests.



Mrs. Nanie E. Reid McGhee, her oldest son, James Jr. and Nanie's grandson James, III.



Robert Lewis, brother of Helen Lewis Hawkins, Uncle of the author.



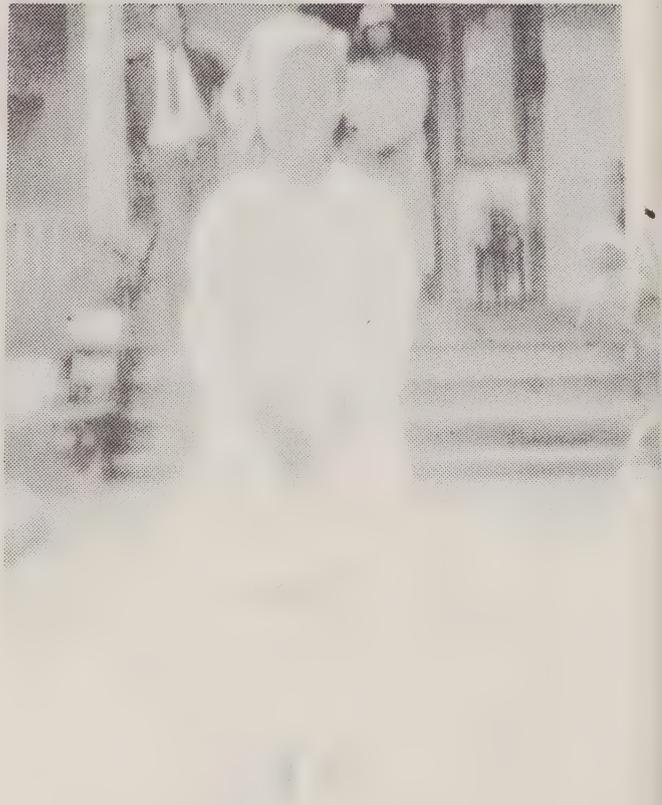
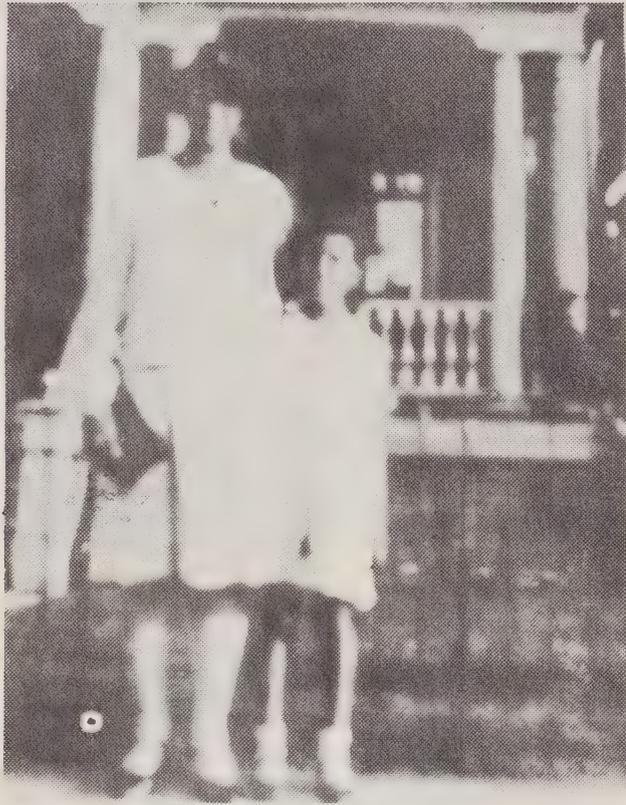
Mrs. Helen Lewis Hawkins, wife of Sergeant Hunter Hawkins of Spanish American War in 1898-1899. Helen is the mother of Ruth Anita Hawkins Hughes.



Mrs. Gertrude Southerland Beckett. Oldest daughter of Rev. William and Luvenia Southerland.



Marjoria Townes is the youngest daughter of Malissia Townes. Malissia Townes was the first colored real estate woman to operate here in Vance County.



Mr. Oscar and Mrs. Lucretia Outlaws' granddaughter Lucy Williams Merritt, standing in front of the only mansion owned by people of color during the early nineteen hundreds. Lucy's tall cousin was visiting her from Virginia.



Miss Queen E. Davis is a retired teacher. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Davis.

Prince Albert Reavis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Reavis. Prince became an artist. His paintings were seen in several shows during the 1940's.



Mr. Fred and Mrs. Elenor Reavis.



Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Adams



Mrs. Elizabeth Russel Adams



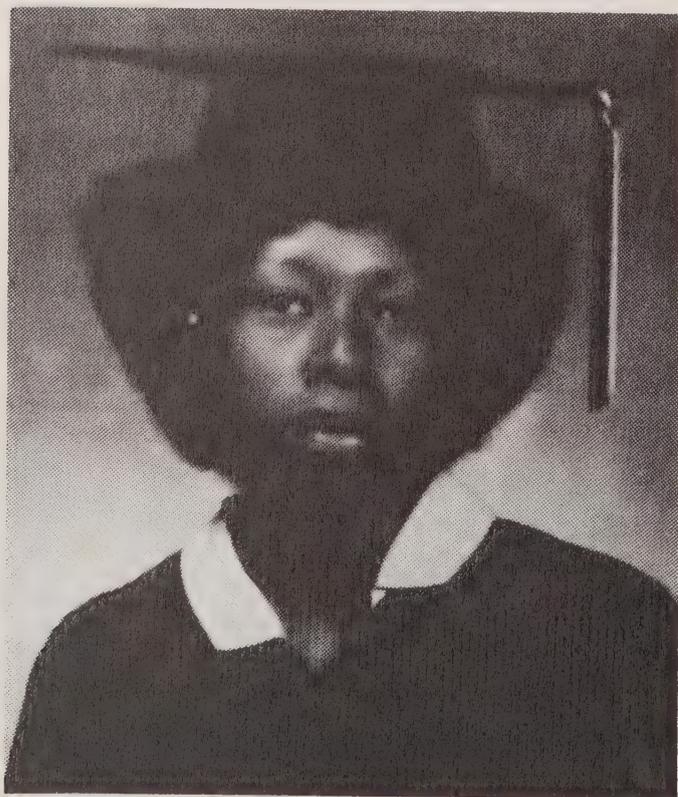
The Thomas and Mamie Dunston Rogers' grandchildren. The tall boy is Logan Darensburg and his brother Ren on the right. They are the children of Mrs. Gladys Rogers Darensburg. The little girl is a cousin. She is the daughter of Clinton Rogers. The little fellow in the carriage is Henry Crews Jr., a friend.



Till Bennett, wife and baby. Till was Jack Bennett's brother.



James Robert Bruce, one of the sons of Copper. In the Henderson Directory of 1902 a list of "white" people was given with title as Mrs. and Miss. In the colored list only one colored woman was given the title and that was Cooper Bruce. Cooper never married, but many women of color in that list were married.



Alfreda Burrough, daughter of Mr. Ulysees and Mrs. Ethel Scott Burrough.



Mozelle Gilispie at age twelve. She later married Herman Hare, the oldest son of Mr. Warren and Mrs. Mary Hare.



Ethel Bryant, daughter of Mr. William and Ethel Bryant.



Mrs. Catherine Lewis Gumbs, is the author's aunt Kate. Three children have kept her busy and happy. Georgia Dent is a medical doctor at Duke. A younger daughter Karan is a teacher at St. Augustine's University and the son David Dent, is a news broadcaster.



Carol Necold Brown is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Brown, Sr. Carol is following in her parents and grandparents footsteps with her achievements and awards in the field of education.



Hunter Anita Whitehead, the great-granddaughter of Hunter and Helen Hawkins is modeling a Hudson seal willed to her from her great-grandmother Lillian Yergan.



Lizzie Yeargan, great-grandmother of Henry Crews, Hunter and Herbert Whitehead.



Hunter Anita Whitehead at age nine with her mother's father, Marcias Arelious Yeargan. Dec. 26, 1966.



FIVE GENERATIONS — Mrs. Sarah Overby, mother of Mrs. Elizabeth Williams of 273 Falkner Drive, Henderson, is pictured at center holding her eight-week-old, great-great-grandson, Michael A. Williams Jr. Mrs. Overby is 85 years old. Also pictured, representing five generations of the family, are at left, Elizabeth Williams, the infant's great-grandmother; Mrs. Eva Williams Massenburg (at right), his grandmother; and Sergeant Michael A. Williams Sr., his father.

This five generation family is proud to call Vance County home.



Mrs. Vickey Whitehead, grandmother of Hunter Anita, and Herbert Jr. Whitehead.



Mr. Americus Bridgers. The street Bridgers is named for the above man's father.



Photo by James Edv

Early White sits by his 'special' cast-iron stove.

Early White, age 96 hopes to make a hundred.



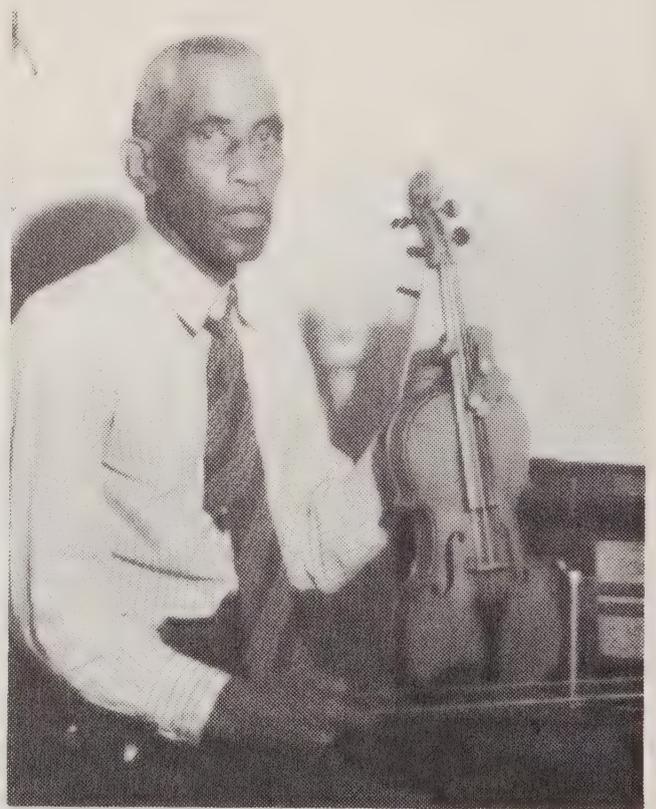
Mrs. Cora Crutchfield Hawkins, was the wife of Thomas Hawkins. They were the parents of Bennie, Magnolia, John Dewey, Carrie, Asker, Frederick, Phillip and David. Cora's brother married "Tom" Hawkins' sister Bettie. The children of these people were double cousins.



William is the son of Irene Hunt and William Hawkins.



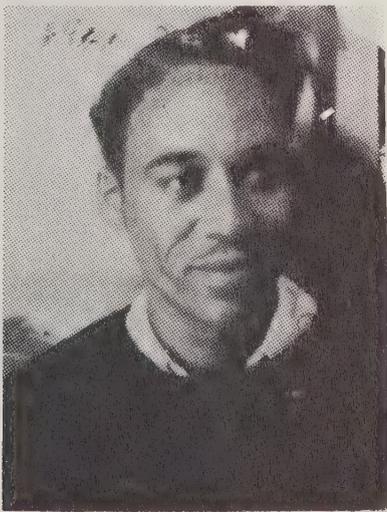
Thomas, called "Tom" Hawkins, was the son of Mingo and Rebecca Hawkins. Tom married Cora Crutchfield. "Tom's" sister Bettie called "Aunt Bet" married Cora Crutchfield's brother, named Mathew Crutchfield. "Tom's" death notice says Tom was a master mason and horse trainer.



Hunter Hawkins loved his violin. He, Swept Sims, and George Stamper had an early "combo." Hunter played for the United Presbyterian Church during the early nineteen hundreds.



The author's mother fishing every Easter Monday. During growing seasons Mrs. Helen Lewis Hawkins worked with her flowers.



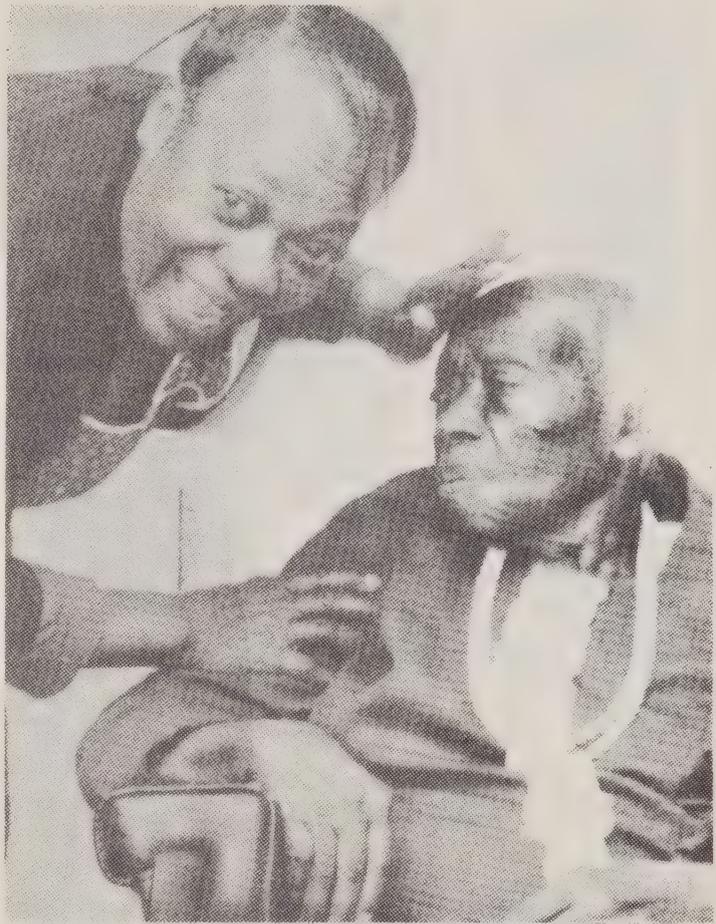
David Smith Hawkins the youngest grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Mingo Hawkins of "Mobile's" section. David's parents were Cora Crutchfield and Thomas Hawkins.



Ruth Anita Hawkins Harris, the author's cousin and name sake at eight.

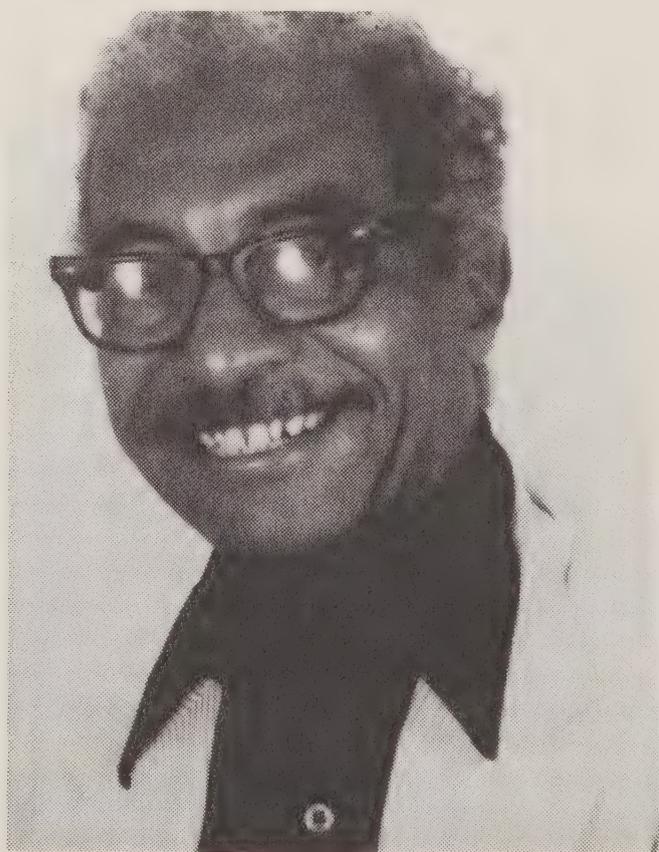


Mr. Boss Hawkins was the uncle of Hunter Hawkins. The writing on the back of this picture by the author's mother, says the picture was made in 1904. Boss had a barber shop and school in Brooklyn, N.Y.



Ingram, right, is pictured with her daughter.

Vance County lady.



John P. Hughes, son of John T. Hughes, grandson of Lewis Hughes, also stepson of Ruth H. Hughes.



Katie Hughes was the youngest daughter of Lewis and Clara Hughes. She was sister of John Thomas Hughes, late husband of Ruth H. Hughes.



High chair used by four generation: 1. Ruth Anita Hawkins (Hughes) 2. Marcia Yeargan (Whitehead, Crews) 3. Henry Beacher Crews, Jr. 4. Camiel A. Crews



Henry Crews Jr., son of Marcia Yeargan Crews and Henry B.W. Crews.

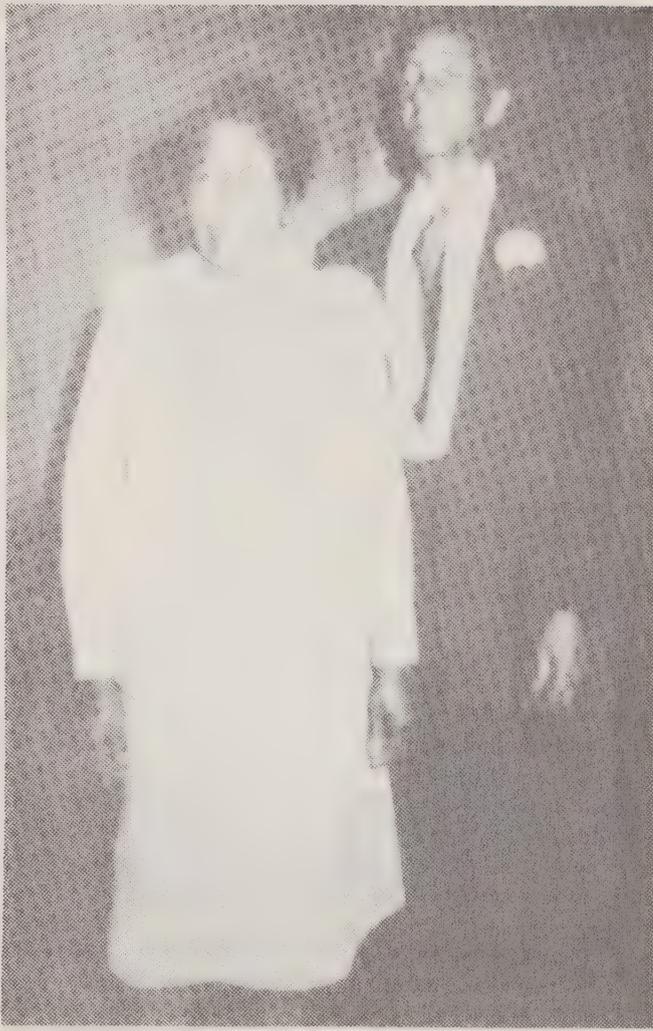


Camile A. Crews is the daughter of Artis and Henry Crews, Jr. She is the granddaughter of Marcia Yeargan Crews, Whitehead and great-granddaughter of Ruth H. Hughes.

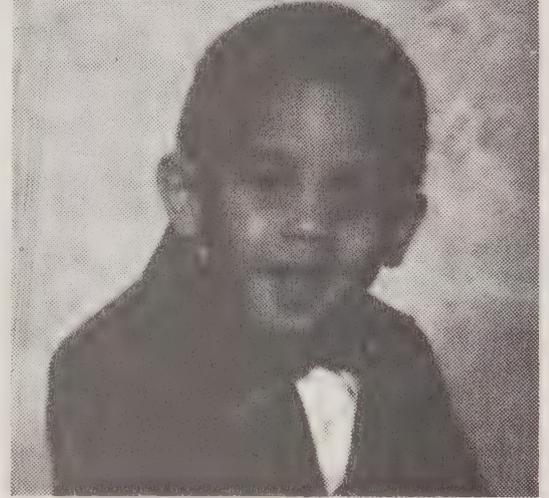


y. above, and with her late husband, Nat King Cole

Maria Hawkins Cole's father was Omega Hawkins of Henderson, North Carolina, Vance County.



Mr. and Mrs. George (Ralph) Debnam...
On Golden Anniversary



Amad and Kamal Nicholson are the sons of Mr. & Mrs. Nicholson. They are the grandsons of Geraldine and Curtis Parham, the great-grandsons of Elizabeth Boykin Parham Engram, and the great-great-grandsons of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boykin.



Family of Ruth Anita Hawkins Hughes. (Front row l to r) Hunter Anita Whitehead, Herbert V. Whitehead, Jr., Ruth Anita Hawkins Hughes, Helen Marcia Yergan Whitehead. (Back row l to r) Marcus Arelious Yergan, Henry B. Crews, Herbert V. Whitehead, Sr.

Chapter IV

Municipal and Political

MUNICIPALITY – POLITICS AND THE NEGROES

Negroes have played small parts in the government of our town and county. This can be understood when we follow the development of our county. The founding fathers were white men who brought with them laws created or copied from other municipal organizations for white people. In fact, the Reavis, Henderson, Perry, and other clans came to Vance County well versed in government. The slaves that they brought had not been a part of the law making. Each slave was subject to his or her master's law. However, people of color are inching their toes in the doors of lawmaking. They are becoming ready to step in the doors of lawmaking. They are becoming ready to step in by preparing themselves for a position that they now need and want for equal rights.

During our last Henderson election, I canvassed three streets in my ward. On my visit to the homes I reminded the adults to register and vote. One mother of four adults boasted that she never voted, in fact she said, she never registered. I pressed her for a reason for her attitude. Her answer was, "Well the white folks wouldn't let us vote for a long time, so I decided not to ever vote for one of them."

I then reminded her that we had four Blacks running on the city tickets and that they needed the six votes that her home could cast. She promised to think about it. A talk with two of her adult sons confirmed that they too were nonvoters. The election saw three Black winners. Perhaps that fact will make that family think and do something about our next election.

Of all the races that have gathered or been gathered here in America, the Black race has figured most prominently in the American politics. The race has been confused, misused, used, and refused by Caucasians for whatever suited their particular project at the certain time.

In Samuel Peace's book, "Zeb's Black Baby," this practice is shown in his last paragraph concerning Mr. Zebulon Baird Vance when he stated "The formation of Vance County was accomplished largely as a political expediency. It was in 1881 when Negroes in large numbers were voting solidly Republican."

Mr. Zebulon Baird Vance must have realized that the Negro vote gave him Vance County, hence, he called our county, "Zeb's Black Baby." After emancipation, Negroes were given political jobs for which they were unfit and uninformed as to the intricacies of politics. They were pawns for the white politicians who placed them there.

Many years ago I saw the cartoon of a group of newly elected Negro politicians, right after slavery, sitting around a pot-bellied stove in Washington eating peanuts and throwing the shells on the floor. During the Reconstruction of the southern states a surge of outraged killings took place when the unwilling southern states wanted to oppress the former slave so that they would not have voting rights. Politics went into action and took away the voting power of the Negro. Laws that were beneficial to former slave owners were passed that placed people of color in some instances in conditions worse than slavery. The Vagrancy act of Virginia and soon adopted by our state is an example of harsh laws that tended to retrograde the Blacks, rather than advance them in phases of community planning.

Looking over the situation here in our Vance County we must realize that we are still only inches away from the peanut shelling politicians. In the last 100 years only a few, a very few, Blacks have been elected to hold public office. The following are the names of the few old timers: Thomas S. Eaton, 1888 to 1898 and H. Plummer Cheatham, 1884 to 1888, were Register of Deeds. Mr. H.B. Eaton, 1883 to 1885, James Watson, 1887 to 1893, Moses M. Peace, 1895 to 1897, Mr. J.Y. Eaton, 1899 to 1900 were Representatives to the State General Assembly. Mr. William B. Henderson, the grandfather of our second Black ward member in Henderson, was Senator to the Assembly in 1897.

Mr. James Watson must have had a good campaign manager for he served four terms to the General Assembly, from 1887 to 1894.

For some hard to understand reason, many people of color will not vote, even now when in Vance County any adult can vote. During the Martin Luther King, Jr. inspirational years, the Blacks clamored for the right to vote. They marched, were killed, jailed, pushed, kicked and they burned down buildings on Chestnut Street during a service on voting at Davis Chapel Church.

During our last election the Voters League offered to bring the registration books to wherever a person would ask. This really helped, for a large Black turn out helped to elect Black members to several branches of our county's administration.

Forty years ago Vance County had the first registered Black lawyer in the person of Charles W. Williamson. During his first years here, many Blacks were not trustful of him especially if they had broken the law and would have to have a lawyer to compete with a white lawyer. Some voiced the belief that the judge which was white would favor the white lawyer.

It took the Van Dyke trial to open the eyes of Black people when Lawyer Williamson and another Black lawyer, Thompson, to clear a Black youth of molesting a white girl. Thompson was from Durham and had quite an influence on Williamson when he was a struggling law student.

An outstanding turning point came when a white woman testified that she was at the Black boy's home to return a borrowed cup of sugar when she saw the accused boy on top of his mother's shed nailing on shingles at the time he was accused of the crime. A person who sat through the trial said the district attorney asked the witness, "Do you borrow from niggers?" The woman was said to have answered, "Mrs. Kelly is my neighbor and friend, we borrow from each other." The two Black lawyers used the above witness's testimony to clear the Black youth. From that case, the pendulum swung Williamson's way.

The dictionaries say that the word dean is the senior member of a group. This definition is applicable to Lawyer Charles W. Williamson, for over 40 years he was the only colored lawyer in our county. Charles was not born in Vance County, but in the nearby city of Durham. When he completed law school he came to Henderson and married Miss Mamie Simon. Their son Charles, Jr., called "Plunkie," after completing college took several courses in law. He then decided to go into the Air Force to see some of the world. After serving in the Air Force, he decided to go back to school and get a Ph.D. in Sociology. He studied at Howard University, his father's home school, Harvard University, the University of New Hampshire, and ended his studies at Wolden University in Knoxville. Armed with a degree in sociology, he taught the subject at Knoxville College, a Presbyterian school, for many years. During his stint in the Air Force, he had his wife and four children with him. Now several of those children are in college.

After Lawyer Williamson had served Vance County for 40 years or more, two young Negroes came to practice. They were, J. Henry Banks and James E. Smith. These two opened an office in the Cotten Building on Montgomery Street, right where Williamson started his practice.

Randolph Baskerville, a young Black lawyer serving our county, made history as the first Black to be sworn in as Assistant District Attorney. From 1789 to the time Randolph made the scene had taken 200 years.

I keeping asking myself if the white city or county fathers kept Blacks out, or did we keep ourselves out by not preparing for the jobs? Randolph did have the training from North Carolina A & T, Fayetteville University, and the University of North Carolina. So he got the job.

The newspaper article with a picture of Randolph Baskerville being sworn in by Judge Larry Senter, sent my mind down memory lane. This appointment might well be expected if one back-tracked two or three generations to some grandparents who in their time were outstanding citizens in their communities.

The writer's mother found joy in telling of her girlhood visits to the large, grand white home of Mr. Nathan Bullock. Uncle Nathan, as he was known in the Mount Pleasant (now Bullocksville) community, was one of

the few Blacks who had emerged from slavery with nothing, but in a few years was able to live as sumptuous as his former master. He not only had a farm of 40 acres and a mule, but he owned many work animals and tenant houses that housed his farm tenants.

There were several children in this Bullock family. One whom my mother visited was Lucy. This young lady had caught the eye of one tenant whose name was Silas Baskerville. The story goes that when Uncle Nathan became aware of the blossoming romance, he forbid Lucy to keep company with Silas. When Lucy wanted to know why she couldn't entertain Mr. Baskerville, the answer came from Uncle Nathan, "he ain't your class." In other words, Silas came from the wrong side of the row. Lucy was from the side that owned the row, and poor Silas came from the side that worked the row.

As is the way with people in love, eventually, Lucy and Silas married even against Uncle Nathan's threats to disinherit her. In this couple the parental objections acted as an agent to bring out the best in them. By the time their children came along, Silas and Lucy owned their farm and were leaders in the Flat Rock Road (now Satterwhite) community. One son, Charlie Baskerville was the father of our first Black Assistant District Attorney.

Charlie attended the Vance County schools and decided to become a merchant in a fast growing farm community. His marriage to Miss Sallie White from Mount Pleasant section, gave him quite a family. This family consisted of Randolph, Maxine, Leslie, Alexander and Charlie, Jr. With the Bullock and Baskerville drive, these children are standing tall in different fields.

Maxine has a Master's degree from Central University. She carried her talents to Elizabeth City State University where she is a teacher. Leslie is a teacher in Vance County. Alexander is a barber and farmer here in Vance County. Charlie Jr., took his talents to Washington, D.C. There he is very active in the Black Caucus.

Let us step back to Randolph Baskerville's family. As has been said, his father was Charlie Baskerville, and his mother is Sallie White Baskerville. I first met Sallie White in 1933 when I began teaching in the Six Teacher Rosenthal School in the community called Mount Pleasant. Sallie entered my classroom a sight to behold. She was chocolate brown with brown eyes, curly black hair, and features of any Minnie Ha. Ha. She was shy and full of smiles. She didn't talk unless you addressed her. During that first year I never saw a hair out of place or a wrinkle in her dress. She looked at all times as if she had just come from the pressing roller. Years later, when I saw her at a funeral she was the same girl, a little stouter, but still a pretty picture. On meeting her father, Mr. Peter White, I saw why Sallie looked Indian, for Mr. White was one of those Indians who got mixed with the Negroes.

One of Randolph's children is named Nathan. Sarah and Randolph wanted to keep alive the grandfather's name. A girl has the name of Latoyia, perhaps from some African grandparent. The first Nathan would be proud to have his name live on in his great-great-grandson.

There are other members of the Bullock-Baskerville family who did not come within my pen. Some other writers at other places will tell their stories.

On Saturday, 02 September 1978, Miss Desiree White of Henderson was sworn in by Judge Hamilton H. Hobgood, of the Ninth District Superior Court. The ceremony was held at the Franklin County Courthouse in Louisburg with Attorney James E. Smith of Henderson, introducing her to the court.

Upon giving the oath and signing the certificates, Judge Hobgood made the following remarks. "There have been great changes over the past ten years, more Blacks have been admitted to the bar and last year 25% of the law students in North Carolina were female. The most successful lawyers are those who work the hardest. I charge you to leave a little time for the service to the public. I see no reason why all of you can't be leaders in your community."

Miss White is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W.E. White. She graduated this past May from the University of NC Law School in Chapel Hill receiving a J.D. degree. Miss White was the chief justice of Holderness Moot Court and a member of the order of Baristers, Faculty Selection Committee, Minority Law Student Association and the Student Division of the N.C. Black Lawyers Association.

She received her B.A. degree from Howard University in Washington, D.C. in 1975, where she graduated cum laude. While attending Howard she was Vice President of the freshman class, Public Relations Director of the Howard University Student Association, Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities and a member of the National Political Science fraternity.

As recipient of the Sadie T. Alexander Law Award, of the Grand Chapter of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Miss White graduated in 1971 from Henderson Junior High School. A member of the National Honor Society, she was recipient of the National Achievement Scholarship and an alumnus Governor's School in Winston-Salem.

She served as an intern in the office of Congressman L. H. Fountain and as research assistant to the professors in law at the University of North Carolina Law School. Miss White is also a member of Kesler Temple A.M.E. Zion Methodist Church of Henderson.

Miss Lucille Parrish, daughter of General Parrish of John Street, completed her law study at the Thurgood Marshall School of Law in Texas. She visits her father here in Henderson, but works for the Texas State Government.

POLITICS — MUNICIPAL WORKERS

For as long as I can remember there was always a Black to be seen around our municipal building, referred to as the fire house. These workers were janitors and horsemen. The hired janitors, like Ben Chavis and others were paid for by the City of Henderson. Others were sometimes like my cousin, Frank Young, who was seen every month doing a job there in payment to the city for having too much to drink. One year, an article in our paper said Frank had served some days out of the 12 months and at the time of the article, he was back in for the 13th time that year.

A well remembered horseman was Charlie Gales, my next door neighbor. During his time horses were used to pull the fire trucks. Automobile trucks had not been invented. I was sorry when they took the place of horses, for Pa Charlie Gales rode a horse home for dinner every day, and tied him in a grassy lot to nibble while he ate his dinner. The Gales' son, Charlie, Jr., called "Buster" and I would climb on the horse's back and ride him the few steps he could take around. Mary Lou, the Gales daughter, was afraid and would never get on the horse. When Pa Charlie saw how I loved horses, he taught me to ride correctly. When the Negroes had their Emancipation parade, Pa Charlie got permission for me to ride one of those beautiful horses.

There were colored firemen back in those days, but they were volunteers. I remember when Papa heard the fire bell from the top of the fire house ring, he would jump out of bed, put on his clothes if the bell rang at night. His night shirt would be stuffed down in his pants for he didn't have to properly dress. He would be met by Mr. William Southerland, Mr. Fred Reavis and Mr. Monroe Harris. Pa Gales led the group to the fire house for instructions as to where the fire was, if the blaze couldn't be seen. These men were proud to give their town of Henderson hours, as many as needed, to control or put out a fire.

Now we have four paid Black firemen. They are W. Darnell Wright, Walter Fuller, Paul Lewis, Larry Chavis and Captain Melvin Smith. I hope they are as proud to be on the force as those early volunteers.

In another report, Mr. David Eaton, Alice Eaton Bryant's grandfather, Rev. David Eaton was jailor. During those days condemned persons were hanged right in the jail yard.

My great-grandmother, Catheine Lewis Henderson, told a group of us when we were children that she saw a young man hanged in the jail yard. She said the man admitted to killing a man, and said "obey your parents." "I am here because I didn't obey my mother."

Perhaps there were other Black jailors from time to time. I had never heard of a Black policeman until just a few years ago. Now we have seven Blacks on our police force. Lieutenant Sam Pearson, Sergeant Mike Davis, Detective Edward Fleming, Patrolman Tony Clark, H. Montaque and Nathan Stradford proves that we are moving into the municipal department of Vance County.

Last week, the first Black police officer who had been a Sergeant was made Captain. The following personality profile tells much about the activities and attitudes of Black police people on our municipal force.

(FROM HENDERSON DAILY DISPATCH, DATED 29 FEBRUARY 1984)

"To keep the peace. That's what I think is the primary purpose of a police officer. And, if keeping the peace calls for enforcing the law then you enforce the law."

Melvin G. Smith, 46, a Captain with the Henderson Police Department was talking about the profession he has been involved in for the past 20 years. It was 20 years ago this month when Smith first became a police officer with the Henderson Department. He was the first Black to join the police force and Smith said he has never regretted his decision to wear the blue uniform and badge of the Henderson Police Department.

"I have no regrets," said Smith. "I might have regrets if I think of it in the way of wages because I do think our police officers are underpaid. I would not recommend police work to someone if they are trying to make a lot of money. But, I have always enjoyed the work. I like the job. I like dealing with people."

And through the years Smith has had plenty of chances to deal with people. These dealings have lasted from when he first joined the force in 1964 as a Patrolman walking the downtown beat to today when he serves as one of the two Captains with the Department. "When I first joined the department, they put me on the streets with only a gun and a badge," he said. "I had no uniform and no training."

A native of Kittrell, Smith said his interest in police work stemmed from his four years in the U.S. Air Force. "I think the military and police work are similar in many ways. There is a sense of duty, honor, and discipline with both of them. And, of course, they both deal with protecting people."

The captain said he joined the force three years after he first applied. Smith reported he heard of his acceptance to the department only one month before his self-imposed deadline. He said he had promised himself that if he had not heard from the department by his deadline, he was going to Washington, D.C. for prospects of employment.

He has done a little of everything in the department during his 20 years of service. Smith served as a patrolman for approximately five years after joining the force. He was then promoted to Desk Sergeant and served in that capacity for only three months. With a new chief and re-organization, he was then placed back on the streets as a Sergeant. He served briefly with the Department's Detective Division, and then became a Lieutenant with the Street Patrol Forces. He served as a Lieutenant in the Vice Squad and then

the Vice Squad was eliminated, he was reactivated as a shift Supervisor. Smith stated he was a Lieutenant from 1976 until July 1983 when he was promoted to Captain.

Smith pointed out that he had experienced some pretty crazy situations over the years, particularly while he was off duty. "Six years ago on Christmas Eve night, I was at the Save Way store when I saw this guy by the Salvation Army kettle," he said. "I was off duty. I remember thinking to myself that guy is going to try and take the money from the kettle. But, he didn't do it. Instead, he walked into the parking lot and only a few minutes later I heard a woman screaming. The guy was holding the woman's pocketbook and swinging her around as he tried to take it from her."

Smith said as the subject, who was approximately 14 years old, got away with the purse he began to pursue the subject on foot. The officer said he chased the teenager for several blocks to Water Street. There the suspect dropped the pocketbook in the street. Smith was able to catch him right after he crossed the street.

"I've had some strange situations off duty where I encountered people I had dealt with while I was on duty," Smith said. "But I've never had any problem with them. I've always been able to talk to them."

Other things Smith wants to achieve include bringing in new training programs which will better prepare officers for their job. One thing we're working on now is a physical fitness program, Smith said. "Five of us are now attending classes in the local YMCA on physical fitness. We hope we can use this as training for a program within the department. I think we need a program like this. It would help better prepare the men."

But how about his personal plans for the future? "I'm going for Chief," he said confidently. "I would like to be Chief. I would like to be around that long so that if the chance comes up I'll be there. I'm hoping for at least 18 more years of productive service somewhere." However, for the time being, Smith will continue to reside with his wife Sarah and daughter, Melda, 19, who is now attending NC Central University, in their home on Pinkston Street and continue his dedicated service to the local police department as a Captain.

Henderson and Vance County grew up with white officers, but when Blacks wanted in, I mean really wanted in and prepared for the job, they were able to join the force. One thing is true of our county and town, "if a person has something worthwhile to offer, they will step aside and let you pass." Often I talk with school dropout street young men. They say they want work, but when work is given them it is too hard or the hours are too long, even if they are making over \$4.00 dollars an hour helping on construction jobs. They want the pay of the architect, the master carpenters, and the different engineers on the job. I asked a young man who is out of work, has a child to support, and must eat and sleep off a small, very small, check that

his mother gets, to help me dig up a tulip bed. He informed me that he is paid \$4.00 an hour, but should get more. I asked him if he had a high school diploma or any type of certificate. His answer was, "no, but I know I should get more money when I work." He dug up the small bed for me in less than 30 minutes and wanted \$4.00; I gave him \$2.00.

The above story may not sound as if it has anything to do with our municipal system, but it does and will for the subject in the story has been in court several times, and will go again when "push begins to shove" and he needs what he can't get because he is only good in helping to keep the courts running full force.



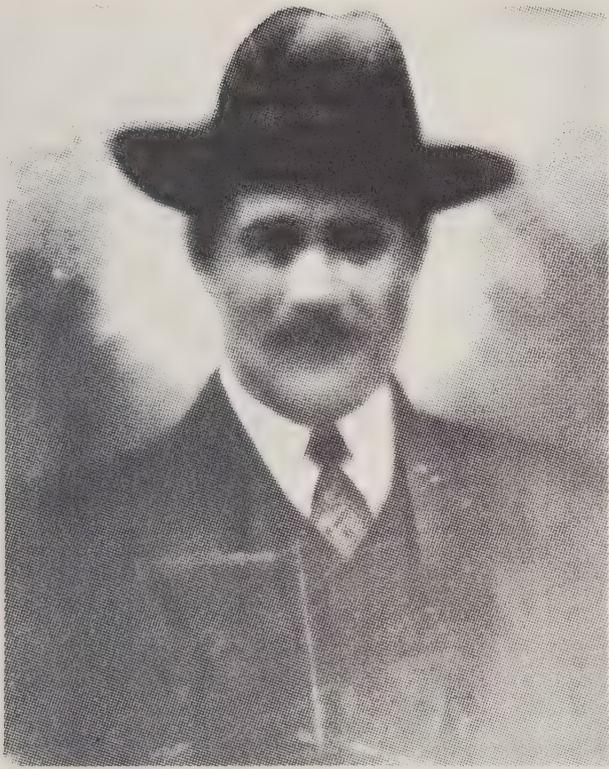
Mr. Charlie W. Walker and Family, Board of Education, (seated with wife Essie).



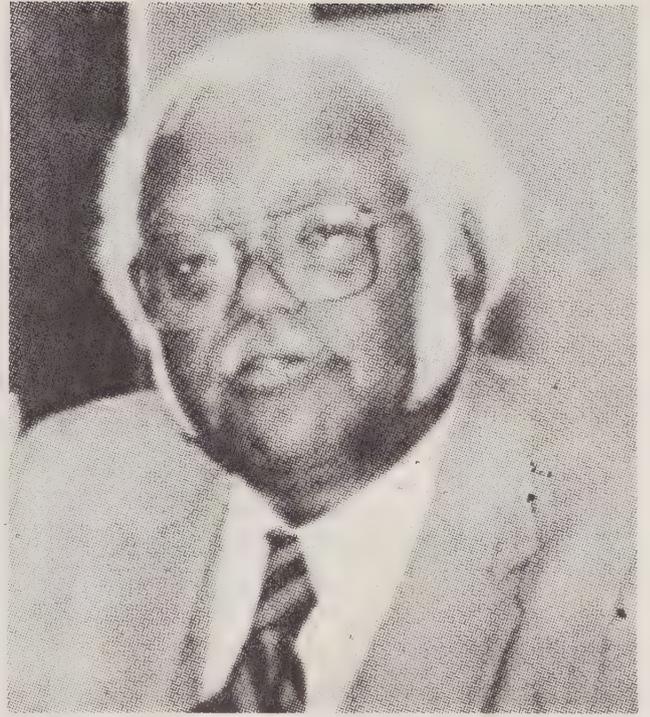
Tonya P. Fields



Attorney Desiree White



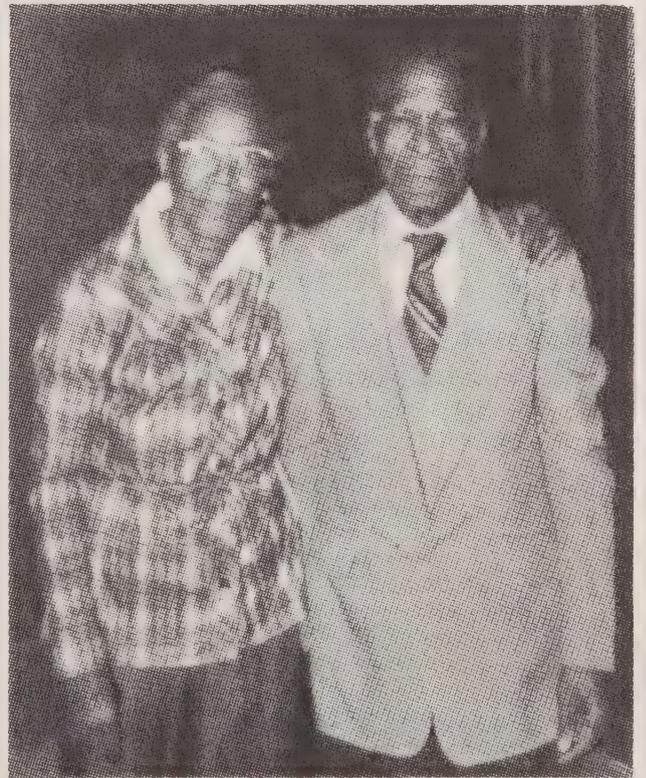
Senator William B. Henderson, 1897-1899, Father of Alice H. Jenkins, Grandfather of Dr. James P. Green.



Pictured above, Dr. James P. Green, Elected to City Council, First Ward.



Mrs. Artelia Brodie Pritchett, Social Worker, Vance County Department of Social Services and Owner of Pritchett's Taxicabs.



Henderson's first Black attorney pictured with wife, Mamie, stand below a portrait of Williamson unveiled and now hanging in Vance County Superior Court room.



Pictured above is Mr. John Fogg receiving plaque from Exxon Regional Sales Manager, Bill Carter, honoring him as one of the company's top 100 dealers in the United States. Mr. Fogg was awarded an expense paid trip for two to Lake Tahoe and a bronze trophy for his accomplishments in Exxon's commitment to excellence.



Officer M.R. Davis shown above while being promoted to the rank of Sergeant. Davis has served with the police department for the past eight years completing several police training schools. (Also pictured above is left, Captain D.B. Kimball and right, Police Chief K.K. Roberson)



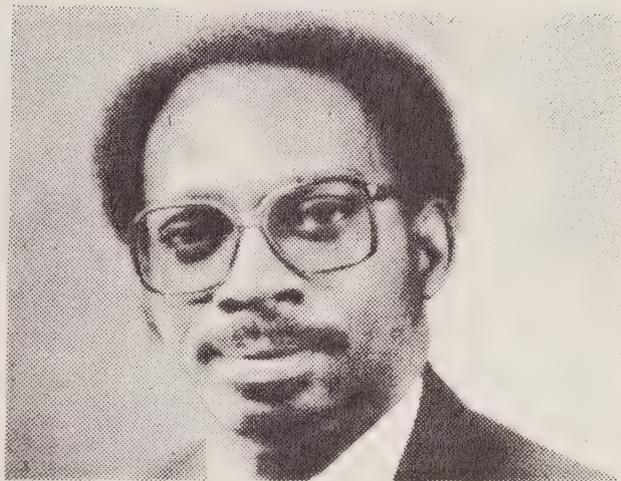
Captain Melvin G. Smith remembers his years of service.



Taking oath above is Randolph Baskerville, being sworn in by Judge Larry Senter as the first Black to serve as Assistant District Attorney in the ninth judicial district. Baskerville attended N.C. A & T University and Fayetteville State University.



Ms. Martha Williams, Social Worker.



Terry E. Garrison, Real Estate, Henderson, N.C.



Juanita K. Somerville



Leo M. Hatton was a principal in Vance County for over twenty-five years. He was active in the town's political life.

Chapter V

Business

BUSINESS AND THE BLACK MAN

When the war between the states ended in 1865, the slaves were already on their way towards the business world. They had experienced over two hundred years of training in all types of work. They had spun and wove and created materials to be sold in their master's stores. Their hand carved furniture could be found in the grand plantation homes, and in state houses. Black people, in many instances, were qualified to take their places in a competitive environment. They had watched their master's trade; had loaded products of the farm on ships for foreign ports. They had learned well.

Although people of color wanted to be in business, they lacked the money or collateral with which to do it. They couldn't start a Bagging Mill, Taylor's factory, or cotton mill. So they became owners of small repair shops, neighborhood stores, shoe repair shops and eating places.

Some of the early businesses here in Henderson were in front rooms of their small cabins and cottages. A couple well remembered is Mr. Lee and Mrs. Rose Bullock. Both were shoe repair people. They rented a small house on Lone Street and conducted their business from their home in 1912. Mr. Bullock was called "Uncle Lee." He and his wife had their shoe mending shop in their kitchen. This couple sat, side by side, and sewed or nailed soles on our Buster Brown shoes.

Aunt Sarah Clark and great-grandmother, Catherine Henderson, both lived to be well over a hundred. They often talked of how people made things like boots, shoes, furniture, and iron tools. How they made them in their homes or sheds attached to their cabins. These things were sold right where they were made.

The efforts of Black people to own big businesses like the factories and mills here in our county have not materialized. Perhaps we will never make a Centennial, Bicentennial magazine, or history of our county and town. However, Black people like to feel that the long hard hours of labor that they have put into big businesses should receive some note.

The well-organized magazines for our Bicentennial and Centennial failed to mention the lowly workers. The owners and presidents of large concerns emerged, as they should have, but the masses of workers who contributed to the success of their businesses had faded into obscurity.

It is understandable that the names of individual workers are not remembered. In this book, however, many workers will get, though late, that pat on the back that they so deserve. That little recognition that is only a

token of what they really deserve for being a part of the development of every phase of life in our wonderful county.

Many of the organized businesses began with Blacks who helped white men. They may have been hired to load wood. Now loading logs doesn't require skill but cutting those felled trees into certain lengths and shaping them into designs for furniture does.

A pot washer hired in a bakery doesn't need skill, but a pot washer who helps the skilled baker can and has learned enough to open his own business. Mr. Merman Pointer worked with a skilled baker in Raleigh. He liked what he saw and learned what he saw. During my childhood he was the leading baker and candy maker here in Henderson.

Many Black masons, carpenters and plasterers started their trades by doing menial work for well-trained and skilled workers. There were a fortunate few who were able to attend high school and colleges to learn trades or business accounting.

A "tight rope" was walked by Negroes who aspired to run a business. White competition was always a specter, together with the economical condition of Blacks who often distrusted his Black brother who could not afford to let him run a charge account.

Perhaps the only business not threatened by whites was the undertaking establishments. When David Eden, Henderson Cogwell, Hirman Morrison, Edward Jordan, Robert Shepherd got their "foot in the door," Negroes used their services and would not let a white undertaker handle their dead. Only once since 1918 after Morrison came, have I seen a casked pulled to church on a wagon. The farmers who owned the large farms were so good to the workers who died that they got white undertakers to embalm the colored workers in their cabins. Then they'd send the body to a Negro church on a dead wagon. Whites were not expected to ride in a hearse, not after it had been used by a dead Negro.

Here in Henderson undertaker Barnes and Hardy used a hearse to carry their Black ladies. I can't find anyone living now that can tell me if they had a "black" hearse. The entrance into the undertaking of Negroes surely put a stop of whatever was used. Black folks love their Black morticians.

THEN AND NOW NEIGHBORHOOD STORES

East Andrews Avenue has, for years, been a good location for stores. Long before the Save Way moved into that vicinity, neighborhood merchants were selling their wares. Some well-known colored merchants were, Mr. George Garnes, Mr. Frank Hays and Mr. George Hawkins, on Cherry Street, just off Andrews Avenue. Also, Mrs. Lucy Davis, who ran Mr. Frank Hayes' store after he passed away.

In the early thirties, Mr. Frank Hayes not only served his immediate neighborhood, he also had a delivery truck. James "Funny" Foster drove all over Henderson and to customers in other nearby parts of Vance County making deliveries. For a time, his T-Bone steaks were said to be the juiciest and most tender on the market.

Mr. Hayes' wife was Cora Harris, sister to Mrs. Pattie Harris Cheatham, Mrs. Ollie Hargrove, and Mrs. Sallie H. Harris. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes did not have children, but Mrs. Hayes had a favorite niece, Jennie Cheatham Merritt. The niece, Jennie and her husband Mr. Alexander Merritt live in the Frank Hayes homeplace on Andrews Avenue, next door to the Hayes store place. Chain stores have just about killed the neighborhood stores, but some of the old store places still stand. They remind us that Black people once ran successful businesses before the "chain giants" devoured the small neighborhood stores.

Only a few small merchants have the fortitude to hang on. Most of the small store merchants, Mr. James Brame on Whitten Avenue, have other businesses to supplement their income. Mr. Brame has a venetian blind repair and cleaning business next door to his store. Cecil Vann, who has a store in the Mobile section, continues to work in the bagging mill. His wife, Martha, along with rearing a large family, has learned the business. She has become a great merchant also.

THE BLACK OWNED PUBLIC CONVEYANCES

Taxicabs did not appear on the Henderson streets until just before World War I. People who wanted to go from place to place obtained the services of Mr. George Hughes, who drove a horse-drawn hack. Mr. Hughes and his wife Edna Ward Hughes lived on Vance Street. If you wanted him to meet the train to pick up passengers, you would have to notify him ahead of time by a person, or by someone who lived near him. Telephones had not become the finger tip messenger at this time. Although in use, only a few homes of black people had a telephone.

Mr. George Hughes and Mrs. Josh Norman became partners in a taxicab venture. Each bought a car called a jitney. This was the first taxicab business owned by colored people. Mr. Abraham Harris of Pearl Street became the relief driver for Hughes and Norman, then followed James Foster, known as "Funny" Foster. Tulley Foster of College Street was used for out of town trips. Mr. Hughes didn't like to take long trips after he became old.

After Mr. Hughes died a Mr. Pettiway from Water Street ran a cab. His career came to an end when he was robbed and killed.

When Mr. Arthur Poole and his wife Mrs. Harriet Debnam Poole came from Springfield, Massachusetts, they started the first large scale taxicab business. Mr. Poole started with one cab, but in a few years the Poole business had a large fleet of cabs with many drivers.

The Poole stand was placed in a strategic spot. It was on Montgomery Street beside the bus station and faced the train station on Williams Street. Some of the long term chauffeurs for the Poole company were George Bullock, Sidney Mills, Samuel Sanders, Ed Harris, Robert Skipwith, "Lit" Davis, Bradford Sneed, Ernestine Lyons and many more whose stay was short and their names not remembered by this writer.

From his cab stand on Montgomery Street the Poole taxicab business did exceptionally well, not only for the Pooles, but for the many chauffeurs who were hired to drive the cabs.

Mr. Arthur Poole is a man of vision. He inspired progress not only by his pep chats to his drivers and members of Holy Temple Church, but to all people of color in Henderson. As soon as his taxicab business was able to run independently of Mr. Poole's constant attention, he began to build comfortable homes that were low rent so that people with small incomes could afford to rent them. Usually, as soon as a cottage was completed one of the drivers would rent it.

Several of the early drivers were inspired to own and operate their own cab company, and to enter the real estate business. George Bullock is an example.

George Bullock was reared on his father's Mr. A.D. Bullock's farm out in the section of our county called Mount Pleasant. A.D. Bullock was called "Uncle Doc" and Uncle Doc owned many acres of good farm land, enough to keep his large group of sons and daughters busy for life. However, George knew farm life because he had stayed home and helped his father. He knew the good life when crops were good and he also knew the hard, long hot hours that also went into poor crops and low market prices. George on his trips into town had admired the skill in which Mr. Poole operated. He obtained a job with the Poole Company and there developed into the kind of protege that any employer would be proud of.

George married Miss Clementine Brandom of Kittrell. They are parents of George Jr. and Cynthia. Cynthia completed Winston-Salem State University. George Jr. was an honor student and attended school for the exceptionally talented in New England. He is employed with the P.H. Rose Company.

By the time George's children were ready for college, he owned his own company with a stand on the corner of Chestnut and Montgomery Streets. He also had a bonding business on the side. People who nourish the courts depend on George Bullock to go on their bonds.

The Bullock farm was never completely out of George's mind. After his father and stepmother Rosanna Wright Bullock died, George often visited the old homeplace if only for a few minutes when he took fares back to his old community. He saw the same farm hands living in shacks just as they were when he was a farm hand on his father's farm.

The large two-story family home had disappeared in a fire. George missed the homeplace, but he visualized small, comfortable cottages for the farm hands, like the ones he owns on Chestnut Street. Soon on George's part of the farm the little cottages began to appear one by one. They look up the road to the abandoned Nutbush school house that once was the social center as well as a beautifully run elementary school by Mr. Austin A. Lane.

Mr. Robert and Mrs. Artelia Pritchett owned their taxicabs. When the Pritchetts were first married Robert drove the cab and Mrs. Pritchett ran a beauty parlor on Horner Street; but Mrs. Pritchett was not satisfied. She felt that she hadn't developed the talents that she knew she had. She decided to move her life from the trade category to the professional category for at that time the income was more lucrative.

To put her aims into operation took courage and hard work. She had to go to Shaw University for four years. This meant she had to run her home, keep a check on her beauty business, rental housing, help a son that they had adopted and get her lessons. The time may not have gone as rapidly as with a carefree college student, but the time did come when Artelia stood in her cap and gown and received her college diploma which made her a college graduate. Mrs. Pritchett is a social worker here in our county because she prepared herself for it. Her life is a good example of what a person can make of themselves if they desire to do so.

Both Mr. Robert Pritchett and their son are deceased, but Artelia, with the help of Robert's brother, still conducts a taxicab on Horner Street.

Artelia is the daughter of Mr. James and Mrs. Della Brodie of Water Street. Mr. Brodie owned and operated a neighborhood store on Water Street. Mrs. Della Brodie is a midwife and has served our community for over fifty years.

Another one of Poole's drivers who went into business for himself was Mr. Samuel Sanders. "Sammy" as he was called, married a young lady named Geneva. They have two sons, Samuel Jr. and William Edward. Samuel Jr. has a son who is Samuel III, William's son is Charles Anthony.

The Sanders family did not have to depend on the taxicab business for a livelihood for Mrs. Geneva Sanders is an energetic lady. Her regular job as a school cafeteria worker does not keep her from being a caterer for many gatherings. Her work with the school dietician program has geared her to furnish nourishing as well as palatable foods for groups, large or small.

As long as there are people here in our county, we will need people who are trained to regulate our food intake so that what is eaten will contribute to good health.

Mr. Samuel Sanders, the cab driver, passed away several years ago, but he is well remembered for his courteous and obliging good manners.

The Poole company was the source of Bradford Sneed's cab venture. For years Bradford worked for Poole. Later Bradford's health became impaired and his sister Mrs. Danny Sneed Steward would go on calls for her brother. When Bradford died, his sister now runs the cab.

Mr. Edward Harris, called Ed, has been with the Poole cabs over twenty years. Ed is the son of Mr. and Mrs. True Harris. Ed's family lived just outside the city limits. After Mr. True Harris died, Mrs. Harris came to live on Pearl Street with her daughter Cora and with Ed who helped to care for her. Now Ed is married to a lady, Mrs. Naomi Harris, who lives in Warren County. Her teaching job is right near her home so she did not move to Henderson, but every morning Ed Harris's cab is at the Poole cab stand in front of the bus station ready to take fares wherever they want to go.

"Lit" Davis also has worked under the Poole franchise. Lit was born in Warren County, but early in life hitched himself to Vance County when he married Miss Delia Scott. Their children are Ricky and Jan. Lit's younger son, William Jr., is deceased.

Mrs. Danny Sneed Steward was not the first woman cab driver in Henderson. During World War II when most young men were in the U.S. Arms service, a woman, Ernestine Lyons from the Mobile section of Henderson drove a Poole cab. She seemed to have handled the job very well for she stayed with the cab until she moved to New York.

Mr. Robert Skipwith's job is a spin off from the Poole organization. He now owns his own cab, but still uses the Poole name.

After Robert married Ms. Claristine Bullock he decided to do something extra to make the needed money for his family, so "Skip" as he is called became part-time bus station master. The cab and the bus job has helped this family rear four children. Their daughters, Joyce Evelyn and Audry Diane completed their college education work at Winston-Salem State University in Early Childhood education. Connie Lavern is attending North Carolina Central University in Durham. Robert, Jr. is also there in school. Skip's cab has taken many people on many trips and journeys and the money from fares has certainly sent four children on trips into the field of education, which will enable them to be self-supporting in our very complex economical environment.

Mrs. Claristine Skipwith will appear with another very large and contributing family — the "clan" of Rev. Moses Bullock.

CLEANING AND PRESSING

Boyd's Cleaning and Pressing business is in Manson, N.C. Many years ago Walter and Ferbee opened a cleaning plant. Unlike the city cleaners who send the clothes to a plant, they clean the spot on the spot.

Mr. Boyd and his wife belong to the Boyds and Hendersons discussed under "Families." The people in these families are double cousins, really like a close knit clan.

Two sons, Donald and Burt, are spokes in this family business. The parents are happy to know they can leave the plant and take off to "Tim Buck-Too" and their business will operate right on schedule. Mr. Thomas Henderson collects clothes all over Vance County and in Henderson and delivers them. Sometimes his wife, Mrs. Annie Townes Henderson, rides with him. She likes to return to the Bullocksville section near Drewry where she, her sisters Emma, Lucy and a brother, Clarence, spent their childhood and attended the now closed Nutbush School.

The people in Drewry had been served by Mr. Robert White and his wife for many years. It was easier to drop clothes, drapes etc. by Robert's Cleaning Store than to go to Henderson or Manson.

Robert's store is right in the center of the village of Drewry and just a few steps from a general store and gas service center. The customers to these places have brought good business to Robert and his family. The children were able to attend college and go into professions of their choice.

Talking of Robert White sends my thoughts back fifty years when I taught at the Nutbush School and an Indian-looking man, Mr. Peter White, attended our once a month parent and teachers meeting. His children, Robert and Sallie, were pupils in the school. When I was introduced to him, then came to know him better, I asked if he was Indian. He said "yes, but I am also part Black." From this man came Randolph Baskerville, our first colored District Attorney in Henderson. Sallie White is District Attorney Randolph Baskerville's mother.

The city of Henderson once had several cleaning businesses owned by people of color. Mr. James Pratt for years ran a business upstairs over what is now the Singer store, on Garnett Street. Mrs. Pratt knew the business and taught John T. Hughes and Andrew Royster how to operate the intricate tools of the trade which consisted of a tub of gasoline, a stiff brush and a coal stove heated heavy iron, pressing iron. The returned garments were clean, but had to be thoroughly aired to get the gasoline odor out.

The Pratt business was so heavy that Mr. and Mrs. Pratt would return on Sunday to complete work promised for Monday. One Sunday, the tub of gasoline received a spark which sent the couple scrambling for safety. Mr. Pratt landed unhurt, but Mrs. Pratt broke a leg and sustained a limp for the rest of her life. Grandma said the Lord punished Mrs. Pratt for pressing on

the Sabbath Day. Mama contended that when she or grandma ironed a blouse or pressed a dress on Sunday, that they were just as guilty as the Pratts. Grandma said when she pressed that was pulling the "pig out of the mire" and wasn't sin.

I didn't understand what they were saying, and I didn't want to hear anything about the Pratts, for every November we were invited to the Pratt's home on Adams Street to a corn shucking and a feast. James Pratt was allowed to invite his girlfriend, four of her dormitory girl friends, and a matron to the feast. Miss Gertrude Lawrence, an assistant matron, came for Miss Christine Tatton.

Of course, James had invited four of the Henderson Institute fellows to shuck corn as an excuse to be with the young ladies. After a few sedate games and a grand feast was served, Miss Lawrence would stand and say, "I call this a party, the party is over, the young men may be dismissed." The fellows would scramble to their feet, get their hats and leave James to say goodnight to the girls and friends. The hall clock said seven o'clock but Henderson Institute rules said all students must be in their dormitory by eight.

My parents and other adults stayed until twelve. We sang and helped finish the corn, which Mr. Pratt sold to some mill company. Mr. Pratt did not just depend on his cleaning business. He farmed and rented a row of tenant cottages on Water Street.

Another well-known cleaner was Mr. John Terry. His shop was on Horner Street. He not only had advance far beyond the first cleaning shops. He used a solvent and odorless gasoline. He also had a steam board to do first class pressing jobs. His shop was noted for repair and dye jobs. An extra large agate dish pan was used and a flat stick was kept busy moving the garment around and around in the dark mixture to keep the color even.

Taylor Stamper operated the shop when the Terry business closed at the death of Mr. Terry.

White owned pressing shops were in operation during the early twenties and Blacks did most of the work. The owners usually drove the trucks to deliver the garments.

Cleaning and pressing workers came and went, but some well-known employees who stayed on their jobs were a Mr. Person who was better known as Rabbit, "Doll Baby," May, John Hughes, Mageline Durham, Arnold Price, Mutt Stamper, Martha Lewis, William Southerland, called "Judge," James Ransome, James Pratt, Jr., Charlie Eaton, William Hunt, Ray Charles Henderson and others whom this seventy-eight year old brain refuses to give me at this time.

WILL DURHAM - FRANK BULLOCK

In 1933, two unique stores were in operation in the Drewrey and Bullocksville sections. The one in Drewrey was owned and operated by Mr. Will Durham. Will's store sat right on the highway, between Manson and Drewrey. The front of the store was made of logs, with a window on either side of a door. The windows were small paned, the kind used in houses. There was nothing to advertise that it was a store. However, upon entering the room, the store atmosphere hit you; Will had a small amount of everything one might need on his neat shelves. Stairs led down from the store to a complete hairdressing parlor. Will had bought his equipment in Richmond, Virginia with the intention of keeping the ladies' home dollars at home in Drewrey.

In 1943, when commodities were rationed and scarce, a pound of coffee, lard or sugar could be bought at Will's place. He must have started hoarding early in the war days. His commodities were not black market, for he never charged a cent over the regular prices. Will's wife, Mrs. Eliza Durham, the mother of his children, lives in a neat brick home not far from the old store place. Mrs. Eliza Durham could easily model Indian clothes, or look at home in a tepee. She and her family have the coloring and physical features of the first Americans.

The other store was owned and operated by Frank Bullock. Mrs. Bullock was the former Miss India Plummer from Manson. She completed her teacher's training at the Bricks Junior College, and taught for several years after her marriage to Mr. Frank Bullock. Teachers salaries in the early thirties were a month of what the teachers make for one day now. Mrs. Bullock took over the running of the store so that Mr. Bullock could devote more time to his farms. This store was indeed a trading post. The depression and a drought in 1932 had wiped out and crippled farming to a great extent. The Red Cross stored feed for animals and food for people with Mr. Bullock. Money was indeed scarce as hen's teeth. However, when customers brought their wares to Bullock's store, in exchange for needed food, Mr. Bullock accepted whatever they had for whatever they needed. Someone else runs the store now. Mr. and Mrs. Bullock, who are part owners of Pine Crest Manor Nursing Home, with Dr. J.P. Green, co-owner and co-founder, operate a very well run establishment. Many Vancy County old and sick people feel very much at home when they are greeted by their former merchants and neighbors.

Another man, from the same community as Frank Bullock, opened a store on West Rockspring Street. Mr. Francis Peoples was a school teacher when he lived in the country. Mr. Peoples had married into one of the original Bullocksville families. His wife was Miss Sallie Hendricks. After the children, Francis, Cleo and Louise, called Baby, were born, Mr. Peoples decided that school teaching didn't pay enough to do what he wanted to do for his family. So he went north to work. He sent money home for the children's education.

Francis Peoples, Jr. was the first World War II casualty in our United Presbyterian Church. The girls married after they completed college and moved away.

In later years, after Mrs. Sallie Peoples died, Mr. Peoples returned to Henderson. He reopened his store and married a lady from Warren County. The store ran for several years, until Mr. Peoples died. Mrs. Peoples then rented the store to Mr. Raymond Engram who was the second husband of Mrs. Elizabeth Boykin Parham Engram. Mrs. Engram's first husband, Mr. Curtis Parham, Sr., had operated the store during their marriage.

The Peoples store and the Knott store have both been demolished, but the land still causes us to remember. Perhaps some day a Knott or a Peoples will return to their grandparents old dreams, revive them, and open a neighborhood store.

BEAUTY CULTURE

The first colored hairdresser to operate in Henderson was a Mrs. Delia Durham. Her first customers were the wealthy Caucasian ladies who could afford someone to shampoo and roll the damp hair on "kid curlers." The curlers were pieces of flexible wire covered in soft glove, kidskin. Mrs. Delia Durham had the same silky kind of hair that the white people usually have. She kept her hair looking ready for festivities. Often people who came into her restaurant to purchase food admired her hair style and asked what she did to her hair to get such a wave. She told them, "I'll just shampoo and roll up."

One day Mrs. Brooks Parham, a Yankee lady, stopped Mrs. Durham and asked her to come to her home and give her hair care. Mrs. Parham's hair styling so impressed the ladies of the Tuesday Club several of them had Mrs. Durham to do their hair.

During the early nineteen hundreds, a colored lady in Indianapolis, Indiana invented the hot straightening comb. Madam Carrie Walker mixed oils and perfume and invented a delightful "greese" to change the look of those who wanted straight hair, or straight hair with ocean waves.

Mrs. Durham read of this new idea for kinky hair. She ordered a comb, "greese," and instructions and went to work on an old wig she had used for try-outs for her home customers. Soon Mrs. Durham had trained several young ladies to run her shop. To keep business near her, she had a shop in the back of her restaurant on Horner Street.

Some of her customers were people from the rural communities, so while the ladies were getting prettied up in the back, the husbands were sure to order food and sodas.

Mrs. Anna Fields Hawkins remembers her years with Mrs. Durham. She enjoyed the work and best of all, she could take food home for her family when the day had been long and her feet needed a rest.

Miss Willie B. Lee operates a shop on Winder Street, and Mrs. Ruth Williams runs the salon called the House of Ruth (Ruth's Beauty World) on Montgomery Street. These ladies keep right up with the latest hairstyles. When the "African Bush" came into Black American life, Miss Lee and Ruth learned how to stand the hair in mounds, then when the "Bush" ran out, the ladies learned to do the Hollywood curl and now Black and White wear the hair style of the "Rose" Joplins story.

It seems that history does repeat itself. A long time ago colored people had shops up and down main street, or I should say Garnett Street. Then one by one Blacks were moved to side streets. See "Colored in Business in 1902" (from 1902 City Directory). For fifty years the stores were occupied and business flourished. Now half the buildings are empty; gone to the Mall, or gone to the "dogs." Slowly, colored are moving back.

Mrs. James Ora Vandergrift and Ms. Alice Marrow operate a beauty shop on Garnett. The shoe shop that burned was operated by a Black Mr. Sanders. Other black operated places there are Fogg's Service Station, Jones "Friendly Body and Paint Shop." Also joining Jones' shop is one owned by Mr. Edward Williams. He is a transmission operator. Lawyer Banks has his office on South Garnett Street in the former Perry Rose home. The Banks office has adequate room for meetings as well as consulting rooms. In winter a cheerful fire burns in the old living room, which is now the waiting room. The atmosphere of the place tends to make one at ease and prepares you for the hassle of the case you came to see about.

During the early thirties, Henderson saw its first male colored hair dresser when Mr. Fred Baptist opened his shop on Montgomery Street. Several ladies worked with Mr. Baptist, but they came and went. One day a young lady from Roxboro joined the staff. Miss Juanita Thomas came looking for a job and ended up getting a husband. Fred and Juanita were married and went to live in a new home Fred had built on Eaton Street. Later they were blessed with a son, Frederick Rudolph.

On their site they built a beauty shop. They each had a section, but they hired other operators to work when needed. Mrs. Baptist brought to her customers unique hair styling. Today nearly fifty years later, the shop is still run by Mrs. Baptist. Fred and their son, Frederick, passed away some years ago.

CHARLES H. BAILEY

The most diversified business man of my childhood was Mr. Charles Henry Bailey. Mr. Bailey moved his wife, Mrs. Ruth Banks Bailey and four daughters, Gertrude, Hattie, Thenie Bell and Elizabeth from Clarksville, Virginia. Two more daughters, Ruth and Madeline were born here in Henderson.

World War I was in full swing when Mr. Bailey opened his first business in 1919 on Montgomery Street. It was next door to a barber shop owned by Hunter Hawkins. The restaurant and barber shop were in the building that now houses the Senior Citizens Federation, and the Migrant Seasonal Farm workers Association. Mr. Bailey quickly outgrew the small restaurant. He opened larger restaurants on Garnett Street, Horner Street, Chestnut Street and another one in the Cotton Building on Montgomery Street.

The first colored owned theater was opened on Horner Street. The name of Mr. Bailey's theater was the Rex. Not only did the Rex show double features, but live shows that attracted people from all of the nearby towns. Kittrell College's male students were allowed to come to Henderson to the Rex theater. Back in the early twenties young ladies from Kittrell College were not allowed off the campus. This was an advantage to the Henderson young ladies who enjoyed talking with the young Kittrell College men.

A pool room, a cleaning and pressing establishment, and the first night club for Blacks were added to Mr. Bailey's business repertoire. The night club was built by Mr. Bailey on the old Oxford Road. This business provided an artistic outlet to Mr. Bailey's hobby. He loved music. With his guitar, he could join the musicians and enjoy himself as well as make money.

The urge to own and conduct a business passed to three of the Bailey sisters, Gertrude Bailey Scott, Elizabeth Bailey Kelly Taylor and Thena Bell Bailey Hand. They had beauty shops on Montgomery Street for over forty years.

Now two of the ladies have beauty salons attached to their homes. When Gertrude's husband, Robert, retired and became ill, Gertrude built her shop and left Montgomery Street. She had lived on Montgomery Street for a short time, and had done a lucrative business there for a lifetime. Elizabeth also moved her shop from Montgomery Street to her home on Townsville Road. Thena Bell opened her beauty shop in Richmond, Virginia when she married Mr. Hand. A part of Mr. Charlie Henry Bailey is still in business.

JAMES KEY

Mr. James Key was a farmer turned merchant. During his first wife's lifetime, Mr. Key, his wife, Alice Hughes Key and his sister, Nannie Key lived four or five miles from Henderson. This was the same Nannie who trudged through drifts of snow up to her knees to Henderson Institute. Only to be turned back because the bell had stopped ringing before she could get into the hall. She was allowed to warm up before the backward trudge.

During the years following World War I, farmers did not realize much profit from their products. Mr. James Key was more fortunate than some other farmers. His wife not only worked on the farm on Friday afternoons, and all day Saturday, she taught music in Henderson. She just about filled up the little buggy on which she rode to town. The little black horse must have felt the extra weight. He carefully took his time, even when "Miss Alice" pulled the reins and tapped him with the thin, skinny whip.

Most of Mrs. Key's pupils were adults; those colored ladies who never had the opportunity, time or money to learn to read notes. Miss Alice had a fair education in the academic courses and in music. She had received a good start on her father's farm, along with his all white children. The adults paid Mrs. Key the dollar that she charged for a lesson. They were well pleased because they were beginning to read the notes in the hymn books. They were always pleased when the choir master passed the books out at Wednesday night choir practice, after prayer meeting. Those ladies who had pianos in their front rooms and parlors were able to pick out the tunes by the notes.

After Mrs. Key passed away, Mr. Key decided to move into town and open a grocery store. Nannie had long since finished school, done a stretch teaching in the Graystone School, and married Richard Hammie from Oxford. Nannie is now a housewife in Boston, Mass. Mr. Key found the second Mrs. Key near Garysburg. Mr. and Mrs. James Key furnished the people on the section called Flint Hill the things in the grocery line that they needed. So, they didn't have to go to the Main Street so often.

Both of the Keys were key people in their dearly beloved Shiloh Baptist Church. The Keys, both wives, and Nannie showed no trace of African descent. Two of the Keys, Nannie and a younger brother, "Bud" did not need a feather to direct where their bronze complexion and straight hair descended from. These people lived among the Black community. They worshipped God, loved and were loved by the community, but very few, if any, tap roots could be found on the dark continent. Mrs. Alice Keys' blue eyes, flaxon straight hair and round rosy complexion would have been at home in Northern Ireland. The second Mrs. Key, with the typical olive coloring, long silky black hair and sharp features could have modeled Raphael's Sistine Madonna, had she lived in those times.

BUSINESS – UNDERTAKERS

The Henderson City Directory of 1902 gave David Eden as an undertaker. Mr. H.E. Cogwell, an undertaker, came to Henderson about 1915. Mr. and Mrs. Cogwell built a home at 302 Rockspring Street, where he set up his business as an undertaker. He had little to offer, except a casket and a ride to the cemetery. In fact, neither of the early undertakers had more to offer than the box and ride.

If a body was to be kept for any length of time, embalming services would be hired from Mr. Barnes or Mr. Hardy, who were white undertakers.

In 1919 Herman Morrison, after leaving the Army, opened an establishment which offered everything. His first funerals were like show time. He had a black and white hearse with metal draped curtains. He had metal caskets that cost \$300; a momentous sum for those lean years. Not only could Mr. Morrison embalm, he was also a singer. His voice could be heard in the churches at weddings and always when he directed the Commencement march for seniors of Henderson Institute.

Edward Jordan took the mortuary courses at Temple University, in Philadelphia and came to Henderson to work for Mr. Morrison. In a few years, Mr. Jordan opened his own business in the Cotton Building on Montgomery Street. The Jordan business grew and Edward bought a place on the corner of Montgomery and Chestnut Streets. For forty years he served the public with the latest equipment; a far cry from the curtained hearse of years gone by.

When Jordan's health began to fail he sold the business to Henry B. Crews, Sr. Eventually, Henry moved his family to New Jersey, and Mr. Allen Williams bought the business. The Williams funeral home is still operating, but by Mr. Ronald Vaughn, who worked with Mr. Williams for many years.

After Mr. Morrison came, several other funeral homes were opened. Mr. "Sank" Walter Garnes, who owned and operated a funeral home had once worked with Mr. Allen Williams. The Garnes funeral home is still doing business on Andrews Avenue, just as it has done for about forty years. Although Mr. Garnes has passed on, Mr. Feggin runs the Garnes Funeral Home.

Mr. Robert Shepard and his son owned a funeral home in Oxford, North Carolina, their home town. For many years they have owned a business on Pettigrew Street. Mr. Charles Ray is a well-remembered undertaker. He worked with the Shepherds until his death.

Newcomers to the funeral business are Joseph Johnson, Meadows, and Raymond Terry. They have taken up the torch left by those pioneers and are conducting courteous and first class businesses.

THE INSURANCE BUSINESS

The oldest, wealthiest, best known colored business in North Carolina is the North Carolina Mutual Insurance of Durham. Vance County natives became a part of this business through policy holders and agents.

One of the earliest collectors in our community was Mr. Wash Clayborne. "Wash" lived in the west end of town, on Horner Street. He lived with his wife, Mrs. "Kittie" Hester Clayborne, and his children, Reginald, Dorothy, Lucille and Nathaniel. Early on Monday mornings, before the last of Saturday's wages were spent, Wash was knocking on the door. He had learned that by Tuesday, the only thing waiting for him would be a sad story. It seemed that insurance people are expected to listen to why the money was spent. However, should death occur, to a holder who was back several payments, the family expected the company to take care of the funeral. Many agents did pay from their own funds, when the story of why no money seemed unavoidable.

The names of some local NC Mutual agents are Thomas Burwell, Johnny Jenkins, Mable b. Wortham Ashe, Mangum, Peter Meadows, Marie R. Foster, Davis Mims, Sherman Parham, Walter Jordan, L. Platt, Richard Bullcock, J.D. Royster and Mr. Cooper, an inspector.

Sherman Parham came to Henderson when he married Miss Lottie Allen. His home was in Prince Edward County, Virginia. His early years were spent in writing new business as others had done, but he delved a little deeper into the mechanism of insurance business. The knowledge and interest he had in the business won him promotions. When he retired he was a District Manager for the NC Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Insurance is Sherman's cup of tea, but not only the whole thing. During the time he was working himself up with the insurance business, he had other things "brewing." He began a little venture in real estate. By the time Sherman was ready to retire he had with his devoted wife, Lottie, acquired enough real estate to keep him busy. Much of the repair and painting occupies time that could be lost were he less zealous.

When a student at Hampton Institute, Sherman met students from other countries. Many pupils came from the West Indian Islands. At that time money was available for school, but not for travel. The time did come when travel could be enjoyed. Sherman and his Lottie visited many islands, always bringing back tokens to the back home folks.

The Parhams reared Robert and Dorothy Mable Lewis, who were Mrs. Parham's deceased sister's children. When Mr. Lewis remarried, the children spent time in Oxford, North Carolina where the father and his wife, Bobby, had established their home. The Jackson and Parham homes on Parkway Drive were always home to the Lewis children.

Robert completed his college work at the University of Chapel Hill, with honors. He, like his Uncle Sherman, chose insurance as his vocation. He is in business in Connecticut where he has steadily advanced. Now he is Regional Manager Airline Analysis, Overseas Salesman, Pratt and Whitney Aircraft, Hartford, Connecticut.

Dorothy Mable Lewis Powell was interested in the functions of the human body when she was in grade school. The first year that the Science Fair was held at Henderson Institute Dorothy's project won a blue ribbon. Her teacher, Mrs. Elizabeth Ingram, was overjoyed. I remember Dorothy's project was on diabetes.

After college Dorothy went into the field of nursing. During her retraining she went to London England for some of her courses. Last year Dorothy received her Ph. D. in nursing. She is now Director of Nursing Program at Norfolk State University at Norfolk, Virginia. Dorothy and her husband are parents of a son and a daughter.

Mr. Sherman Parham spends a great deal of his time with, as he says, "My children."

THE EDWIN JORDAN STORY

Mr. Ed Jordan married Miss Laura Gilliam of Portsmouth, Virginia. Miss Gilliam's education had been obtained at Henderson Institute. Since she had lived in Henderson as a student from adolescence, she was contented to make Henderson her home. She had worked in the Vance County school system as a teacher and as a principal, so her roots were "taking root" here.

Edwin Jordan was a man of many talents and ambitions. He had been reared on several college campuses where music prevailed, and quite a bit of it stuck to Ed. He played the piano and was a hostess's delight. He knew the current dance pieces and could really get a party swinging. In business, he did not depend only on his undertaker business, he also ran a neighborhood store. Mr. "Big" Willie took care of that side.

When the chain stores came to Main Street, most small stores were frozen out. Ed soon "thawed" his, and it became the Chestnut Street Cafe. Laura's niece, Miss Mable Blount, came from Portsmouth and ran the Cafe for him, along with another niece, Marie Allen.

Ed and Laura's son, Walter, went to his father's alma mater and completed the mortician courses. For a while he worked with his father. After his marriage he moved to New York then to Durham where he worked for the North Carolina Mutual Insurance Company. Walter and his wife, Doris, have two daughters, Laurine and Valrie. They are both grown. Valrie is a graduate of Washington University Architectural School in Washington, D.C. Laurine is in the beauty business.

Ed continued his two businesses until he passed away in July, 1961. A few years before his death Ed built a home on Andrews Avenue and moved from the apartment over the business. Mr. Ronald Vaughan, who now runs the business, has also opened a florist business on the northern corner of Chestnut and Montgomery Streets.

Ronald Vaughan married Miss Evelyn Drake of Greensboro, North Carolina. Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan now live where Ed and Laura spent most of their married life, over the undertaker's shop. Mrs. Vaughan, a former Health Education teacher at Henderson Institute, still teaches Physical Education in Henderson where she has spent many years. She helps her husband in his business by being kind and sympathetic to the relatives of the deceased. The nearby florist business is also her other interest. Many women today remember Ms. Drake and the old blue Henderson Institute gym suits, and the black and gold panthers and pantherettes, called "panther rats."

Laura and Ed Jordan reared a girl, Billie Marie Harroll. She is like a daughter to them and should be mentioned. She returned, after college, to Virginia. There she plied her trade in cosmetics for Black people with Leggitt stores. She and her mother, Marie Allen, live together in Portsmouth, Virginia.

ALLEN JOHNSON

In the late 1920s Mr. Allen Johnson, his wife, Mrs. Mabel Johnson, and their four daughters came to live in Vance County. The daughters are Lillian, Lelia, Dorothy and Edna. Mr. Johnson was a barber by trade. He moved near the Graystone quarry because a more lucrative living could be made cutting stones than cutting hair.

The daughters attended a two-teacher school near the village of Graystone called Brookstone Elementary School. The principal and upper grades teacher was a young lady, Miss Laura Gilliam. Her primary teacher was Miss Mable Baskerville. Laura, now Mrs. Laura Jordan, remembers a pleasant walk to the Johnson home where she had been invited.

Not long after the Johnsons were settled, Mr. Johnson began to put his dreams into a reality. He opened a barber shop on Horner Street. He hired George Stamper, called "Crip" because he walked with a limp, to run the shop. Mr. Johnson opened a pool room in the back of his barber shop. He opened a dry cleaning establishment in the building next door, and hired Taylor Stamper to run that.

As soon as one program was running smoothly, Mr. Johnson would start another one. He opened a meat market on Horner Street, which was run by his wife, Mrs. Mabel Johnson.

By this time, the Johnsons were settled into what was to be their permanent Henderson home. The home is on Pettigrew Street, facing Ransom Street. A neighborhood store was added, and Mrs. Johnson and the girls helped to run it. The store faced the old Colored Central Grade School, and was just right for the school children's "sweet tooth" needs.

Mr. Johnson was also interested in real estate. He purchased several houses on Ransom and Orange Streets. He was the pioneer that opened "Red Hill" for Blacks, a section on the west side of Henderson. He bought and cleared the first lot that was sold on the Hill. His was the first house for renting tenants there. Mr. Johnson also owned a barber shop in Raleigh and Durham.

Early in their married lives, the Johnsons had lived in Ohio, so the Johnsons decided to go back to Ohio. The daughters were educated in schools in the Northwest. Dorothy, however, came back south and earned degrees from Spellman College in Atlanta, Georgia. She earned a Ph. D. from Georgetown in Washington, D.C. in Psychological Guidance.

Two years ago, Vance County was happy to welcome Dr. Dorothy Johnson Hunt and her husband as permanent citizens. Mr. Hunt is from Warren County.

The Johnsons were religious people. As soon as Dorothy and her husband were settled in their home on Oxford Road, she joined Cotton Memorial Presbyterian church. The church is indeed, lucky to have her for she has proven to be an excellent church worker.

The Johnson family were considered Black. There must have been that drop of Black blood that transforms everyone it touches. Mrs. Johnson could have passed for white and Mr. Johnson was more Indian than Negro. Their daughters were Caucasian and Indian looking. The third generation, who are the children of the Johnson girls by their Negro husbands, still look Caucasian and Indian. This family is indeed a case in point of every one who isn't a known Caucasian. These people have always been lumped with the Black race, if there is one.

A GUNSMITH

Thomas M. Jones came to the attention of the writer over fifty years ago when her father took a gun to Mr. Jones to replace some lost part.

The Jones gun shop was in a front room of his cottage on Allen Street next door to the Vance County jail on Breckenridge Street. I can't remember the conversation of the two men, for the shop was loaded with a variety of articles mended and unmended. There were the guns of course, but pots, pans, rakes, hoes and crockery held their places among the clutter. Charles Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop would run a second in a competition race.

Mrs. Peggy Bullock Williamson Carroll gave a little background on her grandfather the gunsmith.

Thomas M. Jones married Betty Bullock early in his life and lived in Middleburg. It seemed that he "picked up" his skill of mending broken things. Thomas must have been badly needed in that small community with

its "up town" of two stores: Bennets and one other that changed owners often. From his earnings Thomas made enough to purchase land in Middleburg. A deed held by his granddaughter is proudly displayed.

Thomas and Betty's children were Arthur, June Thomas, Prince and Nancy. Nancy Jones married Joe Dexter Bullock, Sr. Joe was of great help to the city for he worked for the Sanitation Department for a number of years.

Peggy Bullock, the granddaughter of Thomas M. Jones, can't mend things but she can make and supervise the making of all kinds of delicious and nutritious foods for the children where she lends her skills in the menus each day.

Peggy's daughter, Gail, and her sons, Ralph and James, are not interested in guns, but they are proud of a picture of their great-grandfather's display of guns that he replaced or mended the parts.

Thomas Jones had not only picked up mending skills, for somewhere along the way he learned to read and write. His progenies don't know where he learned for during his youth there were no schools for Blacks in Middleburg. The three great-grandchildren above did "pick up" the desire to learn, for all three have college educations.

BILLIARDS PARLORS — JOHN MAYFIELD

The few Black people who had parlors during the early nineteen hundreds were fortunate indeed. Most people were lucky if they had a spare room, bed or "front room," as the extra room was called. From the one room log cabin to a three or four room house was an innovation. Hence, a family with a parlor was indeed going upward. The word "parlor" conjures up visions of a drawn shaded, soft carpeted, velvety-upholstered furnished sanctuary. A place where the children were not allowed to play, and where only a few friends and the preacher ever entered, unless there was a marriage, funeral or some such affair.

Now, billiard parlors were not in homes back in the parlor days. They were uptown on the Main Street, if owned by Caucasians, and on side streets if owned or operated by people of color. These places were off limits to eyes if you were a girl. You were never to go into one, or even to turn your head that way when you passed. Only if Mr. John Mayfield, who ran such a place, was standing outside of his billiards parlor could you stop and talk to him because he was a family friend. When Mr. Mayfield died, whatever had gone on inside was missed. The adult men often lamented that there was no place to have fun playing pool.

Some years later, Mr. Oscar Stegall, his wife Charlotte, and their children moved to Henderson. When Mr. Stegall opened a billiards parlor, the days of eyes "off limits" were over for girls. Annie Bell Baxter, Mr. Stegall's granddaughter and some of her friends played when business hours were slow.

THE POOLE BROTHERS — TAILORS

Corrie and Robert Poole were born over in Virginia near Clarksville. They attended the local schools there. Later they went to Hampton Institute, at Hampton Virginia, and completed the study of tailoring. Their town was too small to support a living in tailoring. They came to Henderson and opened a shop upstairs over what is now the AAA Gas Company on Garnett Street. Later, John Cotton built a building on Montgomery Street, which became known as the Cotton Building. The Poole brothers rented a shop in the Cotton Building. They continued to ply their trade, which had become quite profitable. To be well dressed in the twenties, one must own a suit made by the Poole brothers.

Robert Poole became a professor of the tailoring department of A & T College at Greensboro. Usually, on Fridays Robert would come back to Henderson. He would work in the shop with his brother and William Southerland, called "Judge." William became a school dropout when his father, Rev. William Southerland died. He had to help support a mother and several sisters. He was lucky indeed when he dropped into the Poole shop where they taught him the skill of tailoring.

William supported his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Terry Southerland, and two children, William, III and Mary Bell. He supported his family with his earnings from the Pooles' shop all of his adult life.

Robert Poole married Miss Fannie Burwell, a teacher at Henderson Institute. To that union two children were born, Robert, Jr., and Doris. Doris, like her mother, became a teacher. However, Robert did not find interest in plying the needle. He became a Lutheran Minister and gave his services to the city of Greensboro.

Corrie married Ms. Marian Porter, also a teacher at Henderson Institute. She was a native of Georgia. Marian Porter Poole is well remembered by the children of Henderson. She taught first grade for over fifty years. Children wanted to be in Miss Poole's classroom. She had charge of the braiding of the Maypole every year. It was indeed an honor to be chosen as one of the plaiters, but if you got tangled in the ribbons, a switch untangled you. When May Day came, a mistake was never made. Mrs. Poole would stand to one side and direct with the flashing of her blue eyes.

Corrie and Robert died many years ago, but Mrs. Mirian Poole lived to be over a hundred. She and Corrie never had children. A niece, whom they reared, named Helen Cansler, took care of Mrs. Poole in her declining years. Mrs. Poole spent her last ten years in Guardian Care Nursing Home where she received excellent care.

Fate can sometimes be wonderful, as it was with Mrs. Poole and one of her teaching colleagues, Mrs. Adaline "Addie" Royster. Their last days were spent together in a nursing home.

AUTO WORKERS

On Garnett Street between Hamilton and West Andrews Avenue are two shops for automobiles with physical problems. The buildings housing these businesses are like Siamese twins, for they are joined. The first shop nearest to Hamilton Street advertises as "The Friendly Body and Paint Shop," "Friendly Auto Sales." This shop is owned by Mr. Alonzo Jones.

On the day that Mr. Jones was interviewed he came from another business that fronts his. He was the well-dressed business man; as his helpers kept the work moving. Thoughts went back a few years when Mr. Jones left Henderson to find work in Washington. At that time his job here in Vance County didn't pay him enough to support his family and to send his children to college. The Jones's children are rewarding their parents by being what their parents worked and sacrificed long years for them. Margaret is a teacher here in Vance County. Melvin is a lawyer in Lindale, Maryland. Linton worked for the United States Government in Washington. Jacquelin is attending a special school. She is special to her family and very special to the Cotton Memorial Presbyterian Church; where she is always on time, seems to enjoy the services and take part in the music. Her cheerful smile welcomes everyone in the left aisle. Yes, the Jones family is moving ahead with other families in pushing their children to contribute their talents here in Vance County and wherever their jobs call them.

The second shop is run by Mr. Edward Williams. His shop on Garnett near West Andrews Avenue offers help and cure for transmission problems.

Mr. Williams wasn't in his shop on the day visited but Mr. Morris Stokes who has worked in the transmission shop for nine years says, "We are doing just fine." The fact that Mr. Williams has been able to keep open, keep the same help for many years, certainly speaks well for the business.

BUSINESS

Two brothers, "Buck" and Roy Jones, opened a garage on Hamilton Street in the late forties. Both operators were well known for they had worked for different car dealers and garages in Henderson.

This business was a kind of family affair for Buck's wife, Mrs. Jessie Jones did all of the secretary work. Mrs. Jones was not a Henderson native. She was born in South Carolina. Much of her childhood was spent in New York where her father went to live after Jessie's mother died. Jessie quickly became a "native" for her pleasing personality and easy conversational manner made her office in the garage a social center for the wives as they waited for their husbands to get the cars repaired.

The Jones brothers came from a large family a few miles from Henderson. The parents of the Jones children were Mr. Jerry and Mrs. Maggie Basket Jones.

GEORGE GOOCH — MASTER MECHANIC

The old building on the corner of Lone and Hamilton Streets was once a humming knitting mill. It brought a real working spark to the "Happy Hill" ladies who usually worked in the tobacco factory, or in domestic work. Northern owners sent instructors to teach women to make stockings and socks on machines. Several of the first operators were older women who had made socks with two steel knitting needles. It had sometimes taken them a whole day to make just one sock. On these new machines, several dozen pair were made in one hour.

Eventually, the knitting mill moved further out. The county bought the building for a school bus garage. George A. Williams came out of A & T College with a degree in Auto Mechanics. He was hired and worked with the Vance County school bus system all of his working life. A few years before George died, the county moved their bus business away from Hamilton Street. The building, by this time, was showing its age. Children began to use the windows as targets.

In time, a man came from the north. He had operated a garage there. He bought the building and began to do the badly needed repairs. Now, Mr. George Gooch operates his mechanic business at 401 Hamilton Street.

PARKER FITTS AND OTHER MECHANICS

When automobiles were invented a new vista was opened for many people, but especially Blacks. Mechanics were needed to keep the parts well-greased, repaired and attractive. White people, who were able to afford the first cars, found that the upkeep tended to soil their well-manicured hands. Laborers were eager to work on the machines. The Blacks and poor whites had kept the wheels, axles and bodies of wagons, buggies and stagecoaches rolling.

In a few years after the cars arrived, many Blacks became expert mechanics. By the time Parker Fitts was born in Warrenton, the art of cars was being taught in the many shops that sprang up. Parker worked for a while in his town. Then he decided that he liked what he had seen in Henderson. So he and his first wife, Beatrice Plummer Fitts and his daughter, Hermine, settled in Henderson.

For the first few years, Parker worked at Motor Sales, the best-known business in town. His work became well known. He was said to do an expert job on every car, no matter how large or small the job. Many customers came from Warren County because they liked and respected his work.

Eventually, Parker bought land on West Andrews Avenue and built his garage. His business was a success. It gave him an attractive monetary living, plus living wages for other mechanics that he was able to hire.

When Parker became ill, two of his mechanics, Herbert Eaton and George Shearin, ran the shop for him. Parker's second wife, Mrs. Pearl Daniesl Fitts, employed Herbert and Geoge to continue the business. Later, Mrs. Fitts sold the building and equipment to Mr. Dallas Howard. He hires mechanics to help him keep the wheels rolling.

The names of some of the mechanics who were considered above average and excellent were Toolie Foster, Funny Foster, Sonn Carpenter, James Brodie, called "Genie," George A. Williams, Abraham Harris, Otis Massenburg, James Reavis, Jim Fitts, Ira Ward and Nig Ward.

Some of today's exceptional mechanics are Fred Alston, Walter Falcon and James Allen, Jr.

HUNTER TOWNES

Washington, D.C. has long been known as a model first for many things; first family, first permanent White House, etc. It was in Washington, while attending Howard University, that Hunter Townes saw his first mobile restaurant. He liked the idea. Some years later, he innovated "Hunter's Diner" on Montgomery Street. It was a discarded school bus. The seats had been removed and a small but adequate kitchen was placed near the front of the bus. From here, Mr. Eddie Bullock cooked and served quick orders during the morning and evening. About noon a full dinner of delicious stews and vegetables could be obtained. Most of the orders were to go, so seating the customers was not a problem. Along with his restaurant business, Mr. Townes continued a real estate business started by his mother, Melissa Townes. At the death of his mother, he bought all of her holdings. He expanded his business by obtaining a large plot of vacant land fronting on Roosevelt Street, Whitten Avenue and Ford Street. This land was divided into sections on which he built small, comfortable cottages. These cottages, with others on Whitten Avenue and Ford Street, are now owned by Hunter's son, Joel Townes. They are seldom vacant, for Joel keeps the cottages in top shape. Although they are nearly fifty years old, Hunter's real estate business lives on. Hunter's wife, Mable Highter Townes, continued the restaurant business. Not in the old diner, however, but on Horner Street and on Chestnut Street in the Edward Jordon's Chestnut Street Cafe. This business was "calling" distance from Hunter's first mobile diner.

Mr. Joel Townes, Hunter's son, was not interested in the restaurant business. After completing Henderson Institute and A & T University, he continued his real love, that of music. He has been master for over twenty years. At the present time, his "tooting" pupils are at a high school in Warrenton. Joel's wife, Julia, is home economics teacher in Warrenton also. Their son, Dwayne, has completed North Carolina Central. Their daughter, Lana, attends school in Henderson. On Sundays, when the Youth Choir of the Cotton Memorial Presbyterian Church has charge of the music, Lana can be both seen and heard on the front row.

OSCAR STEGALL

Mr. Oscar Stegall was a well-seasoned business man when he moved to Henderson from Louisburg about forty years ago. His barber shop and pool room were the "clubs" of the colored men. Just as Dr. Otis Hawkins' combination drugstore and ice cream parlor was the ladies "club" in Louisburg.

When Mr. Stegall first opened business in Henderson, he continued his Louisburg places with the help of trusted operators. Oscar roomed with the Gales family on Rockspring Street. He lived there until he could find a suitable home for his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Gill Stegall, and their children, Annie Lee, Ethylene, Oscar Turner, Jr. and George.

A comfortable house was found on Ford Street. Edward Reavis had built the house for his wife, Eliza Henderson Reavis. However, by the time their children were toddlers, Eliza died. Mr. Reavis sold the house to his friend, Oscar Stegall. Mrs. Charlotte Stegall and the Stegall children moved into their Henderson home and into the hearts of Henderson people. The Stegall children entered into the activities of the community. Mrs. Stegall brought to Henderson not only her four children, but a talent which she did not hide under a kettle. She gave freely of it where and when needed. She was a pianist. She joined Holy Temple Church, which was just across the street from her home. She played the piano for Holy Temple for over thirty years.

Mrs. Stegall had joined the First Baptist Church, in Louisburg, when she was eight years old. On moving to Henderson, she had joined Shiloh Baptist Church, where she attended for several years. Holy Temple Church needed her services; she decided to join and become a part of all of their auxiliaries. She worked with her church until July 31, 1979 when she, at age ninety-one went to join her Redeemer.

Mr. Stegall operated two businesses on Montgomery Street. He owned the building and ran his barber shop next to the Cotton Building. The pool room is down Montgomery Street, across Chestnut Street. A faithful worker was always on duty in the pool room. He is Thomas Wortham, called "Bo Peep" by childhood friends and some members of his family. Thomas not only worked for Mr. Stegall, Sr., but continued to work after Mr. Stegall died and his son operated the business. These two places, through the years, have given employment to many people.

During Mr. Stegall's time in Vance County, he engaged in the religious, political and civilian activities of the county. He joined the United Presbyterian Church, later to be renamed Cotton Memorial. He contributed to all phases of the church organization. For years, he worked with coroners in cases of which sudden or accidental deaths had occurred.

Mr. Stegall's last years were spent on Hamilton Street with his second wife, Mrs. Geneva Brandom Stegall. He was always loyal to his first wife, who was the mother of his children.

The second Mrs. Stegall's story will appear in another section. She was a business woman who has operated her beauty shop on Montgomery Street for over thirty years.

THREE CHARLIE FRAZIERS

Before the chain grocery stores came into being, housewives depended on the little neighborhood stores for their through-the-week needs. Mr. Charles Frazier kept the people on lower Horner, Spring and Parham Streets supplied. Not only did he supply groceries, but he was jolly and full of jokes for his customers. During his latter years, after his wife passed away, he became a regular "Romeo." He was small of stature, but carried his shoulders high, and was called a very smart dresser. On Sundays when his store, then on Chestnut Street, was closed he visited the widow ladies. Several expressed a wish that he would end their widow days. When the ladies began to get serious Mr. Frazier did not pop the question but moved onto greener pastures.

Mr. Frazier's son, Charlie, returned from the north after his father died. He opened a store on the Frazier property, near where the first Frazier store had been. A newspaper article came out in the local paper, with a picture of Charles Frazier, II, back home celebrating his one hundredth birthday. The article read:

"PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH SCENE OF 100TH BIRTHDAY AFFAIR"

Charlie Frazier celebrated his 100th birthday October 18th with his wife, Virginia and friends at the Nutrition Meal Site for the Elderly. Mrs. Esther Duke, nutrition meal site manager, gave a brief history of Frazier's life. She stated he was born in Granville County in 1882 and lived in North Carolina until he went to Washington, D. C. where he worked as a policeman for twenty-two years. He came back to North Carolina in 1954 and operated a small grocery store for thirty years. He retired from the grocery store at age ninety-seven and gave up driving. At this time, he was the oldest licensed driver in North Carolina.

Frazier was married to the late Sally Wood for fifty-one years. Three years after her death, he married Virginia Foster Davis. They have been married for twenty-eight years.

Frazier attributes his longevity to "serving God and treating his fellow man right." He says a prayer and reads his bible daily.

A grandson, Charles, a former Vance County principal, is now with the City Park Service.

HENRY KNOTT

Another farmer who turned merchant was Henry Knott. Mr. Knott came from out Williamsboro way. After a saving stint in Boston he built a store, with living quarters above, on the corner of West Rockspring and John Street. Besides the can goods, Mr. Knott displayed large baskets of raw peanuts, Nancy Hall sweet potatoes, turnips, sassafras roots, black walnuts and greens of every type from his farm. He brought something else with him that interested the young children, especially the girls, more than his store stock did. His grandson, Henry Knott, his namesake, was his helper. Mr. Knott's son, Allen, had worked in Henderson before the store opened. He married Miss Nannie Dorsey. Their children were Annie B. McLendon and Julia Cooper.

Mrs. Annie B. McLendon was a leader in her church and in the community near Eaton-Johnson school. During her tenure as president of the Eaton-Johnson Parent/Teacher Association, she had the largest attendance of parents in the history of the school. They came in droves, and not to "cuss" the teachers out for correcting their children, but to support the Eaton-Johnson program. On Sundays and whenever needed, Mrs. McLendon was organist for her beloved Davis Chapel. Mrs. McLendon had one daughter, Mrs. Darthrea Kelly. Mrs. Kelly follows her mother's lifestyle. She serves the schools and her church. Mrs. Kelly's children sing in Davis Chapel choir. They continue the good work that "Uncle Buck" Alston started long ago in his blacksmith shop, and ended in this church that Mr. Owen Davis gave him. The Kelly children are Linda, Allen, Janis, Yvonne, Rhena, Alvin and Bernard all attended Eaton-Johnson and Henderson Institute.

Linda attended Livingston and is now with the telephone company. Yvonne works for social services in Henderson. Her children are Rhanda, Kelly, Nicole, Vondrena and Vashni. Perhaps one of these children, who are the great-grandchildren of Mr. Henry Knott, who opened the first Negro owned store on Rockspring Street, will become a merchant. The old store building was used as a dwelling by Ms. Julia Williams. The land, however, still belongs to Mr. Henry Knott's heirs and could easily be converted back into its first use.

The store has been torn down since this writing, but the land remains "Knott Land."

GEORGE BRANDOM

Another business man, well remembered, is Mr. George Brandom. The Brandoms were from Kittrell, North Carolina. The father was deceased when the mother, Mrs. Mit Brandom, her two daughters, Miss Harriet, Miss Mary and a younger son Roy, moved to Hamilton Street. Mr. George had already married Miss Anna Watson and they had a family living next door to Mrs. Mit Brandom. The George Brandom children were Florine, Alice, Genevieve, Catherine, Bettie and Marie. Genevieve is the second Mrs. Oscar Stegall. She

has a well-equipped beauty shop in the Stegall-Hawkins building. Alice became the mother of Brigadier General Charles Jiggets, the first Black from Henderson to win that honor for his county.

When children sing their ring game, "Blue bird, blue bird flew my window," Mr. George Brandom comes to mind. Mr. Brandom was a chef cook. For many years Mr. Brandom and Mr. Willie Fitts owned a cafe on South Garnett Street, about where Clement's Motors now stands. Later, when Mr. Fitts opened a sweet shop, in the yard of his home on Whitten Avenue, Mr. Brandom became the chef for the Blue Bird Cafe on Wyche Street. He often stood outside and greeted people who passed by. He chatted regularly with the farmers who sold their tobacco in the warehouse right in front of the Blue Bird. Mr. George, his children called him "Pa George," the tobacco warehouse and the Blue Bird Cafe have all flown the window.

COLORED PEOPLE IN BUSINESS IN 1902 IN THE CITY OF HENDERSON

NAMES	BUSINESS	ADDRESS
Artis, Nathan	Barber	150 Breckenridge
Allen, Daniel	Carpenter	72 Pettigrew
Austin, John	Restaurant	W. 101 Garnett
Stamper ?	Blacksmith	118 S. Garnett
Brandom, Geo.	Baker	10 W. Montgomery
Brodie, Mary	Laundry	Smith Row
Bullock, Allen	Grocer	70 S Garnett
Burnett, J M	Merchandise	51 Garnett
Burwell, Lewis	Carpenter	72 Pettigrew
Carroll, Margaret	Restaurant	14 Gulf
Clark, Wm.	Painter	45 Brown St.
Clark, Alex	Blacksmith	1 Brown St.
Coleman, Samuel	Blacksmith	84 W. Montgomery
Collins, Eliza	Cook	49 Rockspring
Cook, W. Haywood	Barber	12 N Garnett
Cook, Mrs. Anna	Teacher at C C	
Cook, Rev. J. L.	Pres.Hend N. Institute	
Davis, Wm.	Restaurant	12 Garnett
Davis, Wm. T	Hostler Maker	181 William St.
Dunn, Carrie	Cook	16 James St.
Dunn, Ella	Cook	66 Chestnut
Durham, Henry	Grocer	88 S. Garnett
Durham, Winnie	Cook	42 S. Chestnut
Eaton, J. R.	Grocer	54 S. Garnett
Eaton, J. Y.	Principal Col Schl	4 N. Garnett
Eden, David	Undertaker	86 S Garnett

Ellison, Sadie	Teacher C. College	
Floyd, Anna	Teacher Col. College	
Floyd, Eliza	Laundry	11 Chestnut St.
Garrett, J. W.	Dean Colored College	
Gillespie, Mary	Teacher Colored College	
Green, Alice	Cook	8 Pearl St.
Green William	Carpenter	141 Rowland Ave.
Watson Col. Newspapers	<i>Herald & Gleamer</i> printed at	Colored College
Harris, John	Cook	69 Pearl St.
Harris, Laura	Student	150 Breckenridge
Harris, M. J.	Grocer	16 N Garnett
Harris, R. D.	Barber	32 Garnett
Harris, Sallie	Cook	N. End Garnett
Hart, Jas. W.	Shoemaker	32 N Garnett
Hawkins, Bell	Cook	130 N Chestnut
Hawkins, D.M.	Barber	14 S Garnett
Henderson Normal and Industrial College		Rockspring St.
Henderson, Lucy	Cook	66 Hamilton St.
Herndon, Hines	Mason	177 N William
Hicks, John	Restaurant	11 W. Montgomery
Hill, Dr.	Doctor	158 Charles
Hunt, Lessie	Cooks	160 Orange
Hunt, Susie	Cook	35 Peck
Jackson, Heywood	Porter	168 Breckenridge
Johnson, Mary	Laundress	14 Smith Row
Johnson, Samuel	Blacksmith	36 W Montgomery
Jones, Macon	Carpenter	142 Horner
Jones, Pemby	Laundress	160 Orange
Jones, Pembry	Laundress	160 Orange
Jones, Willie E.	Student	60 Pearl St.
Jordan, Martha	Nurse	115 Chestnut
Jordan, Mary	Cook	Smith Row
Kelly, Jas.	Driver	42 Young
King, Hattie	Student	52 Hamilton
Lane, Oliva	Teacher	Col College
Lassiter, Elnora	Nurse	46 Young
Mann, Wm.	Shoemaker	Revis Alley
Marrow, Dinkie	Cook	28 Andrews Ave.
Merriman, Robert	Blacksmith	28 Pearl St.
Merriman, Robert	Fireman	429 S. Garnett
Simon, Wm.	Blacksmith	84 S. Garnett
Marrow, Ida	Cook	33 Hamilton
Murk, Robert	Tinner	49 Bean St.
Outlaw, Oscar	Barber	34 S. Garnett
Peace, Jane	Restaurant	17 W. Montgomery
Perry, Rachel	Teacher	Colored College

Pointer, Merriman
Robinson, Anna
Robinson, Mariah
Rowland, J. I.
Sanderson, Wm.
Scott, Isaac
Seward, Adeline
Speed, Julius
Steele, Julius
Taylor, Eva

Baker
Cook
Laundress
Grocer
Teacher
Hostler
Cook
Shoemaker
Painter
Teacher

20 Smith's Row
73 Pettigrew
73 Pettigrew
64 S. Garnett
45 Vance
28 E. Montgomery
39 Zeane St.
4 N. Garnett
149 Charla
Colored College



Alice Harris, 1916. Alice was the daughter of "Ben" and Lucender Harris, owners of Blue Bird restaurant.



Helen Cansler was reared by Carrie Poole and his wife Marian Porter Poole.



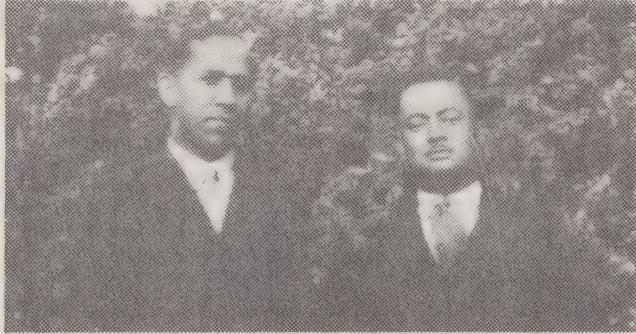
The Blue Bird restaurant owned by Ben Harris. Mary, Ben's sister is far right. "Ben" and two children are left.



Tobe Harris was "Ben" Harris's brother. Tobe was a worker in his brother's, Blue Bird restaurant.



Mr. Allen Johnson and his wife Mrs. Mabel Johnson ran three businesses here in Henderson. They were a store on Pettigrew, another on Horner and a barber shop on Horner.



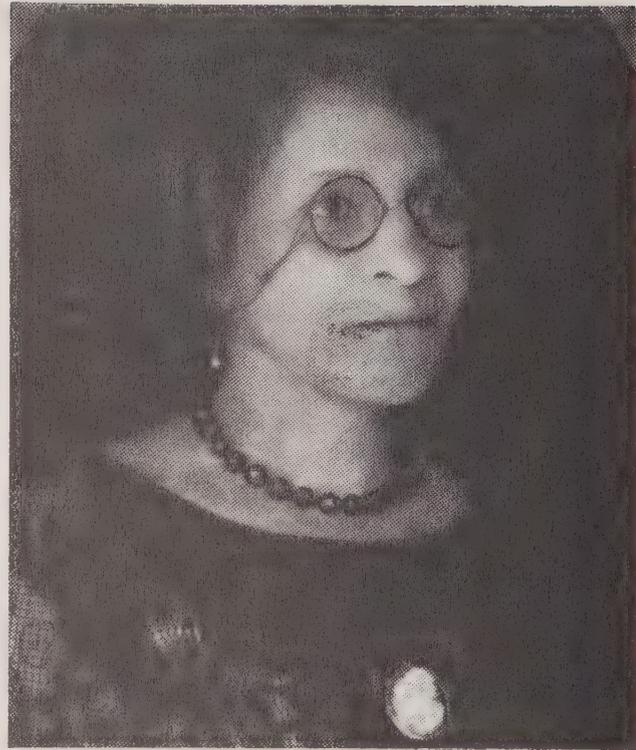
Left, Jack Mitchell ran a shoe shop on Garnett Street for a Mr. Grissom. Right, Hunter Townes, owner of lunch room on Montgomery Street and also a real estate business.



Mrs. Selie Harris, mother of Benjamine (Ben) Harris, who owned one of the first downtown restaurants for Blacks. George Brandon was cook in the business on Wyche Street.



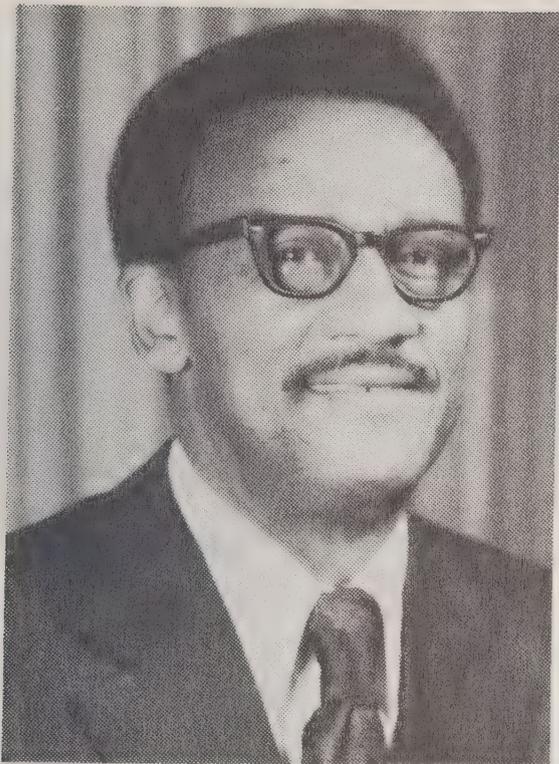
Hunter Hawkins owned a barber shop on Montgomery Street from 1907 until 1920 when he moved to Horner Street. He remained at that location until his death in 1949.



Mrs. Niland Gill, wife of James (Jim) Gill who ran a barber shop for white patrons on Garnett Street. His partner was Oscar Outlaw.



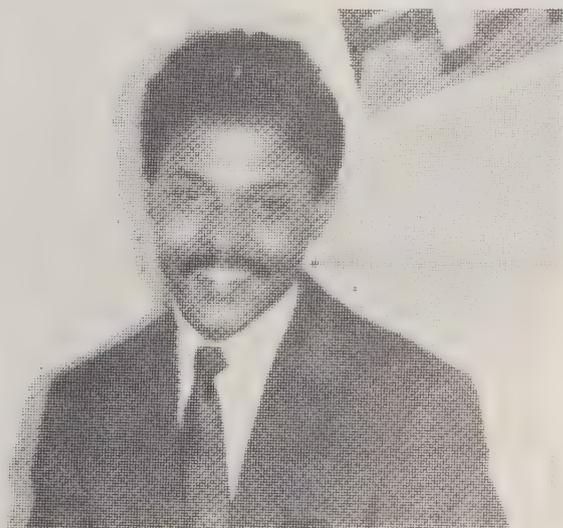
Ms. Bettie Esther Parham (Coleman), daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Carrie Hawkins Parham.



Rev. O'Kelly Lawson, Undertaker.



Montgomery Street in 1897. Where are the cars? The first automobile came to Henderson in 1899.



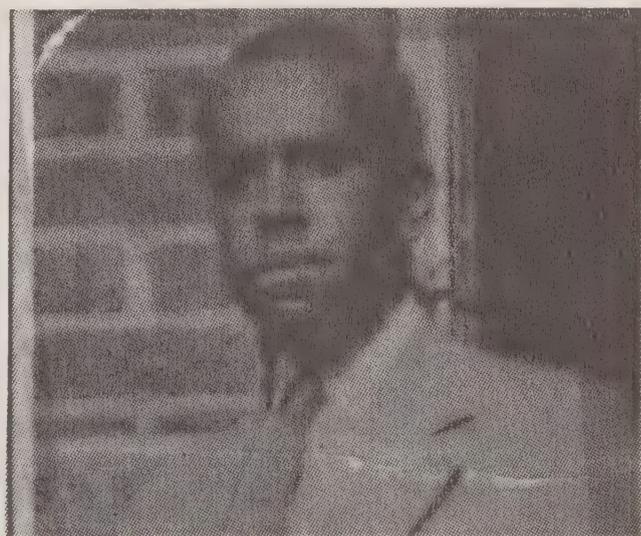
Frederick Baptist Jr., son of Frederick and Juani Thomas Baptist. Parents own and run a beauty shop on Eaton Street in Henderson.



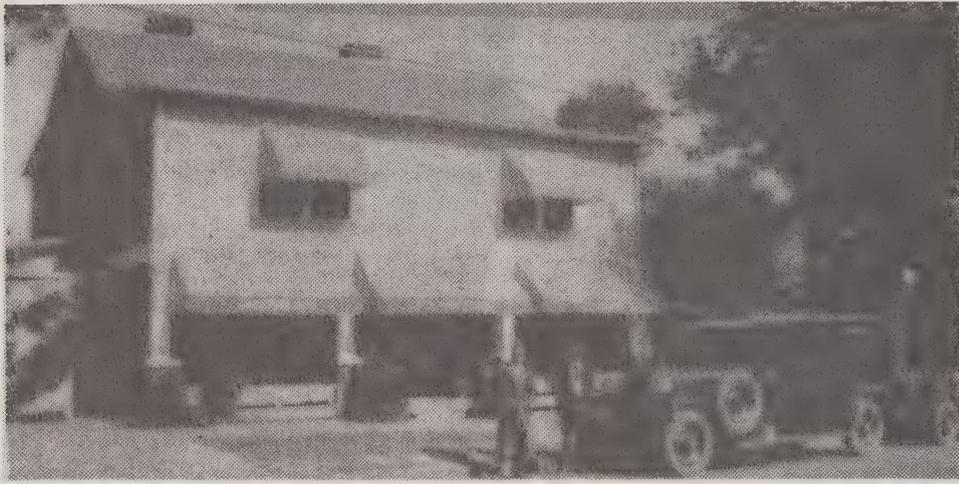
Hunter Hawkins first barber shop on Montgomery Street in 1907. Hunter's father, Henry, had operated a shop at the same place in 1888.



Mr. Charles Frazier, merchant, 100th birthday.

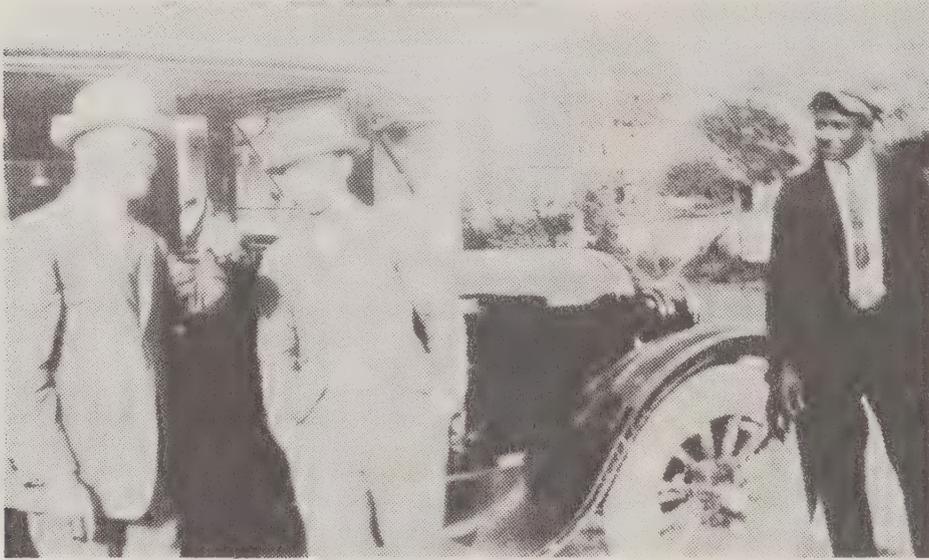


Carrie Poole, one of the Poole brothers.



Jordan
Funeral
Home

Ed Jordan's second funeral home about 1927.



Right, Undertaker Harmon Morrison.
Left, Wilbur Mangum and Dan, a
helper.



Lewis Hughes, Sr., 1919
brother of George Hug



Mrs. Gertrude Bailey Scott has owned
and operated a beauty shop in Hender-
son over fifty years.



Robert Hawkins, Sr., manager of The Colored Fair Association — Farmer and Merchant.



Oscar Hawkins has been a tailor for over fifty years. For years he gave his talents to New York. Now he is firmly settled on Montgomery Street in his own home town of Henderson. Zeda, Oscar's daughter likes to model, especially those beautiful clothes designed and made by her father.

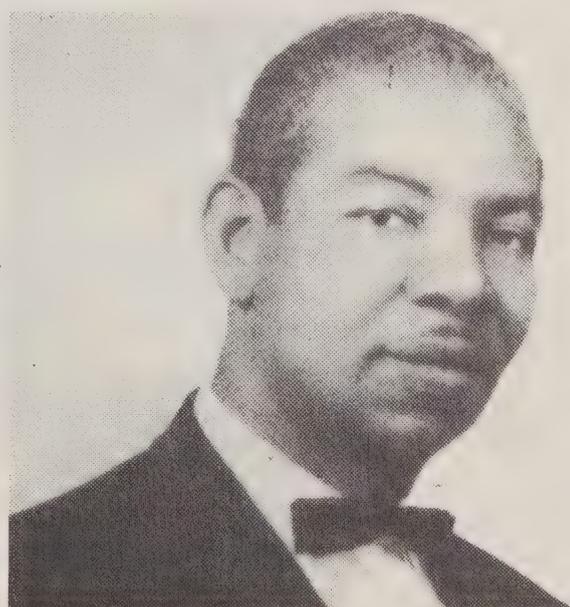


Mrs. Lottie Allen Parham, wife of Herman Parham, North Carolina Mutual Insurance executive.

Walter Gillis Garnes

(1914-1980)

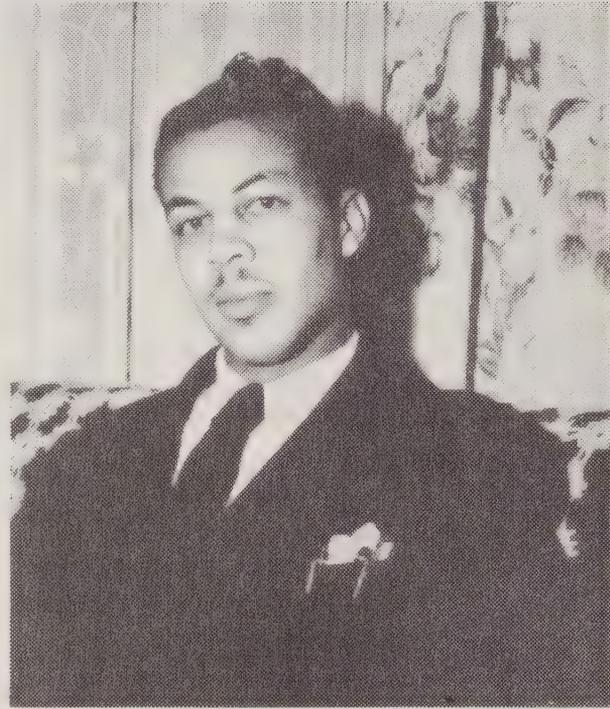
Founder Of Garnes Funeral Home



Mr. Walter Garnes was called Sont Garnes.



Lloyd and Floyd Garnes are twin sons of Walter (Sont) Garnes and Mrs. Viola Garnes. They were born here in Henderson in 1942.



Henry B. Crews, Sr. Undertaker.



(L to R) Aunt Nan Parham, Uncle Robert Cooper, Julia Reavis, Laura Jordan, Bettie Parham Thomas, Ruth H. Hughes, Curtis and Reese Reavis and Carrie Hawkins Marable.

Chapter VI

Patriots

WARS AND SOLDIERS

Sherman, someone had said, while marching through Georgia had made the statement, "War is Hell." That was before my time, also, I had nothing in my home to connect me with Sherman.

War to me was an enlarged picture of my papa standing straight and tall, and to me beautiful. It was on display where everyone entering our two room home could see it. Mama pointed to a symbol on his sleeve and said, "Hunter was a sergeant in the Spanish American War." I also knew that a check came to my papa every month from something that happened in that war, and that the sixteen dollar check couldn't be spent but must be put in the Citizen's Bank to be used to add two more rooms to our home.

In 1914 my papa began reading things aloud from the weekly "Grit" paper about fighting going on over in Europe. At eight years old I didn't have much conception of where Europe was. I had never at that time been any place but to Middleburg to visit my grandmama, Bettie, and to Oxford to the Orphanage for a celebration called the anniversary day. The Orphanage was fun for they had boys with dresses on, or so I thought when I stopped to stick my finger out and say "cheez." Mama pulled me along and wanted to know why I was teasing those little girls. I told her those were boys dressed as girls. She took me aside and explained that those children didn't have mothers to comb their hair, so the hair was cut until they were old enough to care for it themselves.

Well, papa continued to read about over there and making speculations of what would happen. What happened four years later in 1918 stirred up the American nation. Young men were being drafted to go overseas to help France fight the Germans. Now papa wasn't for fighting the Germans, because one of his Caucasian friends, a Mr. Dykie, was German. He worked as a linesman for Carolina Power and Light Company and had shown papa how to wire our new house, built in 1912. He and Mr. Dykie discussed the going ons and agreed that this war was wrong, because Mr. Dykie's sons, who were born on Chestnut Street were American citizens. These boys would be expected to go to France and kill some of their kin people who lived in Mr. Dykie's mother country, Germany.

During the World War I years, so many things were taking place that I didn't keep up with the Dykie sons. I often went down to the train station when the troop trains were taking our colored boys off to be trained to kill. I

remember seeing Mrs. Cora Hawkins, Mrs. Sarah Eaton, Mrs. Tama Baskerville crying as Benny Hawkins, Freedy Hawkins, Robert Eaton, Ruffin Baskerville boarded the trains. I asked papa if these men were going to kill some of their relatives in Germany, like the Dykie fellows would have to do. His answer was, "could be, colored folks are kin to some of everybody."

Papa lied to get into the Spanish American War. He was born in 1882, which would have made him sixteen in 1898. He signed on as twenty-one. When World War I needed soldiers Papa was thirty-six; a little old for the draft. During the war he kept up with the happenings through the "Grit" and every magazine that published maps, pictures and stories of the topography where the events happened. We were glad he didn't have to stand straight and tall to have his picture taken again. We always kept the old one.

As the soldiers returned from overseas, those that lived in Vance County were sure to be invited to our home for a big dinner so that they could have a long time to tell of what they had done, seen or heard "Over There." Mr. Ed Reavis, Ed Henderson and John Bell Hunt enjoyed the food and papa enjoyed their war "sagas."

Robert Eaton, from Rockspring Street, had a happy reunion with his brother, Otha, whom he hadn't seen in years. The odd thing was he didn't see his brother then. Robert told the following story. Robert's company was in a trench someplace near where the Germans were entrenched. The space between the enemy trench and the Americans was called "No Man's Land." One night they were relieved by another company. They talked with the fresh troop and were glad to leave, however, their orders to move out had not come through. Having nothing to do, for they were forbidden to smoke because a lighted match could tell the enemy just where to throw grenades. A soldier in the dark asked Robert his name. The soldier told Robert his name was Otha Eaton and that he had lived for many years in Detroit, but his home was in Henderson, North Carolina. He said his father was John and his mother Sarah. Robert said the soldier named all of his sisters and brothers. Robert told him that he was Robert Eaton of the same family. They shook hands and before daybreak Robert's company was moved out. So he didn't see his brother, only felt his hand.

The complete after the war story is found in the John and Sarah Eaton family report.

When World War I was on most people who didn't go to war had to endure the rationing of some of their favorite foods. When the war was over, they were so glad to get sugar, coffee, and delicious foreign delicacies that they were willing to forget the events of the war.

The old Spanish American War veterans attended the American Legion meetings, exchanged war stories and pictures. Willie Wilkins let Mann Kearney, Burwell Bullock, Hunter Hawkins know about all meetings con-

cerned with veterans. They attended the funerals of veterans who were buried here in Vance and nearby counties, and they hung their flags out on flag days.

World War II found only two of the colored soldiers who were members of Company H of the 3rd regiment of North Carolina living. My father, Hunter Hawkins, was proud to say, "Our company was all volunteer; we offered our services to our country no one made us go."

One Vance County comrade, of the people I have talked about was Henry Bullock. Henry had married Sarah Brown and settled in Oakland, California. His brother, T.J. Bullock, was one of the few commissioned Black officers in World War I. Every few years Henry Bullock would return to Vance County and stay with us. He would walk to the corner of Lone and Pearl Streets, stand, and gaze at his father's old homeplace. He had offered to buy the house from Mrs. Lizzie Epps, but she didn't want to sell because her son had bought it before he died and left it to her. However, Henry left money with papa to put down on the house if it was ever sold. He planned to come back to Henderson to live.

Henry was too old for World War I or World War II, but he helped his country by working as a security guard at an ammunition plant in Oakland. Hunter helped keep the USO room for colored soldiers on Horner Street. Old "Hawk," as he was called, had to be where it was at.

When Hunter died in 1949, Henry Bullock ordered us not to bury "Hawk" until he arrived. We did so and Henry salvaged all the old pins, medals and such to put on his comrade Sergeant Hunter Hawkins. Willie Wilkins, Ervin Burt and a squad were at the old Blacknell Cemetery for "taps." A few years later Henry and his wife, Sarah, came home for a visit. Henry became ill and was enroute to Oakland, California and died on the train. Nurse Rosa Lee Brown was traveling with them and helped Sarah during the traumatic episode.

The man at the veteran's office was unable to give me a list of Black men and women from Vance County who served in the different wars of the United States. I would like to salute each by name who gave their time or even their lives to our country; that being impossible at this time. So here is glory to all of you loyal people!

Before I leave soldiers, there is one I would like to remember with gratitude, love and sadness.

In 1933 we were forced to drive nine miles to a country school. The depression was still dragging its feet and there was hardly enough money in the county to pay the teachers and certainly not enough for fuel and a janitor. The children would go into the woods and get enough dead branches to start the fires. The superintendent, Mr. Rollins, did give a ton of coal. When we arrived the principal, Mr. Lane, who lived in the community, would have

a roaring fire in his stove and some of our fires were on the way. This went on for several years. When our salaries began to increase we decided to hire a janitor. A young, but large boy, Samuel Durham, took the job as our first janitor. He served us well; our fires were always going when we arrived. Samuel answered the call in World War II and was the first to die in the community.

BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES B. JIGGETTS, U.S.A.F.

The song begins, There is something about a soldier. Yes, and there is something about the above soldier that should be known by all the citizens of Vance County; for not all counties in the United States can boast a colored Brigadier General.

Charles Brandom Jiggetts was born in Henderson on Chestnut Street a few years ago. His mother was Alice Brandom, second daughter of George and Anna Brandom. Anna Brandom was one of the daughters of Mr. Charles and Mrs. Matilda Watson. Not much was learned about Mr. Charles Watson other than that he sat on the porch at 320 Hamilton Street near his wife who was called "Aunt Tilda." Howdy-dos were usually addressed to Aunt Tilda who answered, "bout." That "bout" stimulated more talk when one proceeded to Mr. Joe Gills Store that was where the Bailey's built their home later. The friend who was walking you to the store would ask, "What does Aunt Tilda mean by bout?" You couldn't answer but when you returned home mama and papa, if he was there, would be questioned about the "bout." Papa, who tried to answer all questions, explained the "bout" thusly. "Aunt Tilda means she is about as well as usual." Of course, Aunt Tilda talked to the adults for her porch was a favorite meeting place for the young married people and their children who came to talk while a lawn party was in progress in the oak grove that stood where Mrs. Geneva Stegall, Mr. and Mrs. Bobbit, Mrs. Carroll Jones' Garage and William Oliver's homes now stand. The Watsons were also popular because they were parents of very popular married daughters. Their daughters were Anna, Bettie, Alice and Sallie. One son, Willie Watson never married. He was editor and writer of the first paper published on Henderson Normal Campus. His printing press stood unused in an old building near the boys' dormitory for years after his death. As the school grew and the name changed to Henderson Institute, other papers came into being, but Willie Watson was the pioneer.

Anna Watson, Charles' grandmother married George Brandom, who owned a restaurant on South Garnett Street. To be a business man on Henderson's main street certainly gave one rank, if he was a nonwhite. To Anna and George's family came all girls, Florine, Alice, Marie, Geneva, Christine and Bettie. Alice, who was Charles' mother, was never very strong. When we played in the grove she would become ill and fall out. The children in the Hamilton Street area knew just how to help her, and in a few minutes she would sit up as if nothing had happened, and continue the play. Alice died after her mother, Anna, did and Mr. and Mrs. Jiggetts adopted "Charlie," as he was called.

"Aunt Tilda's" other daughters must be mentioned here for they and their families contributed much to our county. Bettie married Henry Gales. Under Mr. "Bat" Parham, Henry was the foreman of four hundred Negroes that worked in the Bagging Mill. Bettie and Henry had Pattie, Eddie, Lorenzo, Edna and Bettie. Pattie went to live in Pennsylvania after completing Henderson Normal. Eddie worked under his father in the Mill. Lorenzo became an undertaker. Bettie became a merchant and ran a little sweet shop on Rockspring near Chestnut. Edna married Lorenzo Edwards, bore four sons, lost her husband when the children were young, and stayed in the homeplace, where she still resides. Sallie Watson, after completing Normal school, married Walter Petillo of Granville County. Walter was principal of a high school in Tarboro, North Carolina. Sallie and Walter often brought their children, Mae and Walter to Hamilton Street to visit Grandpa Charles and Grandma "Tilda."

Alice had married a Mr. Summersville and had gone to live in Boston. Alice's son, Ernest, known all over Vance County as "Flat" Summersville, had completed a course in painting in Boston. Ernest returned to Henderson after his father died and lived with his grandparents in the home that his mother had bought for her parents, Uncle Charles and Aunt Matilda Watson. Ernest married Lizzie Ruffin and built a home on John Street. The Watsons passed away and Ernest and Lizzie came to Hamilton Street where both lived for over forty years. Now that Lizzie and Ernest are deceased, the home was willed to Geneva Brandom Stegall, who is Anna Watson Brandom's daughter.

When Charlie visits Henderson, which is often, he is remembered as the boy who served as president of the Young People's Christian Union of Cotton Memorial Church, then known as First United Presbyterian Church; as an alumnus of dear old Henderson Institute and as the young man who went to war a private and came back a General. Charles, with his wife and daughter, are stationed with headquarters at Griffis AFB, New York.

Charles was stationed in Alaska with his first wife, Maria Alexander Jiggets when Maria passed away. A water fountain stands in Kesler Temple Methodist Church as a tribute to Charles' devotion to his dear Maria. On his visits in Henderson with his Aunt Geneva Brandom Stigall, General Charles thinks of his Maria as she looked on her wedding day in the beautiful bridal gown, in Kesler Temple, and how she was last viewed in the same gown on her final day at Kesler Temple.

On October 29, 1982 Brigadier General Charles Brandom Jiggets was honored at a farewell dinner at Scott AFB, Illinois. The program of that occasion was sent to a group of friends here in Vance County who could not attend his honoring events, so Mrs. Gertrude Scott went for us. The following is an overview of our general.

BRIGADIER GENERAL AND MRS. CHARLES B. JIGGETTS

Brigadier General Jiggetts has been at Scot Air Force Base, Illinois since February 1981 when he became Deputy Commander for Combat Communications and Reserve Force Matters. He has been Vice Commander of AFCC since July 1981. Born in Henderson, North Carolina, and a 1943 graduate of Henderson Institute High School, the General attended Tuskegee Institute, Alabama. In 1944, he enlisted in the U. S. Army Air Forces and was honorably discharged in 1946. General Jiggetts earned a B.A. in Political Science in 1950 from Howard University, Washington, D.C., and in later years graduated from Squadron Officer School and completed Air Command and Staff College, Air War College and Industrial College of the Armed Forces associate programs. He attended graduate school at George Washington University.

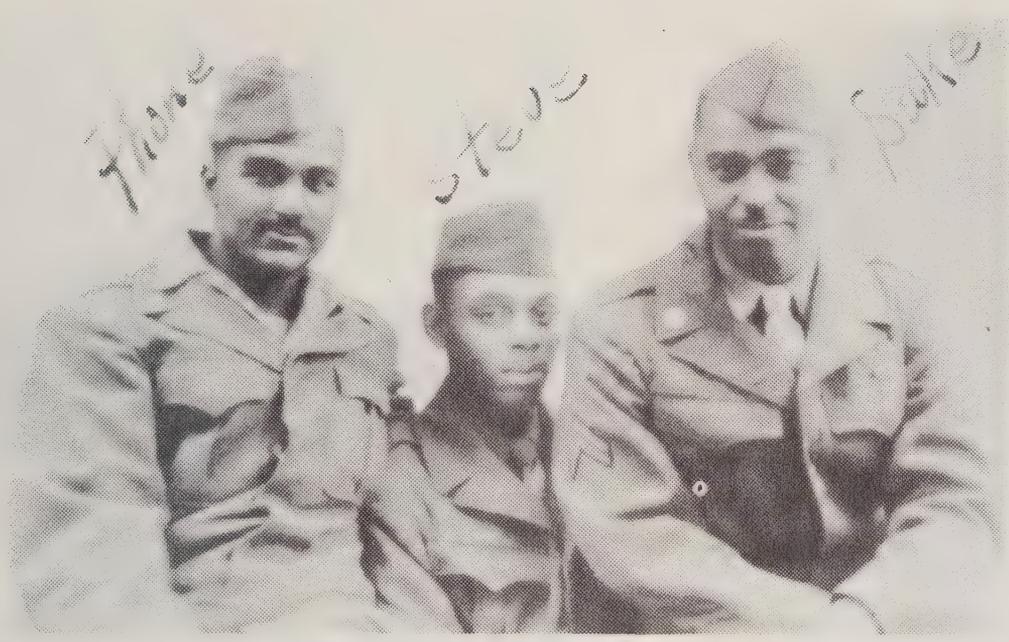
Re-entering service in 1950 after receiving his ROTC commission, General Jiggetts served at Sampson AFB, New York; attended flying school at James Connally AFB, Texas; and was an aircraft observer and radar intercept officer at Tyndall AFB, Florida and Elmendorf AFB, Alaska. The next few years saw the General at Dover AFB, Delaware; attending the Communications Officer Course at Keesler AFB, Mississippi; at Anderson AFB, Guam and back at Keesler for the Comm-Electronics Staff Officer Course.

The General continued in comm-electronics assignments at Fairchild AFB, Washington; Tan Son Nhut Air Base, Vietnam; and with the U.S. Strike Command at MacDill AFB, Florida; and in 1969 at USAF Headquarters as Chief of the Program Management Division for Comm-Electronics.

Before becoming Vice Commander of the Northern Communications Area at Griffiss AFB, New York, in 1974, the General served for three years as the Military Assistant to the Director of the Office of Telecommunications Policy, Executive Office of the President at the White House. He became the NCA Commander in 1976 and then went to Camp Smith, Hawaii, as Director of Communications and Data Processing (J-6) until coming to AFCC Headquarters in 1981.

Promoted to Brigadier General April 1, 1977, with a date of rank of March 29, 1977, General Jiggetts' awards include the Distinguished Service Medal, Defense Superior Service Medal, two Legions of Merit, a Bronze Star Medal, Meritorious Service Medal, Joint Service Commendation Medal, and the Air Force Commendation Medal.

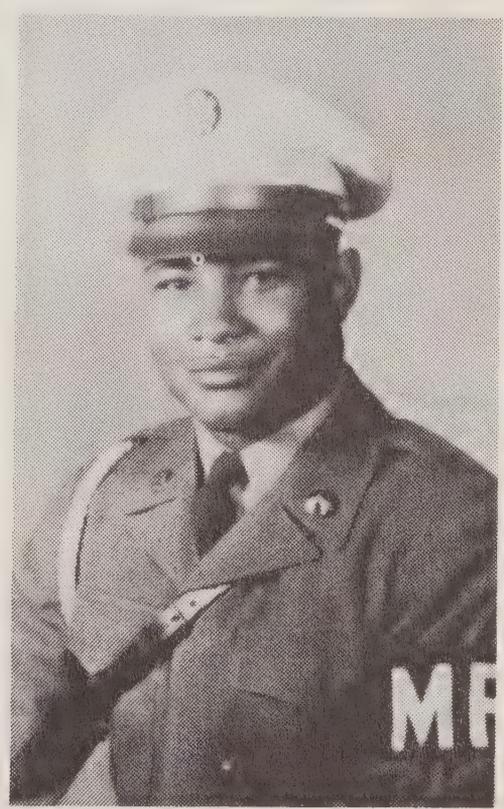
Mrs. Jiggetts, an alumna of Delaware State College, Dover, Delaware, is the former Barbara Mosley of Frederica, Delaware. The General and his wife have one daughter, Victoria Lynn.



Duke Hawkins, U.S. Army. Husband of Rosa L. Brown Hawkins.



Thomas Douglas Hawkins, U.S. Navy, twenty years.



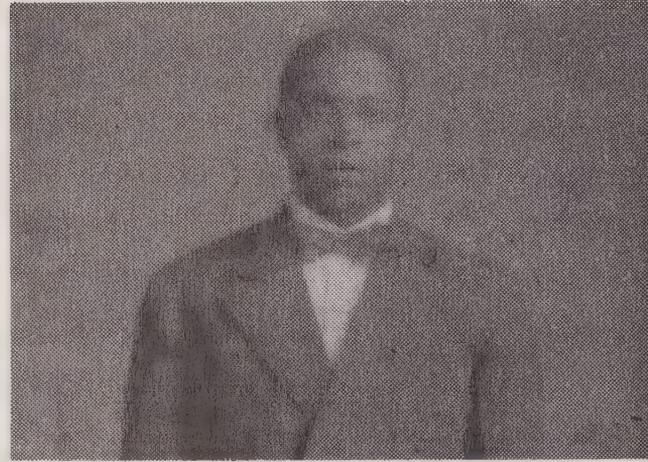
Asker Boyd Hawkins, Jr., a soldier and a teacher.



James and Robert Lyons. U.S. Army. Twin sons of Mrs. Hattie Hawkins Lyons. Cousins to Guy Bluefar, first Black Astronaut.



Phillip Lewis, U.S. Army, son of Mrs. Bertha Dunston.



Seaman Thad Jackson, 1907, U.S. Navy.



Jordan Henry, served in World War I in 1918.



Brigadier General and Mrs. Charles B. Jiggetts, Air Force. Grandson of George and Anna Brandom.



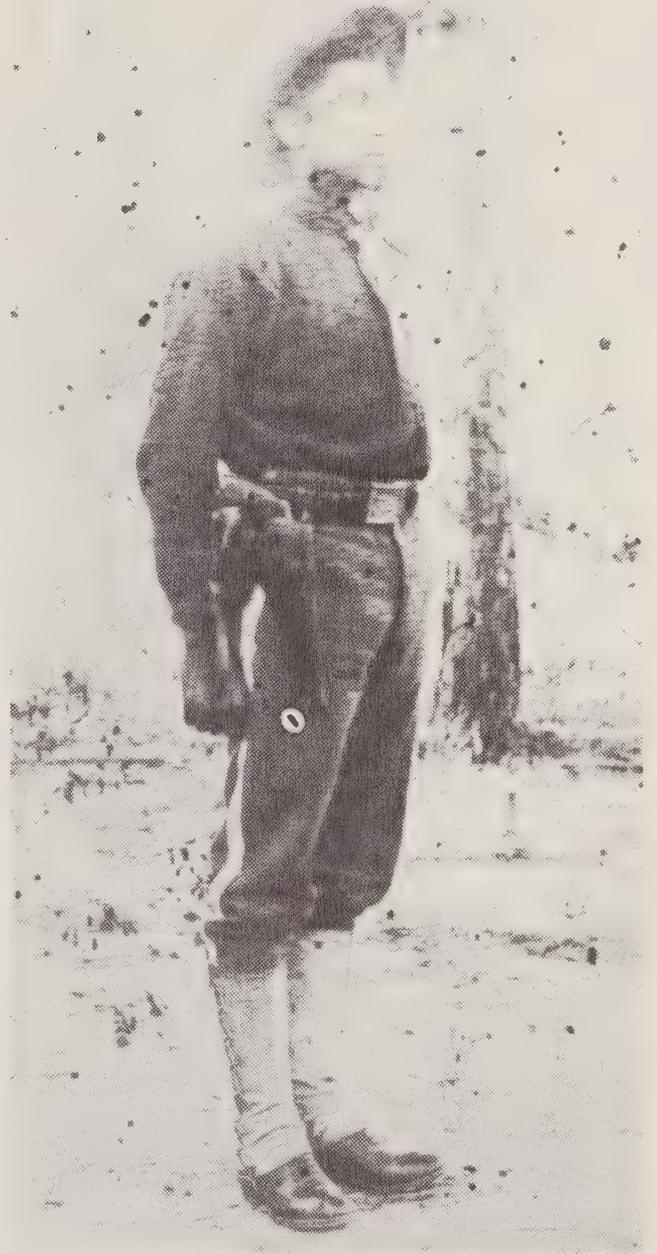
Henry Jordan "Spainard" was born in 1899. Served in World War I. Henry was the son of Lucy Jordan and the grandson of Aunt Sarah Clark Jordan.



Hunter Whitehead Whidbee was as proud in 1983 of being made sergeant as was her great-grandfather, Hunter Hawkins, in 1898 when he was made sergeant for 3rd Regiment of N.C. Volunteers.



Hunter Whitehead Whidbee's mother, Marcia Yergan (Crews) Whitehead shared Hunter's promotion in Texas in 1983.



Sergeant Hunter Hawkins, Spanish American War 1898. Co. H, 3rd Regiment, N.C. Sergeant.



Gilliam, Nathaniels' I, II and III.



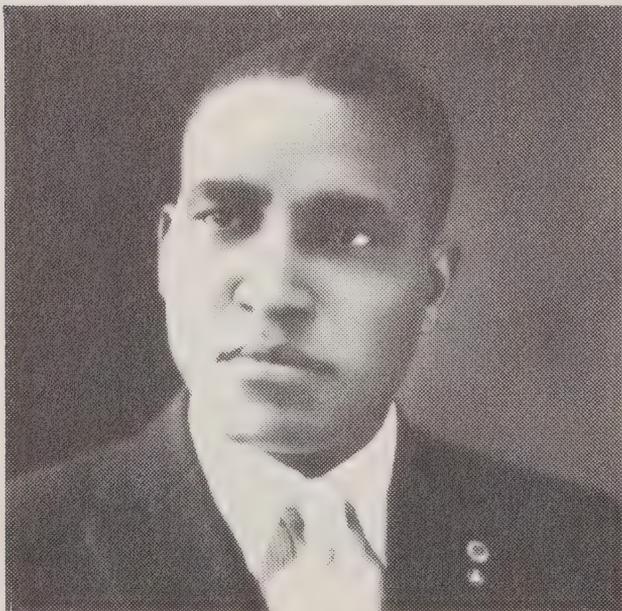
Demetrius Floyd, U.S. Navy, from Kittrell, N.C.



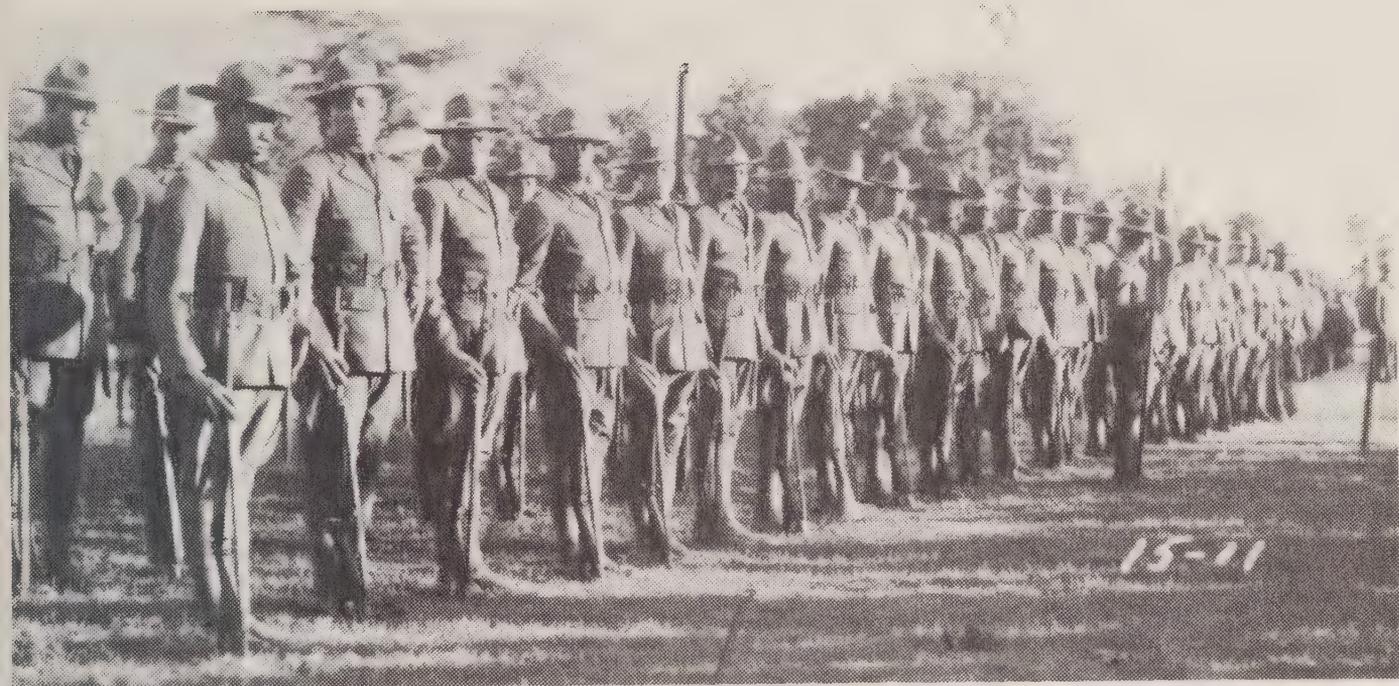
As a student at Hampton, Univ. 1913. Thomas J. Bullock was a commissioned officer in World War I.



Altonio Cruse Bullock, Tyndall Air Force Base, Florida.



Henry Bullock served in Spanish American War in 1898. Brother of Tom Bullock.



Ashe Harris, Ruffin Baskerville, and Lewis Hughes' company in 1918, World War I.



Ashe Harris served his country in World War I. Mrs. Selie Harris was his mother.

Chapter VII

Trades

TRADES AND COMMON LABOR

CARPENTERS

There was a time, right after World War I that many colored youths aspired to attend the prestiged colleges. Howard University in Washington and Meharry Medical School in Tennessee were favorites. Girls whose skins were light enough would scramble to get into Fisk University. Several girls, who were forced to attend other schools, reported that their top grades were acceptable. But, when their photos were sent, they were denied admission. Their color wasn't what Fisk was "wearing." Of course they were not told that Fisk wanted light brown and yellow girls. They drew the conclusion when some members of their class who were not even in the top twenty were admitted. When their photos were sent, they were light brown and yellow. One well-known woman who was not accepted at Fisk went on to another not prestiged school. She now holds two Masters degrees and a Doctor of Philosophy degree. She has been a professor in music for over thirty years in a Florida University.

One or two colleges were shunned because they fostered the trades. Hampton Institute in Virginia, and Tuskegee Institute in Alabama were built and run by people who felt that the Negroes would blend into American life through the trades.

World War I had grabbed the Negroes from the rural as well as urban regions. It had opened their eyes to a chance to be "somebody." They imagined that the right prestiged school would place them in offices with brass, leather, mohair and mahogany embellishments.

They frowned on the trades for they seemed to carry a stigma-twang of the not so long ago slavery. However, only a few Negroes had the money to go to the schools that they would have liked to attend. As a result, many settled for the next best thing. They attended the cheaper schools where trades were taught or got helpers jobs with the masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, cobblers and painters.

Vance County has had enough and more than enough of people with trades. For many years Sidney Hayes was considered the best colored carpenter in Henderson, by the white people. He was considered the best carpenter by his Negro employers. Sidney had a picture of his father hanging on the wall. When he was asked where did he learn to do blueprint, he pointed to

the picture. Sidney was proud to square his shoulders and say, "Papa taught cabinet making at Saint Augustine College. That picture of my father, Will Hayes, was taken in his office at Saint Augustine."

Mr. Will Hayes had not gone to college to learn carpentry or blueprint. He had learned from a master craftsman, his father. At the time that Mr. Will Hayes taught at Saint Augustine College, no degree was needed to teach the trades. Knowledge and skill and the ability to teach those skills to others were the requirements for a "professorship."

Some other good and well-known carpenters were, Avont Bullock, Quency Mills, Edward Wyche, Omega Davis, Sam Williams, Clarence Knight, Blanch and Nelson Clay, Sr., Nelson Clay, Jr., Junious Satterwhite, Percy Ward, Sr., Percy Ward, Jr., Jasper Davis, Edward Brame, Eugene Fleming and Van Anthony Vandergrift.

Mr. Parker, of Oxford, and contractor Samuel Thomas from Warren County share the Vance County spotlight. Around Henderson, many beautiful homes can be seen that were built by these two. A newcomer from Ahoski, N.C. is making a name for himself in the carpenter contraction business. Mr. Lenton Jordan formerly taught school in New York City. He became interested in the construction business. He gave up teaching and went back to school to learn all the intricate skills needed to be a master in the business. He first impressed the citizens of Henderson when he bought the old Burwell Bullock homeplace on Rowland Street. This house had not been lived in by any of the Bullocks in over twenty-five years. Time and tenants had taken their toll on the house. Mr. Jordan did more than a face lifting, he gave the place a completely new face. Mr. Jordan is married to Miss Elizabeth Hawkins; the daughter of Mr. Charlie and Mrs. Lillie Hawkins. He moved his family into the renovated home just in time for the arrival of a new daughter.

Among the carpenters named, only two were college educated. They were Avont Bullock and Lenton Jordan. However, all of the others knew enough about how to measure, saw and nail to "raise" buildings and homes in Vance County for the people who needed them.

Mr. Hurley Lee, of Norfolk, Virginia and Mr. Joe Nicholson and Mr. Willie Johnson work well as a team. They can build a house from scratch or make an old house look new.

Mr. Nelson Clay, Sr., mentioned along with his two carpenter sons, was more than a carpenter; he was a romanticist. When he became old and was working on a job with his sons, he would do a little resting by going to the water pail with the gourd dipper and taking a long water break. If there were children around, he would begin reciting some catchy lines in a sort of sing-song voice. As the children drew near they would hear, "As the vine grows around the stump, I choose you for my sugar lump, sugar lump, sugar lump." The children would join in and would use the ditty in their ring

play. Gladys Clay, James Clay and Bertha Daniels are Mr. Nelson Clay, Sr.'s grandchildren. When these children lived in the home with their grandfather, they never lacked for company. All the children in the neighborhood wanted to be there to hear "Pa" Clay tell a romantic story or sing his original poems. A favorite was, "My love is like a long potato row, when I reach the end I hope to find you there with a hoe." Mr. Clay, or "Pa" Clay, said that was the line that won him his beautiful wife.

When Gladys Clay, later Mrs. Sylvester Hight, became a young woman, her voice had developed into a soft, mellow soprano. During her high school days at Henderson Institute, she was given a part in every program that had music. Perhaps, Pa Clay's little ditties aroused the music within her. The other granddaughter became a nurse and served at the first Jubilee Hospital until she passed in the middle 1940s.

MASONS AND PLASTERERS

The passing of one well-known brickmason read thusly: "Mr. Thomas Hawkins, well-known Negro brickmason, died at his home in South Henderson Tuesday night after an illness of three weeks. He plied his trade here for many years, working on numerous buildings in the city." This same announcement with different dates could have been used with Mr. John Betch and his large crew of brickmasons, John Botts and others whose names were not remembered. Mr. John Betch plied his trade from 1898 until death in the 1900's, not only in Vance County but in other nearby counties. The old Oxford Hotel on Main Street in Oxford still sports an imposing face by the Betch crew. His own home on Rockspring, now owned by Mrs. Coley Bonds, is one of the few solid brick homes in the community. Most of the later homes are brick veneered or just one coat of outside bricks. The Betch structures were many layers of brick, called solid brick.

Mr. Charlie McDougal came to Henderson a little after Mr. Betch established his trade. He joined the Betch crew and was a well-known mason. He married Miss Katie Davis, and their children will appear elsewhere in this report, but the mortar and skillful use of the trowel enabled their children to move in professions where they were able to contribute to Vance County's glory, and in the field of education. James McDougal's winning Henderson Institute Panthers certainly brought glory to the sports fans.

Mr. George Pete Williams was a "loner." Most of his jobs only required one helper. He was a mantel and steps expert. There are very few of the old homes in Henderson and Vance County that don't wear something by George Pete Williams. Many people chose him not only for his excellent work, but to enjoy the many humorous tales he kept at his fingertips. If the tale was on some person known to him and his listeners he would say, "Now this joke on John Doe becomes your joke if you repeat it and I will not even be a witness for you."

A brick wall, made of the two main chimneys from the Bailey Owens mansion, had to be torn down recently because the street on which it stood was being widened for paving. The owner of the wall cried, not so much for the wall, but because Mr. George Pete Williams had built it with so much skill and care. Lovely 12x12 flower boxes were built right into the wall topped to match brick steps that he had made over twenty-five years before, on the owners home.

The man who ran the bulldozer offered to move the old torn down wall. The owner refused, thinking of the joy shared when the wall was erected. The few bricks that have been salvaged and cleaned will be placed in the flower garden of the owner and made into flower boxes as a tribute to all the colored masons, especially Mr. George Pete Williams. Although Mr. Williams only son and daughter-in-law died as a young married couple, George and his wife Ruth's sons can still see something of their grandfather's work as part of the old flower boxes will be used in the new structures.

Mr. Buddy Goode attended Hampton Institute in the early 1900's. He came to Henderson and married Minnie Royster. His work in plaster, brick and mortar became well-known and eagerly sought after. His training at Hampton Institute enabled him to observe and measure a job to be done and to give the person needing the work an exact figure as to the amount of materials needed. Many workmen could perhaps do the job as well but had to order as they needed it. If they tried to give an estimation they usually over ordered. When the brick work was slow, or the weather was too cold to mix mortar, Buddy could be found in his little grocery store right next to his home on East Rockspring Street.

Once when Mr. and Mrs. Goode were planning to build their home, they decided to go north in order to make more money for their project. They were fortunate to get jobs with Mr. John Phillip Susa, the March King. Mr. Goode liked to tell little jokes on the eccentricity of the then rich Mrs. Susa. When John Phillip Susa and his wife first married he did not have very much money. Mrs. Susa wanting to help her husband, had to be very thrifty. When the Goodes went to work on their estate there was plenty of money and everything, but when the maid wanted to put the white bedspread in the laundry, Mrs. Susa objected. She ordered the maids to just shake the spreads, because too much washing would wear them out. Mr. Susa helped out by buying other spreads just like the ones that needed to be laundered without Mrs. Susa's knowledge. Also, Mrs. Susa objected to the grocery delivery wagon coming into her driveway because too much wear would cause the cement "to not last long." The delivery boy objected to carting the heavy load all the way from the street to the back door. Of course the store owner called Mr. Susa. He didn't know just what to do as he couldn't very well exchange driveways. Buddy solved the problem when he told Mr. Susa that working with cement was his vocation, and that he would repair the driveway or lay a new one if and when that one wore out. The old driveway was still there

years later when the Goodes paid a visit to the Susa estate. Both the March King and his lady were dead, and the delivery trucks were still driving in and out of the yard.

Mr. Howard Walker is working with the old bricks and mortar and also with many present-day textured materials. Charles Walker, called "Skeeter," a relative has learned the trade and is indeed a handy part of the Walker crew. Mr. Howard Walker, Jr. married Miss Mary Etta Williams. Mr. Edward Green and Mr. Willie Green were the sons of Mr. Gus Green and his wife was a Miss Parham. Mr. and Mrs. Gus Green said they always wanted some daughters along with their sons, but after the two boys came they never had others. When Edward and Willie were married the parents were delighted for now they had their daughters. These daughters-in-laws were loved more by their inlaws than most daughters-in-laws of only sons.

Mr. Edward Green married Miss Laura Harris, a practical nurse. A son, Junious was born to this union. Mr. Edward Green had chosen masonry and plastering as his trade. When Junious was quite young he learned the trades from his father and uncle Willie. Junious had the reputation of being one of the fastest plasterers in Vance County. His fame spread to other counties and often he would be called to Raleigh, Durham and other places on big responsible jobs. Later Mr. Junious Green became interested in law and order. He completed a course and has worked with the National Government in an official capacity.

Mr. Junious and Mrs. Mary Pendleton Green are parents of two sons. Junious Green, Jr. and Edward Green were born on Chestnut Street during the time their mother was teaching at the old Central Colored Grade School. Mary Pendleton was a northern girl and decided to take her sons to Philadelphia, Pa. to be educated. Edward, who was named for his grandfather Edward Green, the master mason, joined the Army and became a Marine Lieutenant. He is said to have faced combat in the past, but his biggest battle is his fight to keep Eastern's most profitable division in the black. Edward Green is the highest ranking black executive working for a major carrier in the airline industry. Vance County is proud of such children who are making big footprints wherever they are living.

Mr. Willie Green brought joy to his parents when he married "Dough" Royster. To this union were born Ethel and Clarence. Mrs. Willie Green passed away when a very young woman. Mr. Willie Green then married a Miss Tassie.

Although bricks and plaster have no relation to nursing in the Green families there seemed to be some sort of cohesion. Mrs. Gus Green, the mother of Edward and Willie, was the daughter of one of the best-known midwifery nurses during the 1900's. She was called Nurse Della Parham. Then Edward married Laura Harris, a nurse, and Junious' first wife, Irene Saunders, was a children's nurse. She had taken her training at the old Jubilee Hospital on Witherspoon Street.

Mr. Ted Smart could lay a brick, but he was well skilled in the field of plastering. After marrying Miss Katie Cook, he forsook his county of Wake, I think, and became a Vance County citizen. He brought a style of art to plastering not seen in the buildings around our county. His ceilings were made to look like tiny hanging stalactites. His side walls though smooth, had designs of coral, the marine polyp, all over them. Each design seemed the identical twin of the other, although he did not use a pattern; just his brush and a keen eye for details. His adopted son, still in his early teens, can handle well the trowel. Several times he has completed jobs when Mr. Smart was called to patrol or other duties. He works so like his father that employers are well pleased.

Scotland Neck sent two excellent workmen to Henderson in the 1920's. Mr. Walter Shields married Mary and Mr. Clarence Knight, Sr. married Martha, the sister of Mrs. Shields. Mr. Shields brought with him a wealth of knowledge about plastering. As soon as he had established his family permanently in Henderson, he built a home on Pearl Street. The house is a very good advertisement of his ability as a plasterer. Cement covers the house like frosting on a cake. Mr. Clarence Knight did the carpentry on his home right beside the Shields home, and a gabled roof with a cement finish ties the two sisters who are very close, even more closely together.

The Shields and the Knight children stories are appearing in other sections of this report. Their names are Alma and Addie Shields, Clarence, Virginia, Helen, Agnes, Julious and Wilbur Knight.

TRADES — REAVIS AND DAVIS, OMEGA AND SUSAN DAVIS

People who work at one trade are often good at several. Mr. Stephen and Mrs. Emma Brim Reavis, and Mr. Peter and Mrs. Rebecca Davis were such people. Children from these families were involved in many different trades. Two offspring from these parents were engaged in diversified trades in Vance County and all the way up the eastern coast to Massachusetts.

Stephen and Emma's children are Susan, Joseph, Samuel, Pattie, Edward and Fred Reavis. Peter and Rebecca's children are Omega Alfa, James, Robert and Katherine Davis Kelly.

From the Reavis family, Susan married Omega Alfa Davis. Omega was a man of talents that were needed in our county back in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, as well as now. Omega was trained in the carpentry trade, which landed him as a looper for the American Tobacco Company. In Omega's early life, he was reared in a home where there was just one girl. Mrs. Rebecca Davis did not believe in discriminating against her children, so she taught her son her art of cooking. The sons, James and Robert, gave that part of home work to their wives when they married, but not Omega Alfa. He liked to take charge of the kitchen and let his Susan, whom he always called "Darling" take care of their ever growing family.

Also, for many years he would go away with Company "C," of the United States National Guard and cook for them. He cooked from Soul to Gourmet foods.

Mr. Omega and Mrs. Susan Reavis Davis' children were Campbell, Mary Magdaline, Zollie, Gola Beatrice, Ella, Omega Alfa, Jr., Robert, Wilbert and Milbert Davis. The Davis children who are living and their trades or professions are as follows: Mrs. Golda Beatrice Davis Winters is retired and lives in New York City. She ran the Women's Exchange Catering Service, which serviced exclusive affairs in NYC, Brooklyn and Long Island. Besides being a caterer Golda was with the NY Theatrical Organization as a personal maid. She was maid for many years to Miss Wilda Bennett, a Broadway dancer. During the twenties a maid had to be well versed in hairstyling, makeup and costuming. The maid had to know and remember the appropriate costumes for the different dance sets. Golda also helped with the lines and the cues. Now there are five or more people to do those things for an actress.

Although she is now retired, Golda's telephone is still busy directing food services for gala affairs.

Ella Davis Lassiter lives in New Jersey and is a housewife. One of Ella's daughters is a trained nurse. Omega Alfa, Jr. lives in Brooklyn, New York. Until he retired, he ran the Dean Cleaners and Dyers Shop. Omega, like his father, is very handy with the hammer and saw. Robert lives in Boston in winter and in Hyannis in summer where he owns a cottage near the sea. Robert is retired from the U.S. Navy.

Mrs. Milbert H. Davis Jefferson is a retired Executive Secretary from the Harlem Hospital Center in New York City. She is the only member of the Henderson Institute class of 1926 who was ambidextrous. She had the best handwriting with left and right hands in the class. Mr. Adams, our math teacher, would often get her to put tests in long hand on the blackboard. She would write one line with one hand, then the next line with the other hand. The large study hall where Mr. Adams taught always had several classes studying. When Milbert did her thing with the both hand technique, all eyes were on her. If Mr. Adams wasn't looking, as she sat down, without moving her lips or a muscle of her face, she'd ask "Anybody know the answers?"

Milbert and her husband, Mr. George Jefferson, are the parents of two sons. George Jr. is a teacher in Los Angeles, California. Their daughter is Debrah Jefferson, the only girl. Robert, the Jefferson's youngest son, did not go to Lincoln University as his brother did. He went out to the University of Wyoming to study architecture. He completed his studies, came back to New York and was hired by a firm. One of his first jobs was to draw plans for a hotel in the Island of Bermuda. By the time hotel was completed, Robert had

fallen in love and was engaged to be married. His firm gave the newlyweds their honeymoon in the hotel that Robert had designed. Now Robert has a daughter whose name is Dawn Nichole Jefferson. At this point, she is too young to choose her vocation. It may be a trade or a profession. Time will develop this.

HOUSEMOVERS

There is one thing that moving, long ago and now, has in common — the jack. If the house is low, it must be raised with jacks high enough to sit on the huge rollers. The same method was used back in 1912, when Mr. Jimmie Ward moved a two-room house on Hamilton Street, in Henderson. If the house is high, it must be lowered to fit the wheel rigging that will move today's houses.

For years, Mr. Jimmie Ward, his wife Mrs. Julia Ward, three daughters, Sarah, Ruth and Grace and a son, Carl, lived on a large family farm. The farm was his occupational second love; his first love was moving buildings. He and his son Carl were often called on to move a building. Often a building was too good to be torn down, but stood on a spot needed for something else. Back in 1912, before Carl came on the scene, talk would go on for days between a carpenter who was going to do the new structure and the owner of the little two-roomer. Mr. Jimmie Ward's name had been mentioned several times. The day before the house was to be moved Mr. Ward came with large, long logs. He told the parents not to make fire the next morning because in moving, sparks could do damage. The housewife asked if everyone should be out of the house. Mr. Ward patted a six-year-old child on the head and said, "No, I will give this little girl a ride." Breakfast the next morning wasn't a problem since the grandmother lived next door. She welcomed the family to eat with her. The child could hardly finish her breakfast. She and her mother went back into the little house for the ride. The child thought that they would roll and bump along as they did on "Uncle Jim's" cotton hauling wagon. The mules were quietly pulling and the logs were inching along, but the child sat waiting for the moving sensation. After waiting as long as she could, she asked her mother when would Mr. Ward start moving. The mother called the child to the front window and pointed to the ground. The child was amazed to see about two feet of bare ground where their house had stood. Although the child did not enjoy the rest of the ride, she was happy when the moving was over. She was glad to see the doors unlocked and ran outside to pick up a long lost ball that had somehow disappeared some time ago.

It took several days to get the house where the owners wanted it. The little girl's ride was not repeated. She was contented to sit on her grandma's back steps and watch the men and mules work. Many, many years after the house moving, she read how the Egyptians moved the heavy stones while building their pyramids. She understood their method of moving heavy objects, because she had seen Mr. Ward move a whole house (two small rooms) in 1912.

BLACKSMITHS — REV. BUCK ALSTON

There was never a "spreading chestnut tree" near Uncle "Buck" Alston's smithy. He shod the horses for Henderson and surrounding villages from the eighteen hundreds until he died in 1928. Not only did he heat and bend the metal for horseshoes, he would fashion you an iron shovel with his "measures beat and slow." He surely went to the meeting house, his church on Sunday. His daughters, Diane and Sarah, would raise their voices. They could easily be heard by their live mother who sat with the old ladies of the church in the "Amen Corner."

It was in his smithy that Mr. Owen Davis heard Uncle Buck preaching and decided to build him a church. This church was called "Uncle Buck's Church" for as long as he lived. The younger generation decided to name it Davis Chapel, for the donor.

Mr. Johnny Wortham married Jennie Hockerday in 1905. They had one son, John Earl Wortham. Johnny had worked at various odd jobs, but now, with a family, he decided to learn to be a blacksmith. Opportunities in the field were great for making money. Horses and mules had the status of today's cars. There were only two or three automobiles in Vance County. Johnny worked with Uncle Buck Alston. He was also greatly helped and influenced by Willaim Merriman, who lived in front of him on Rockspring Street. Mr. Merriman had brought his trade with him from Warrenton before 1900. The Elks Home is the William Merriman homeplace, with a new face and back. When Johnny felt sure that he could do a good job, he rented a shop on Chestnut Street. He stayed there until Mr. Willie Wester turned about half of the block, between Ram Cat Alley and Breckenridge Street, into a horse sales place. Johnny and his partner, another blacksmith, then opened a shop on the lower end of Montgomery Street, near Mullberry. Johnny's second wife, Bertha Daniels, tried to make Johnny close his smithy and try something else. This because his "bellows seldom would blow." Cars had replaced the horses and mules in town and in the rural districts. Although the progressive farmers were using tractors and trucks for their farming activities, there was enough old-fashioned and indigent farmers left to keep Johnny in business. He stayed in the smithy business until he retired, which was just before he died.

The people in Kittrell did stand under a spreading tree in the cool while Mr. Hall shod their horses and mules. A Mr. Marrow in the Williamsboro community did his horseshoes under a spreading hickory tree.

WELL DIGGERS — JOHN YOUNG, SR.

Our introduction to God is given in Genesis, the first chapter, verse two, which states, "And the Spirit of God moved upon the waters." The substance of water plays a great part in the development of man's survival upon the earth.

There was a time when springs gave the people of Henderson and Vance County the water that they used. The people may have needed more water. However, for a time they used the clear bubbly water that pushed up from the underground rivers to the surface in certain spots. When many settlers came into a community, the springs just weren't adequate to meet the needs of the people. Men began to dig down to those underground sources and to bring the water up.

One family in Henderson who were experts in locating and bringing wells to the surface was the Young family. Mr. John Young and his family lived in a section of town called Flint Hill. The Young sons, Edward, Henry, Len, George, West and Harris, called "Tobe," all helped their father with his well-digging business. His daughters, Maria Pinkie, Mary Belle and Lucy had ideas of their own. Pinkie became a trained nurse and was Dr. Harford Basse's private nurse. She later married Dr. David Cook and went to live in Weldon. Lucy was carrier for the Taylor's factory for years and years. She fetched the payroll for all those years and was never robbed. This was strange because everyone knew that Mrs. Lucy Young Clark carried large sums of money daily.

The son, Edward, married a young widow the former Mrs. John Brodie. Mrs. Brodie's first husband was the chief of the voluntary fire fighters of Henderson. John Brodie's sons were Fletcher, Oliver and John Jr. A daughter, Eleanor Brodie Pemberton, was assistant manager for the Merchant and Farmers Bank Life Insurance. She was there from the time she completed her college work until her death at middle age.

Tobe's name was Harris, but Mr. Young, a Caucasian, gave Harris the name of Tobe. It stuck so well that Tobe had the name put on his legal papers. Tobe decided early in his life that he would not seek springs of crystal liquid deep in the earth. He liked the green fields and fruit orchards above ground. He became a trainman. Along his route, he knew every hog path and stop. When the train stopped for wood, coal or water, there was always an audience of several men and boys. They wanted to hear of what was happening in Henderson and Oxford. The radio and television had not made their debut. The newspapers would be a week old, so Tobe was the messenger.

Edward Young's daughter, Jakie Young Mims Sanders, is well known in churches, concerts and school affairs. Hers has been the lead voice since Jakie was a small child. Along with Jakie's teaching job, she found time to train the youths of her beloved Shiloh Church. She is now retired from the school work, but her choir is one of her hobbies. Jakie is now Mrs. Sanders. Mr. Mims passed away some years ago.

ANOTHER WELL DIGGER

Mr. Sandy Mills is the father of Quency Mills, the well-known carpenter. Sandy liked to boast and say that he was a well digger by trade. No one

had ever known him to do much digging, for he was usually a helper to whoever was digging. He helped to draw up the buckets of soil. He was also handy at lowering stones to the stone stocker who used them to line the new well.

Once, when a worker who had been let down into the well became ill, and had to be drawn up and taken home, this caused a problem. Neither of the men emptying soil above ground knew how to work in the hole. Mr. Sandy always stayed above ground and gave out the orders in a loud, commanding voice. This time Sandy's "Well digging by trade" was threatened. Sandy began to unbutton his coat slowly. The workers stood stunned, for Sandy was as large as the well opening. One of the workers collected his wits and asked, "Mr. Sandy, what are you going to do? If you try to get into that well I'll not help you in or up."

Mr. Sandy Mills never wanted to be outdone. He said, "I'm a well digger by trade, and that water will be too high by tomorrow. So I'm going down." One worker called Quency, who was working on Mr. Kearney's new home, for which the well would serve. Quency arrived on the scene to find a worker tussling with Sandy. Soon Sandy was tired and he flopped down on the ground. Quency knew his father and knew how to handle him. Quency turned to the worker and said, "Let Pa go down. You fellows, come on and let's go get us some home brew while Pa works at his trade." The three left. Sandy peeped down into the hole, shook his head, and went home to his wife, Judy.

If show business had been popular in the area when Mr. Sandy Mills lived in Henderson, he could have easily played the part of Fredrick Douglas. He looked like the great statesman. Although Sandy was born during slavery, he was never a slave. His master father gave him his freedom when he was born. He was referred to as a free issue Negro.

Sandy wore his curly, mixed gray hair long and his face was covered with a salt and pepper beard. Two mischievous eyes peeped out from bushy eyebrows. He liked children and tried to play with them by chasing them while he made weird sounds.

Children would cross the street to keep from meeting him. They screamed in fear if he suddenly jumped out from behind a tree. They ran in all directions if he broke into their ringplay. One day a group of children were in a ring game on Pearl Street. The children were, Katie Gales, Rosa Harris, Lena Mitchell, Ruth Hawkins, Mildred Baskerville and Florence and Judy Mills. Mr. Sandy came out of his son Quency's house. He saw the children in Mrs. Tama Baskerville's yard and started walking fast toward them, mumbling something. As usual, the children ran for cover, all but two little fat girls, Florence and Judy Mills. Of course, they didn't run, they were Sandy's granddaughters. He came to where the ring had been and took a turn around, mumbling, "The farmers in the well." Seeing no other children, he

patted the little blond Judy on the head as she looked up at him with squinched blue eyes. Little chubby brown Florence had one of her long black braids slightly pulled. Their grandfather waddled down a path that ran between the Hailey and Hawkins lots.

When the children saw Sandy safely on his way, they came back to form the Farmer in the Dell circle. The two Mills girls wouldn't join hands. Katie asked why they didn't want to continue the game. Judy said, "We don't want to play with you now because you wouldn't let grandpa be the Farmer in the Dell." The children had not realized that their farmer in the dell was the same farmer in the dell that Sandy had played with the children on his father's plantation during slavery. Only, they had said, "The farmers is in the well," or so Sandy thought, for hadn't he been a well digger all of his life?

COBBLERS — LEE BULLOCK AND OTHERS

Vance County must have boasted quite a few cobblers in its time. Some of the names is not remembered. One team who lived and worked in several communities are remembered. They were Mr. Lee and Mrs. Rosa Bullock. One room in the Bullock home was reserved for the shop. Every tool used for mending the worn out soles were arranged neatly on a bench. Pieces of leather were piled at one end of the bench. Awls and large sewing needles with white and black waxed thread rested also on the bench.

Most of the children's shoes were high-topped or winter shoes. With the return of the first robin toes began to wiggle for a place in the sun and sand. Some shoes seemed beyond repair, with worn down heels and paper thin holey soles. But with the Bullock's skill a miracle seemed to take place. Parents put the shoes aside for the next winter for whatever feet they would fit. The beautiful shine put on the shoes by James or Willie Bullock, the sons, was free. The "recycled" boots kept business coming for the Lee Bullock team for as long as they lived.

Mr. William Harris, known as "Bud," employed machinery to help him in his cobbler shop. Low shoes for the men and boys and slippers for the girls and women became popular. Hand sewing couldn't keep up with the demand to sew on straps and buckles. The style demanded that boys and girls cover their feet during the summer with fancy sandals. These wore out quickly during the scuffle of childhood, but Bud Harris's shop saved many a pair from the trash can.

Mr. William Harris married Miss Jane Reavis. Mrs. Jane Harris's sister, Dinkie Reavis Henderson, was the mother of the Henderson Institute singer, Alice. Jane and Bud reared Alice after her mother died. Their son, William T. Harris, did not go into the cobbler trade. He cast his lot with the Northern Pullman Porters Union, which during his tenure was very lucrative.

Jack Mitchell left Vance County when he was a young man. His parents, Mr. Isaiah and Mrs. Emma Mitchell, had a large family. Jack knew that

eventually he would have to go out for himself. He decided on the cobblers trade. He went to New York. There he worked with some East New York cobblers who were said to be well versed in the handling of leather. They had learned this in Europe.

When Jack returned to Henderson he brought a new wife, and a well-learned old trade. Jack worked in Henderson for the Grissom brothers but decided that he wanted a place of his own. Raleigh was his chosen spot. He wanted to be near home but with a city population from which to get his patrons. Jack had his bench and machinery near the front of his shop on Hargett Street. When people from Henderson passed the shop Jack was usually sure to see them. He was never too busy to stop for a chat concerning his wife back in Henderson. They would be visiting his brother, Dick, and his sister, Dooksie.

From Kittrell, North Carolina came another cobbler. Samuel Perry, called "Buster," started his Henderson career on Garnett Street with the same Grissom brothers mentioned above. He eventually moved to his own business on Montgomery Street. His shop has the most modern machines used in the cobbler business. After his marriage to Miss Helen Bobbit, she learned the trade from Buster. After a long severe illness Mr. Perry passed away. But not his business. Mrs. Helen Bobbit Perry has kept the wheels turning. She has more work than she can leisurely do. She has no sons, and her two daughters, Newton and Casandra, are not in the cobbler trade. Newton, now married, has a little son. Perhaps Helen's grandson will some day work by her side. Certainly, someone in Buster Perry's descendants should like to work with leather.

Mr. Monroe Harris and his wife, Pollie, lived on Pearl Street. They raised a family on cobbler money.

Mr. William Bobbitt and his two sons, John D. and Edward, came to Henderson and had a shop for several years; however, they went back to their original home in Wendell, North Carolina, where they are still cobblers.

THE GODFATHER OF COLORED BARBERS — HAYWOOD COOK

During slavery a couple, Jonathan and Minetta Cook had a son, Isaac, whom they sent from Murfreesboro, Tennessee to Henderson because they feared for his safety. When Isaac met a Miss Fannie Hawkins he fell in love and married her. Jumping over a broom was the custom for colored people in those days. Isaac and Fannie were parents of Peter, Stephen and Haywood.

In 1880, Haywood married Miss Katye Harris of Henderson. To this union was born nine children. They were Audie, Emma, Gertrude, Elizabeth, Willie, Kayte Gladys, Peter and Stephen. With the coming of the children Mr. Haywood Cook opened his barbershop downtown in Henderson. From that shop Haywood trained many who eventually owned their own shops. Some of the people who came through by Mr. Cook were Nathan Artis, a

brother-in-law, Hunter Hawkins, who had learned the skill in Brooklyn, New York in his uncle Boss Hawkins shop. He'd had no shop of his own when he and his wife, Helen, decided to return to Henderson in 1906. Mr. Haywood Cook gave him a space and allowed him to ply his trade until he could open his own shop on Montgomery Street. Mr. Tom Rogers, Rev. Tommy Johnson, George Stamper, they all used the Cook shop for their jumping off venture.

Not only did Mr. Cook groom men to look well, he shared his religious views with his customers and friends. He was a member of Kesler Temple Methodist Church for more than fifty years. His clean, respectful way of life was indeed a model for men to follow. He was not only a good barber but also a grand model of a father. Mrs. Kayte Cook often boasted, "We have a family of teachers, preachers and missionaries."

Haywood believed in material things as well as spiritual ones. He purchased a home on Andrews Avenue and encouraged the customers who came to his shop to buy land and own their own homes. The Cook home still stands. Haywood's oldest daughter, Mrs. Audie Cook Hicks, age 94, and his youngest daughter, Mrs. Gladys Cook Massenburg Crosson keep the home in perfect order to welcome any and all of Haywood's heirs. Mrs. Hicks died after this was written.

Haywood and Kayte's ideals are reflected in the children they reared in the following manner. Audie became a missionary and married Rev. Lafayette Hicks and worked for God. Gertrude became a registered nurse. Elizabeth was a teacher who married Rev. William Sutton. Stephen and Peter are Methodist ministers, Gladys and Katye are retired teachers of Vance County.

Mrs. Gertrude Cook Vaughn's family appears in a separate section on families. Mrs. Audie Cook Hicks did not have children. Rev. Stephen Cook married Miss Marion Taylor of Fairport, North Carolina. They have two adopted daughters, Kayte Marion and Helen. Rev. Peter Cook married Miss Elvira Brandom, also of Fairport, North Carolina. They have one adopted daughter, Rebecca. Rebecca is married to Ralph Hunt of Durham, where Rebecca is a supervisor in the Durham City Schools. Katye married Ted Smart of Philadelphia. They have four adopted children, Katye, Rosa, Sylvia and Theodor. Gladys has two sons, Stephen, who teaches at the Frederick Douglas High School in Washington and Lafayette Avount, who is employed at the Employment Security Commission of North Carolina in Henderson. Lafayette Avount married Eva Williams.

Elizabeth Cook's wedding was quite an affair when she married Rev. William Sutton. Rev. Sutton once lived in Henderson on Hamilton Street, but he moved to New Bern before 1906, when he was made principal of Eastern Academy High School. Very late in the Rev. Sutton's life, Elizabeth Cook went to that city to teach. Rev. Sutton, by this time, was a widower. He

fell in love with his friend Haywood's young daughter and they were married here in Henderson. The father of the bride and the groom were the same age. To this couple were born two daughters, Katye and Rosa Lee.

Throughout the family, the name Katye appears in nearly every offspring family. Mrs. Katye Harris Cook will never be forgotten for her name goes on and on.

Emma, Gertrude, Willie and Elizabeth have joined their parents in the promised land. The land they believed in and worked towards. The original Katye Harris was the daughter of Mr. Buck and Emma Harris of Henderson. Mrs. Nathan Artis, and Mrs. Laura Green were also the daughters of Buck and Emma.

Katye Cook Smart kept several things going when she taught. Music was her first love. For years she was organist at Spring Street Baptist. She still has music pupils, both Black and white. Today Katye has a sewing hobby, for herself and for others. She owns two homes right in back of the old homeplace, thus following Haywood's advice to own material things along with the spiritual things.

PAINTERS

Ernest Sommerville, known all over Vance County as "Flat" attended a trade school in Boston, Massachusetts. His father was Mr. Ernest Sommerville, Sr., and his mother was Mrs. Agnes Watson Sommerville. When Ernest's father died, his mother continued to live in Boston. She encouraged Ernest to learn something by which he could make a good living. Ernest wanted to paint, not portraits, but buildings. After completing the course in Boston, he returned to Henderson, the home of his mother. In 1906, he married Lizzie Ruffin. Lizzie was the daughter of Mr. William "Bill" Ruffin and Mrs. Georgia Judy Ruffin. Bill Ruffin cut stones in the quarry at Graystone. These stones were used for the under foundation of homes and buildings. Flat Sommerville changed raw wood into things of beauty, on the top structures, with his paintbrush. He was known for his expert, exact color mixtures. He worked with white paint and concentrated oil colors. Flat could be given a robin's egg and asked to duplicate the blue for a room. After a few stirrings and switchings with a flat piece of wood and your wanted color would match the egg.

Mr. Charlie Tinsley, the son of Mr. Albert and Mrs. Mollie Tinsley, of the Flint Hill section of Henderson, was a well-known painter. Charlie's two brothers, James and Thomas, were interested in medicine. They went away to become doctors, but Charlie followed the "rainbow trail" all of his life.

Mr. Clarence Dawson, called "Geechie," was born in Charleston, South Carolina. However, he has lived in Henderson long enough to marry and rear children to college age. His wife is the former Mary Bullock, daughter of Mr. Joe Bullock and Mrs. Amanda Henderson Bullock. "Geechie," as Mr. Dawson's friends called him, has been a painter for the Vance County system for many years. Mr. Paul Fogg and Mr. Dawson brighten up all classrooms and trim the buildings while the pupils are on vacation. Of course, they must be careful that the summer school pupils don't trip over buckets of paint.

Mr. Richard Vaughn, after attending Shaw University in Raleigh, began his working years as Physical Education instructor. He was an instructor for elementary school children at the old Central Colored Grade School. Later, he married Tessie Bobbit. He worked at different jobs as he and Mrs. Vaughn began to rear quite a large family. Mrs. Vaughn became interested in nursing. She became interested after observing Mr. Vaughn's mother, Mrs. Gertrude Cook Vaughn, as she moved in the very capable midwifery role throughout Vance County. Mrs. Vaughn took the courses, passed the examinations and emerged just in time to swing into action, as her mother-in-law passed on. Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn reared children who will appear in other parts of this report. Now, Mr. Richard Vaughn has his own painting contracting business. Since most of his sons are in the professions, he must hire other people to work in his business whose lot or desires have been in the trades.

EARLY FERTILIZER WORKERS

Mrs. Elsie Gregory Boyd remembers many of the workers of the old fertilizer factory. The factory was a long, large building on Norlina Road. Many of the workers came from Mrs. Boyd's neighborhood, which is on the west end of the town. Her husband, Ernest Boyd, of over forty years worked in the factory for years.

When the fertilizer business first came to Vance County, the people living in North Henderson complained. An unpleasant odor came from the materials being converted into plant food. Soon, however, the money earned by workers compensated for the odors. Or, the olfactory nerves in the nose had become accustomed and acclimated.

Workers, through their labor, gave our county a much needed supplement for the worn out farms in the county. Some well-remembered names of workers are: Alexander Susan, James Gregory, Junious Burton, Will Crocker, Lucius Yancey, Ernest Boyd, Neddum Lewis, Charlie Floyd, Joe Christmas, Issac Bullock, Jake Henderson, Charlie Henderson, Norman Jones, Junious Baskerville, William Young, Hesikiah Southerland, George Jones, Matthew Fogg and many more whose names have been lost in antiquity.

The writer fully realizes that much credit for the Allied Chemical Company assets being established here must go to Mr. James "Jim" Brodie. Much

credit must also go to the hefty workers who crushed the bones into bone meal to help produce better crops here. The human resources used to convert waste materials into rich humus came from the early fertilizer workers. This was before machinery was invented to grind and crush. Indeed, any child should be proud that his or her grandfather was a vital part of Vance County's "Green Thumb."

Mr. Ernest and Mrs. Elsie Boyd live near the spot where the father of Mrs. Boyd reared his family. The father was called "Uncle Snow Gregory." As a child, Elsie played up and down Ransom Street with the other children who lived there. Now, she has quite a family of her own. The Boyd children are Ernest Jr., Ethel, Doris, Susan and Geraldine. Geraldine has become famous with several gold albums in her singing career. The grandchildren are Andrea, Fitts, Judy Boyd, Michael Terry, a teacher here at the Junior High School, Raymond Terry, Jr., who owns a funeral home on Andrews Avenue.

Ernest and Elsie Boyd are now retired. They live within a calling distance of several of their children. On Sunday, they go to Kester Temple, not only to sing, but to worship and hear their daughter, Geraldine, sing, as did the Village Blacksmith's daughter, in Longfellow's poem.

J. P. TAYLOR'S TOBACCO FACTORY

Two hundred years ago, most of the people of color in our section lived on farms. In 1865, when the slaves were free to leave the farms and plantations, only a few left. They really had no place to go. So agreements were made between former master and slave that in exchange for food to eat, and a place to live they would work the same as before. Only now, the ex-slave could leave the farm when he had paid out. The ex-master kept a book of what the ex-slave owed for food, clothes and cabin. The hitch was that the slave, by and large, didn't know what the book said because he couldn't read and write.

When J. P. Taylor from Richmond, Virginia, opened a factory for processing tobacco, many ex-slaves moved into Henderson towards a new life. They thought that working so many hours a day and getting paid every Saturday must be better than life on the farm. The farm, where they worked from sunup until sundown and with never money in the hand.

Workers soon found out that certain skills were needed. That rewards in salary were greater if one learned the required skills. One family stands out as having extra "know how" with the money crop, tobacco. That family was Mrs. Emline Jackone and her daughters, Bertha, Lucy, Addie, Pattie, Rebecca and Gertrude. These ladies were said to have been the swiftest stemmers in Taylor's factory. This process required the stem of a leaf of tobacco to be removed, without having the leaf tissue pulled apart. The precious leaves were then made into cigars and cigarettes. The stems were ground into snuff.

As our town grew, opportunities for young people opened. The offspring of the factory workers did not have to rely on the tobacco factory for a living. Bertha's daughter, Mildred, became a teacher and taught here in Henderson for nearly forty years. A relative's son became the principal of Henderson Institute. He served the county and state for many years before his death.

Yes, Taylor's Factory gave substance to needy minority groups in the early years. Today, several such factories still hire more colored help than white. Machinery has taken over many of the hand skills. However, the human power is still needed in this great North Carolina production.

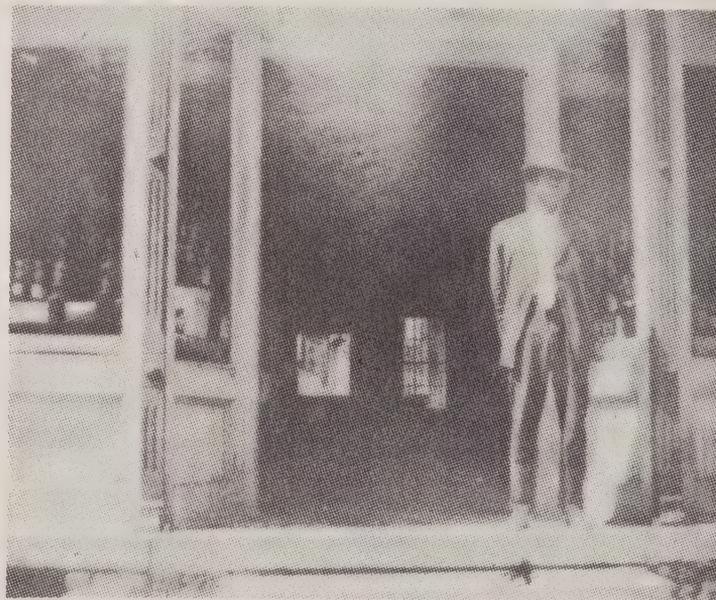
Workers in the factories find more leisure time than did their grandparents. Today the hours are shorter, which gives them time to attend classes at Vance-Granville Community College. The youths who are wise enough to avail themselves will find their generation more specialized. They will be more professional.



Yvonne Foster is the great-greatdaughter of merchant Henry Knott. She is the daughter of Rev. Dortheria Knott Kelly and Mr. Henry Kelly.



Claud Clements, barber and church man.



Hunter Hawkins standing in front of his barber shop on Montgomery Street in 1907. His father Henry ran the same shop as long as he lived.



Milburt Davis Jefferson, right. The author, left. Milburt is the daughter of Omega Davis, the carpenter. We were classmates at Henderson Institute.



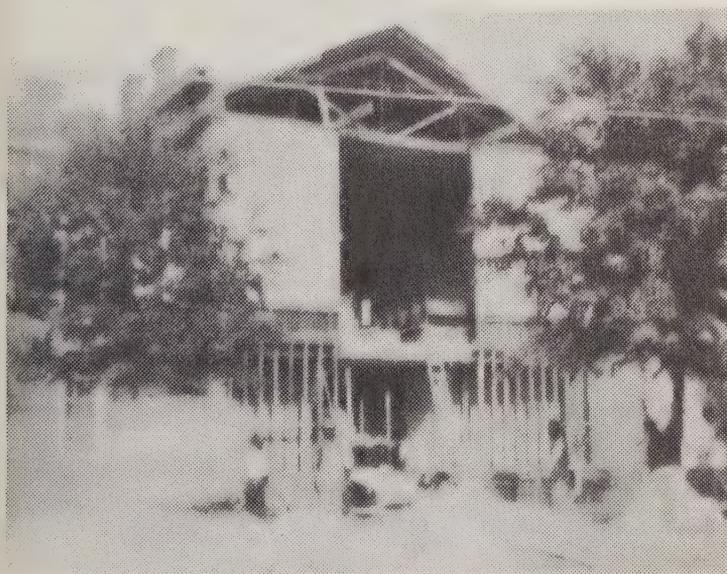
"Bud" Key, brother of Flint Hill Grocer James Key. Also the brother of Nannie Key Hami, a Vance County teacher.



Lizzie R. Summerville, wife of Ernest Summerville the painter. Lizzie was a full blood Saponi Indian. She boasted of her Indian parents.



James Pratt, Jr. and John T. Hughes in their knickers. They were the cleaners in James Pratt Sr.'s cleaning shop in 1918.



Our two room home at 424 Hamilton Street being moved by Mrs. Ruth Ward Talley's father, Mr. Jimmie Ward, 1912.



Jessie Summerville, only child of Ernest and Lizzie Summerville.



Mr. John and Mrs. Beulah Terry, cleaning and pressing.



Henderson Railroad station in 1907. Only one set of tracks. James Winbush was porter in the above for forty years. James was called "Bush."



George Stamper was trained by Hunter Hawkins in his barber shop on Montgomery Street. He worked in the shop until he died in 1917.

Chapter VIII

School Principals and Teachers

JOHN DAVIS – TEACHER AND MUSICIAN

During the inquiry for this report I have tried to find and present people who have exhibited certain qualities. I did not expect people to have the same standards, but those who did the best with what they had. John Davis, son of Edward Davis and Malissia Emory Davis, emerges as a lad that had to struggle against the same odds that many Blacks must endure. John was helped as much as they could by his parents who were low income workers. Edward Davis, John's father, had been one of my pupils. Not many years after that he was janitor at Eaton-Johnson school. Pay for janitorial service wasn't much, but the Davis parents kept their children in school.

Malissia Davis not only sent her children to school, but she enrolled at Henderson Institute and completed her high school work. During her children's school days she worked with every department that concerned parents.

John wanted a college education. He realized his chances were slim, for there were his brothers and a sister to be considered. The same push that sent his mother back for more learning gave him a shove. John loved music and studied several instruments until he mastered them. He worked, often after doing hard menial work, he would play for church activities, social events and whenever or wherever he was asked.

During his college days he was often called upon to play. He served as master of ceremonies. When his college days were over he had proven his worth and he had no trouble getting work here in the school system. The following is from an interview which should encourage other youths to enter not only music but other phases of learning that are sure to pay off.

"In times past, only the elite could participate in the band," Davis said. This was because high purchasing prices for musical instruments was out of the reach of many poorer families. Now, however, the school has some instruments available for this type of student. "It's all handled very privately, it's no big deal," Davis said. Even the other band members would not know that an individual does not own his own instrument.

Band trips have also been a problem for poorer students. In this area, the band booster club helps out with fundraising activities such as a pancake supper, a gas raffle and bingo, the directors said. By selling tickets to performances, the student can raise his own spending money for the trip.

"Even the poorest kid can earn his way," Davis said. The Vance band has had quite a way to go in the past years. It has marched in the St. Patrick's Day Parade in Savannah, has competed in the Sun Fun Festival in Myrtle Beach, and was the honor band at Walt Disney World in Orlando, Florida for a day.

The band receives about 50 invitations to travel a year, the directors said, although only about one can be accepted. During the marching season the band is entered in two or three contests and there is also a yearly festival held near the end of March. Individual band members go on to all-district and all-state competition in their instruments.

Davis said that within the past five years the band has received nothing other than a superior and excellent rating in competition. Davis also gave the band a superior rating in an area the judges probably don't consider: conduct while on trips.

"On an overnight trip, I never had a kid to be late for a curfew. I never had them do anything to embarrass me, the school or the community."

Davis remembered a specific marching competition held at East Carolina State University a few years ago. On the way to the event, the Vance High bus broke down and by the time the band arrived there was not time to warm up. Under that kind of strain and pressure, "the kids showed maturity and did an excellent job on the field," he said.

The bus didn't get the students back to Vance County until 2:30 a.m. but there were no problems with the students. "They handled it from beginning to end," Davis said.

TEACHERS IN VANCE COUNTY

Mrs. Ethel Lancaster Adams

Mr. Raynah Adams, Jr.

Mr. R. H. Adams, Sr.

Mrs. Viola Adams

Miss Gertrude Alford

Miss Balknight

Mrs. Nell Barnes

Miss Violet Bell

Mrs. Cholly Bonds

Miss Pearlina Brame

Mrs. Annie Hardy Brinkley

Mr. Allen Brown

Mrs. Ella Cheek Brown

Mrs. Brooks

Mrs. Mable Jackson Bryant

Mrs. Adaline Royster Bullock

Mrs. Melvina Simon Bullock

Mr. Thomas Burwell

Mrs. Virginia Knight Butler

Mrs. Sallie Fields Calwell

Mrs. Lenora Cheek

Mr. Emerson Cash

Mrs. Emerson Cash

Mr. Malcum Cotton

Mrs. Gladys Cook Crosson

Mrs. Maud Brooks Colton

Mrs. Carbit

Mrs. Edna Williams Dancey

Mrs. Gladys Rogers Darensburry

Mr. Charles Davis

Mr. Charles W. Davis

Mr. Lonnie Davis

Mrs. Lonnie Davis

Mrs. Maggie Harris Davis

Miss Queen E. Davis

Mr. Eugene Dixon

Mrs. Naomi Dixon
 Miss Sandra Dixon
 Mrs. Aretha Dungee
 Rev. John Dungee
 Miss Corice Eaton
 Mrs. Estelle Nicholas Eaton
 Mrs. Mary Cooper Eaton
 Mrs. Sallie Eaton
 Mrs. Elizabeth Boykin Engram
 Mrs. Pearl Daniels Fitts
 Mr. Ford
 Mrs. Mary Ella Ford
 Rev. Foster
 Mrs. Mary Dednam Foster
 Mrs. Fairchild
 Mrs. Rowena Gregory Gates
 Mrs. Mattie Best Gilliam
 Mrs. Francina Glover
 Mr. Ralph Glover
 Mrs. Geneva Harris
 Mrs. Gladys Lassiter Harris
 Mrs. Mary L. Merritt Harris
 Mr. Lorenzo Harris
 Mrs. Henrietta Cross Hatton Clark
 Mr. Hatton
 Mr. Asker Hawkins
 Mrs. Francinia Hawkins
 Mrs. Iola Branch Hawkins
 Mrs. Lucy Jeffries Hayes
 Mrs. Mildred Jackson Hight
 Mrs. Rosa Bell Simon Hill
 Mrs. Mable Wyche Hillard
 Mrs. Essie Hodge
 Miss Lucy Hodge
 Miss Mary Watson Hodge
 Mrs. Ruth Holloway
 Mrs. Lena Bullock Howard
 Mrs. Ruth Hawkins Hughes
 Miss Gertrude Jackson
 Mrs. Icy James
 Rev. James James
 Mrs. Alice H. Jenkins
 Miss Fannie Jones
 Mrs. Pearl Jones
 Mrs. Hazel Jones
 Mrs. Vivian Steele Jones
 Mr. William E. Jones
 Mrs. Melba July
 Mrs. Laura Gilliam Jordan
 Mrs. Louise Coble Kelly
 Mr. Will Kelly
 Mr. Clarence V. Knight
 Mrs. Magnolia Hawkins Kirk
 Miss Gertrude Lawrence
 Mr. Laws
 Mr. (Dean) Lewis
 Mrs. Sarah Lewis
 Mrs. Mel Lyttle
 Mrs. Carrie Hawkins Marable
 Mr. William Marable
 Mr. George Mason
 Mrs. Louise Margriff
 Miss Mildred M. Martin
 Mr. James McDougle
 Mrs. Jakie Young Mims
 Mr. J. Ervin Mitchell
 Miss Dorothy McGhee
 Miss Florine McGhee
 Mrs. Louise Mills McGhee
 Miss Anirl Lewis Morton
 Mrs. Melba Douglas Nevins
 Mrs. Lula Norris
 Miss Annie Mae Palin
 Mrs. Lottie Allen Parham
 Mrs. Pearl Jones Paul
 Mr. William Paylor
 Mr. Payton
 Mrs. Buena Peace
 Mrs. Mary Pendleton
 Mr. Francis Peoples, Sr.
 Mrs. Freddy Bullock Pereson
 Mrs. Edythe Gill Peterson
 Mr. Pointer
 Mrs. Virginia Pointer
 Mrs. Fannie Burwell Poole
 Mrs. Marian Poole
 Ms. Lucile Jefferson Quinitchette
 Mrs. Bessie Canady Ransom
 Mrs. Frankley Robinson
 Mrs. Oliver Robinson
 Miss Demy Ross
 Miss Alberta Royster
 Mrs. Ellen Jones Royster
 Mrs. Alma Cannady Rowland
 Mrs. Della Ruffin
 Mrs. Maria Taylor Russell
 Miss Alma Shields
 Mrs. Katie Cooke Smart
 Mrs. Alice Green Smith
 Mr. O. L. Smith
 Mrs. Otelia Jones Smith
 Mrs. Alma Davis Spencer
 Mrs. Mary Ida Hart Stamper
 Miss Gertrude Christmas Stitt

Mrs. Rachel Tarter
Miss Christinia Tatton
Mrs. Mable Jenkins Taylor
Miss Carine Terry
Miss Fannie M. Tharington
Mrs. Colonia Eaton Thomas
Miss Eva Thomas
Mr. Lewis Thomas, Jr.
Miss Josephine Warren
Mr. W. E. White
Mrs. W. E. White
Mrs. Marcia Yergan Whitehead

Mrs. Elizabeth Burt Williams
Mr. Helen Williams
Mrs. Pattie Lue Wortham Williams
Mrs. Ruth Meadows Williams
Mrs. Mamie Simon Williamson
Mrs. Sadie Artis Wills
Mr. Edwin Wilson
Miss Ruth Helen Wilson
Mrs. Mable Baskerville Wortham
Mrs. Annie Mae Gill Wyche
Mrs. Josephine Wyche Yarborough

School Principals

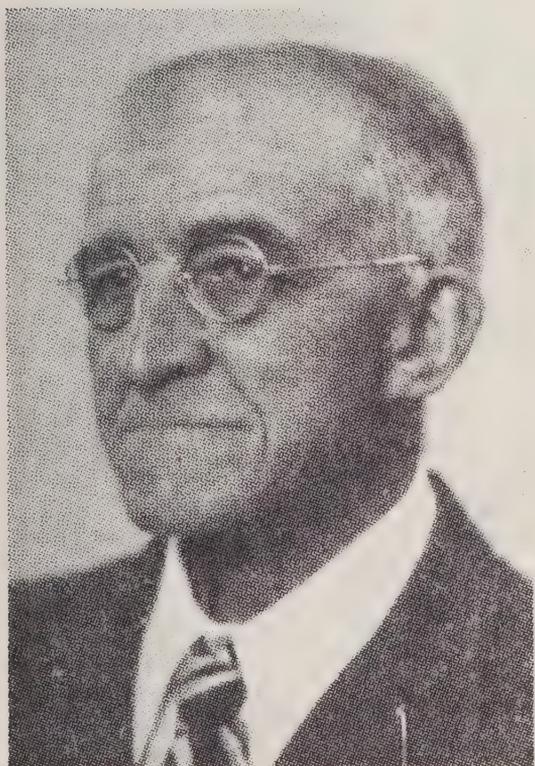
Mary J. Hart	O. T. Robinson
Alex Bullock	John Cotton
Maggie H. Davis	Clarence Knight
Charlie Clark	Sandford Williams
James Falkner	Leo Hatton
Violet Bell Mitchell	James Barnes
J. Burwell	Clay Paschall
Austin Lane	Maggie Tucker
Willis Hare	Lucy Eaton
Richard Bullock	J. Mitchell
James Plummer	Laura G. Jordan
Allen Brown	Mary Hodge
L. Spencer	



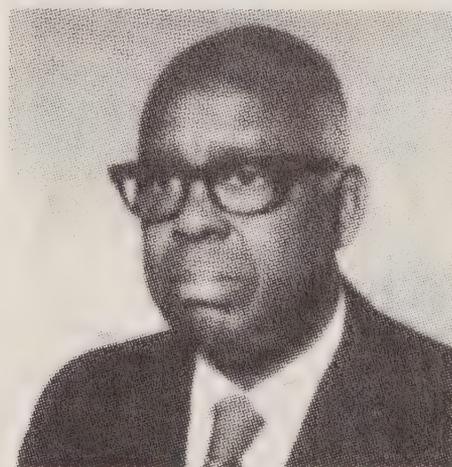
Rev. James James, Latin teacher for Henderson Institute for twenty years.



Henderson Institute students boarding a train in required uniforms in 1906.



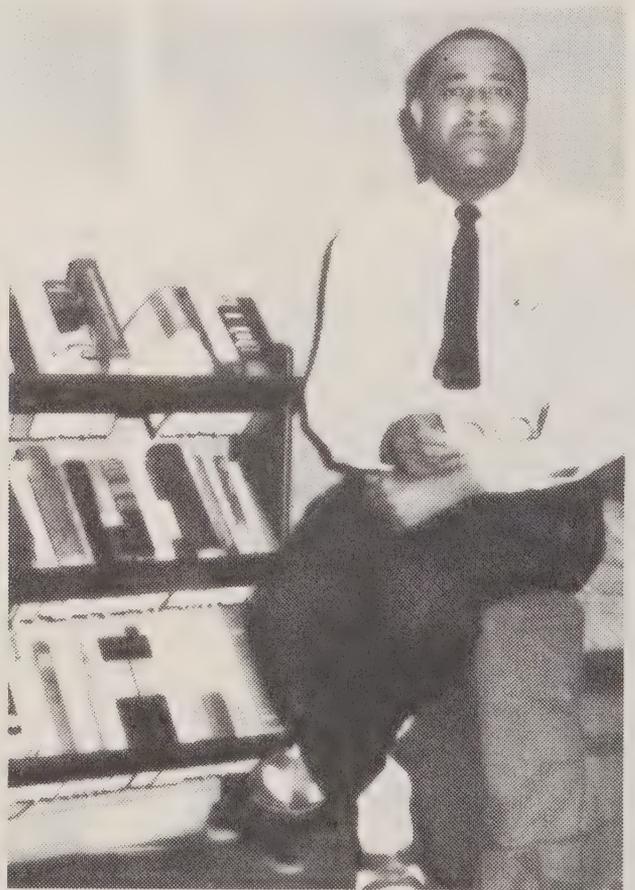
J.E. Faulkner, principal in Vance County over forty years, Middleburg, N.C.



Mr. Sandford Williams was principal of Eaton-Johnson School for over twenty years. Although a native of Florida, he and his wife, Helen fell in love with Vance County and made their home here. After retirement he became a lawyer. Now he is a magistrate in our judicial department.



Central Colored Grade School in 1909. Mr. "Jim" Eaton the principal, is second row, far right. The building, an old abandoned tobacco factory was free school for colored children until the first free grade school Eaton-Johnson was built in 1950. Mr. Sandford Williams was the first principal of Eaton-Johnson.



Horace Terry, son of Mr. John and Mrs. Beulah Terry. One of the first T. V. technically trained people of color in our county.



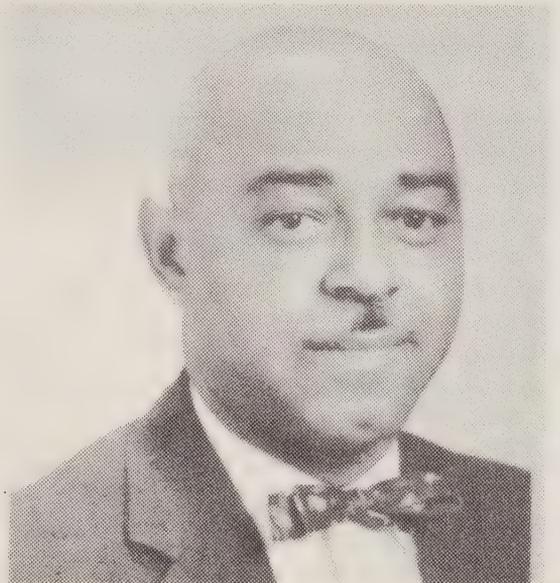
Mrs. Hattie Taylor Mason, Teacher



Vivian Hawkins Brown, her grandsons, Charles II and Dannon.



Mrs. Valeria Alston



George Durant Hawkins, Teacher and Principal.



Miss M. Mildred Martin, 5th Grade Teacher, Henderson, N.C.



Mrs. Nell Wyatt Barnes, Teacher



Mr. R. H. Adams, Jr., Teacher



Elizabeth Boykin "Parham" Engram,
Teacher



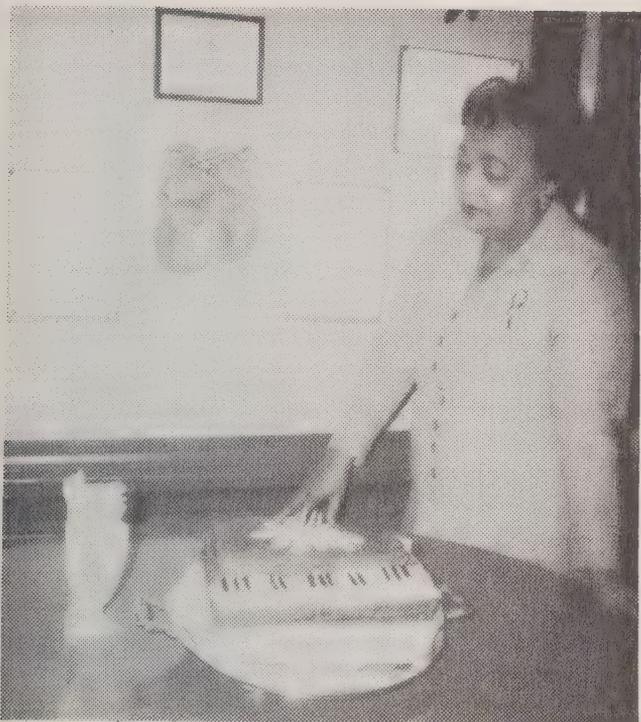
Mr. James Y. Eaton, Jr., Teacher



Ruth Helen Wilson at age nine. Is
now a teacher.



Mr. John Henry Vaughan, Teacher



Mrs. Iola Branch Hawkins, first grade teacher and music teacher for over forty years in colored elementary schools. The small piano is a cake for her birthday just before she passed in 1968.



Duffie Porter Lewis, Principal and Minister.



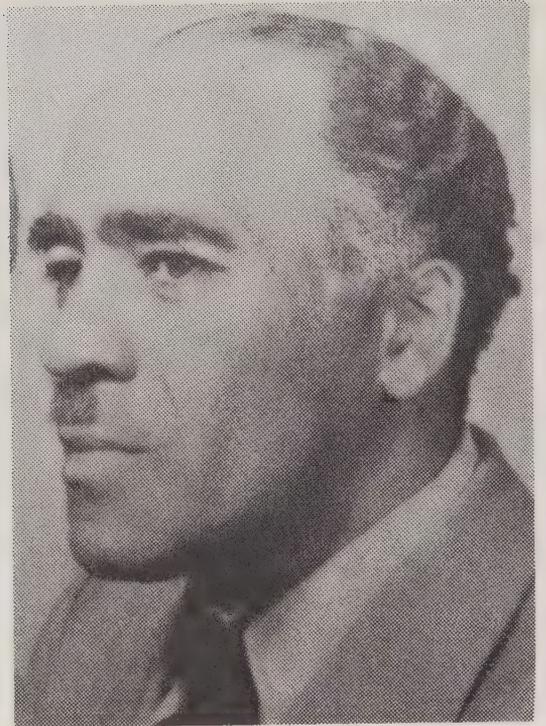
The little girl is Clinton Rogers daughter. The two boys left to right are Logan Darensburg and "Ren" Darensburg. They are grandchildren of Mr. Tom and Mamie Rogers; the sons of Mrs. Gladysburg and the late Mrs. Darensburg. The baby is Henry B. Crews, son of Henry B. Crews, Sr. and Marcia Yergan Crews.



Leander Essex Spencer, Principal Henderson Institute



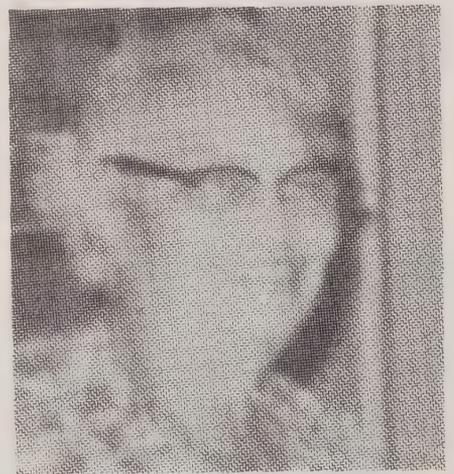
Mrs. Gertrude S. Bullock, Teacher



Asker Boyd Hawkins, Principal, Middleburg



Rev. Charles Williamson, Principal



Mrs. Lelia B. Yancey was Jeanes Supervisor in Vance County for forty odd years.



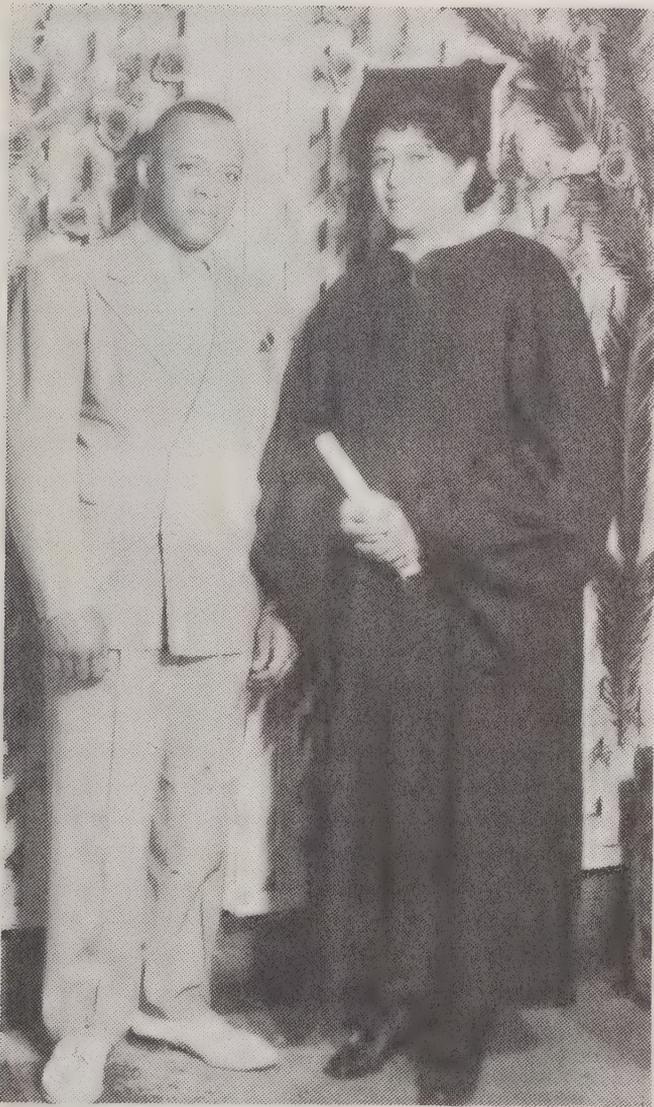
Austin A. Lane, Principal Pinkiton Street



Leo McPherson Hatton, Principal, Carver.



Henderson Institute's first band.



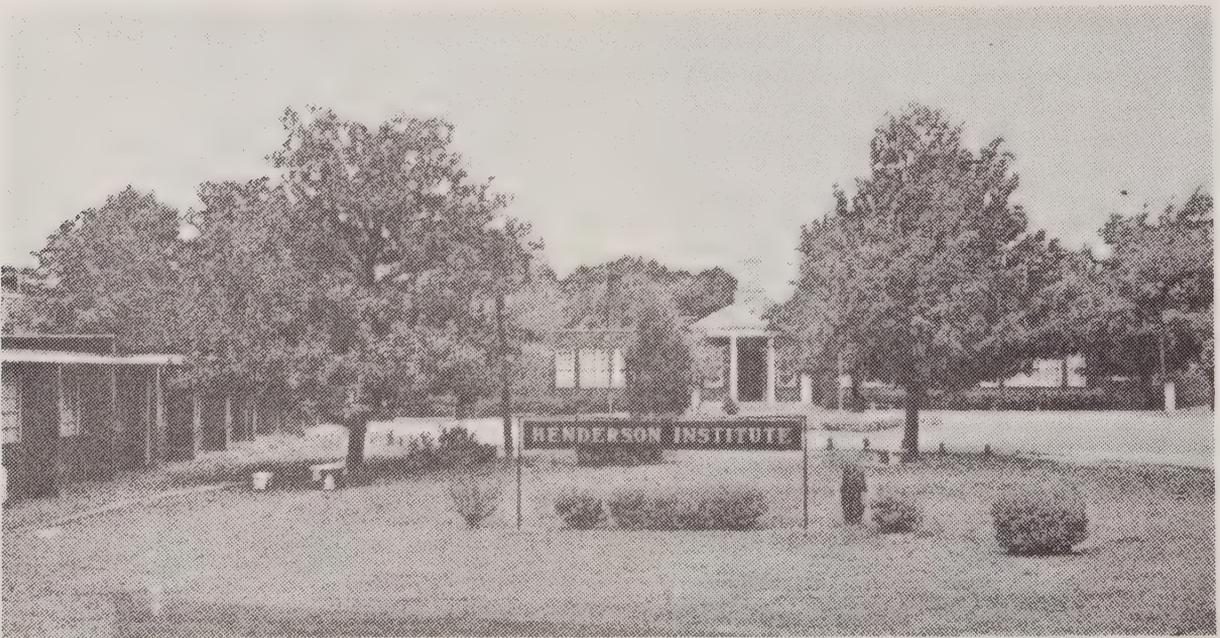
Laura Jordan, Teacher. Edward Jordan was a leading undertaker in Henderson for fifty years.



Anatlie Parham, granddaughter of teacher Elizabeth Boykin (Parham) Engram.



Old Henderson Institute New Henderson Institute



Pupils at Central Colored Grade School in 1914.



3rd grade at Henderson Institute, 1917.



4th grade at Henderson Institute, 1918.



7th grade at Henderson Institute, 1921.



Mrs. Marian Porter Poole was the author's first grade teacher. She taught at Henderson Institute, the Colored Central Grade and Eaton-Johnson for fifty years. She died at age 104.

Standing: Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown. Seated: Dr. Mary McCloud Bethrene. Dr. Brown founded Sedalia School. Dr. McCloud founded Cookman School.



Mrs. Carrie L. Hawkins Marable, a retired Vance County teacher, is one of the most traveled women in our county. She has visited five of the seven continents of the world and most of the Atlantic and Pacific islands.



Thelma Gumbs Dent, teacher in N.Y. and Raleigh. Ancestors on her mother's side came from Vance County. On her father's side from Portugal.



Ollie Harris won baseball honors for Henderson Institute during the 1920's.



Mable Baskerville Ashe, Teacher



Curtis Parham, Jr., son of Elizabeth Boykin Parham and Curtis Parham, Sr., 1944. Elizabeth was a teacher.



Marcia Yergan (Crews) Whitehead, Teacher



Ruth Burt, daughter of Irvin and Mary Garnes Burt, a teacher.



Mrs. Marian Poole, first grade teacher for over fifty years. Lived to be one hundred and four.

Rollins Teacher Retires After 40 Years Service

Following 40 years in the classroom, Mrs. Ruth Hawkins Hughes has retired from the Vance County School system.

Her teaching career began at the now closed Nutbush elementary school in 1933. From there she transferred to Central grade school, later teaching at Eaton-Johnson prior to joining the staff at Rollins, where on Tuesday she "closed her desk."

Mrs. Hughes was graduated from Henderson Institute and received her Bachelor of Science degree from Winston-Salem State University. Later she earned her Masters degree from North Carolina Central University.

In 1972, Mrs. Hughes was selected as an "Outstanding Elementary Teacher of America."

Looking back over her four decades as a teacher, Mrs. Hughes expressed a portion of her feelings in the following poem:

In Retrospect

When I started to trip up educational hills,
My mind was filled with methods and skills.
I thought I had the ken to develop a child's mind
To a towering thing of learning divine.

Soon, very soon, I came to realize
My training did not fit each problem for size
That from day to day each pupil to me presented.
A new hypothesis for each child I invented.

Dewey, Mann and Shane were helpful at times,
But the age of anxiety soon left them behind.
A new set of tools by Rouke, Vincent and Brown,
Was often employed in whatever my town.

To ascend my mountain was rough going at best;
Both mentally and physically I tried to stand the test.
Harsh superiors and committee men often cramped my style;
I had to "cuss" and pray every once in a while.



CLOSES DESK — Mrs. Ruth Hughes is pictured as she closed her desk for the final time at E. M. Rollins elementary school Tuesday. The occasion marked the end of a 40-year career for the local native. While in retirement, Mrs. Hughes plans to keep busy with her many interests and hobbies, among which is writing poetry. (Daily Dispatch Photo)

Now I've arrived at the long worked for goal;
It is time to retire I am told.
Time and tide born not at man's decree,
But beautiful fulfillment of another degree.

Here's hoping I will not in green pastures graze,
But have many new hobbies to enhance my free days.
A world of tomorrows' rewards may I find;
May my sun in the days ahead continue to shine.



7th grade at Henderson Institute, 1921.

Reunion for Graduates and Former Students of Henderson Institute



Theme: "Lest We Forget"

Henderson Institute was opened September, 1891 by the Presbyterian Freemans' Board for people of color. It was the only school in Vance County with primary through high school for colored people, in about ninety years.

Chapter IX

Domestic and Factory Workers

DOMESTIC WORKERS

In the history of Vance County, one group of people stick out like the proverbial sore thumb. In that they are seldom mentioned, and if mentioned at all are not given a place of elevation that they surely deserve. The lowly house servant, the yard man, the coachman and chauffeur. These are the grass roots from which most people of color, in Vance County, are descendants. They are seldom awarded the honors that they so richly deserve. This section of this report will attempt to name a few such persons. Not because they are more important than others in their group, but because information is at hand, from their families and friends. To name all that could be named would fill many volumes. Also, one must be cautious. There are those amongst us who do not like to be reminded that we got into the front door by ancestors who went in through the back door.

A look back, during the two hundred years, will find the dainty party and wedding gowns woven and made by the domestic worker. The delicious repasts from the culinary department, the fine carved furniture, the iron and wood work for the great houses were by and large fashioned by the domestic servant. Many advances into the professions and other esteemed positions have come because of the connections that some domestic worker had with the powers that ran Vance County. From working and living so near the nucleus of the economical and political "hierarchy," the domestic worker learned how to cope with the system. They learned how to survive and get the most out of the situation.

For over thirty years, three ladies moved through the social and political doings of Vance County serving weddings, parties and funerals. They were Mrs. Mable Hicks Jackson, Mrs. Helen Lewis Hawkins and Mrs. Mattie Betche. These ladies catered the more important functions for Vance and Warren Counties. When illness and age slowed them down, the flame was caught by the two Brame sisters, Miss Dora and Miss Octavia. There was also Mrs. Sarah Baskerville Lewis and Mrs. Mamie Merriman Reavis. Mrs. Lizzie Ruffin Summerville became so good in the culinary field she became the chef at the then grand Vance Hotel. Her Wednesday apple pies gave many houseworkers the day off because "the folks" ate out on Lizzie's apple pie day. "Aunt" Eliza Collins, "Aunt" Sallie Baskerville, Ms. Mary "Crudup" Hicks, Mrs. Bettie Alson Harris, Mrs. Viola Gales Parham, Mrs. Annie Lee Gales,

Mrs. Katie Durham Whitley, "Aunt" Esther Hawkins, Mrs. Topsy Crutchfield, Mrs. Geneva Sanders, Mrs. Malinda Gatling, Mrs. Catherine Lewis Henderson, Mrs. Lucy Henderson, Mrs. Marie Floyd, Miss Connie Thaxton, Miss Eva Daniels were and are the best cooks in the land.

Not all of the domestic workers just drew their pay and went home. Several were rewarded far and beyond their pay. "Aunt" Ellen Russell worked for Major J.F. Harris and his wife, Mrs. Anna Harris. The rewards for faithful service were a beautiful walnut chest and several acres of very valuable land on Route Five, now Thirty-Nine. A part of this land is on Beckford Drive. Aunt Ellen's well-kept homeplace, and a very modern and impressive home of Mrs. Elizabeth Adams and her husband, Kenneth, and more of Aunt Ellen's grandchildren are on Beckford Drive; the gift to a beloved domestic. Another example of extra reward for services rendered may be seen in the home of Mrs. Lucy Thomas Reavis. The material for this home was given by Mr. and Mrs. Fred "Hummy" Toepelman. When trees were cut from the Toepelman estate, out near the Country Club, for the Toepelman home, trees for Mrs. Reavis's home were also cut. They were trimmed and delivered to Roosevelt Street by Corbitt trucks. Mrs. Reavis's neat, attractive cottage was finished several months before the Toepelman home was. Willie "Dabbs" Jordan, the Toepelman chauffeur, and Mr. and Mrs. Toepelman were often seen inspecting the work as it progressed. At Mrs. Toepelman's death, a sizable number of stocks were left to Mrs. Reavis, as proof of appreciation, for a very special domestic worker.

The I.M. Millers, who once lived in Henderson, moved to Wilson. They took Miss Lillie with them. She was housekeeper for this family for many years. She was there through the rearing of the Miller children, and into their adult life. Miss Lillie's home was in Vance County, to which she returned from time to time. Rev. Moses Bullock lost his wife of many years. He tried hired help in his Country home but they could not be depended on. During one of Miss Lillie's visits to his church, the Saints Delight United Holy Church, his eyes fell on Miss Lillie. His mind went to her delicious gourmet dishes that she brought at Convention time. Very soon after Miss Lillie arrived at the relatives home where she was staying, Rev. Bullock asked to speak privately with Miss Lillie. The relatives readily withdrew, thinking that some church matter was to be discussed. When Rev. Bullock and Miss Lillie were seated, Rev. Bullock came right to the point. "Miss Lillie," he said, "Will you marry me? I don't have time to go into a long drawn out courtship for we are both too old for that." He waited for Miss Lillie to gain enough composure; his question and declaration had taken her quite by surprise.

Miss Lillie knew what her answer would be, for this proposal was beyond her wildest dreams. To be the wife of one of the oldest and most highly respected Holiness Ministers was indeed something to be proud of. When she returned to Wilson, North Carolina she told Mrs. Miller that she

planned to accept the proposal. Mrs. Miller was happy to know that her faithful and competent servant would have a good Christian man to care for her. She had been thinking of what would become of Miss Lillie when all of them would be very old. Now, they were just old, but time was running out for all of them.

A few days later Rev. Bullock went to Wilson. When Miss Lillie saw him she thought he had just come for her answer. He greeted her, then asked to see Mrs. Miller, her employer. He was taken in to Mrs. Miller and left with her. Again, Rev. Bullock came right to the point. "Mrs. Miller," he said, "If Miss Lillie will have me, I came to take her from you. I know you need her, but I need her more." Mrs. Miller had long known of this fine man's qualities. She'd heard from Miss Lillie and Miss Lillie's friends of his accomplishments. How he had given land and lumber for their church, and seeing about the building of it.

The Miller family not only gave Miss Lillie their blessing, but also gave her a retirement check each month for the rest of her life. Social Security had not been implemented at that time.

Mrs. Lillie Bullock spent many happy years with her husband on that farm in Vance County. Her delight in making Rev. Bullock comfortable and happy lasted as long as he lived. When he passed away, she made her home with Miss Fannie Mae Plummer, one of her step-grandchildren. When Miss Plummer had her church clubs and Winston-Salem Teachers College Club activities, Miss Lillie's epicure dishes shone forth in all of their glory.

The gray, white, green or black uniforms that domestic house servants were required to wear were worn with conservative dignity. No matter how degraded these uniforms may have made them feel, they "coped" for a better day, if not for themselves, then for their children.

Sometimes being a domestic servant has its drawbacks. Many years ago, a lady whom most people called Miss Lillie Marable fell deeply in love with a young man who was attending the then called Henderson Normal Institute. In just another year, the young man planned to attend Knoxville College, the sister Presbyterian College of Henderson Normal. As he ate the goodies in Miss Lillie's employer's kitchen, he told her many things. He told her that after he finished college and had completed the course that would make him a Theologian, he would start looking around for a wife. One that could fry chicken so crisp, bake rolls so light, and serve homemade golden pound cake so delicious that his gastronomy would connect with his heart. Of course, Miss Lillie could do all of these things, so she thought the young aspirant preacher meant her.

The next six years found the young man too busy to visit. An occasional Christmas card kept Miss Lillie's hopes burning, but not high. As Miss Lillie had no other young man interested in her, she had nothing in the romantic field to do, but to wait. "Aunt" Mary Blount did laundry for Miss Lillie's

employer. From time to time she would inquire about the young man, who was a member of her United Presbyterian Church. Finally Miss Lillie had to admit that the occasional cards had stopped. "Aunt" Mary loved Miss Lillie and wanted to save her further disappointment. So she told her that T.P. wasn't coming back to make her his wife. Miss Lillie became angry with Aunt Mary and wanted to know why she would say such a thing. Aunt Mary told her that educated ministers needed educated wives. "They need wives who can play the church organ or piano. They need wives who can teach school, or act as his secretary if need be." Poor Lillie smiled a sad smile and worked on, still hoping that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach.

When word reached Miss Lillie that T.P. had indeed married a teacher, whom he had met during his student days, she realized that Aunt Mary's knowledge about preachers was right. Educated men did not want domestics for wives.

When Miss Lillie was about seventy-two, she met and married a well-known and respected barber. This man was even older than Miss Lillie. However, Miss Lillie was just what he needed; someone to prepare dainty morsels for his aging stomach. Lillie had to be contented with the romance that came so late in life. Still, she found joy in doing for her husband because she was just what he needed, and he wanted a domestic.

Many men were and are a part of the domestic worker's scene. Mr. Alex Royster (West End Alex) tended the fires and cut the grass at the beautifully pillared Zollicoffer mansion, which is next door to the Vance County Courthouse. He did those things very well, if court was not in session. When it was, he never missed a case. Each day, after he had heard much of which he didn't understand, he would ask questions of the lawyer for whom he worked. Late in the evenings, Mr. Royster informed his neighbors, who gathered around the stove in Rev. Sam Parham's store on Ransome Street, of the criminal goings on. Often he baffled his neighbors by saying "Old Jim so-and-so will be caught by this time tomorrow because the 'Law' has sent Habeas Corpus to Richmond where he ran off to." Alex's listeners could never seem able to identify that evidently secret sheriff, Mr. Habeas Corpus. They knew, however, that Mr. Dick Southerland usually got his man.

Mrs. Eliza Baskerville, the cook, nor Esther Hawkins, the parlor maid, ever reported Alex's nonwork during court season. They did his share and so kept down reprimands from Miss "Tempy." They wanted firsthand knowledge of the court's doings too. Those two ladies, on carrying news to their respective homes, liked to reiterate Alex's stories, especially those in which some colored person had been exonerated. Their closing statements were, "Yes sir, Alex said they comed free."

Mr. Thad Jackson, son of Mr. Bill and Mrs. Alice Jackson was born and reared in Vance County. Several years before 1907, he decided to join the Navy and see the world. From time to time, he returned home and cut a fine

figure in his Navy uniform. Each trip home, he brought back objects from the countries that his ship stopped in to load or unload. Many of the objects are still in homes around Henderson. On one of his trips back home, he found that his childhood sweetheart, Maggie Hawkins, had died suddenly, while he was at sea. Communication, in the early 1900's was so poor that most sailors had to return to the ship's home base for mail. Sometime after 1908, Mr. Jackson married the charming and beautiful Mrs. Mable Hicks Allen, a young widow. She was of Vance County, but lately from Boston and Springfield, Massachusetts. Soon after the new Mrs. Jackson and her two young daughters were settled in Henderson, Thad completed his time in the Navy. He came home to stay with his wife, his stepdaughters, Lottie and Dorothy Allen, and his own baby daughter, Mable. Fully settled at home, Thad was ready to bring some of his travel knowledge into action. He was hired to run the Henderson Country Club. This is a privately owned, segregated club, but it helped Mr. and Mrs. Jackson to send their three daughters through college. Their contact with the white people in that community opened doors for their daughters. It allowed their clubs to be entertained in the privately owned country lodge of the leading surgeon of the early thirties in Vance County. Dr. Noel's lodge was open to the Jackson family and their friends.

Benney Gregory, for many years, served Lawyer Zollicoffer's family. He must have done a good job to have been hired as a young man and stayed until several years after retirement. Robert Powell was cook and houseman for the Joel Cheatham, Sr. family. Before coming to Vance County, Robert had been well trained in a traditional home in Warren County. He liked Vance County so well, he stayed with the Cheathams for over thirty years. He gave his skills to another very gracious and charming traditional home.

William Henry Oliver, Sr. saw the close of a long career as houseman and chauffeur with the passing of Mrs. P. H. Rose. William's expert skills in beautiful and decorative table settings have spilled into two of his loves, Shiloh Baptist Church, and the Masonic Lodge. When these organizations entertain, much warm hospitality extends out through the efforts of this devoted member. Anson Royster known as "Bro," worked his entire mature life for the Sidney Cooper family. He served this family at their then very fashionable "Bungalow" near Flat Rock. Later, he moved his family to Henderson and became the year-round house and yard man. The cook, at that time, was Mrs. Sarah Baskerville Lewis. "Bro" Royster kept Sarah's big wood fuel range going as she cooked all kinds of delicious things to impress Mrs. Mary Lou Cooper's Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mr. Robert Scott, Sr., not a native of Vance County, arrived from his native city, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1927. In 1934, Robert became chauffeur for Mr. P.H. Rose, and served in this capacity until 1955. In 1955, Robert was transferred to the Maintenance Department at the passing of the founder of the greatest chain of variety stores in the middle south. Robert

remained with the Rose Company until his retirement in 1972. He has served as Scout Master for over twenty-five years. He and his wife, Mrs. Gertrude Bailey Scott, reared one of the most unusual family of children in Vance County. Four of their children have college degrees in education. Two of the four received their Masters and Doctorate degrees before they were twenty-five years of age. The names of their children are: Bronetta, Robert, Jr., Gertrude, Florence, Arnold, Angeletta and Bobby. More about these children will be discussed in other departments of this report. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Scott will also appear in other segments.

Mr. Henry Brodie was born in Henderson, North Carolina, County of Vance, sixty-odd years ago. His father was Mr. James Brodie, his mother's name was Eliza. They were also the parents of Carrie, May Lillion, Henry, Nathaniel, Ceasor, Eugene and James. The father of this family died early in life, and the rearing of these children was done by the mother. They received good home training, and she went with them to church and Sunday School. They attended Henderson Institute, but were unable to complete because of failing health of the mother. Henry called "Buster," went right to work to help support the family. As the other children reached working age, they too got jobs and carried their share of the living expenses. In 1933, Henry was employed by the Citizens Bank, now known as NCNB. He was porter, carrier and general all-around worker for forty-one years. Mr. Hunt, his employer, once said, "I would rather see all the workers go than Henry. He does the job of four men and does it well." Mr. Brodie not only did his paying job well, but carried a great responsibility when his own family came into being. He and his wife, Mrs. Rebecca Brodie, have five children. They are Elizabeth, now Mrs. George Goodson, Henry Jr., called "Lee," Harold, Marion, now Mrs. James Williams, and Carolyn. The three youngest children were born after Mrs. Brodie lost her sight. Henry has had to be father for his children and eyes for his wife. Rearing the children did not hinder Henry's activities with his family. He and his family are regular attendants of church, and at vacation time Henry has traveled through most of the states. California has been on of their favorite vacationing lands.

When Henry retired on December 25, 1974, his church, Spring Street Baptist, gave him a surprise party. The description of the party states: "The church was decorated in keeping with the Christmas spirit." Mr. Brodie was seated at the head of his table in a red elevated chair designed especially for him. Catering services were rendered by Mrs. Helen Green and party arrangements were done by Mrs. Almeral Johnson, both of Henderson. A brief summary of his work experience was narrated by his daughter, Mrs. Marion Williams.

His time is now spent relaxing with his wife and little granddaughter, Simika Lyvette Williams. He is more involved with church work than ever. Every Sunday he drives the church bus to take senior members to church, besides his work as senior deacon.

Mr. Fred Reavis married Miss Eleanor Nash, of the Greystone Community. They built a home on Whitten Avenue and reared a family of six. The children were Valaska, Eugene, Fred Jr., Irene, Prince and Eleanor. He began working as houseman and chauffeur for Mr. Bailey Owens. Mr. Owens was president of the old Citizen bank and owner of the large gray mansion that stood on Garnett Street, where the Vaughns' store now stands. Fred stayed with Mr. Owens until his death in 1940. At Mr. Owen's death, Fred learned that his employer had really appreciated his services. He left Fred enough money to erect a rental house on a lot that he had purchased. This was another servant that had been worthy of his hire.

Mrs. Eleanor Nash Reavis died in 1978. She had lived in the home that Fred carried her to as a bride for over sixty years. Eleanor was a member of the Presbyterian church and was a choir member most of her life.

Mr. John and Mrs. Annie Bell Foster chose as their vocation the domestic field. Mrs. Foster was housekeeper for Dr. and Mrs. Hartford Bass, Jr. for many years. After the death of Dr. Bass, his wife moved to Chapel Hill. Mrs. Foster, having her home and husband in Henderson, could not move. However, she went to Chapel Hill three days a week to serve Mrs. Bass. All of this time, John Foster continued to serve the J.D. Cooper family as chauffeur and butler. A mutual respect existed between this employer and employee. Whenever one met either the Coopers or John, something complimentary was said about the other. John and Annie Bell Foster found time to enter into the worthwhile activities of the community. In civic, political and religious organizations they were always ready to give their time and open their till to help out.

In a conversation with John a few months ago, he expressed a serious concern about a condition in his head that continued to bother him. A few days later John had laid his earthly troubles aside and had joined the world free souls on another sphere.

For years, Mrs. Eliza Love Woods lived in New York with her husband and sons. When her husband died, her thoughts turned homeward to Vance County. She brought her two sons, Charles and Richard Woods, with her. Very soon after she was settled here, she was hired by Lawyer J. H. and Mrs. Tucker Bridgers. She remained housekeeper/cook with the Bridgers for as long as she lived. Although Mrs. Woods has joined the heavenly host, her home, which she shared with her sister Mrs. Lucy Hayes, displays many beautiful artifacts which were given to her during her tenure with the Bridgers.

On her small farm in Manson, North Carolina Mrs. Lucy Davis found lots of time on her hands. She was continually hearing some of her school teacher friends complain of having so much school work to do that they couldn't keep their homes as neat as they wanted to. She became available to as many as she could help by giving each home a one day a week thorough going over. Her friends are delighted with her help, and many more would

like to have her. The years that she spent in the north doing domestic work are still paying off. Also, the people that Mrs. Davis worked for are descendants of some domestics who made it possible for their colored children to engage in professions that enabled them to hire help.

The discussion so far about domestics has been the calling of names of domestic workers. What these people have contributed to Vance County can be seen in every facet of the jewel that is Vance County. They own land, homes, cars, boats, stocks and bonds, money, cemetery plots. They own and attend churches, clubs; own cattle and pets. They rear their children to be good American citizens. They pay taxes, pay their insurance, and they pay the undertaker after they are dead. They are indeed mister average Vance County citizens who is one of the strong spokes in the wheel that carried our country.

Mrs. Katie Durham Burwell, now Mrs. Katie Durham Whitley, is another domestic that was esteemed by her employer. During the writing of *Zeb's Black Baby*, Mr. Samuel Peace would ask Katie questions concerning her family. He learned that Katie was part Indian and part other races. He said she was one eighth Indian. She is not called by name, in his discussion in the book, just "one of our servants." Had he gone a little farther into her genealogical background, he would have discovered other things. He would have found another fraction of Causasian. This came from her very light grandmother, Mrs. Bella Yancey, and her grandfather, Mr. Issac Yancey.

Mrs. Katie Durham Whitley served the Peace family for many years. She now helps her husband, James, on the farm and is mother to her stepchildren. Her two children, by James Burwell, are giving their services to two big cities. Mary, called Cookie, is married to Arnold Scott and teaches in a school in Detroit. Her son has distinguished himself in a small town in New Jersey where he was mayor for several years.



Betty Lewis, mother of Helen Lewis Hawkins and Catherine Lewis Gumbs, was born on the Ben Lewis farm in Boyton, Virginia in 1860. As soon as the slaves were freed in 1865 Catherine Lewis, Betty's mother, moved to Middleburg, where Betty remained until her death in 1933.



Corinta Stamper Person was called "Bill." She was a well-known domestic worker. Her brother was Taylor Stamper, well-known cleaning company owner on Horner Street.



James David, radio announcer for WHNC here in Henderson for over twenty years.



Mrs. Bettie Alston Harris, Domestic Worker.



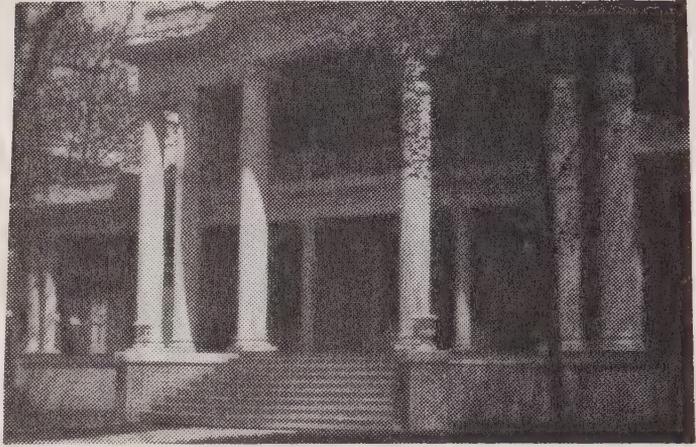
Mr. Willie, clerk in Ed Jordan's grocery store.



Jimmie Powell, great-grandson of Mrs. Mable Hicks Jackson.



Hunter Merriman, Trainsman. Train from Henderson to Oxford.



The Zollicoffer mansion, where Grandma Esther worked as a parlour maid.



Mrs. Helen Hawkins in her catering uniform.



Turner and Lara Baskerville Smith. Lara's mother "Aunt" Sallie Baskerville was said by the Dave Cooper family, to have been the best cook in Vance County. Turner is wearing his lodge suit.

Chapter X

Clubs and Organizations

THE DAISY GARDEN CLUB

In January, 1949 a group of ladies were invited to the home of Mrs. Cora Beckford. After greeting us all in a most cordial manner, Mrs. Beckford asked Mrs. Lucy Merritt to preside and explain the purpose of the meeting which was to organize a Garden Club. All of the ladies present were very enthusiastic about flowers, and each one was willing to cooperate as all wanted to not only learn about flowers, but wanted to learn better ways and means of beautifying our gardens and homes.

At this time we asked to suggest a name for the club. There were several suggestions.

Although all of our members are charter members everyone was not able to be present at our initial meeting. The following ladies were present at that meeting: Mrs. Cora Beckford, Mrs. Lucy Merritt, Mrs. Tyson, Mrs. A. Bullcock, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Magnolia Barnett, Mrs. Aleitha Dungee, Mrs. J. Y. Yarborough, Miss Conlye, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Harris.

At our next meeting we further completed the organization of our club. Mrs. Merritt suggested that our club be known as "The Daisies." Since the Daisy is symbolic of so many things that are beautiful, fine and good, everyone liked the suggestion and agreed that our club be known as "The Daisies."

Our Club has been affiliated with the State Federation of Garden Clubs since its beginning. We have also been host to one of the state meetings.

Through the years we have sponsored the "Forget-Me-Not Junior Garden Club," and have organized three adult clubs: The Asters, The Rose, and the most recent in 1965, The Green Thumb.

Included among our beautification projects were grass and shrubbery on Highway 39-158 Bypass intersection, dogwood trees at Jubilee Hospital, shrubbery planted in 1965 at the Pinkston Street Elementary School.

The influence of Daisy Garden Club is reflected in the community as seen in the continued landscape improvement of our neighbors.

The club has been recipient of various awards including the State Award for "Keep North Carolina Green Campaign" in 1959; several blue ribbons for arrangements at the state meetings and scrapbook and yearbook awards.

Many new activities as well as accomplishments were experienced by the club during the 60's and early 70's. Much benefit was derived from lectures, discussions and observations of ideas and photographed home and lawn scenes realized by the members during summer vacations, attending church together on Garden Club Sunday; giving charity, assistance to the needy, unwed mothers, and gifts to the patients in hospitals and rest homes at Christmas time; work shops on Christmas arrangements and corsage making; and from joining other clubs in joint projects of community beautification.

In 1969 a tree was planted at the United Presbyterian Church in honor of our first deceased president of the club, Mrs. Cora Beckford.

HOMEMAKER CLUB

Vance County Homemaker Clubs are getting their ideas together. During the annual achievement night program the different groups were awarded prizes. Pictures published after the affair show Black and white women giving and receiving honors. These pictures say loudly, "We are women working to make our homes and our community the best in the state."

"Clubwoman of the Year" — Mrs. Betty Jean Pegram was chosen "club woman of the year" during the annual achievement night program of Vance County Homemakers. Shown above, left to right, are Mrs. Evelyn Ayscue, home economics program committee chairman; Mrs. Pegram; Mrs. Fannie Christmas and Mrs. Helen Franklin. Mrs. Christmas and Mrs. Franklin were second and third place finishers in the "clubwoman of the year" activities.

Officers Installed — New officers were installed for the Vance County Homemaker Council. Those to serve for 1983-84 are above, front row left to right, Mrs. Hattie B. Williams, recording secretary; Mrs. Helen F. Wright, second vice president; and back row, left to right, Mrs. Rose Jackson, installing officer; Mrs. Iola Jefferson, advisor; Mrs. Mary B. Hawkins, treasurer; and Mrs. Hazel Lane, corresponding secretary.

"Clubs of the Year" — The Creative Extension Homemaker Club was named club of the year during the annual achievement night program at First Presbyterian Church. Taking second place was the Progressive Extension Home maker Club. Pictured above are, Left to right: Deborah Taylor, assistant home economics extension agent; Mrs. Mildred Simmons of the City Club; Mrs. Hattie B. Williams of the Progressive Club; and Mrs. Carolyn Stanley, extension agent 4-H.

VANCE AND ADJACENT COUNTIES MINISTERIAL ALLIANCE HENDERSON, NORTH CAROLINA

Reverend C.L. Faison gave the following information.

In the year 1938 a group of ministers, under the leadership of the late Rev. N.A. Cheek and the late Dr. John Cotton, organized the Vance and Adjacent Counties Ministerial Alliance.

The object of this Alliance were and still are:

A. To promote and foster Christian ideas, procedures, policies and principles which will enhance the building of the Kingdom of God and the cause of Jesus Christ, in homes, churches and communities.

B. To stimulate and encourage a greater Christian Fellowship and Spiritual Growth among ministers and church members of Vance and adjacent Counties.

C. To furnish a channel through which the services and energies of ministers may function in helping Christians meet their spiritual, moral and economic needs.

All ministers living in Vance and Adjacent Counties, who are in good and regular standing with the churches of their denomination are eligible for membership, provided said ministers have been received by a majority vote of the members of the Alliance.

The officers of the Vance and Adjacent Counties, Ministerial Alliance are as follows: President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Chaplain.

The named persons here given were either chartered members or some of the first members of the Alliance: Rev. N.A. Cheek, Dr. John Cotton, Rev. William Hooper, Rev. Jim Mike Hargrove, Rev. Willis Perry, Dr. W.B. Westbrook, Rev. L.B. Russell, Rev. Charlie A. Atkins, Rev. Geo. Tharranton, Dr. John R. Dungee, Rev. Epps, Rev. R.E. Stitt, Rev. J.A. Watson (most of the above named ministers were active in the Alliance when I came to Henderson in 1948).

Over the years, until the late sixties, the ministers in cooperation with the Ministerial Association (White) sponsored a radio service over WHNC each weekday morning at 8:45.

The Alliance, at one time, had a scholarship fund which helped a few ministers keep their children in school or college.

For a number of years, the Alliance would meet in the home of a fellow minister on each Monday night after the first Sunday in the month for service, with the exception of June, July and August. The reason for not holding meetings these months was due to the fact that revival seasons claimed the attention of most ministers.

The Vance and Adjacent Ministerial Alliance has continued its activities and services since its inception. All of the original members, with the exception of three or four are gone to their reward, namely: Rev. J.A. Brown, Rev. L.B. Russell, Dr. W.B. Westbrook, and Rev. S.P. Cook.

For the last few years, the Alliance has held its monthly meetings in the Conference Room of the Shiloh Baptist Church here in Henderson.

The present officers are as follows: Dr. R.W. Perry, President; Rev. Ellsworth Taite, Vice President; Miss Florence McGhee, Secretary; Rev. Geo. Crombwell, Chairman of the Program Committee.

The Alliance meets Monday after the second Sunday in each month at 5:00 p.m. at Shiloh Baptist Church here in Henderson, North Carolina.

Data collected by C.L. Faison, 715 Highland Avenue, Henderson, North Carolina.

**THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE STUDY OF AFRO-AMERICAN
LIFE AND HISTORY, INC. CHARLOTTE HAWKINS BROWN
NATIONAL HISTORIC MARKER CEREMONY**

A Bicentennial Presentation, Thursday, August 12, 1976 at 6:00 P.M.

Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown was a leader of women in their quest for finer and more productive living. Mentor by her writing of those seeking to live more graciously, by her eloquence inspired youth to nobler achievements; by her vigor of mind and force of character championed for a disadvantaged race in its striving for human rights and adult responsibilities. She gave fifty-eight years completely of her unique energies and talents to the building of this institute from its humblest of beginnings in an old blacksmith shop. Her vision, dedication, singleness of purpose and undaunted faith made this school possible in her native state of North Carolina.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ELKS

Benjamin Franklin Howard, Founder and First Grand Exalted Ruler, 1899-1909

The largest fraternal organization in the world, the Improved Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the World was founded in 1899 by Attorney Benjamin Franklin Howard in Cincinnati, Ohio. He became the Grand Exalted Ruler of the First Lodge, Cincinnati Lodge Number 1.

Dr. John Earl Baxter was the founder of the first Elk Lodge in Henderson, North Carolina. The members were Hunter Merriman, "T" Rogers, Bailey (owner of Bailey's Cafe), Willie Brown*, John Broddie, Julius Green*, Andrew Royster, Jesse Wright, Dr. John Earl Baxter, Hunter Hawkins.

*Note: Indicates only living members.

This chapter became defunct for lack of membership.

Pride of Vance Elk Lodge Number 1263 was chartered in June 1948 with the following charter members: Dr. John Dewey Hawkins, J. Ed Wilson, Thomas L. Rogers, George A. Williams, Harold Adams, Monroe Alexander, Harry Meadows, Dr. A.L. Harris, Dr. Paul Green, Thomas Hunt, Taylor Stamper.

Robert "Rabbit Dee" Davis is the present Exalted Ruler. The organization has a membership of seventy-six.

The Grand Temple was founded in 1902 by the Late Daughter Emma V. Kelley and to date the entire organization boasts a membership of over 150,000 with lodges and temples in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, West Indies, Virgin Islands, and Panama.

The Pride of Honor Temple presently has for its Daughter Ruler, Mrs. Lillian Green, and has a membership of 30 ladies.

HISTORY

Oxford-Henderson Alumnae Chapter of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority

The Delta Sigma Theta Sorority was founded on January 13, 1913 at Howard University, Washington, D.C., by twenty-two young women.

The Oxford-Henderson Alumnae Chapter of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority was established May 10, 1945 under the Greek letter name Gamma Beta Sigma with eight charter members in the Oxford-Henderson area. Soror Mabel J. Bryant was one of the charter members from Henderson, North Carolina.

Seeking women of outstanding leadership ability in the community, the chapter increased its membership by initiation and reclamation. We have chapter members in Franklinton, Henderson, Louisburg, Norlina, Oxford, Soul City, Warrenton and Clarksville, Virginia.

Delta Sigma Theta's broad national program thrust includes Education Development, Economic Development, Community and International Involvement, Housing and Urban Development and Mental Health.

The Oxford-Henderson Alumnae Chapter has made contributions to the five point program with emphasis on creating meaningful educational opportunities for black children. This includes scholarships, all programs related to youth. In regards to Library Services, the first Bookmobile was initiated by the chapter in Louisburg.

The last ten years, emphasis has been on Mental Health, Community Service and Education. In Mental Health, contributions have been made to Murdock Center, including a wheelchair. Contributions have been made toward construction of a chapel at Murdock. Also, Christmas gifts, parties and other entertainment.

Community Service involvement includes a standard scholarship of each of the areas served by the sorority as well as annual contributions to the scholarship fund of Central Orphanage.

Additional provisions have been made for cultural trips to historic places, such as Williamsburg, Virginia, attending the North Carolina Symphony, Art Museums, TV stations, etc. Other donations have been made to St. Paul U.P. Day Care Center, Louisburg; All Saints Episcopal Church Child Development Center for retarded children, Warrenton, North Carolina.

Through our Jabberwock, we have sought to bring to the community such cultural entertainment as Marvin Gordon's Ballet Concepts, the Clyde Turner Ensemble, the Music Department of Southside Community College, the Norfolk State University Modern Dance, and the Africa Productions of New York City. The Jabberwock also provides seven scholarships for young women in the area.

The history of thirty-six years of existence of the Oxford-Henderson Alumnae Chapter as envisioned by the eight charter members with the dream of twenty-two founders of Delta Sigma Sorority could be summarized with words from the Founders Day message of the National President, Mrs. Mona Bailey; "Delta Sigma Theta has never been stronger, our membership never higher, our service and contributions never more glowingly productive."

The chapter has more than fifty-seven members with twenty-five from the Henderson area. A few are mentioned in the number that were once in the chapter.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Mrs. Patricia Burwell Brandon | Mrs. Margaret S. Scarboro |
| Mrs. Bessie Bullock | Mrs. Alma D. Spencer (past pres.) |
| Mrs. Gladys Darensburg (past pres.) | Miss M. Lorraine Spencer |
| Mrs. Carolyn Faucette | Miss Sybil E. Steele |
| Mrs. Jeanette B. Floyd | Mrs. Stephanie F. Taylor |
| Mrs. Andrea L. Harris | Miss Emogene Spencer |
| Mrs. Shirley Johnson | Mrs. Annie W. Vass |
| Mrs. Alice W. Kelly | Mrs. Cora R. Vass |
| Mrs. Ometta Kearney | Mrs. Mayo L. White |
| Mrs. Connie Kenny | Mrs. Lois R. Williams |
| Mrs. Clara McMillan | Mrs. Elizabeth E. Whitted |
| Mrs. Lillian L. Miller | Mrs. Clarice D. Wilkerson |
| Mrs. Annie Mae Rivera (past pres.) | |

OFFICERS 1983-1984

Present are as follows:

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| President | Edith Anderson |
| Vice President | Flossie Leatherberry |
| Recording Secretary | Vernell Anderson |

Corresponding Secretary	Grayce Moore
Treasurer and Financial Secretary	Cora Vass (Henderson)
Historian	Dora Hill
Chaplain (Henderson)	Lorraine Spencer
Parliamentarian	Laurie Worth
Custodian	Bessye McGhee
Sergeant-at-Arms	Cora Hawkins

URBAN-SUBURBAN GARDEN CLUB

by Ruth H. Hughes

A bud opened in 1939 and still blooms in 1984. On April 1, 1939 Miss Mable Wyche invited a group of ladies to her home in Williamsboro. Since all members of this group were in school work, we thought the gathering had something to do with that, or that a tea party would be in order. Interest and joy came when Mable unfolded her plan, which will follow a bit later.

During the twenties and thirties salaries for teachers were so low that many teachers left Vance County and took summer jobs in northern cities. Mable had worked several summers in New England where garden and flower shows are a part of the summer entertainment. Mable became so interested that she sought and obtained information as how to get a garden club going that would meet certain standards, such as state garden club standards. This meeting was the first step in forming such a club among colored ladies. The following ladies pledged their interest and help in making this project a success: Ethel Adams, Esther Bullock, Marjorie M. Bullock, Iola Hawkins, Mildred Hight, Laura Jordan, Lottie Parham, Frankley Robinson, Gladys Ward, Mamie Williamson, Mable Wyche and Ruth Yergan.

The name Urban-Suburban was chosen because the members came from the town and country.

Bylaws of the Urban-Suburban were as follows:

1. Dues — Ten cents to be paid monthly
2. Date and time — third Saturday of each month at 4:00 P.M.
3. Notify the hostess, if possible, by Wednesday preceeding the meeting date if you cannot be present.
4. Purposes:
 - a. to discover, study and learn all we can about flowers
 - b. to beautify the community in which we live
 - c. to appreciate nature
 - d. to study soil conservation
5. A member missing three meetings in succession without notifying the hostess will be automatically dropped from the club.
6. Club membership is not to exceed sixteen members at a given time.
7. The Club is open for new membership when there is a vacancy.

8. Names of hostesses for meetings will be arranged in alphabetical order.
9. Officers shall be elected every two years.

Miss Mable Wyche was unanimously elected our first president. Mamie Williamson, our first secretary, Laura Jordan our first treasurer. The other members served as assistants to the three officers and on certain committees named by the president.

A general order of service was planned as follows:

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Club Song | 5. Old and New Business |
| 2. Club Prayer | 6. Collection of Dues |
| 3. Poems | 7. Program |
| 4. Minutes | 8. Social Hour |

As the years passed and times changed, many things changed in the Club. Dues which started as ten cents a month gathered momentum and is now a dollar a month. A two-year manual is presented to members which at a glance tells members, when, where and who for club activities. A different committee compiles this pamphlet every two years.

Urban-Suburban Club's activities and projects have been an enrichment for the members and also for the City of Henderson and the County of Vance. Our first project was an exhibit at the Vance County Fair in the Fall of 1939. This consisted of a display of plans. Mamie Williamson's minutes for September 16, 1939 show that a committee for the Vance County Fair exhibit consisted of Iola Hawkins, Chairman, Lottie Parham, Frankie Robinson, Marjorie M. Bullock and Ruth Yergan. Other members promised to furnish plants, containers and flowers. The exhibit committee reported at the September 30th meeting that four categories would be on display. They were:

- I. Working out a window display
- II. A Tea Wagon
- III. Cactus display
- IV. Flower arrangements

Our exhibit must have been good for the minutes say we won first prize, which was three dollars.

Through the long life of this club various and sundry projects have sprung.

1. Flowers to Jubilee Hospital
2. Flowers to old, sick and shut-ins
3. Sheets and pillow cases to Foster and Nursing homes
4. An antique show in the Henderson Institute Library building
5. Food to needy families
6. Clothes to a boy in Butner for several years
7. Flowers to churches in Henderson and Vance County
8. A memorial service for a deceased member
9. Planted trees and shrubs at Eaton-Johnson, Lelia B. Yancey School and

Pine Crest Manor

10. Sponsored a Girls Scout Troop for over twenty years
11. Went on trips to the Duke Gardens, Williamsburg and Azalea Gardens
12. Served with the Blood Mobile program
13. Sponsored a Junior Urban-Suburban Garden Club
14. Placed in Eaton-Johnson School a panorama of scenes depicting Christmas around the world; with plants from many of the countries shown.
15. Constructed original holiday designs for our homes
16. Had specialists and consultants in the fields of horticulture, flower arrangements and tree care.
17. Belonged to and participated in the North Carolina Federation of Garden Clubs for many years.

Our Junior Club took the name of Urban-Suburbanettes. This Club was organized May 29, 1958 at the home of Mrs. Laura Jordan; a member of the sponsoring group. Mrs. Iola Hawkins and Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson were the advisors who led the Junior Club to victory in every state project. During the tenure of the Junior Club they won thirteen blue ribbons, many awards in other classes and a silver cup for two years straight.

First Officers of the Urban-Suburbanettes were the following:

Seleah Wyche	President
Joan Booth	Vice President
Tempie Marrow	Secretary
Dorothy M. Lewis	Assistant Secretary
Marion Cheatham	Treasurer
Jacqueline Hawkins	Historian

Other members were Faye Woodard, Shirley Jones, Deborah Baker.

URBAN-SUBURBAN GARDEN CLUB

The yellow rose was chosen our club flower, perhaps because Marjorie Bullock, Mamie Williamson, Elizabeth Wilson and Lottie Parham had such beautiful rose bushes that we could make our corsages cheaply, or it may have been because yellow roses are so beautiful. In later years our junior garden club chose tulips as their flower symbol.

One spring, Ethel Adams, recommended Congressman Mitchell a friend of her family's as speaker for our club. Mr. Mitchell was an authority on roses and owned a much talked about rose garden on his estate near Petersburg, Virginia. This meeting was held at Mamie Williamson's. The evening of the affair, club members wore yellow rose corsages as we listened to the speaker. Our other guests were people who were interested in flowers, especially roses. Mr. Mitchell talked extensively of roses. One of his first statements was, "There is only one important and beautiful flower, and that is the rose." He killed any expectation of helpful hints on other flowers.

During the summer several members visited the Congressman's rose garden. It was not only a garden, but a shrine for his deceased wife who is buried there.

Many visitors came to share their experiences with us with movies, slides and photographs. Mrs. Branch and Mrs. Smith visited Dr. and Mrs. J.P. Green in Germany and surrounding countries. Mrs. Green is Mrs. Smith's daughter. On a trip to Holland they noticed how the people who lived in the crowded cities used their skills in having flowers. Many of the homes did not have enough land to plant flowers. Discarded tin cans were filled with soil and seed and strung across their windows in borders, thus making the houses look like fairy land. In other words, a few cups of soil, seed and tin cans, can create beauty. Mary Lue Harris's home was the setting for our visit to Europe through the presentation by Mrs. Branch.

On returning from trips here in America and to other countries, club members enrich the program period with pictures, photos and discussions of the plants and trees observed. When Mary Lue Harris visited Europe and Asia she was very impressed with the lack of wealth in Turkey's plant life. The lack of abundant plant life was reflected in the very severe poverty of most of the people. The rugged plains, lack of water, and earthquake, torn land accounts to a great extent to poor plant life. Mary Lue noticed many fields of beautiful poppies from which opium is an important agricultural product.

From the Holy Lands, Ruth Hughes shared her joy on visiting two famous gardens. In the Garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus' body lay in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, are many beautiful flowers beside the eight olive trees. Some of the plants were strange tropical ones, but roses, geraniums, and daffodils swayed and greeted the visitors and made us realize that mother nature has spread her beauties here and yonder.

The topography of Jerusalem is so hilly and rocky that only a few flowers and grass are seen around the homes. Along the highway to Damascus in Syria, the hills and mountains are bare, with just a few tufts of brown grass blowing along. On these hills are wandering families of Arabs living under camel hair tents. One can not understand how these people find food for themselves and their camels and sheep. But they manage as they have for thousands of years.

The other garden reported is seen along the Nile River in Egypt. This scene gives impetus to the importance of water for plant life. A system of irrigation has taken water from the Nile River and has turned the desert lands into miles and miles of lush gardens with flowers, fruit trees and shrubs all the way from Cairo to Memphis, early home of the Pharaohs.

Not all club activities are concerned with gardening. From time to time we give social affairs and invite husbands, boyfriends and good friends. The favorite affair is the floating parties which begin at a member's home then move on to another.

At each home a different activity would ensue. Perhaps at the first party dainty flower-shaped canapes and hors d'oeuvres would grace the punch table. The next home would have a delicious dinner waiting, dancing would be at another, then out to Williamsboro to Otelia Smith's for dessert and coffee. The spacious homes of Lucille Hawkins, Frankie Robinson, Ethel Adams, Elizabeth Wilson, Lottie Parham and Laura Jordan are used, for these homes have adequate room for some holiday "rug cutting."

Eight original club members of the twelve are:

1. Mrs. Ethel Lancaster Adams
2. Mrs. Mildred Jackson Hight
3. Mrs. Laura Gilliam Jordan
4. Mrs. Frankley Turner Robinson
5. Mrs. Gladys Laster Harris
6. Mrs. Lottie Allen Parham
7. Mrs. Mamie Simon Williamson
8. Mrs. Ruth Hawkins Hughes

Two members, Mrs. Mable Wyche Hillard and Mrs. Iola Branch Hawkins are deceased.

Members who joined later were:

- Mrs. Lucille Long Hawkins
- Mrs. Otelia Jones Smith
- Mrs. Mary Ella Cheek Brown
- Mrs. Pearl Daniels Fitts
- Mrs. Elizabeth Burt Wilson
- Mrs. Mattie Gilliam
- Mrs. Elnora Henderson
- Mrs. Ella Cheek

The new members not only added number, but they brought many helpful ideas to the club. The club watched Mrs. Otelia Smith and her husband develop a large flower garden and park which has been the setting for a beautiful wedding of our first Urban-Suburbanette junior members, Miss Tempie Marrow. On entering the Smith's park one is awed by the formal planting, pruning and care of the flowers, plants and trees. Otelia has made a miniature Duke Gardens in Vance County.

The order of the Urban-Suburban monthly club meeting includes a poem. A member of the club tried jingling a few lines for our handbook. Since the author of these lines has not produced any prize blossoms, it is hoped that the attempts at word beauty will in some way compensate.

SEED SOWING

It happened quite some time ago,
That a group of ladies decided to sow,
An odd kind of garden
Since members came from town and rural places,
The name Urban-Suburban was chosen as our Aces,
An odd kind of garden to begin
Rules for members were agreed on,
Hence the seed of togetherness was first sown,
A binding kind of plant to grow,
For this club the spirit of friendship was always to prevail,
Added to this a reaching out to the sick and needy should avail,
A charity seed we would sow,
Now green plants, flowers, shrubs and trees have their places,
But flowers of human kindness must stay in the races
Within a well-rounded club we try to function.

By Ruth Hawkins Hughes
February 10, 1979

MOTHER NATURE'S HELPERS

October, 1978

Mother nature causes to spring into action
A real gardener each season anew,
The esthetic, the urge, the attraction
To help earth produce more beauty to view.

Your green thumb may not be able,
All prize plants and flowers to display,
But your efforts in the yard and on your table,
Will be proof of your satisfaction and essay.

So on to your pleasures of leaf raking,
Pruning, bulb planting with loving care,
Many tasty herbs among your flowers will help in baking
Your favorite gourmet foods if you dare.

A look at Urban-Surburban club members,
Will reveal happy people in the groove,
To share with each other and all earth members,
Garden ideas this troubled world to improve.

VACATION ECSTASY

April, 1960

By Ruth H. Hughes

Come, let's go on vacation with a plan
Away from cares and frustrations;
Take your garden tools, survey your land,
And become a gardener with determination.

Rest under your shrubs or a tree,
Observe the bees and birds as they soar.
Let your spirit be just as free,
Absorb nature's gifts while you're out of door.

Forget the cares of the winter,
Throw off old grudges and snares;
Enjoy your flowers in their splendor,
Enrich your soul with their care.

Where flowers are, there is God,
To keep us safe 'till we meet, my friend,
Wherever we travel on sea, air or sod,
He will bring us together again.



PROGRAM PARTICIPANTS — During the annual county program of work meeting for Vance County Extension Homemakers Clubs Monday night at the Vance County Office Building, a number of committee reports including plans for the year were discussed. Among the program participants were above, left to right,

Miss Deborah J. Taylor, assistant home economics agent, Mrs. Helen Wright, council second vice president, Mrs. Phyllis C. Stainback, home economics agent, and Mrs. Wilma Rodwell, presiding officer. (Staff Photo By Laverne Jeffries)

Black and White seem to enjoy their club work together.



Aster Garden Club



'CLUBWOMAN OF YEAR' — Mrs. Betty Jean Pegram was chosen 'clubwoman of the year' during the annual achievement night program of Vance County Homemakers. Shown above, left to right, are Mrs. Evelyn Ayscue, home

economics program committee chairman; Mrs. Pegram; Mrs. Fannie Christmas and Mrs. Helen Franklin. Mrs. Christmas and Mrs. Franklin were second and third place finishers in the 'clubwoman of the year' activities.



OFFICERS INSTALLED — New officers were installed for the Vance County Homemaker Council. Those to serve for 1983-84 are above, front row left to right, Mrs. Hattie B. Williams, recording secretary; Mrs. Helen F. Wright, second vice president; Mrs. Louise Evans, first

vice president; and Mrs. Gayle Stanton, president; and back row, left to right, Mrs. Rose Jackson, installing officer; Mrs. Iola Jefferson, advisor; Mrs. Mary B. Hawkins, treasurer; and Mrs. Hazel Lane, corresponding secretary.



Homemaker Club



Miss Mildred M. Martin at Brick's Jr. College with some of her summer camp pupils. Tall boy in center is Henry Crews called "Beau."



Winston-Salem's Alumni Club at their annual picnic at Satterwhite Point.



William Henry Oliver, Jr., one of the first colored scouts.



Members of the Urban-Suburban Garden Club. From left to right: Mamie S. Williamson, Laura G. Jordan, Pearl D. Fitts, Ruth H. Hughes, Mary Lue M. Harris, Iola B. Hawkins, Lottie A. Parham, Gladys L. Ward, Frankley T. Robinson, Otelia J. Smith. Marjoria B. Brown not shown. Iola and Lottie passed. New members are Mattie B. Gilliam, Elizabeth Wilson, Eleanora B. Henderson, Ella C. Cheek. Ella Brown was not present for picture but is charter member.



WARD RECIPIENTS — Pictured above are the 1983 Man and Woman of the Year chosen by the Pride of Vance Elks Lodge 1263 and the Pride of Honor Temple 1069. Mrs. Margaret Ellis and C.V. Knight, at right, display the plaques they were awarded. At center is J.J. Butler, chairman of the selection committee.



MR., MRS. R. M. HARRIS
...On Golden Anniversary

Mrs. Knight and Mrs. Ellis also received the gift of love from God and respect and appreciation from their community for their helpful projects in our county.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Harris celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary today. Harris, a retired teacher, has been a member of the Omega Psi Phi Fraternity, Kesler Temple A.M.E. Zion Church and Masonic Order for 50 years. Mr. and Mrs. Harris are retired teachers.



OFFICERS INSTALLED — The 1984 officers of the Pride of Vance Elks Lodge 1263 are pictured above following their installation ceremony. On the first row, left to right, are James Fuller, leading knight; Willie Bullock, exalted ruler; and Eskine Haskins, loyal knight. Standing, second row, are Elijah Hargrove, inner guard; William Davis, lecturing knight; and Frank Cheek, esquire. Ralph Glover, financial secretary, and Paul Keck, treasurer, are pictured at back.

The Pride of Vance donate time and money to the Black youths in our county. Their scholarships help needy students to get in college.



CRIME PREVENTION MONTH — The Henderson Police Department and the Vance County Sheriff's Department, along with the Henderson Exchange Club, presented a display this week at the Henderson Mall in observance of Crime Prevention Month. Pictured above from left to right are Deputy

Curtis R. Brame; Ray Buchanan, vice-president of the Exchange Club and project chairman; Tom Verzaal, president of the club; R.P.W. Seaman, fund raising chairman; and Lt. S.S. Pearson, crime prevention officer. (Photo by Chief Deputy Arnold Bullock)

Henderson Police and Vance County Sheriff's department are kept busy on projects to prevent crime in our community. Court day on Tuesday shows a large crime involvement here. Narcotics and theft (breaking and entering) seem always on the agenda.



Winston-Salem State University Alumni Club, First row left to right: Mary Brame Henderson Ried, Mary L. Merritt Harris, Dorothy McGhee, Carrie Hawkins Marable, Ruth Hawkins Hughes, Mary Clack Mitchel. Second row left to right: Elizabeth Burt Wilson, Fannie M. Plummer, Alice Green, Ruth Burt, Francine Hawkins, Lottie Allen Parham. Third Row: Clara Hunt, James Barnes, Lena Bullock Howell.



The Masonic lodge has been active and helpful in Vance County (for colored) about a hundred years.



BUILD PORCH — Senior carpentry students at Vance Senior High School have been working on building a porch at the home of Fletcher Sanders on Arch Street as part of their hands-on work experience. The students, along with their teacher, Rembert Ford, gain work experience by taking on projects for individuals in the com-

munity. They do not get paid for their labor, but all materials and supplies are furnished by the people for whom they are working. Pictured above are the students as they assemble in front of the porch they built. (Community Schools Photo)

Blacks and Whites with the same interest work well together.



Falkners Building and Supply Company not only furnished building materials for fine structures here in Vance County, but built strong virtues and skills with their League for Youths. Coach Ronald Royster stands tall and proud as his Indian ancestors-grandparents.



Mrs. Andrea Harris (center front) is the daughter of Dr. Andrew and Mrs. Geneva Harris. Andrea is continuing the fight for senior citizens welfare. Perhaps she would like to see all old people live to be one hundred and eight as did her Indian great-great-grandmother, Frances who lived that long.



HENDERSON INSTITUTE FACULTY

Front Row, Left to Right: Rev. J. R. Dungee, Dean of Boys; Miss Hattie Bailey, Secretary to Principal; Miss Marjorie Bullock, Librarian; Miss Cleo People, English; Mrs. Roi Williams, French; Mr. S. E. Cary, English.

Second Row: Mrs. M. J. Bryant, English; Miss Melvina E. Simon, French; Mrs. O. T. Robinson, Science; Miss Reba Reaves, Home Economics; Mrs. M. S. Williams, Music.

Third Row: Mr. O. T. Robinson, Principal; Mr. Irvin Mitchell, History; Mr. Jesse Mayes, Math; Mr. Julian B. Jordan, Band Director; Mr. S. H. Brown, Math; Mr. P. C. Taylor, Biology.

Not Shown: Miss Josephine Warren, Home Economics; Mr. Earl L. Peyton, Agriculture; Mrs. J. R. Dungee, Dean of Girls; Mrs. M. E. Ellis, Dietitian.



Chapter XI

Odd Stories (True)

THE CROSS FAMILY – “THE INDIAN WHO CAME AND LEFT”

In Mr. Samuel Peace's *Zeb's Black Baby*, he talks of a small tribe of Saponi Indians living near Nutbush Creek; however, through Vance County, there are small groups of Indians or perhaps just a single Indian living with or among black people. A discussion of Indian relatives not long ago brought out some interesting observations. These discussions were started in three club meetings. Over half the members laid claim to an Indian grandparent or relative. Some members even knew the names of these Indian people. The fact that the “red man” was so closely interwoven with black people caused the title of this report to be “Contributions of People of Color” rather than of black people.

The story of the Indian who came and left is a true story of the grandfather of the Cross family of the Philadelphia community. A granddaughter told this story and as many facts will be passed along as can be remembered.

The name of Cross did not appear among the inhabitants of Route 5 people neither black, white nor red until Samuel Cross, a Wampanoag Indian came. Samuel Cross had been educated by abolitionists in Connecticut and came to Vance County to teach in a Black school. During his tenure there he fell in love with a beautiful mulatto girl named Rebecca Marrow. They were married in 1847. To this union was born Weldon, Lucy, Edith and Anderson Cross (father of Henrietta Cross Clark). Mrs. Clark told the story.

Samuel Cross and Rebecca were happy and contented, at least Rebecca was. After a few years, Sam became restless and wanted to return to Hartford, Connecticut where he had two sisters and many other relatives of his tribe. When Samuel suggested moving his family up “north,” Rebecca's parents objected. They urged Sam to go visit his relatives but begged him to leave Rebecca and the children on the farm. They advised Rebecca not to follow that “red skin” up north. Sam eventually left promising to return. Even Rebecca's parents felt that Sam would return to his family. Letters were exchanged, Sam pleading for Rebecca to come to him. Her's urging Sam to come back to Vance County. Months ran into years and more years. Samuel Cross did not return nor did Rebecca go to him. Rebecca divorced Sam and married Gloster Lewis who carried his little granddaughter, Gertie, to the whiskey still to take dinner to the manager.

Many years after Samuel Cross had been gone, his son, Anderson Cross, would look at the picture of the tall handsome Indian father and long to see him. When Anderson became a man, he took the picture with him to Hartford, Connecticut along with some old letters of last known addresses in an effort to locate his father. On Anderson's arrival in Hartford, he went to the municipal department for help. After days of inquiry, Anderson located two of his father's sisters. They had heard from Samuel Cross of his southern family but had never expected to see any of them. The picture of the handsome Sam revived the long lost story; however, Samuel Cross had gone to the "happy hunting grounds" many years ago.

Through this report, Indians will appear at times, for they were indeed a part of the non-white tapestry. The law during the formative years of Vance County did not allow Indians and blacks to marry whites, hence, many Indians and blacks married each other. Follow Anderson Cross as he lived and passed his mixed heritage along with his wife's mixed heritage down to his progenies.

Out Route 5 way, near a community called Philadelphia, was a most unusual farm or rather an unusual activity took place along with the regular farm work. This farm was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Cross. Although classed with Negroes, for some of their ancestors were Negroes, their high cheek bones, red coloring and straight black hair spoke loudly of the Saponi and Wimpanoag tribe.

One of the well-known tribe members in the Philadelphia section, Mrs. Harriet Cross, followed her Indian heritage of knowing every plant that grew in her section. She collected, labeled and displayed at the Vance County Fair more than two hundred different kinds of seed. Her booth always won a blue ribbon which also meant a prize of money. Mr. Cross's hams were the largest on display, and the most perfectly cured and aged. More blue ribbons dangled from their booth than any in the farm section.

Mrs. Cross owned and operated a spinning wheel many years after the days of spinning had been replaced by the cotton mills. When she was past seventy, she and her spinning wheel were invited to be a part of a chapel program at the Eaton-Johnson School. She performed with much skill and gave the pupils, who had been reading of the olden days, first hand knowledge of how it was done. After the program, pupils from the classes crowded around Mrs. Cross and some were allowed to spin. The enthusiasm of the children brought a great big smile to Mrs. Cross's face.

Although Mrs. Cross was not a teacher, for many years she had taught her country neighbors how to use many undomesticated plants for food and medicine. The couple just described was Anderson Cross who went in search of his father Samuel Cross. While Anderson was growing up in Vance County, a beautiful girl was blossoming in Sudan, Virginia. Her name was Harriett Terry. Harriett's mother was the daughter of a Mr. Shanks, a white

slave owner and a black and Indian woman. Harriett's grandfather was the offspring of his master, Mr. Terry and a black woman. Anderson and Harriett brought together the heritages of three civilizations, Africa, Europe and whatever continent or continents they left when they crossed the Bering Straits into North America.

The children of and reared on Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Cross's farm were Lucy Cross Jones, Bessie Cross Turner, Henrietta Cross (Hatton) Clark, Elnora C. Bullock, William and Rudolph Cross.

AUNT JUDY COLLINS — CONTRIBUTIONS TO NEGATIVE REACTION

Lawyer Andrew Harris owned the land from Chestnut Street to John Street. In the middle of the block, bound by Roosevelt, Hamilton, John and Whitten Avenue, there was a small cotton field. In the center of the field was a two-room log cabin. This is the same land that Rev. Pompia Jones later bought and developed into homeplots. The cabin faced Lawyer Harris' pasture, for Hamilton Street ran only from Garnett Street to Roosevelt. It had not been extended to Palmer Avenue, now named John Street. In the downstairs room there lived a most grumpy old lady called "Aunt" Judy Collins. This old lady was short, fat and seemingly devoid of the power to laugh or even smile. Aunt Judy sat by the window in pleasant winter. She watched the neighbors as they went about their business. In winter, she sat by the fireplace and poked the logs with a long, slender iron rod. Although Aunt Judy seldom walked, she could with the aid of her walking cane. She kept her door latched, but was up and on her feet whenever the visitors were "toting" something to her.

During the time I knew Aunt Judy, there was no aid for the poor. In fact, everyone in my neighborhood was poor, but no one was ever hungry or cold. When the children were seen at the Collins cabin it was not because we loved the old lady. We were there because our parents made us get her pail of water, empty her slop jar, take plates of food, and fuel, plus have to listen to her grumbling and fault finding, silently. Once, Geneva Young answered Aunt Judy back. Aunt Judy told Geneva's aunt, who gave Geneva a slap. That closed the rest of our mouths.

A mother, Mrs. Mattie Betche, heard of Aunt Judy's plight. She walked from Rockspring Street to bring Aunt Judy a pan of nice hot food. Aunt Judy ate the food, but when Mrs. Betche came again, and brought food, Aunt Judy said that Mrs. Betche's biscuits were too tough to eat. She told Mrs. Betche who in the neighborhood made good bread. Mrs. Betche laughed when she told Mama what Aunt Judy had said. She promised to use Mama's recipe to make biscuits to suit Aunt Judy. Mrs. Betche continued to bring food when she had something that she felt was good for an old lady with very discriminatory taste.

I became very angry one day after taking some chunks of wood, on Papa's wheelbarrow, to Aunt Judy and having her complain that she wanted oak or hickory instead of the pine Mama sent. She mumbled something about pine burned up too quickly. I asked Mama why we had to continue waiting on Aunt Judy and giving her things when she was so cross and mean. Mama thought for a few seconds, then she said that the people would have to care for Aunt Judy because she didn't have anyone to care for her. I told Mama that when Ester, Hattie Southerland and I had tried to sneak up the stairs at Aunt Judy's to see what was above, we never made it. Aunt Judy had yelled us down and drove us out. She said the room upstairs was her son Ed's room, and no one was to go up there until Ed came, which would be soon. Then Mama said that Ed had been gone over twenty years. He had written only one letter, soon after he left, saying that he was working and would be home soon and bring Aunt Judy lots of money.

Mama sat me down one day after that when I pouted because it was my time to draw water from the well on the Southerland lot and take Aunt Judy her daily needed water. Judge Southerland had taken it one day before. Mama fixed her light brown eyes on me, put on her sternest look and told me never to forget what she was going to tell me. She said there would always be people, old and young, who could not care for themselves. That the Bible said, "The poor we will have with us always." Mama never considered herself poor, so she figured that she and hers would always be on the helping side. She stressed her point by pointing her tiny forefinger at me when she said, "Anyone or anything, such as a stray animal, should be helped if they are in need. As whether the animal or person was ungrateful or appreciative should not set our action. If help is needed, and we have the help, we should share."

After preaching her altruistic sermon, Mama philosophized as to why Aunt Judy was as she pretended to be. Before becoming old and lame, Aunt Judy was a cook in one of the Taylor's factory owner's homes. She paid rent, cared for her needs and for the boy who was her only known living relative. Eventually, she didn't have the dollar a week rent to give to Lawyer Harris's rent collector. Lawyer Harris told her to continue living in the cabin free. For a time she would hobble to the neighbors homes and sit on a stool and help with the ironing. Before Aunt Judy left these places she would be given her dinner and sometimes a little change too. During the ironing sessions, Aunt Judy boasted of when she made good money and didn't have to beg or iron for niggers. She felt defeated and humiliated and fought back as if she was doing the neighbors a favor by eating their poor food and using their poor fuel.

Poor but honest was one of the prize mottos of times before World War I. Proud to be poor is worn by some people who refuse jobs, but are happy to receive welfare checks, which are furnished by people with jobs. Needing help does not cause the new breed to feel humiliation, as Aunt Judy felt.

Aunt Judy had pride and disliked to be beholding to anyone. Her needy predicament taught the people in our neighborhood kindness, although one may be repaid with cussidness.

BLACK AND WHITE WORKING TOGETHER

A Vance County native was visiting from New York, where he has made his home since 1957. We were having a nice conversation. This man came from an area in New York where I had made my home for eighteen years before returning to Vance County, the place of my birth.

We were trying to track down some of the relatives of the younger generation. We began to talk of the late Rev. Henderson, pastor of the Oak Level United Church of Christ for many, many years. Rev. Henderson was the great-grandfather of one of the young men present. I mentioned that I was helping a Mrs. Hughes to type a book she was writing on the Black history of Vance County. I explained to them that I knew much more about the roots of this area because of this book. I went on to tell them how interesting and enlightening I had found the book even in its "here and there" stages.

Mr. Luther Durham, the one visiting from Center Moriches, New York, said, "This here is what somebody need to write a book on. Something that happened to me right here before I went north."

The story went like this. "They charged me five hundred dollars, right here in this court, for selling a jar of liquor that I didn't sell, ain't had no evidence of me selling, and charge me the highest cost of court they could charge. I had never been in no trouble in my life, so I was supposed to pay the lowest cost of court, not the highest. The fine, then, for selling a jar of liquor, even if you sold it to them, was ten dollars. The biggest fine ever paid in Vance County for selling a jar of liquor, that I did not sell, I want you to know, I'm the one paid it."

I wanted to know, "How did they do it? What happened?" "Well, you see, these boys stole my wallet. These were colored boys who stole my money. I was in the house sleep. I didn't see 'em sneak in there and get my pants and steal my wallet, but my girlfriend saw them do it and she told me who they were. My first mind was to get my gun and shoot them. Then my second mind said not to do that. It said you ain't seen nobody get your money. You was sleep. I figured I was fixing to get in a lot of trouble the way I was first thinking. It's a different thing to see somebody trying to sneak up and do you harm and shoot him than to go shoot somebody behind what somebody else saw."

"Tell me," I said. "How did that get you in Vance County Courthouse paying a five hundred dollar fine for a jar of liquor that you didn't sell?" "See, these guys who stole my wallet knowed I knew it was them. They worked for this crooked white man, and they worked together and framed me. When I got home that evening the police was there and said they had a

warrant for my arrest. I said, arrest for what? I haven't done anything. They said for selling a jar of liquor. I said I ain't sold no liquor, but they said I'd sold the jar of liquor. Said I'd sold it to one of the guys who stole my wallet. Now, what would I look like, even if I was selling a jar of liquor to a man who done just sneaked in the house and robbed me?"

"Anyhow, them guys said I sold them the jar of liquor and they had drank up the liquor and threw the jar away, so they ain't had no kinda evidence. I was up there in jail and I sent for this man I knew to help me. He told somebody that he was coming to get me out but he wanted me to suffer awhile first."

I asked, "Where were you living at the time and what year was this?"

"I was down off Thirty-Nine in Woodworth, below Townsville, in Vance County, and I think it was about 1952. Anyhow, when we got to court, four or five dudes witnessed that I had sold the jar of liquor. They had me, though all of them up there knew I didn't do it.

"When the judge called me up, he said, real loud, 'I'm finding you five hundred dollars for selling a jar of liquor.'

"Then when I got up close to him he started talking easy. He said, 'You got white folks in your house!'

"He whispered that just so I could hear it, 'You got white folks in your house!'"

"What was he talking about?" I wanted to know.

"See, they got me for selling a jar of liquor and 'running a bad house' with white folks in it. The Lord knows, all I ever said to a white woman was good morning. And the only white folks around my house was two little white children sittin' on the bed. The mama and daddy was there. When they saw them they got to asking questions. I told them what the white folks was doing there. They had been helping me put in some tobacco. I had made a little stew and I invited them in to eat after we finished working. I told them that's what they were doing there, and that was the truth."

I said, "Un-huh, I see. So that's what you really had to pay for. You paid because you, a Black man had white people working for you, instead of them having you working for them. If it had been the other way around, it would have been all right."

"That's it. And at them same time, the Black folks mixed me up so that if I ever tried to get even with them for what they did, the white folks would hang me. The judge didn't tell the rest of the folks in the court about the white folks. He wanted me to know that. My lawyer heard him, and once he heard that he didn't say another word. He told me later that when he'd heard that about the white folks he knew it was to time to drop it. There was not one thing I could do. Black and white worked together. That's one time when

Black and white worked together to frame me. I never will forget, long as I live, what they did to me."

I said, "If you don't mind, I'd like to write that up and see if Ms. Hughes will put it in the book."

"I wish you would" he said. "All this stuff that done happened to us ought to be somewhere in a book."

AUNT KIZZIE PARRISH AND HOWARD UNIVERSITY

Last Christmas, when the students from the different colleges and universities were home for the holidays, a gathering was in my home to celebrate with my granddaughter Hunter Anita. One young woman, very sedate, caught my attention. At first I didn't realize that she was the little Parrish girl whom I had taught in the fifth grade. It is true tha I had seen her many times during her school years here, but I wasn't prepared for the new Miss Lucille Parrish, Howard University aspirant law student.

Seeing Lucille sent my mind back about sixty years to her great-grandmother, Aunt Kizzie Parrish, as she was known. Aunt Kizzie was an enigma to the children of my day, for she was the most beautiful ugly woman in these parts. The first time I saw her she was dragging a heavy burlap bag stuffed with cotton picked from Lawyer Harris's cotton patch on Hamilton and Roosevelt Streets. Her lips were very thick and her lower lip hung down and resembled the women of the Babira Tribe of Africa who started the custom of placing wooden plugs in the lips of infant girls. This made them safe, when they became women, from barbarian tribes who thought the Babira women beautiful and would steal or take the women away. As the girls grew the plugs were replaced with large plugs until by the time the girl was a woman she would not be attractive to invaders with lips as large as dessert plates. Although Aunt Kizzie's lip was not beautiful, her lovely kind eyes, her broad smile did magic to her face. The ugly features disappeared and we children saw only the goodness of the old lady. When she invited us to come into the cotton patch and pick with a promise of pay, she became our affirmative economy. Four sacks with rag strings were strung around our necks as we followed Aunt Kizzie from row to row, pulling out and packing in the fluffy cotton fibers. At the end of the day, usually on Saturday when we were out of school, Aunt Kizzie weighed us in with, not scales, but her hands, strong hands. All pay was in pennies and greatly appreciated, for one penny would buy five peppermint wind balls. The kind that melts in your mouth as soon as it hits the wet tongue.

After we became employees of Aunt Kizzie, she didn't have to bring her own lunch. When we went into our homes to get lunch, we always managed to wrap enough for her lunch. She always enjoyed a salt herring and a flat cake of corn bread left over from breakfast best of all. The mothers who had always known and loved Aunt Kizzie turned their heads and failed to see

any little goodie taken for her. Aunt Kizzie's cotton picking project kept youngsters busy and from underfoot.

The years passed swiftly and one of the cotton patches became the site of a knitting mill, later the county bus garage. Now, Gooches' garage and old discarded cars occupy the patch. Fronting this site are homes on the right side of Roosevelt Street, and on lower Hamilton, the other cotton patch. When the changes did away with the patches, Aunt Kizzie had passed her picking days. When word came that she, several of the children walked past Blacknell's cemetery, down route five, and inquired until her home was located. Even in her declining years, Aunt Kizzie had something of interest to her cotton picking admirers. Her neat, clean log cabin had a dirt floor. The soil was packed hard until it looked like cement. On the day of our visit, Aunt Kizzie's daughter was visiting her. She explained that she had begged her mother to come and live with her where she would be more comfortable. Aunt Kizzie said, "I am very comfortable. I am living just as I always have."

After Mrs. Carrie Howard Simms, the wife of Mr. Joe Simms, passed Kizzie married Mr. Joe Simms. Kizzie's children were: Katie, Mary, Elizabeth, "Jim" and Fred Parrish. Lucille is Jim's daughter and Aunt Kizzie's great-granddaughter. So, when Lucille went to Howard University, she took some of Aunt Kizzie with her, for people carry their ancestors with them in their genes wherever they go. And for a time, Aunt Kizzie was in Howard. Today, in 1983, Lucille is completing law school at the Thurgood Marshall School of Law in Texas.

SOCIAL SECURITY AND MRS. FRAZIER

The story, *Roots*, by Alex Haley has caused many people to look backwards for their own roots. A person whom I shall call M.T. has very little trouble finding her roots because the town of Henderson, where she was born, and where she was reared, was named for her great-grandfather, Leonard Henderson. She is one of the white-blacks who might easily have left Henderson. She could have gone just a few hundred miles away and could have lived and enjoyed the many privileges of a white woman. Instead, she chose her lot with the people of color who are still underprivileged.

A few years ago, M.T.'s husband, a Mr. Frazier, died. M.T. went to the Social Security Department, in the town where she now lives, to report her husband's death, and to attend to things one must do at that time. M.T. spoke with a young white man who eagerly went to a file cabinet to get the husband's folder. He searched and he searched but could not find the folder. The clerk told M.T. that they had no record of a Leondis Frazier. He asked her was she sure her husband drew benefits. She told the clerk that her husband was in his seventies and had drawn since he became sixty-five. The clerk called another clerk, also white, to help find the folder. The second clerk talked with M.T. and then went to the same file cabinet, searched and came back empty-handed. By this time M.T.'s mind had some flashback to

separate drinking fountains, separate toilets, separate eating places and now, to the possibility that there may be separate file cabinets. She asked the first clerk if he had looked in the cabinet for colored people. The clerk said no, but hurried to another cabinet, pulled out Frazier's file and came back with a rather embarrassed look on his face. He opened the file and said, "I'm sorry I have kept you so long, but I didn't realize that you were married to a black man." M.T. put on her most disarming smile and answered, "Yes, I married a Black man because I am Black."

Had the above clerk seen Mr. Frazier he would have thought him a German. His coloring and features spoke loudly of a German root somewhere.

GRANDMA DEFENDS HERSELF

Rev. Sandy Griggs appears in many of the family sagas because he pastored churches from Warrenton to Henderson. Many of his town members had been his church members long before he worked his way to Spring Street Baptist in Henderson. Some of his members he had known and played together with on the farms from whence they came. Grandma had known Rev. Griggs so long that at times she forgot to say Rev. Griggs. She would come right out with his first name, Sandy.

The incident of this story happened one cold day when Rev. Griggs was preaching in a small, not too well ventilated country church.

The people had been sitting, twisting and turning, for over two hours. Rev. Griggs had tipped his nose up several times when he'd received the residum of a chemical process of a too large dinner. The large pot bellied stove was going full blast, which accounted for Grandma's twisting. (I have omitted Grandma's last name.) It seemed to Rev. Griggs that the odor was coming from the second pew from the front where Grandma sat. She saw the look and the expression on the dear Rev.'s face, and for a moment she lost her preacher-wife composure and blurted out, "Don't look at me Sandy, I didn't poot!"

The children gave vent to their feelings and laughed right out. The deacons coughed in their bandanas and Sister Mary started up the closing hymn. This story was told by Alice Eaton, known by the town folks as Al. She allowed me to write it because she was one of the children who laughed.

TITLES

During my childhood, in the south, I never heard a white person when speaking of a colored person give a title to a colored person. Miss, the prefix for a girl or unmarried woman, or Mrs. for a married woman was only used by whites when speaking or writing of white women. Of course there is the exception to all rules. White folk would say Doctor, or Reverend to colored men. On the other hand, they would claim kin to colored women by calling them "Aunt," and "Mammy," rather than use Miss or Mrs.

On reading a 1902 Henderson Directory, loaned to me by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Adams, I observed a startling statement that I am unable to understand. The book is divided into two sections. The front section contained the white people's titled names and addresses. The smaller section, marked colored, was in the back section of the book. This I understood because Blacks were seated on buses and street cars in the back. Only on trains did Black folks get the front section; along with smoke and cinders from the coalburning engines.

On reading the section marked colored I found as was the custom, the untitled names of the colored population. I was thrilled when I saw the names of many of the departed people whom I had known and loved. When I reached the (B) section, lo and behold, I found a colored woman, whose name is written Mrs. Cooper Bruce. Now I knew this woman well. One of her granddaughters and I were childhood schoolmates and friends; but I had always heard that "Miss Cooper," as we called her, had never been married, although she had a family. The three sons that I knew looked white, so did "Miss Cooper" for that matter, but we knew "Miss Cooper's" sister, a brown skin woman whose name was Lizzie Begwin. The Bruce family was regarded as colored. My grandmother, Catherine, and others knew "Miss Cooper's" mother, whom they said was a Black woman. They also said that all of "Miss Cooper's" sons were fathered by a white man.

"Miss Cooper Bruce" was not unique in having children by white men, but that she could be given the title of Mrs. and leave the entire Negro population of females without a single one being given the title of Mrs., although many Negro women were married by the white man's law, but weren't given the title of being a married woman.

The given title could not have been a slip of the pen, for the family was well known, lived on a street of mostly Negroes, and attended colored schools and churches. The mystery of that one title will always be an enigma to me for the person who scribed that title must be long gone, and would perhaps be very shocked to know that titles are now given to Black folks in the south since Rev. Martin Luther King and others stirred up our nation and demanded respect for all people.

CORN FIELD ENCOUNTER

This story concerns two fields. One was a corn field and the other a fellow named Garfield. To get to this corn field, Garfield had to travel down the only highway, Number One. This highway ran from Henderson to Maine, North, and from Henderson to Florida, South. After leaving Number One, north just a short distance from the Harriet Cotton Mill section, Garfield turned the horse into a, then, dirt road. This dirt road led to the Flat Rock section. He urged the horse on with a flip of the whip. He wanted to get Mr. "Dick" Southerland's horse and wagon back to Montgomery Street by the time Mr. Dick finished his noonday dinner and after-dinner nap.

Garfield worked in the Southerland stable and had been sent to Mrs. Carter's to deliver a package. When he left the stable, he had not planned to do a little business for himself. However, as he drove north, his mind kept thinking of something one of the farmers on Mr. Sidney Cooper's farm had told him the week before.

"Uncle" Tippto Baskerville had boasted, "Corn on the farm the best ever. Mr. 'Sidney' ordered the seed and the ears are long and slender with the sweetest juiciest kernels you ever tasted!"

Garfield had envisioned his sharp teeth running up and down those kernel rows, until his feet compelled him to go into the corn field. He knew just where the "Bungalow," the Cooper summer home was. So he parked the horse and wagon in a little grove of pine trees, hoping that the workers or members of the family wouldn't see him. He stepped quickly into the tall green corn and tested each ear before pulling it so that he wouldn't get any hard corn. He had made several trips to the wagon when someone stepped out in a row and demanded to know who he was and why was he pulling the corn.

Poor Garfield was caught in the act, but he thought fast, trying to get out of this situation. Garfield cleared his throat and said, "I work here." The man asked, "Who is your employer?" Garfield answered, "Mr. Sidney Cooper." The man said, "I'm Sidney Cooper, so what is your name?" Garfield stalled for a few minutes then said, "Garf." Mr. Cooper said, "Well, Garf, I see you have Dick Southerland's horses and dray. So take the corn, horse and wagon back to Mr. Southerland. Since he is the sheriff of Vance County, when I report you, Mr. Southerland won't have to go looking for you."

The horse, wagon and corn were found parked on Wyche Street. Garfield was never seen in Henderson after that. Twenty years later, Henry Jordan found an old former citizen of Henderson running a rooming house in Washington and the first border he met was Garfield of the corn field.

ROUTE FIVE AND WHISKEY

The highway once known as the Williamsboro-Townsville Road, later as Route Five, now as Highway Thirty-Nine, led to an interesting and thirst-quenching place. At the end of this road there was a large farm belonging to a Marrow family. Later a Yankee by the name of Morgan bought the farm. The story of whiskey belonged to the Marrow era. There was a small daytime community of ten or twelve log cabins on this farm. These buildings were not dwellings for people, but rather were inhabited by "spirits." The government ran a large distillery of liquors there. Mr. Goodridge Marrow, who was white and one of the descendants of the Marrow family who owned a large plantation and slaves during Vance County's pioneer days, was in charge of the distillery. His foreman was Mr. Tom Scott, colored, and grandfather of Mr. Frank Scott who is principal of Mary Potter School at Oxford, North Carolina.

Not so far from the "Still" lived Mrs. Rebecca Marrow Cross Lewis who cooked for Mr. Goodridge Marrow. Each day Mrs. Lewis would send dinner to Mr. Marrow by her husband. Mrs. Gertrude Lewis McCargo tells the story of one of her trips with her grandfather, Glaster Lewis to the "Still." After little Gertie and her grandfather had trudged through the thick woods and over deeply rutted wagon tracks, they were tired, hot and thirsty when they reached the still. While Mr. Marrow ate his dinner, the carriers waited for the dishes and dinner basket. The workers sat around under trees and enjoyed their dinners too, but the best of their repast was a kind of beer made from the by-product of the whiskey making mash. This beer had been cooled by the cold branch water over which the largest cabin was built. Mr. Lewis often enjoyed a cup of the refreshing beverage and on this day gave Gertie, Little Gertie, what he thought would be a sip. Little Gertie grabbed that cup, gulped down just about half the contents before her hands could be pried loose. When it was time to return home, it was noted that Little Gertie didn't move when her grandfather said, "Come on Gertie it's time to go." The workmen enjoyed good laughs on seeing Mr. Lewis having to carry Little Gertie on his back. He had to hold her with one hand while the other hand was occupied with carrying the basket of empty dishes.

After Mr. Lewis and Little Gertie disappeared into the thick bushes, the workers returned to the task of running the still. They stored the finished products in the small cabins until wagons owned by the government picked up the kegs in route to aging and bottling plants.

On the Philadelphia and Bullock Road, which became the route of the moving kegs, even now may be seen parts of the foundations of the Spirit village.

This whiskey industry brought economic security to many Black tenant farmers. Some were able, with their wives and children, to carry on their crops and make extra money at the "Still." The Taylors, Marrows, Bullocks, Terrys, Wyches, Hargroves, Lewises, and other progressive families were sorry to see the old distillery move to another state at the turn of the century.

The first names of many workers at that whiskey plant have been forgotten and many of their heirs may be reluctant to say, "Our family farm was bought with whiskey making money." They will tell you, however, "My great-grandfather was among the first Black farmers to own land after Lee surrendered."

Williamsboro is said to have lost the capital site by only two votes. Many people in this section never lost the first family feeling. They jumped at every opportunity to have given more colored teachers, preachers, doctors, lawyers and educators than any other in the county of Vance. The names of the above people will appear in another part of this report.

Before we leave this whiskey environment that people frown on today, let me say this. Some of the older citizens can "laugh up their sleeves" knowing that their progenitors were liquor makers, but legitimate ones.

NIGGER, NIGGER, NIGGER

From the mouths of Black children came the taunt, "Nigger, Nigger," to harrass a Black boy who lived as white. These jeering taunts were aimed at a wagon belonging to Hight's General Store, on the north end cotton mill section of Henderson. Two guys sat on a board seat and urged the horses forward so that they could deliver the groceries piled on baskets in the wagon. One boy, called "Dick" Hight was as white as any Caucasian, with the hair and features. The remarks were not meant for him because he lived in a Black community and attended Henderson Institute, a Black school. The nasty remarks were aimed at a medium brown skinned boy who lived in a white community with his white mother and father. He was reported not to have attended any school because he had all the earmarks of a Negro. The brown skinned boy didn't answer back, but looked straight ahead at the horses' ears. In fact, the brown boy was said not to talk to colored people at all except to "Dick," his co-worker. Now Dick knew all of the children who ran alongside the wagon, and he wasn't afraid to answer back. Had he not been on the wagon, and had he not been drawing a salary for helping the "brown one," he perhaps would have been with the harrassers. Dick turned to the boy one day and said, "Why don't you answer those kids back? You know they are talking to you. They know I'm a nigger, but they think you one too."

In a quiet voice the brown one said, "Cause I ain't a nigger. My daddy and ma says I ain't, and I ain't."

Dick asked him, "Then why is you hair kinky and your skin brown? Although I am colored, there is no one in my family with kinky hair or dark skin."

The dark boy answered, my pa and ma says "I'm an act of God."

The dark boy turned and looked into Dick's near blue eyes and asked, "Why is your hair straight and your skin white?" "Because my mother and father look just as I do, but they had some Negro grandparents. Or it may have been my great-grandparents long ago."

When the brown boy became a man, he courted and married a white girl. They went to Virginia, and the girl said she was colored when they went to obtain a marriage license. They came right back to their community and lived just a short walk from the now 7-11 food store. Although mixed marriages between Blacks and Whites, and Indians and whites were against the law, no one bothered this couple. They did not report the couple because the father and mother worked in the mill with them and they had, in a way, accepted "the act of God."

After the couple had been married for some time, a policeman caught the couple sitting in a car with their arms around each other. The "brown one" was roughed up, taken to town and booked for molesting a white wom-

an. On Tuesday, when the trial came up, all the cotton mill workers that weren't on duty in the mill were in the courthouse. Along with a large number of Black citizens. When Mr. Irvin Watkins, who was Mayor then, called the case, the "brown one" pleaded not guilty.

He was asked, "Don't you know it's against the law for Black men to molest white women?"

The "brown one" answered, "I ain't Black, and she ain't just any woman, she is my wife." Mayor Watkins called Mr. June Champion up and asked if he was the arresting officer. Mr. Champion said yes. Mayor Watkins then asked if the nigger boy was crazy? The "brown one's" lawyer asked the Mayor if he could call witnesses to prove that the boy told the truth. When the "brown one's" father stepped forward and swore that the brown one was his flesh and blood, not a sound was heard until he finished, with this statement, "God is great, this is his act to show His greatness." The case was dismissed. The couple went home. They later became parents of several children. The children showed all caucasian features, hair and skin color. They attended school and were often seen playing in their yard by five tired Black teachers as they returned home from their teaching jobs in the county.

Later, the mother of the children, just described, contracted tuberculosis. She was sent to the Scott Parker sanitarium where she is said to have died. The brown one went to a Black woman's home whom he felt he could trust. He had seen this woman for years as she visited his mother. He told the woman, whom he called Aunt Clara, that he wanted her to tell his mother that he was going away and never expected to come back. He said he didn't want to live the rest of his life as an outcast. "Tell ma," he said, "I love her and Pa but I am going where I will be what I know I am, a colored man."

Several weeks later, the grapevine of Black people named a Black woman from the Goose Hollow section who had left with him. He was never heard from so far as the public knew, until the man's mother died about fifteen years later. Only his name came up and landed like a bomb shell on a room of family and friends at the mother's wake.

One of the brown one's white brothers had married a woman who bore him a daughter. Later, the couple separated and the woman, Louise, who told the "bombshot" story, moved to the Mobile section of town. She rented from a colored school teacher, a Miss Eaton, who fell in love with the little girl. When Louise went out, she left the child with the Eatons. One of the ladies living there was a sister-in-law, also a teacher. Both ladies loved the girl. They had not children of their own, and they taught her. The girl loved the Eatons because they paid so much attention to her. When the oldest of the Eatons retired and soon after became ill, the girl sat in Jubilee Hospital with her while she got out her senior high school work. The fact that their kin was living among Blacks was resented by the girl's father's family. The moth-

er, Louise, said that she seldom visited her former husband's people because she didn't want them harrassing her about where she lived. However, when the mother died, she went to the wake because she had always loved the mother. When the room was full of people, one of Louise's brothers-in-law asked her in a sneering manner, "Have you left those nigger friends long enough to come among us?"

Louise answered him with this question, "Have you contacted your nigger brother about his mother's death?" Louise said she lit a cigarette and waited for another question or answer, but neither came.

Ann, the daughter, now has her Master in Nursing Education. She is married and lives in California where her husband is a college professor. Ann gives the credit of her success, in climbing in her field, to two dear friends, both of which are now deceased.

WHITE AND A DROP OF BLACK

Will Chisim had left his home in Georgia because he wanted a better life for himself than a common laborer. He would look around him and see Black people who worked hard but were not able to own the shacks that they were forced to occupy. They pulled peaches and picked cotton for fifty cents a day.

He had heard from a relative, who had gone "up north" years before the Spanish American War, that wonderful things were "up north" for colored people. Two things that were said to be waiting for colored people kept running through his mind. One was that white folks called a Black man "Mr.," and that you could marry anybody you wanted to and not be jailed. So, Will had walked much of the way through South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia. Will's itinerary was filled with many places that he had never heard of. He stopped and stayed, worked and moved on when he had earned enough money to buy food or clothing to be use on his way "up north."

When Will reached Richmond, Virginia, two years after he had left home, he was tempted to stay in Richmond. He was tired and longed for a regular job and a nice shack to call home. However, during his stay in Richmond, all that he ever heard a Black man called was "John," or "Boy." When he talked with the fellows on the jobs that he was able to pick up, they quickly helped Will to make up his mind about remaining in Richmond. All agreed that if you even talked about marrying a white woman you would be jailed.

Some tramps that Will met while fishing in the James River told Will how they rode on the rails under the freight trains to any place they wanted to go. Will joined two of the tramps that said they were going to New York City. After many days of bumping and changing freights, the men arrived in the city. After walking from Thirty-Fourth Street to Central Park, the three buddies decided to find some soft grass under some bushes and go to sleep.

A walk, the next day, brought the men to One Hundred and Tenth Street. The two tramps were well acquainted with this part of the city. They had often lived in this part they called Harlem. Will wanted to know how he would go about getting work. His new friends couldn't give him much help. They never remained in any one place long enough to get a steady job.

During Will's walk through the park, he had noticed a man with a nail in a stick picking up paper. He was putting the paper in a sack which he had tied on his back, very much like the bags back home in the cotton fields. Will asked the man if he needed help. The man pointed to a small building that said, "Men, Women, and Office." The man in charge was glad to give Will work and Will was more than happy about the two dollars a day he would earn.

While Will was winding his way from Georgia to New York, an octaroon girl from Henderson had also gone to New York. She had gone to New York to work and help her mother pay for a large house that her mother had built on the West End of town. Bessie, (not her real name) had found a job in a laundry. At first she did ironing, but she was such an alert girl, the boss put her into the job of a checker. Now this is what she was doing when Will began taking his "Sunday" shirts to this laundry. The lady checker often talked with Will and smiled sweetly as she took his white shirt, or gave it back to him. Bessie noticed that the tall, very Black man brought the shirt in on Monday and picked it up every Saturday morning. She assumed that he attended church on Sunday. One Saturday, as Will was getting his clothes, she asked him where did he attend church. He told her he went to Flete Street Baptist church in Brooklyn. Bessie told Will that she was a member of a Baptist church back in her hometown. That she hadn't attended church very much lately, as where she lived, most of the ladies were Irish and Catholics. Bessie asked Will to take her with him some Sunday so that she could find the way.

Will was reluctant to make a date for he thought Bessie was white. He had seen Blacks and whites together in the streets, but he felt shy to walk into Rev. Giles' all Black membership church with a blond white woman.

Will decided not to go to Flete Street Baptist Church the next Sunday. He went instead to a church that he had noticed white people entering. He waited across the street before going in, he wasn't sure about being welcomed there. Soon several Black people entered, and he crossed the street and entered too.

When Will took his clothes to the laundry, he had accumulated some nice underwear and work clothes, he talked with Bessie, whom he called Miss Bessie, about church. He asked her if she was still interested in attending church, and if she would care to go with him the following Sunday. Bessie enthusiastically accepted. However, instead of taking Bessie to Brooklyn, he took her to the church he had attended on Fifth Avenue.

Going to church together became a regular thing with Will and Bessie. When the winter season came, Will bought tickets and took Bessie to see Burt Williams, a Black actor who was in a show on Broadway. Will was dressed in his best. He was very proud to be seen walking in the lobby of the theater with a blond white woman draped over his arm. People didn't seem to notice him and Bessie. There were all kinds of colors together and separately going in. Many different languages could be heard being spoken. Will felt, that night, that he had picked the right place to call home. New York was Will's town.

Time moved on and Will and Bessie became closer. That is, she invited him in to meet the landlady and her family. They were people from Ireland who had not been in America for very long. They had never seen a Black person in their little village, and had never seen one as Black as Will on Sixty-Ninth Street where they lived.

Eventually, Will got around to asking Bessie about her beaux. Bessie told Will that she didn't have a beau in New York. He then asked her if she could consider him as a beau. She smiled and said, "I would be proud to consider you a beau."

After a time, Will and Bessie were married. They went to live in, not a good shack as Will had dreamed of when he'd decided to leave Georgia, but a nice four room, cold water flat on Sixty-Third Street. There were gas lights and a bathtub in the kitchen, up on a platform that made the tub just right for a work table when a top attached to the wall was let down.

Things went beautifully for this happy couple until Bessie received a letter from her mother that her little girl was sick. Bessie wanted Will to go to her home in Henderson, North Carolina. Will refused to go. He knew what happened to Black men who even looked long at a white woman in any southern town. If he went south with a white wife, he could visualize the hanging and burning party the white folks would have with him as honored target.

Bessie especially wanted Will to go home with her so that the neighbors could see that she had a husband, even Samson, who was her daughter's father, had refused to marry her when she became pregnant. When Bessie insisted that Will go, Will asked her if she was trying to get him killed. Now Bessie loved Will. He had been kind and gentle, and above all, he had married her even after she told him that she had a child out of wedlock. Now it was hard for her to understand his refusal to go with her. She demanded a reason, so Will gave her his reason. "Don't you know white folks hang Black men for being with a white woman in the South?" Bessie began to understand, so she answered, "Will, I am Black, not white." Will looked at Bessie for a long time then asked why she hadn't told him that she wasn't white. Bessie answered that she thought he knew that she was colored. Will became angry and said, "How was I suppose to know you were colored? You look

white, you had a white woman's job, and you lived with the white Irish folks." Will accused Bessie of deceiving him. From that time on, Will lost interest in Bessie. He only visited Henderson once, and that was when her mother died. That pleased Bessie and her brother, for then the neighbors could see that Bessie was a respectfully married lady. In fact, Bessie was the first woman in her family to be married since slavery. Her mother's mother was the daughter of a white slave owner, and Bessie was the daughter of a white man. But that drop of Black blood, that erases all other blood was in there somewhere from some Black forefather from Africa.

Will returned to New York where he lived until he died. Bessie stayed in Henderson and continued in her same line of work. Bessie was loved and respected by all the people, Black and white. Many people came in contact with her as she checked their clothes in and out. She worked, even in Henderson, in a job that is usually given to white people.

Bessie's daughter came back to the homeplace and lived a few years before she joined the family plot. The home still stands on Pettigrew Street and holds the dreams of a woman who wasn't white enough for Will.

THE KLU KLUX KLAN AND DR. COTTON

Dr. John A. Cotton, principal of Henderson Institute, once attended a Klan meeting in Henderson. His white skin and curly hair passed him through the door at the Chamber of Commerce. Many of the people attending this meeting, especially the trade people, knew Dr. Cotton and bowed to him. Several shook his hand. This because of his large orders for the boarding department of the school. His large orders were appreciated and needed to keep their books in the black. However, someone went to the Grand Dragon and told him that a Black man was in the audience to spy and take information back to the colored folks. When the Grand Dragon arose, he flashed his eyes over the gathering but could not locate the Black man. Again he scanned the audience, but only white skin, and Caucasian hair and features met his eyes. He eventually began to speak. "I understand we have a 'nigger' with us tonight. I just want to say, although I can't pick you out by color, you are not the reason for this meeting. Nor the Jews either. We are here to campaign for new members. We Klan people are not bothered about what you niggers, Jews think or approve of. It is only when you start trouble, by getting out of your place, that we will deal with you. Then we'll quickly put you back in line, in the back, where God meant for you to be. Remember, white people are the leaders and hold the power where ever they are. The Jews, the whole Caucasian race, has proved to be God's chosen people. We've proved it because we hold the power over Blacks in Africa, and Jews, wherever they have wandered over this earth. Now, Mr. Black man, don't let that white skin that covers you get you in trouble by trying to be white. We will search out your Black blood, and if you have one drop in you, you will be dealt with like the nigger that you are."

A merchant who furnished much of the bulk food for the H & I boarding school department had come in after the meeting had started. He was so carried away by the Dragon's speech on white power, he stood, clapped his hands and said "Amen!"

On Monday morning, when Dr. Cotton usually put in his order, instead of putting in an order he paid up and walked from the store. When several days had gone by and no order from Henderson Institute arrived, the merchant called Dr. Cotton and wanted to know what he needed. Dr. Cotton told him that he had all the supplies he needed and thanked him for bygone services.

A call meeting to all colored Ministers gave them the story related above. Each member of congregations all over town heard a sermon on, "If a white man is against you, don't buy from him, and give him money to keep you in line, the back of the line." The merchant's name wasn't called from the pulpit, but the "grapevine" gave the name to the people of color, and to Jews all over town.

In a year's time, the merchant had closed his store. Within another year he was dead. The word BOYCOTT was not used, but the act brought real boycott into service. At that time, we had no equal rights program to even answer a KKK back.

Dr. Cotton told the above story to his freshman Bible class in 1922. Our study topic for the day had been assigned, it was Isaiah, the second chapter. After hearing the story, some for the first time, a lively discussion ensued as to what really made a Negro. Isaiah, for the moment, was rainchecked. There were two white-Black students in that class who listened but had nothing to say. They had to be careful of what they said. Those clearly Negroid would say, "You think you are better because you are light." Anyway, after friendly arguing, and not being quite sure of what to make of the situation, all the students agreed with August James. He said, "If one drop of blood from a Black person can change every other race's blood to 'nigger blood,' it must have power indeed." The KKK Grand Dragon certainly elevated the power of "Black blood."

A drop of blood from another race may have a profound quality. During the time Mrs. Frazier was house mother at the colored orphanage, several children were taken from white parents and placed in the Oxford Orphanage. This because someone had whispered that "a nigger had been in the woodpile."

The Boston Globe published an article this summer by John Taylor. The article, "Apartheid's Ugly Stepchild," gives in detail how this blood strain can topple and demoralize. It can separate, and even imprison people whom the whites in South Africa are using to remain in power politically, economically and socially. Interesting excerpts are as follows:

A drop of Indian blood among Caucasians was once as distasteful as that "Black drop." However, here of late, since the school books, news media, and television has decided and agreed that Indians are the first Americans, and as some whites need to feel that they must be first; they are admitting, "behind spread hands," that they inherited some Indian blood from great-grandfather. They seem aware that the Indian red blood does not threaten their upper mobility. (The article): Copied from a clipping. Apartheids ugly stepchild — South Africa tightens the vise with a new race identity book. By John Taylor Special to The Globe. Capetown, South Africa — One of the strangest offshoots of South Africa's apartheid policy is race reclassification.

Since the Nationalist party enacted the Population Registration Act in 1950 all South Africans must be registered with the government as a member of one of the four official races which in order of privileges are White, Indian, Colored and Black.

Occasionally an individual attempts to have himself reclassified "upward" into a more privileged race. Also, occasionally, the government will "down-grade" a person's classification against his will if evidence shows that the person has been "incorrectly classified."

Dr. Frederick Van Zyl Slabbert, a member of parliament for the Progressive Federal Party, is currently working to have the official reclassification of one of his constituents overturned.

"The man has always thought of himself as white. He holds a job reserved for whites. His children attend white schools, and his wife is white. Last year he applied for the Book of Life and when he received it, the government had classified him as colored."

To understand the "tragedy" of Van Zyl Slabbert's constituent something must first be said of South Africa's identity documents. For decades blacks have been compelled to carry passbooks proving that they are entitled to be in any area outside their assigned homeland. Until recently, no similarly complete identification was required for "coloureds and whites."

Then, in 1976, the Department of Interior decided to issue every South African a comprehensive identity document, known informally as the Book of Life. The idea was to collect all of an individual's identity records (birth certificate, driver's license, marriage certificate, military card, gun permit and so on) into a single, passport-sized volume.

Citizens were requested to submit the information, which Department of Interior bureaucrats verified, and a Book of Life was issued.

What purpose did the Book of Life serve?

"The Book of Life is the final step in the bureaucratic separation of races," said a venerable Capetown lawyer, who asked not to be identified.

"The Book of Life allowed the government to cross-check everyone's race classification and make sure no one was cheating."

"The first step was taken with the 1950 Population Registration Act," the lawyer said. "At that time race classification was made on the basis of, and I quote, 'appearance and acceptance.' If you looked white and were considered white by your community, presto, you were classified white. The same standards held true for the other races."

Asked how the government defined "white," "coloured," and "bantú" (as blacks are called officially), Van Zyl Slabbert showed the reporter the Population Registration Act.

"It's a nice tautological dance," he said. "Let me read you the law. It says, A colored person means a person who is not white or a bantú. A bantú means a person who is generally accepted as a member of any aboriginal race of Africa. A white means a person who is in appearance obviously a white person and who is not generally considered a colored person, or, who is generally accepted as a white person and is not in appearance obviously a colored person."

Essentially they define these categories, categories which rule people's lives, like this. A bantú is a bantú. A colored is someone who is not a white and a white is someone who is not a colored.

Questioned on the legal implications of these definitions, the Capetown lawyer said: "The criteria of appearance and acceptance were terribly murky and they provided an escape-goat. You could be reclassified by proving that others considered you white. People were crossing the line all the time."

But, in the beginning, no sharper definitions were available. They had to originally classify everyone on this vague basis. Only then could they tighten up the definitions by using the first classifications as empirical evidence. So, in 1967, they amended the Population Registration Act by proclaiming descent as the single criterion. You were white only if both your parents were white, black only if both were black, and colored if one or both was colored or if one was black and one was white.

"Appearance and acceptance" no longer applied. The issue was decided entirely on the classification of your parents, even though your parents had been classified according to appearance and acceptance.

"It created problems," the lawyer continued. "About one percent of the population were borderline cases. Parents who had passed themselves off as white found that their offspring born after 1967 were registered as colored."

"The '67 Amendment stopped a lot of the reclassification. To be reclassified white, you had to prove your parents were white. It became very cut and dried.

"However, if you looked white you could still be accepted by people as white and that was what counted. You could get a job reserved for whites, live in a white area and so forth, with no one the wiser. For identification you could show one of your papers which didn't list race.

"So with the '67 Amendment there were still loopholes of a sort. But now with the Book of Life those have all gone down the drain. All identification is concentrated in the Book of Life, so when you go to lease a house or apply for a job or get married, anything requiring identification, you show the Book of Life and your race classification is right there."

This is where Van Zyl Slabbert's constituent got into trouble. The man is a stoker on the railways — a job reserved for whites. He has always considered himself white. He looks white. He attended white schools and he did his military service as a white. He married a white woman, and his children attend white schools.

In 1977, after the government announced the Book of Life policy, Van Zyl Slabbert's constituent routinely filed the proper forms. Later that year he received his Book of Life and discovered he had been classified "colored." He assumed some mistake had been made but his children's Books of Life soon arrived and they too were listed as "colored."

In consternation, he went to the Department of Interior and was told that there was no mistake. His mother, it turned out, was "colored" though she married a white man, lived in a white area, and was thought by those who knew her to be white. Her son never knew he was "colored" until the Department of Interior unearthed the fact.

This made her son, as well as her son's children "colored" under the 1967 Amendment. As such, Van Zyl Slabbert's constituent was breaking a number of laws. He was guilty of violating the Immorality Act (prohibiting sexual intercourse between members of different races). He was guilty of violating the Mixed Marriage Act, The Group Areas Act and the Job Reservation Act.

"Of course, he's frightfully desperate," said Van Zyl Slabbert. As a result of his reclassification he is living with his wife illegally, his children are in school illegally, living in his home illegally and he is holding his job illegally. His life has suddenly disintegrated.

"He brought the case to me in January 1978. I sent a letter to the Minister of Interior, and in September, I got this reply."

Van Zyl Slabbert showed the reporter a letter which said that a member of the department had "thoroughly investigated the matter and under the conditions did not see how Mr. --- could be reclassified white."

"You'll notice no reasons are given," Van Zyl Slabbert said. "The department is not required to explain its actions, and by law a decision of the

Minister or an official acting for the Minister is final. There's no legal recourse.

"The man's wife was pregnant and she threatened to have an abortion if the colored reclassification wasn't over-ruled. It meant waiting for several months, but I didn't show them this letter until the child was born. When this has happened before, it's often led to suicide.

"I've talked to the Minister and he said he'll look into the matter again. It's up to the whim of the particular Minister. The current Minister was not in office when the ruling was made and so he may take a different view from that of his predecessor.

"And if he decides against my man, I have only two alternatives. I can bring the fellow and his family into the Minister and say, Look, here he is, here's his family, as white as you. Now you explain to him what happened. If that doesn't work, I'll go public with it."

A WHITE MAN WHO LIVED BLACK

A death notice in the Henderson paper stated that Raymond Engram, 79, a former Henderson resident, died Wednesday at his home in Franklinton County. My mind went back to about twenty years ago, when I first met Raymond. He was in the home of a neighbor and I thought he was selling something from a farm, as there was a large basket of sweet potatoes near where he stood. He looked like the average red-neck white farmer. His hair was blond and sun-bleached in spots. His eyes were as blue as the sky on a bright day. His skin was a bit tanned, but around the edges of his hair, where his hat had protected, the white showed plainly.

On this meeting, I thought Raymond was a white man willing to talk to his colored customers. However, on several other occasions I found Raymond sitting and seemed in a very social mood. My neighbor, Elizabeth Boykin Parham, seemed to be enjoying Raymond's company. I had known Elizabeth all of her life, and we had always exchanged confidential matters. I asked her why was she spending so much time with the white farmer. She threw back her head and laughed and said, "Raymond isn't white, he Black." This answer was readily understood; many colored families had members that looked white.

A few months later, Elizabeth and Raymond were married. Children from a former marriage appeared on the scene. They seemed very happy that their father had found a new mother for them. One daughter, Lurinda, who was married, expressed her feelings this way. "After our mother died, daddy cared for us for fifteen years, until all of us were grown and married. That is except for the youngest, called Nanny, who is a senior at Perry's High School. We love Miss Elizabeth. From time to time, all of Raymond's children visited him. The children were light brown and "high yellow," with the exception of one son, Raymond, Jr. He was just like his father, white.

Raymond moved into the neighborly life of our community. He was easy going and kind. People accepted him as a colored man as they'd always accepted the white-Blacks. One day we were talking about families and I said, "Mr. Raymond, did you know your white father?" Raymond smiled and said, "Yes, and also my white mother." Now this sort of set me back because the line had usually been crossed by the white man. Raymond told me the following story:

Before the war that freed the slaves was fought, a wealthy white man lived in Wake County. He sent his daughter to a school for young ladies in Richmond, Virginia. After attending this school for several sessions, the daughter was sent home, pregnant. During those days, an unmarried white lady couldn't have a baby. She would disgrace, not only herself, but her entire family would be shamed. The white man owned land in Franklin County. He took his daughter and an old slave midwife back in the woods to a shack in Franklin County. He told the nurse to keep the baby when it came and to send the daughter, whom she was to keep hidden until after the birth. Things went as planned. The white man told the old nurse to say the baby belonged to a Negro girl. She was paid to keep her mouth closed on the truth, and paid to take care of the baby, who turned out to be Raymond Engram's mother.

When Raymond's mother was about sixteen, a Mr. Hunt began courting, or rather slipping to see the girl whom he thought was a Negro. Eventually, the girl became pregnant. When she told the old nurse of her condition, the nurse then told this Mr. Hunt the truth. However, she would not divulge the names of the people who had made life easy for her. Although the wealthy farmer who'd paid her was long dead, she kept his family name untarnished. The old nurse told Mr. Hunt that he could marry the girl. Mr. Hunt was afraid of the social stir that marriage to a girl who had passed for colored would cause.

Mr. Hunt was a man of means, so he made a home for his family on one of his farms. To this union was born seven or eight children. I met five of them, and not one has Negroid features, hair or eyes. Of those I met, two never married, they were David and Miss Paula. The other three, including Raymond married colored people, and their children all show some Negro features, that is except Raymond's oldest son.

One day during Raymond and Elizabeth's life together, there came a small hump-backed man to see Raymond. This man had been Raymond's nurse when he'd lived on the farm. If I recall correctly, the man's name was John. He repeated some of the things that Raymond had told me in his story. John seemed very happy to have been a part of the Engram children's growing up. He boasted of how much Mr. Hunt loved his family.

The Engram children still live on the land that their father gave them. Mr. Hunt would love to see his daughter, Annie Fogg's lovely brick home,

and even the trailer that Raymond bought after his dear Elizabeth died. The trailer stands near the homeplace where the white woman lived with her white children who were forced to be Black. David and Miss Paula lived in the homeplace.

With the exception of the few years that Raymond ran a store on West Rockspring Street, he never was far from where his roots were planted. Even when Raymond and Elizabeth lived on Hamilton Street, late in the afternoon, when Elizabeth came from Henderson Institute, where she taught, they would take a ride. They would ride out, past Mitchell's church, to Molten where Raymond's dreams were born.

The death notice does not say where Raymond will be buried. I hope it's in the graveyard where his father and mother sleeps, not far from each other, and where all are but one race, God's people.

AN EARTHENWARE JAR AND A HOUSE

When Mr. Jack and his wife, Ann Wimbush Elam, moved into their new twelve room house on the corner of Whitten Avenue and Roosevelt Street the neighbors were flattered. Even if they were a little jealous, they were still flattered to have their neighborhood so updated. The Elams had, some years back, built a six room house which still stands on Spring Street. The neighbors over on the west-end of town had wondered, as the new neighbors were now wondering, how poor colored folks who worked in the same factory as they did could save enough money to buy such homes. Several people had asked Jack if he wanted to sell the Spring Street house. He sent everyone to his wife, Ann, who ran the home business. Ann told them they didn't want to sell; that the old home would be rented. Word got around that the Elams didn't want to sell. That they also didn't need to sell the house on Spring Street to help pay for the new house on Whitten Avenue.

Esther Hawkins lived on Grove Hill street, now named Hamilton Street. She worked at the old Taylor's factory near the railroad tracks and the spot called the coal shoot. This is where the trains stopped for water and coal. She and Ann Elam stemmed tobacco near a window. They often talked of the many places trains could take you. When the Elams moved into their new home right up the street from Esther, she decided to pay them a visit. She wanted to make them welcome to the community and get to see the red velvet parlour suite that Ann's half-white daughter had sent her from way up north. The suite was beautiful and looked very expensive. Ann said Jinny would send curtains and the red velvet side drapes when she got her next pay. Esther, along with some other people, had heard some of the young people who lived in New York talking. When they came home to visit parents and friends they spoke sarcastically about Jinny. This because they said she did not associate with any of the home acquaintances. Jinny had a job in a sewing shop downtown on Thirty-Fourth Street where they did not hire colored workers. Jinny's hometown folks didn't like the idea of anyone using

their lack of color looks to their advantage. Some said, "She is denying her Race." "She thinks she is better than we are because she can fool the up north white folks."

All of these things ran through Esther's mind and also through Ann's when Esther asked what kind of work Jinny did to earn so much money. Ann answered, "She works in a sewing factory where they make coats for the big New York stores like Abraham and Strauss." Ann did not tell Esther that when she sent Jinny to New York to work she had told her to forget about race and to seek work only where white girls worked. This because they earned larger salaries. Not one employer had ever asked Jinny what she was because their eyes told them she was white. The only girls questioned were those with swarthy coloring, kinky hair, or Negroid features. Some employers who questioned the would-be employees, or work seekers, could not make them understand. They were usually just off the boat from Russia or from some place in Israel.

Ann, Jack, Sr., Effie and a girl called "Blackeye," Jack Jr., Tom and James all worked in the factory five and a half days a week. All quit at twelve on Saturday and went home to do all the things that needed to be done for Sunday. Ann, with one of the boys, went to Mr. Hight's store on the northern end of Henderson, known as Cotton Mill Hill. Many families shopped at Mr. Hight's store. They said his meats were fresher and every thing cheaper than the grocery stores on Garnett Street, or the ones that dotted places all over town.

All the Elams gave Ann their pay envelopes unopened. From each envelope, she took the same amount with which to purchase groceries. When Mr. Hight saw Ann enter the store he would have already written her order. She bought the same food each week, only getting certain dried vegetables during the winter season. Mr. Hight's tender, juicy stewing beef was on every Saturday order, plus a large head of cabbage, for Sunday dinner. Their pig pen and fenced poultry yard gave them all the pork and fowl they wanted during the week.

The Elam's garden faced Roosevelt Street, and part of Ford Street. The church people disapproved of the Elams working their garden on Sunday. They felt that this was the time when everybody should be in church, or taking a walk to the cemetery to look at the graves of their loved ones. Mrs. Carroll, who lived on Ford Street, said she hoped the passers-by wouldn't think it was Daniel or Nannie working right in back of her house.

Scripture quoting to the Elams did not stop their chopping. Then, when their new white potatoes and turnip greens were the first in the neighborhood to get picked, they looked so tempting, people offered to buy a "mess." Ann sold them what they wanted as she needed their money for a project in the future.

Out on the Elam's back porch, there was a sort of little room with a tiny window that protruded. It looked as if it might have been an after thought added to the original house plan. Ann called this room her saving pantry. Each Saturday night, after the girls had finished baking a large pan of cornbread, ginger bread, and biscuits, a large earthenwar jar, once a churn, was taken from Ann's saving pantry and put in the kitchen. As Lena, Roberter, Rosa Bell, and I sat on Mrs. Eliza Harris's porch, we could see one of the young people cross the porch with the jar. The window to the little room was always closed. A piece of dark canvas which covered the window gave it an air of mystery. The jar became a part of that mystery. Mrs. Harris, after listening to different assumptions by four girls, enlightened us. "Ann cuts the corn bread in squares and places it and the biscuits in the jar for their food next week." We then had a discussion of how our parents didn't like or serve stale bread.

Several years after the new curtains arrived, and the house had been painted snow white, Miss Jinny Elam came home to visit her mother, stepfather and sisters and brothers. I had never seen her. When she came to our house and asked, in a "New York" way of talking, "Is Miss Hokins in?" I thought she was some of Mrs. Alma Parham's friends from up north. Mrs. Parham was a white New Englander whom my mother did sewing and serving for when she had up north guests.

Mama came to the door when she heard voices and said, "Well, it is Jinny Elam." They embraced and began to talk as if they'd known each other for years, which they had.

Jinny's mission home was two-fold. She wanted to see the house all dressed up before it was dismantled. She then dropped a bomb; she said, "All the Elams are moving to Point Pleasant, New Jersey." Mama wanted to know if they were going to sell the new house. It was, after six years, still called new. Jinny said no, it would be rented. Their uncle, James Wimbush, would collect the rent for them.

A few months later, the Elam furniture and furnishings were shipped by freight to Point Pleasant. Jinny had jobs for the three brothers. Effie went to work in service. The one called Blackeye worked in a Mill in or near Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Miss Jinny made one more trip to Henderson during World War I. She stayed with Esther Hawkins who was her mother's best friend. Before she left, the questions that were still unanswered came up. How could the Elams build such large homes on such small salaries? Jinny said, "We pool our resources like the Jewish people. We work together because we know that not one of us will let the other lose." Esther asked Jinny what bank did they save all that money in. Jinny said her mother had kept the money in an oil skin bag in the bottom of the bread jar. They had never decided to use the banks, instead they saved at home and paid cash for whatever they needed.

All of the Elam children married except Miss Jinny. Mr. Elam died soon after Miss Jinny passed. In 1931, when I visited the Elams in Point Pleasant, New Jersey, only a granddaughter lived where Ann's family once dwelled. Ann Elam and her children owned half a block of houses, which now belong to grandchildren.

The house in Henderson was never sold. Several large families rented it from time to time. Mrs. Mary Gales Bryant and her married daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Bajjie Chavis, Mrs. Davis, who was the mother of Mrs. Frank Carpenter, all lived in the house at one time. Eventually, Mr. James Wimbush moved into a part that still held together. James, called "Bush," while he worked around the train station, wrote many letters to the grandchildren of the Elams. He asked them over and over to come and repair the house because he was not able to do so. He asked them to come and sell the place but they never set foot to about the house. After "Bush" died, the people who needed kindling started pulling boards off the house. Eventually just a shell remained. The frame of the tiny window banged against the side of Ann's saving pantry. The place where she'd kept thousands of dollars in an earthenware jar.

A real estate company owns the Elam site now, and two small cottages face the Whitten Avenue side of the property. One is occupied by Mr. Tommy Wortham and his sister, Miss Fannie Wortham, the other by a Hinton family. The people living here are too young to remember the Elams. Tommy might, if he wishes to think back that far. The Hintons have now built a house on the Elam site, facing Roosevelt Street as did the Elam home.

UNCLE DAVE AND SWEET POTATOES

Mr. Dave Bullock taught the people on Happy Hill that you don't need legs to grow prize potatoes.

Next door to my grandma, Esther Hawkins, at 428 Hamilton Street, lived an old couple. They were Mr. and Mrs. Dave Bullock. The wife was called Aunt Em. I never knew what Mrs. Bullock's real name was until I attended her funeral and the Minister called her Emile.

When I first knew Uncle Dave, he was old and crippled with what was then called rheumatism. The word "arthritis" was not used to describe the aches and pains of joints. Uncle Dave wore his affliction with pride as he boasted of being on the faculty at the "college!" He had served as janitor at Henderson Institute during the early years when the name was Normal Institute. Uncle Dave said he had to give up his position when his rheumatism took his legs over. Uncle Dave boasted of his principal doctor being a white man. When he said the doctor was a white man, I said our principal, Rev. Cotton, was white. Uncle Dave shook his head and said, "no he ain't. Rev. Cotton looks white, but he is Black like I is." I looked at Uncle Dave's ebony color, thought of how Rev. Cotton looked on the outside and didn't understand. It took me some time to figure out where Rev. Cotton's Blackness was.

Next door to our house was and is a large vacant lot. Uncle Dave rented the lot from Lawyer Andrew Harris for two dollars a year. Early in the spring, Mr. Armstead Hamilton plowed the lot and ran off the plump rows. The day after the plowing Uncle Dave would swing himself between the two stout crutches with a chair with the legs cut off tied to the outer ring of one crutch. Going up to his "tater" field. He would lower the chair, leave it at the first row and swing himself back home. On the second trip he brought a sawed off hoe, and sweet potato plants from his straw covered bed in his backyard. He lowered himself into the chair and began to open holes in those rows. He pulled the soil around the plants to form what he called "tater" hills.

The children in our neighborhood were encouraged to help all of the very old people. However, not any of the children offered to help Uncle Dave with the potato planting. The children knew that their help would be needed when those plump rows or hills were bursting with "Nancy Halls;" the white sweet potatoes that Uncle Dave nurtured and grew.

Our town remained rural during my adolescent years. Most of the families had pig pens on the back of their garden lots. Just about the time the neighbors were feeding their hogs corn to put on the needed fat for midlings, hams, and chines, Uncle Dave began opening the potato hills. After school, our parents gave us baskets and pails to help Uncle Dave harvest and take the potatoes to his home. His back door was left open and we emptied the potatoes into a bin he had built under the stairs. The stairs ran from the kitchen to two rooms above the two rooms directly below.

When all the large and middle-sized potatoes were stored, Uncle Dave sat back in his short chair and directed us to pick up the small potatoes called "strings." After a small bag was set aside as seed potatoes for the next year, all the other "strings" were given to us to take home and bake that night along with the daily supper biscuits. Not being offered the large potatoes did not offend us. We knew when the cold weather came and the "taters" turned sweeter, Uncle Dave always put a few extra ones in the ashes of his fire for us. By the time school was out at two fifteen, if we hadn't taken a lunch, we would be just right to relish those ashy skin potatoes. School lunch rooms were unheard of back before World War I, so Uncle Dave's sweet potatoes were a nice link until suppertime. Mary Lou Eaton often walked from Rockspring Street to get one of those potatoes. That is, if her mother wasn't looking. Her mother told all of us not to bother Uncle Dave.

Not all of the Bullock's food was cooked on the fireplace in the front room. Their kitchen, besides having a potato bin, had a small black iron stove with two doors on the sides to open the oven. A black iron pot that fitted down into the eye usually sat on the stove. When Aunt Em came we usually left. She always seemed tired and a little cross after a long day in Taylor's Tobacco Factory. From this pot, Uncle Dave always had something delicious. Like turnip greens with chine, or chicken and dumplings. I never

remember seeing a frying pan. Uncle Dave made magic with that iron pot. I now have flowers planted in that pot. It has a crack in it and even if it didn't have the crack, the little legs at the bottom couldn't fit the modern stoves.

When Sunday came this dear old couple dressed in their finest "Sunday Go To Meeting" clothes. They'd leave home about six o'clock to walk to their church, which was Holy Temple, on Whitten Avenue at Ford. Services at their church didn't begin until eight, the hour of our Presbyterian church closing. If Grandma saw them when they left, she would comment on Dave and Em going to church before the doors of their church opened. Grandma also knew that Uncle Dave and Aunt Em visited four friends, all living in the same block. Mrs. Eliza Harris and her husband, Monroe, always had dessert waiting at the first stop. Mr. Anthony Bullock and his wife would also be about to get ready to go to Holy Temple. They enjoyed, first talking about doings on their jobs where "Sister Em" also worked. Most of their talk was about the sins of the young people. At "Brother" Paul Alston's home, refreshments and coffee was served to fortify them for the hours they'd have to stay awake, from eight until eleven or twelve. The first two hours in Holy Temple, at that time, was used for self-expression or testifying. The members stood and talked of what the Lord had done for them. Sometimes, if a member had been ill, they would tell all about their pain. They'd tell where it started and tell where it went. They'd eventually end with, "God raised me and brought me back here to tell of His greatness." When a member talked too long, one of the members yet to be heard would raise a song. If the song upstirred some of the jumpers, they would cut a few steps.

Although Grandma Esther and Uncle Dave's houses were not more than twenty-five feet from each other, they were neighbors by proximity, not ecumenically. Their worlds were far, far apart from each other; divided by many factors. The strongest two factors being church and work sites. Grandma's church was the United Presbyterian Church, operated by the Presbyterian Board of Missions. Everything in their church was conducted in a very quiet, pious, dignified manner. Their song books were called Psalms. The words and music were different from the churches Grandma had once joined and visited. On being invited by Rev. Cooke, the minister, to join the church, Grandma was impressed by the atmosphere and became a member. Now, the church that the Bullocks attended was the direct opposite. The church was owned and run by the members. The singing of hymns, jumping, shouting and doing the Holy Dance was the form of worship.

Strange things happened after our service closed at eight. This was also the time when the boarding students and teachers from Henderson Institute marched up Chestnut Street and turned in Pearl Street on their way back from our church school. Grandma, with me tagging along, and other pious Presbyterians of our neighborhood marched down Chestnut Street. We turned at the Henderson Steam Laundry and went to Holy Temple, Uncle Dave's church. We sang their songs and clapped. I don't remember any of our

members joining the jumping when Mrs. Sallie Alston and others did the beautiful Holy Dance. Not only did the singing and dancing fascinate me, but the beating of the tambourine by Georgia Crews, one of my playmates, gave me an intriguing scheme. I talked joining Holy Temple over with Mama, concerning my new denominational interest. Mama was shocked. She put her foot down with a definite "no." "You were christened in the United Presbyterian Church in 1907 when you were a year old and there you are to remain for the rest of your life." I had checked with Georgia and found out that you didn't have to learn lines and spaces. You didn't have to have a music teacher visit your home once a week, or have your mama make you practice for half an hour everyday. I wanted in on that tambourine thing, since Mama and Papa demanded that I learn music.

At about ten-thirty, when the minister was fumbling with the Bible and his sermon, we would steal out. That is what leaving before the service was over was called. We visited Holy Temple for the happy hour. We didn't need a sermon. We'd heard a sermon at our own church during our one hour service.

The second factor that caused grandma to feel superior to Uncle Dave and Aunt Em was her job. As stated, Aunt Em worked at Taylors Factory. So had Grandma, but by the time I was born she had elevated herself to "upstairs maid" in one of the grandest families in Henderson. Lawyer Zollicoffer's family came down from the Royal family of Zollikofer. A picture of their Royal Castle can be seen in Mr. Peace's *Zeb's Black Baby*, page 415. Servants who work in aristocratic families seem to feel that whatever makes the employer an aristocrat, rubs off on them. Grandma had the feeling that her position with this family pushed her up above the factory worker.

Several other factors also divided the neighbors. Grandma owned her own home and didn't have the rent man knocking on the door every Monday morning. Also, Grandma could read the letters the postman brought. She read Uncle Dave's and Aunt Em's. She boasted that she knew their business but they didn't know hers. She never discussed what she read in the letters, only when Aunt Em's granddaughters, Martha or Delia, were coming. Aunt Em's daughter, Delia Bates, came a few days before Aunt Em died. After Aunt Em died, Mrs. Bates came and cared for Uncle Dave, her stepfather. Until she was taken away, Mrs. Bates helped with the potato harvest. We had lost interest by this time, for only a few of us ventured to sit on the steps with Uncle Dave. Mrs. Bates was a strange one. She sprinkled flour on her steps every day after scrubbing them. Uncle Dave couldn't come down the steps when we had a freeze, his crutches would slide away from him. The poor woman talked to herself and would close her eyes when we tried to talk with her. One act that scared us of her was about the tiny gray kitten that Aunt Em had when she died. The little kitten cried and cried one night, perhaps because she was hungry. The woman said, "Mother Em is inside that kitten." She opened the lid of the little black iron stove and put that kitten in the fire. She held irons on the lids until the little kitten stopped crying and

scratching to get out. Uncle Dave watched this and cried because he couldn't help the little kitten.

Martha and Delia lived in New York City. Velma Eaton was getting her Masters in Education in New York at Columbia University. She lived with the sisters. Velma's mother, Mrs. Sarah Eaton, wrote Velma about the kitten. Delia came home and took her mother back to New York. They took her to the mental hospital at Central Islip where she had been confined for all the years they had been growing up.

Uncle Dave decided that he needed a wife. One Sunday, instead of going to church early, he went to the neighbors home on his right. A Rev. Southerland had died and left a widow. The Southerland children greeted Uncle Dave and left him sitting on the front porch with their mother. After a while, Uncle Dave asked for a teenage daughter whose name was Jenila. Uncle Dave told the mother, "I didn't come to talk to you, I came to court (Delia)." Mrs. Southerland was always full of fun. She called Jenila and told her what Uncle Dave had said. Jenila, knowing how she would be teased by her sisters burst out crying and mumbled, "I'll never write letters for him again."

That was the only romantic move he made that I know of. So, for many more years he went to Holy Temple and beat the floor with those crutches, singing, "I'll be satisfied when I'm with you." Eventually, he went to Aunt Em, I hope. We will always remember him, and his "Nancy Halls," the sweetest white sweet potatoes.

TEACHER — GEORGE DURANT HAWKINS — "GO TO MYSELF"

George Durant "Duke" Hawkins, son of Mr. John and Mrs. Dora Hawkins, was born in Granville County on June 26, 1905. He was the oldest of a large family. His brothers were Prince, Dave, Samuel, Bernard and Leo. His sisters were Gertrude, Cleo and Cally Hawkins.

These children were reared on a farm in a little community called Fairport. The name certainly did not tell you anything about this place, for there wasn't a port nearer than Wilmington on the east and Norfolk, Virginia on the north, both of which are nearly three hundred miles away. Fairport had a name, but no post office, bank, mall or hotel. From time to time general stores were run by both colored and white merchants. These stores could not compete with Oxford which was walking distance away, with all of the aspects of a city that a small town can have.

The Hawkins children attended first the Granville County Schools then went to Oxford to Mary Potter. Duke, being oldest, soon spent as much time as could be allowed in Oxford at the Shepherd Funeral Home. He was not interested in becoming an undertaker, but he liked to listen to the owner, Mr. Robert Shepherd, and his friends discuss schools, games, fraternities and interesting things that seemed to be in some ways connected with schools.

Duke began to dislike the farm and soon left home with the school goal firmly implanted in his future.

When Shepherd opened a business in Henderson, Duke frequently came to Henderson with Mr. Shepherd. He finally found a distant cousin Hunter Hawkins, who took Duke under his wing. Duke came to live with the Hawkins family on Hamilton Street and was welcomed as a foster son. Hunter and Helen, his wife, had lost a son as an infant and regarded Duke as their long lost son. After completing his high school work at Palmer Memorial Institute at Sedalia, Duke continued to drive for Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown. Dr. Brown's speaking trips took her to many schools in the state. Duke liked Fayetteville State University in Fayetteville, North Carolina. Returning to his home in Henderson, Duke worked for Mr. D. Boyd Kimble and Scott Parham Cooper to help get the tuition and for entrance fees. With very little money but with faith in his ability to make it through college, Duke entered Fayetteville State College, as it was named then. Once on campus he was safe for Dr. Smith, the president, had been contacted by Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown to give George Durant some work that he might attend school there. Dr. Brown's letter, plus Duke's cheerful disposition soon won Duke a place at Fayetteville. Four years later, Duke completed his college work, and armed with an BA degree, he sought and found work in Tarboro, North Carolina.

The school in Tarboro had two rooms and two teachers. The community was very backwards, for there wasn't a toilet at the school. The first day of school when the "little recess" at ten-thirty was in progress, a little girl approached Duke and the other teacher who was a lady. The child said, "Mr. Hawkins, may I go to myself?" Duke, not knowing what the child was talking about, thought she didn't feel well and wanted to go back into the classroom, so Duke asked the child not to go inside but remain out in the air. The teacher smiled and granted the little girl's request. Then she told Duke that the child wanted permission to go into the nearby woods to toilet herself.

Although Duke's first school years had been in a rural community, this was his first experience with a situation of this sort. The first thing on "Principal" Hawkins agenda was to get the committeemen to build two toilets, one for girls and one for boys. Other teachers had asked, and begged, but it took a man to look those white school committeemen in the eyes and say, "We must have toilets. Times are changing and the woods cannot serve the school children of Tarboro as squatting places any longer."

During World War II Duke served in France, England and Germany. When the war was over he enlisted and served two more years. He had seen a lot of the world so he decided to get back to his goal. A sister, Cleo, who lived in Chicago encouraged him to try the educational field there. Chicago offered many opportunities to returning soldiers. Duke settled in Chicago

and served as teacher, guidance counselor and truant officer in Crierd High School until his death, June 11, 1978.

Although it would seem that Duke was completely emerged in work and war, this is not true for he was very much a ladies man. Not long after he went to Chicago he became interested in a young social worker who moved in a sort of "jet set" crowd. They married and were soon divorced because he was a very thrifty person, and Bettie, the wife, was a spender. Partying was her thing so that little romance didn't last long. Duke returned to Henderson and married a before-the-war friend, Rosa Lee Brown. They returned to Chicago where Rosa Lee continued her nursing career for she had served seventeen years in the Public Health program in Henderson.

During 1978 Duke discussed selling their home in Chicago and returning to Henderson. He had talked his idea of coming back to Henderson to several family members and to friends. He had contacted his foster sister to buy a piece of land so that he could build a small home and retire at home in Henderson. This was being done when the "Grim Reaper" called his number while he was attending a Fayetteville University club meeting. His beloved Rosa Lee brought Duke home, settled him on the cemetery square with his foster parents whom he called "Hawk" and "Guar." Then Rosa Lee proceeded to build the home that Duke had planned. She is sad that Duke will not share this home with her, but he is resting just over the way and it is easy to remember the twenty-two years they shared together.

One day in 1983, Rosa L. Brown Hawkins retired from her nursing career in Chicago and came back to Vance County to live in the house she built after Duke died, and carried out his last request.

She was welcomed back into her beloved Cotton Memorial Presbyterian Church and activities and has joined some community clubs. At a reception a few nights ago, she was greeted by many friends she had forgotten. Her work in the Vance County Health Department made many children who are now adults remember the nurse that helped Dr. Gregg give the needles each fall.

A PHOTOGRAPH THAT PAVED A STREET

In 1906 Hunter Hawkins stood in front of the piece of land that he and his wife had bargained and paid on from Lawyer Harris. A two room "cottage" stood in the center of the plot. It was near a dirt street known as Grove Hill Street. Hunter had bought a camera when he came back from the Spanish American War in 1899. He was proud of his home, his family, and his street. He made pictures of his home, his street and many of his first child, a girl.

The picture that Hunter made of his street showed a portion of the street from Roosevelt to Lone Street. This so called street was, in reality, a rough double foot path. At that time there were only four houses on Grove Hill, from Chestnut to Lone Street.

For years, the condition of the street was not a factor in the happiness of the poor, deligent, striving Black families who were buying or owned lots on the street. They were so busy trying to get the warranty deeds to their property, they didn't bother about the street. But after a while they noticed that they were being taxed for street repair and upkeep. For several years they waited for something to be done to the dusty stretch from Loan to John. Nothing happened, so different adults began asking the City Manager to please have Hamilton Street paved. They were told different tales of why a paved street couldn't be laid on Grove Hill. One said, "Not enough people owned their land." Another said that a large rock was in the street that couldn't be moved. Still another said that there wasn't enough money in the City treasury to pave Hamilton Street.

The citizens on Hamilton began looking at the new streets that were being paved as soon as white citizens built. The older generation, who had believed in their white governing officials, took of their "rose colored glasses." They began to grumble and have meetings for equal rights on taxation. Certainly the few paved streets in predominantly Negro neighborhoods did not equal the tax money of the Blacks.

By 1949, when Hunter Hawkins was sixty-eight and ready for the streets paved with gold, nothing had been done to Hamilton Street. He had tried to believe to the last that the Henderson fathers would eventually do the right thing for the Black citizens.

From 1950 until 1973, Hunter's daughter nagged the different officials in the back of the Law Building on Young Street. She was given the same old treatment and should have been defeated. But she kept worrying about the street. Perhaps because she had been fighting mud on her feet and dust in the house for sixty or more years. One day, while going through a stack of old pictures that Hunter had taken, the tool to unlock the problem fell into her hands. She called Mrs. Gatano who was a photographer for the Henderson Daily Dispatch. She was shown the old photograph and agreed to take the picture of Hamilton Street from the same point that Hunter had taken it sixty-nine years before. She knew that Mrs. Gatano would do a good job. She had made pictures of class projects for them when her daughter Vicky had been a pupil in her classroom at Rollins School.

A few days after the picture was made, the two pictures appeared in the Daily Dispatch. The caption read: "Some things change, some don't," with the following story:

Probably only a small percentage of the Henderson population can remember Hamilton Street as it was sixty-nine years ago. However, for those who can recall, and for those interested in old pictures, Mrs. Ruth H. Hughes, retired elementary school teacher, submitted a photograph of a portion of the street made in 1906. The original photograph was taken by Mrs. Hughes' father, the late Hunter Hawkins. The picture was made in front of his home at 424 Hamilton Street, where Mrs. Hughes still resides. When Hawkins took the shot, he was standing at the intersection of what is now Hamilton and Roosevelt Streets. Compared with the top photo (taken from the same location) showing the section as it now appears, numerous changes are noticeable. Mrs. Hughes pointed out, however, that one thing remains unchanged; that part of Hamilton Street has never been paved. Requests for paving the street have been made to the City repeatedly for more than eleven years, stated Mrs. Hughes, whose late mother was among those appealing for improvements prior to her death in 1964. She was a resident of Hamilton Street for more than sixty years (she was born in a house adjacent to her present home) before she died. Mrs. Hughes is hopeful that this need will soon be met.

The pictures and the story brought immediate response, first from colored people who had been denied a paved street. A few months later, a picture appeared in the *Henderson Daily Dispatch* showing a construction company's equipment at work on Hamilton Street. The picture story stated that \$111,632.68 had been allocated from the Community Development Block Grant for street improvements. Of the eleven streets named, Hamilton, Washington, Booker, McBorn, Wilson, Thomas, Mulberry, Cross, Poplar and Cleveland were in predominantly Black neighborhoods. These streets were eventually paved for the first time in the history of Henderson.

Hunter's picture may have been the nucleus that set construction in the Black neighborhoods in motion. Sometimes a picture does say more than a thousand words.



Social Security and Mrs. Frazier.



Mrs. Rosa Brown Hawkins, wife of George Durant Hawkins



Indian and Black. Grandmother's side. Francis Brodie.



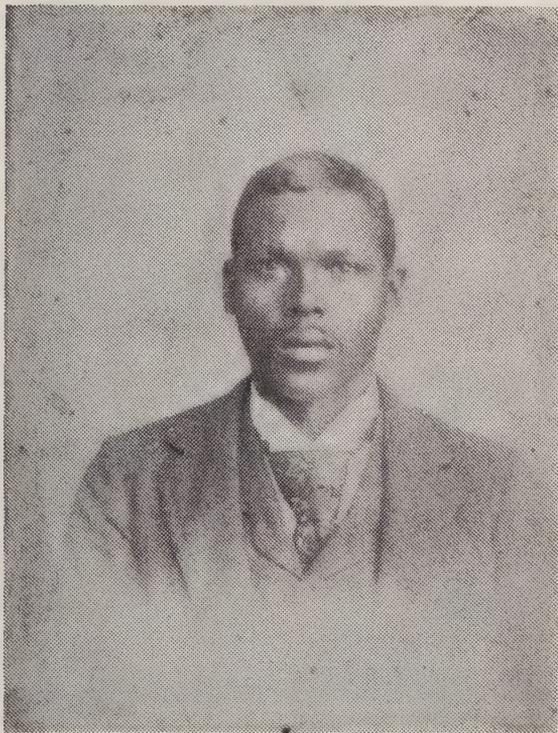
The former home of "Uncle Dave" and sweet potatoes.



The pictures that paved a street.

SOME THINGS CHANGE, SOME DON'T — Probably only a small percentage of Henderson's population can remember Hamilton Street as it was 69 years ago, but for those who can recall and for those interested in old pictures, Mrs. Ruth H. Hughes, retired elementary school teacher, submitted a photo of a portion of the street made in 1906. The original picture taken by Mrs. Hughes' father, the late Hunter Hawkins, was made in front of his home, 424 Hamilton Street, where Mrs. Hughes still resides. When Hawkins took the shot, he was standing at the intersection of what is now Hamilton and Roosevelt Streets. Compared

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Anderson Cross



Lucy Cross Manning — Lucy is Anderson's sister.

Chapter XII

Churches

CHURCHES

Several weeks ago Mrs. Closs Peace Wardlaw in her weekly news column, talked of how people resent certain denominations. She gave an example of how Rev. Oral Robinson's services helped her and a friend to overcome some depressed feelings. She noted that people stick their tongue in their cheeks when different religious groups are mentioned.

After reading the article I realized I was guilty of the same resentments. I had not talked of the Jehovah's Witnesses in my book.

For three years a Witness has lived in my home. I attended several meetings at the new Kingdom Hall. On each visit I was delighted to see young people whom I knew as school dropouts doing beautifully in the services. They are living as near as they can in the guidelines of the Holy Bible.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOW COTTON MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Cotton Memorial, the Friendly Church of Dedicated Services

Cotton Memorial United Presbyterian Church, formerly known as the First United Presbyterian Church of Henderson, was the nucleus around which developed a multi-unit mission enterprise of the former United Presbyterian Church of North America. This enterprise consisted of our church, the Townsville U.P. Church, Henderson Institute and Jubilee Hospital, all of which were for many years administered by the late Dr. John Adam Cotton.

Readily available records show that in 1888 a Presbyterian Church was organized in Henderson by one Rev. S.S. Sevier, with only six charter members. Of these, Mr. Julius Speed and Mr. W.H. Green were ordained elders and Mr. Hilliard Wyche was ordained a deacon. A deed to the church property on record in the Vance County Court House indicates that this church was originally known as the Simpson Chapel Presbyterian Church and that it was affiliated with the Cape Fear Presbytery, Synod of Catawaba, of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.

On September 7, 1891, Henderson Normal and Industrial Institute was established on the northern outskirts of the town of Henderson by the Board of Missions for Freedmen of the United Presbyterian Church of North America, with the Rev. J.M. Fulton as principal. The Rev. Fulton offered the assistance of himself and of his missionary workers to the colored churches

of the community. His offer was accepted, however, only by the Presbyterian church which accepted it gladly. Mr. Fulton and his associates worked zealously in the Presbyterian church, and their benevolent influence upon the congregation was such as led the members to petition the Mission Boards of the two denominations for permission to transfer from the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A to the United Presbyterian Church of North America. This was done under the guidance of the late Dr. G.C. Shaw who had succeeded the Rev. Sevier as pastor. Although the Rev. Fulton was not at first in accord with the proposal, the congregation persisted in petitioning the two Boards until finally permission for the transfer was granted.

The Rev. Fulton resigned the principalship of Henderson Institute in 1893 and was succeeded by the Rev. C.L. McCracken. It was not until 1898 that a committee was appointed by the Board of the United Presbyterian Church to receive the Henderson congregation formally into the United Presbyterian Church of North America. This committee, consisting of the Rev. J.M. Moore, D.D., principal of Thyne Institute, Chase City, Virginia, as chairman, Elders Richard Hudson, Edward Williams, and William Finch, met in the Henderson Church on January 14, 1898 to perform this duty. The Rev. Moore preached from I Peter 4:10, after which the members desiring to be received, having publicly professed their acceptance of the Doctrines and Practices of the United Presbyterian Church of North America, as set forth in the Confession of Faith, the Book of Government and the directory of Worship, were formally recognized as the First United Presbyterian Church of Henderson, with the Rev. C.L. McCracken, Principal of Henderson Institute as pastor. Dr. McCracken died that same year and was succeeded by the Rev. F.W. Woodfin as pastor of the church and by the Rev. Albert N. Porter as principal of Henderson Normal and Industrial Institute. The Rev. Woodfin served about two years, and the Rev. Porter served only one year, being succeeded by the Rev. D.A.W. Johnson who served for only one year.

In July of 1900, the Revs. Woodfin and Johnson having been transferred to other fields, the Rev. J.L. Cook was transferred from Athens, Tennessee to Henderson, as both pastor and principal. The Rev. Cook died on July 6, 1903 and was succeeded on August 18 of the same year by Dr. John Adam Cotton as pastor and principal, Prof. J.W.O. Garrett having had the work in charge during the interim.

Building upon the foundation laid with much loving sacrifice by his consecrated predecessors, Dr. Cotton and his queenly wife, Mrs. Maud Brooks Cotton, labored here from 1903 until 1940 in which year Dr. Cotton was appointed acting president of Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tennessee. Under his administration Henderson Institute, despite the handicap of three disastrous fires, developed from an intermediate and primary school to an "A-1" accredited high school, including in its program departments of manual training, printing, broom making, domestic science, dress making and teacher training. The original little church building was replaced with a

spacious brick veneered edifice, the Jubilee Hospital was erected by the United Presbyterian Women's Board at his solicitation, with a capacity of fifteen beds to meet the desperate need of the colored population of Vance County and adjacent counties for hospital facilities, and was later enlarged to 35 bed capacity by the addition of two wings.

The boys' dormitory with the industrial shops located in its basement was destroyed by fire in 1923. Because of this loss industrial courses for boys were terminated. The girls' dormitory having also been destroyed by fire, had been replaced in 1914 by Fulton Hall which continued to serve as girls' dormitory, dining hall, domestic science and home economic department facility while the Institute remained under church control.

In 1922, in recognition of its high academic standard, Henderson Institute was accredited by North Carolina Department of Education as an "A" Grade High School. During the next ten years the elementary grades were all dropped so that in 1932 only high school grades were enrolled. In that year the Institute was placed on the accredited list of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools where it remained until 1936 when it was dropped because, having come under State operation, it failed to operate the minimum of 175 days per term required by the Southern Association.

During the school year 1831-32 the classroom building was destroyed by fire. Because surrounding counties, which had been furnishing most of the Institute's boarding students, had begun to establish their own high schools for colored students and bus transportation was being provided for rural students, thus eliminating the need for a boarding department, the Board of American Missions entered into an agreement with Vance County School Board whereby the county board would be given two acres of land and the insurance from the burned building if it would replace the building and take over responsibility for a colored high school education. The academic work of the Institute thus came under the control of the state instead of the United Presbyterian Church. In 1935, the state, having assumed responsibility for operating all public elementary and high schools, reduced the school term to eight months.

In 1940, Dr. Cotton, having been appointed acting president of Knoxville College was succeeded as superintendent of the Institute by Mr. O.T. Robinson, a graduate of Knoxville College, who had joined the faculty as a teacher in 1924 and who in 1934 had assumed the duties of principal under Dr. Cotton who remained in charge of general supervision and finance. Mr. Robinson, a very able educator and administrator, remained at the head of the Institute until 1947 when he resigned and was succeeded as principal by the late L.E. Spencer, husband of our elder, Alma G. Spencer.

With the going of Dr. Cotton to Knoxville College, the Rev. John R. Dungee, an A.B. and B.D. graduate of Johnson C. Smith University, who had since 1936 served as teacher of Bible and Social Science at the Institute and as

minister of the U.P. Church at Townsville, assumed charge of the Henderson Church as minister. In April of 1942 he was commissioned as a chaplain in the Army of the United States. The Rev. St. Paul Epps, a graduate of Knoxville College and of Pittsburgh-Xenia Theological Seminary, became minister of the Henderson and Townsville U.P. congregations, serving until August of 1946 when he resigned to take charge of a new field in Los Angeles, California.

In October, 1946, World War II having ended, the Rev. John R. Dungee, then on terminal leave from active duty as Army Chaplain was asked to return to Henderson as minister of the Henderson and Townsville congregations. He arrived on the field on November 6, 1946. He ministered to the two congregations with dedicated devotion until they were merged in 1963, and to the merged congregation until his honorable retirement on December 31, 1968.

In 1958 the United Presbyterian Church of North America, in the 100th year of its history, was merged with the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America to form our present denomination, the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. Our congregation, then affiliated with the former Presbytery of Tennessee, served by Dr. Dungee as Stated Clerk, was transferred back to the Presbytery of Cape Fear with which it had been originally affiliated.

The Church building which had served our congregation since 1911 was being replaced by the present sanctuary of contemporary design, to which the Educational Annex was to be added in 1974. Upon the recommendation of Dr. Dungee, the congregation sought and obtained permission of Cape Fear Presbytery to assume the name of Cotton Memorial United Presbyterian Church, a name which it proudly cherishes.

In the winter of 1963, by mutual agreement, the Townsville U.P. Church and the Cotton Memorial U.P. Church, with the permission of the Cape Fear Presbytery, were merged as a single congregation with the assets and liabilities of the two being assumed by the merged congregation.

During the years since our reaffiliation with the Presbytery of Cape Fear, the General Assembly records show that our congregation has held a front rank position among contributors to General Assembly causes, as well as making such progress in self-development has gained for us self-supporting status several years ago.

Throughout its history our church had rendered dedicated service and held a position of beneficial influence in our surrounding community to that of no other agency. Our congregation has never been aloof from or prejudiced against persons of any social group or condition, but has warmly and sincerely welcomed all who have sought to join us as members. We have striven always to be a family of brothers and sisters in CHRIST, worshipping togeth-

er before our FATHER'S throne. There we "pour our comforts and our cares." "We share our mutual woes, our mutual burdens bear and often for each other flows the sympathizing tear. When we asunder part, it gives us inward pain; yet are we always joined in heart and hope to meet again." These quoted words of the sacred hymn, "Blest be the Tie that Binds," describe honestly and truthfully the character of Cotton Memorial Presbyterian Church.

After Rev. Dungee came Rev. Johnson, 1970-1974. Rev. John Henry Wilson helped us out until our present pastor, Rev. A.L. Edmonds, came to us in 1976 (San Francisco Theological Seminary, Masters at Sanan Ansolomo, California).

THE HISTORY OF BIG RUIN CREEK BAPTIST CHURCH

The birth of Big Ruin Creek Baptist Church may not be known to us but we do know that Mr. Sammuel Hammy or Hammie and wife deeded to Ruin Creek Baptist Church a tract of land on the head waters of Ruin Creek in Granville County on October 11, 1880, for the sum of fifteen dollars paid by hand.

The church has suffered many setbacks in its history. Fire has destroyed the church on two or more occasions. Thieves have stolen and destroyed the church's property and to top it all, the leaders of the church have had fires in their homes in which church records have been destroyed.

March 6, 1906, Sammuel Hammie sold an acre of land to the trustees of Big Ruin Creek for twenty dollars. The trustees were: J.W. Ragland, Charles Parrish and Plummer Marrow.

It is believed that Rev. Gardner was one of the earlier pastors of the church and served until his health would not permit him to serve. A weathered structure was built under Rev. Gardner's leadership. It was destroyed by fire.

Rev. Reavis from Oxford, North Carolina took charge after Rev. Gardner. A tent was used to hold services under Rev. Reavis' pastorage. Thieves walked in and carried the tent away and the congregation used a brush arbor to carry on their services. A much better structure was built. This was destroyed also.

Rev. Wesley Burwell became pastor of the church and in 1942 built a sanctuary that lasted until 1960. Under Rev. Burwell's guidance, the church grew in grace and membership. He carried on preaching the Word of God at Big Ruin Creek until his death.

Little is known about the work of the pastors that followed Rev. Burwell. They are: Rev. J.M. Burchette, Rev. K.P. Davis and Rev. W.W. Faulcon.

Rev. Ned Jones for many years graced the altar of the church until physical disabilities prohibited him from carrying out his responsibilities.

The assistant and dear friend of Rev. Jones began serving the congregation and the congregation selected Rev. T.J. Crudup to lead them to greener pastures. A new sanctuary was built in 1960. Youth Services were started on each first Sunday at 6:00 P.M. Senior and junior choirs were organized. Membership outgrew the new church and ideas for remodeling the church were being discussed.

After declining health of Rev. Crudup which prohibited him from doing his duty, the church elected Rev. Jeff Davis, from Rocky Mount, North Carolina to lead them. Rev. Davis was the youngest pastor in the history of the church. Under his leadership, plans were drawn up to remodel and to add an educational building. Youth services changed from 6:00 P.M. to 11:00 A.M. morning services.

Rev. Clyde B. Walton, from Raleigh, North Carolina is present pastor. The remodeling of the church was completed under his administration. B.T.U. has been reinstated and prayer services each Wednesday night. The congregation is growing and we are experiencing blessings from our Lord and Savior that words cannot express. To Him, be the glory and honor forever and ever we pray.

ROSTER OF OFFICERS - 1984

BIG RUIN CREEK BAPTIST CHURCH

DABNEY COMMUNITY

PASTOR: REV. CLYDE B. WALTON

Recording Secretary:	Magnolia Williams
Assistant Secretary:	
Financial Secretary:	Mary L. Mitchell
Trainee:	Barbara Fritz.
Treasurers:	Harold Thorpe Franklin Horton Deacon Louis Williams, Honorarium
Finance Committee:	Franklin Horton, Chairperson Ralph C. Glover, Co-Chairperson Mary L. Mitchell, Secretary Alex Terry Merlin Jones, Honorarium. Deacon Louis Williams, Honorarium
Graveyard Committee:	Deacon Seamon Rice Deacon James M. Mitchell Deacon David S. Hargrove
Cemetery Up-Keep:	David Foster Calvin Rice

Maid:	Mattie Rice	
Janitor:	Deacon Seamon Rice	
Trustee Chairperson:	Ralph C. Glover	
Trustees:	Frank Henderson, Jr., Honorarium	
	Alex Terry	
	Samuel Williams	
	Thomas Ragland	
	Merlin Jones	
	Lonnie Williams, Jr.	
	Jacob Perry	
	Irvin Kearney	
	Eddie Marable	
	Franklin Horton	
	Junious Fritz	
Deacons:	Olend Williams	
	Louis Williams	
	Seamon Rice	
	James M. Mitchell	
	McDonald Rice	
	David S. Hargrove	
	Harold Thorpe	
	Elijah Henderson	
Missionary Circle President:	Mary L. Mitchell	
Young Adult Director:	Magnolia Williams	
Youth Supervisor:	Mattie K. Henderson	
Seniors		
1st Vice President:	Nannie Nelson	
2nd Vice President:	Mable P. Williams	
3rd Vice President:	Marie Evans	
4th Vice President:	Dorothy Foster.	
Pastor's Aide Committee		
President:	Mamie Ragland	
Secretary:	Cora Pettiford	
Treasurer:	Merlin Jones	
	Algene Hanks	Cereathea Walton
	William Chavis	Catherine Brooks
	Queen Clack	Marie Evans
	Lawrence T. Ragland	Mable Williams
	Ruth Mitchell	Frances Owens
	Esther Williams	Nannie Nelson
	Lonnie Williams, Jr.	Arcelia Chavis
	Mary L. Mitchell	Josephine Edwards
	James M. Mitchell	

Hostess-Kitchen Committee

Chairperson: Dorothy Foster
Cora L. Kelly
Mable Williams
Mary L. Mitchell
Zella Reavis
Sallie Williams
Harry Williams
Junious Fritz
Mary Foster

Flower Committee

Chairperson: Sallie Williams
Cora L. Kelly
Mable Williams
Dorothy Foster
Ralph C. Glover
Esther Hawley

Sick Committee:

Mable Williams
Minnie B. Foster
Thomas Ragland

Sunday School Staff

Superintendent: Deacon Seamon Rice
1st Assistant: Ralph C. Glover
2nd Assistant: Deacon Olend Williams
Secretary: Diane Henderson
Assistant: Karen Green
Treasurer: Mattie K. Henderson

Teachers

Primary: Francine Glover
Assistant: Cora Pettiford,
Intermediates: Mattie K. Henderson
Assistant: Ruth Mitchell
Young People: Lillian Green
Young Adults: Esther Williams
Assistant: Ann Jones
Adult Women: Mary L. Mitchell
1st Assistant: Rev. Mary Catlett
2nd Assistant: Mable Williams
Adult Men: Ralph C. Glover
Assistant: McDonald Rice

Program-Calendar Committee

Chairperson:	Mamie Ragland	
	Mary Foster	Nellie Rice
	Nannie Nelson	Barbara Fritz
	Larry Henderson	Ralph C. Glover
	Elijah Henderson	Irvin Kearney
	Barbara Allen	Junious Fritz
	Minnie B. Foster	

Nomination Committee (1983)

Chairperson:	Harold Thorpe	
Secretary:	Magnolia Williams	
Pastor, Ex-Officio:	Rev. Clyde B. Walton	
	McDonald Rice	Cora Pettiford
	Nannie Nelson	Mable Williams
	Dorothy Wimbush	Esther Williams
	Olend Williams	

MEMBERSHIP ROLL OF BIG RUIN CREEK
MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH

Allen, Barbara	Allen, Craig
Allen, Robin	Allen, Sallie
Allen, Shirley	Alston, Mary Elaine
Blackwell, Bruce	Boyd, Jacqueline
Bullock, Freddie	Burwell, Goldie
Carter, Gracie	Catlette, Angela
Catlette, Cynthia	Catlette Garland
Catlette, Garland, Sr.	Catlette, Mary Lee
Cheatham, Rosa K.	Chavis, Arcelia
Chavis, William	Cheek, Lillie
Clack, Mammie Lee	Clack, Queen
Clack, Trumilla	Clements, Robert
Clements, Sheila	Cooper, Mary G.
Cooper, William Henry	Davis, Annie M.
Daye, Lucy	Dunston, Dennis
Dunston, Ruth	Edwards, Josephine
Evans, Annie Rice	Evans, Marie
Evans, Tamika	Evans, Valarie C.
Foster, Angela	Foster, David
Foster, George	Foster, Gloria
Foster, James	Foster, Mammon, Jr.
Foster, Mammon, Sr.	Foster, Mary
Foster, Mary Dorothy	Foster, Minnie
Foster, Nell	Foster, Nathaniel
Fritz, Barbara	Fritz, Julius
Fritz, Tasha	Gales, Betty

Gales, Richmond, Jr.
 Glover, Diane
 Glover, Lynette
 Green, Brian
 Green, Karen
 Green, Mable
 Gregory, Connie
 Gregory, Margaret R.
 Hanks, Terry
 Hargrove, Esther Lee
 Harris, Brenda
 Harris, Georgia
 Hawkins, Marie
 Hawley, Esther
 Henderson, Alex
 Henderson, Elizabeth
 Henderson, Kevin
 Henderson, Mary R.
 Henderson, Michella
 Henderson, Larry
 Horton, Franklin
 Jones, William M.
 Kearney, Bennie
 Kearney, Martha A.
 Kellyayr, Cora
 Kelly, Sanders, Jr.
 Langely, Delando
 Langely, Mary Etta
 Malone, Marcelle
 Marable, Willie
 Melchoir, Dianne
 Mitchell, April
 Mitchell, Evangeline
 Mitchell, Karla
 Mitchell, Ruth
 Nelson, Nannie
 Owens, Ernest, Jr.
 Owens, Sylvia
 Perry, Alton
 Perry, Jacob
 Perry, Keith
 Perry, Ray
 Perry, Willie
 Perry, Sylvia
 Ragland, Dewey
 Ragland, Harold
 Glover, Daisy
 Glover, Francine
 Glover, Ralph
 Green, Kathy
 Green, Lillian
 Greene, Bernice
 Gregory, James T.
 Hanks, Algene
 Hargrove, David
 Hargrove, Mary
 Harris, Effie
 Harris, Minnie
 Hawkins, Minnie
 Hawley, Johnnie
 Henderson, Diane
 Henderson, Frank, Jr.
 Henderson, Loretta
 Henderson, Mattie
 Henderson, Rosa
 Hicks, Ursula
 Jones, Ann
 Jordan, Rebecca
 Kearney, Irvin
 Kearney, Sallie
 Kelly, Henry
 Langely, Crystal
 Langely, Joselyn
 Malone, Aaron Fred
 Marable, Eddie
 Marrow, Lucille
 Melchoir, Joanne
 Mitchell, Christopher
 Mitchell, James
 Mitchell, Mary
 Mosley, Susie
 Owens, Carolyn
 Owens, Francis M.
 Parham, Sandra
 Perry, Carlton
 Perry, Joan
 Perry, Mildred
 Perry, Sonya
 Pettiford, Cora
 Ragland, Anthony
 Ragland, Gladis
 Ragland, James H.

Ragland, John
Ragland, Mammie
Ragland, Robert
Rainey, Rosa
Rice, Calvin
Rice, Genoria
Rice, Lesia
Rice, McDonald
Rice, Nathaniel
Rice, Seamon M., Jr.
Rice, Thomas S., Rev.
Rhodes, Dorothy
Reavis, Valarie
Silver, Patsy
Solomon, Juanita
Terry, Linda
Thrope, Eddie Ray
Thrope, Lucille
Wilkerson, Alex
Williams, Clarence
Williams, Esther
Williams, Henry T.
Williams, Joselyn
Williams, Louis, Jr.
Williams, Mable
Williams, Mark
Williams, Michael
Williams, Olend, Sr.
Williams, Sallie
Williams, Sue
Williams, Walter
Wimbush, Deloris
Wimbush, James
Brooks, Catherine
Foster, Leon
Perry, Isaac
Ragland, Geraldine
Ragland, Regina
Hester, Thelma
Williams, Issac J.
Gile, Martha
Marrow, Thomas
Alston, Helen T.
Mitchell, James, Jr.

Ragland, Lawrence
Ragland, Mary Etta
Ragland, Vincient
Rice, Brunetta
Rice, Dulcia
Rice, Gloria
Rice, Mary S.
Rice, Nellie
Rice, Seamon M., Sr.
Rice, Thomas E.
Rice, William
Roper, Mary
Reavis, Zella
Sparks, Jerry
Terry, Alex
Terry, Mary Inez
Thrope, Harold
Watson, Ferbie
Williams, Barbara
Williams, Corneilus
Williams, Harry
Williams, James
Williams, Lonnie, Sr.
Williams, Louis, Sr.
Williams, Magnolia
Williams, Mary E.
Williams, Olend, Jr.
Williams, Patricia
Williams, Samuel
Williams, Virginia
Williams, Wayne
Wimbush, Dorothy
Wimbush, Maryala
Dungee, Catherine
Foster, Wayne
Ragland, Carolyn
Ragland, Linda
Rice, Samuel
Terry, Gertrude
Perry, Deborah
Hawley, Audrey
Moss, Amelia
Solomon, Glornita
Branch, Della

BROOKSTON BAPTIST CHURCH

The present Brookston Baptist Church is the fulfillment of the combined efforts of many dedicated Christian men and women who were willing to give the ultimate in service, sacrifice and finance to make their dreams and hopes a reality. More than one hundred years ago the foundation of this historic church was laid. It is now a prominent in the Greystone Community.

Through the years under the forceful and energetic leadership of many consecrated pastors the church has increased in membership, spirituality, service to humanity and physical facilities. The physical plant has grown from a flat-roofed wooden structure put together on ½-acre of land in the year of our Lord 1858 as a place of worship to a beautiful edifice of brick and mortar on a one acre site, equipped with meeting rooms for small groups and a beautiful sanctuary.

FORMER PASTORS AND OFFICIALS

The Rev. Oscar Bullock was the first officially elected pastor of the Brookston Missionary Baptist Church and served in this capacity continuously for 39 years. The line of succession followed to Rev. Wesley Shaw, Rev. Lee Brooks, Rev. James Burchette, Rev. G.W. Watkins, Rev. Paul E. Johnson, Rev. S.F. Daly, Rev. W.B. Westbrook, Rev. T.H. Brooks, Rev. Otis L. Hairston under whose leadership the present edifice was erected. Following Rev. Hairston the Rev. John W. Fleming, Rev. F.C. Moody, and the present pastor, Rev. O. James Rooks served accordingly. Each pastor contributed greatly to the advancement of Brookston by sharing his Christian experience, spiritual guidance, understanding and encouragement in their relation with the membership.

Standing firmly behind these pastors and working energetically to advance the church program were laymen who served faithfully and labored harmoniously with them. Some of them have finished their course and have been called from labor to reward. The earlier deceased deacons and trustees of this great church were deacons Granson Hawkins, Irving Knight, Cambridge Hawkins, William Harris, Burton Hawkins, Henry Hawkins, and Lawson Royster. The more recent deceased deacons are: Deacon Stephen Henderson, Sr., Jacob Bing, Sr., Henry Allen and Robert Thomas. The present deacons are: Stephen Henderson, Jr., Mark B. Hawkins, Harrison Hayes, John Evans, Ernest Thomas, and Leslie Davis.

PIONEER FAMILIES AND PIONEER WOMEN

Behind every successful endeavor the fruit of which can be seen in the lives of mankind, are pioneers who have blazed trails for those who follow. Likewise, in Brookston there were pioneer families who bore the burden of sacrificial growth in order that a renowned and historical church organization might blossom from a humble beginning. Such families as the Hawkins, Hendersons, Roysters, Harrises, and the Knights were active in attendance and cooperative support. Back of these families were the devout women who exerted their Christian influence upon their children and their church attendance. Active among them were the following deceased sisters: Lethea Knight, Emma Hawkins, Lucy Steed Brown, Lizzie Mitchell, Frankie Love, Minnie Turner, Beulah Harris, Mollie Henderson, Julia Floyd, Martha Hawkins Bing, Mamie Henderson, Ellen Sutton. Among the living pioneer women are: Sisters India Davis, Kate Allen, Nannie Cowan, and Elizabeth Thomas.

The services rendered and the Christian influence exerted by these pioneer women should serve as a challenge to the women of Brookston today.

Mr. Leslie Davis, one of Brookston's most devoted members joined the Heavenly Host in 1983.

NEW BETHEL BAPTIST CHURCH — 1898-1952, HENDERSON, N.C.

What is now known as New Bethel Baptist Church of Henderson, North Carolina was organized fifty-four years ago when a group of people moved to Henderson and saw the need of a place for them to worship.

This group of people was Brother Junious Baskerville, Brother Taylor Bullock and his wife Sister Lucinder Bullock, Brother W.H. Stamper and his wife Sister Nannie Stamper and Brother Turner Henderson. These people could not sit with idle hands when they had been free to worship as they saw fit. So they got busy to continue their freedom to worship. As we can see they did not go about the building of a church too hastily. A temporary place was set up for worship on Rockspring Street until the land could be secured for the building. The land was bought November 18, 1907.

The building was begun immediately with Reverend John Harris as founder. Rev. John Harris served as pastor for about twelve years, from 1898-1910. He served as a faithful pastor. A number of members were added to the church and all of them loved him.

Following Rev. Harris, the Rev. Lovelace Alexander came in and served for about five years, from 1910-1915. At the end of his five years he resigned. Rev. Frank Jones came in and served about 13 years, from 1915-1928. He was a Christian-hearted man and was well known for his good services. Rev. Peter Fogg, one year, 1928-1929. Rev. Walker, one year, 1929-1930. Rev. S.B. Clanton served as faithful and loyal pastor for 15 years, from 1930-1945. He was

willing to work with his members and was not tired of his work when he had to leave us. When Rev. Clanton came to us, the church was very low. He came in and put the members to work. During the time Rev. Clanton was pastor new pews were purchased. At the time of his death, the work had begun on the church. Many souls were added to the church.

Rev. Clanton not only regained the members, but outsiders as well. Before the death of Rev. Clanton, the church elected Rev. Olandis Hicks, our present pastor, as assistant pastor to Rev. Clanton. Before going into the ministry, Rev. Hicks served this church for ten years as a deacon, then one day the Lord called him into the ministry. He was licensed and ordained at this church. He carried on the services during the illness of Rev. Clanton and after his death. The church loved Rev. Hicks so much, they elected him as pastor.

Since his election in 1945, Rev. Hicks has been a faithful member and a loving pastor. Great progress has been made since Rev. Hicks has been pastor. He took over the building program started by Rev. Clanton and did not cease working until the completion of the present building. Rev. Hicks works with his members untiringly and enjoys working with them in everything that is done. He does not stand back to give orders only as a pastor, but falls in line and carries on as all of the members.

Since entering the ministry, Rev. Hicks has grown continuously and is now one of our most outstanding ministers.

PASTOR'S MESSAGE

I wish to thank my many wonderful members and friends for the cooperation they have given me during the time I have been pastor of this church; and for the good spirit you have shown during the completion of this present building.

I wish to express my appreciation to the members, especially for looking on me and accepting me as your pastor. Truly, I have enjoyed working with you and will continue as long as I am your pastor.

MINISTER AND WIFE

Rev. Olandis Hicks will appear in the history of New Bethel Church, called "John Harris' Church" long ago because Rev. John Harris was a founder of that church. But Rev. Hicks and his faithful wife, Mary Bell Fogg Hicks, are still remembered by the present generation because they struggled to keep the New Bethel Church going when times were tight. Rev. Hicks kept a job in the Bagging Mill and his wife worked as a children's nurse to help support themselves and their family and also a family of children who had been left without parents. It is true that the three foster children were related to Mrs. Hicks, but that did not make her obligated to crowd her home

with three extra mouths to feed and clothe. Love and being a real Christian opened her doors and her heart. The Hicks children are Hattie Hicks Bridges, Olandis Jr., and Alfonzo Hicks. The foster children are McArthur and Walter Fogg and Frances Fogg Harleston.

Hattie Hicks Bridges has won much acclaim in the field of education. She is a teacher in the Raleigh, North Carolina, School System. It would seem that Hattie is putting much of what she learned in Henderson in workable reality, thus glorifying Vance County's good foundation in educational concepts.

The obituary of Mary Fogg Hicks stated that she was born April 1, 1901, and departed life November 8, 1978. Also that Rev. Olandis Hicks preceded her in death. A poem to Mrs. Hicks stated:

When on my days the evening shadows fall
I will go down to where a quiet river flows
Into a sea where there is no return;
And there embark for lands where life immortal grows.

Mary will be met by Olandis to find eternal rest for their unselfish lives.

SPRING STREET BAPTIST CHURCH

Prior to 1915, a group of people with a desire to form a church met in the home of Mr. Eddie Guye. They held weekly prayer services until they could get a structure built and a minister hired. In time, a wooden structure was built and used until 1917 when a stone structure was erected on the corner of Spring and Horner Streets right in front of where the old wooden structure had stood. Rev. Sandy G. Griggs from Warren County became the first pastor. Rev. Griggs served as pastor for many years until his death. Other ministers who followed Rev. Griggs in order are: Rev. Samuel B. Clanton, 1936-47; Rev. W.W. Fauleon, 1947-48; Rev. J.C. Cobb, 1949-55; W.J. Hall, 1956-60; and Rev. Robert M. Burnett, 1961- .

The deacons who served through the years from 1915 until the present time are: Gilliam Parham, William Green, C.R. Frazier, Louie Burton, London Brame, Charlie Jones, Eddie Chavis, Mr. Robert Williams, Elmore Sills, Charlie Marable, John Harris, Arch Perry, Henry Brodie, Sr., Lewis Evans and Bradford Kelly.

All of the ministers did what they could to keep Spring Street Church alive and to help it grow. Many useful organizations grew into the church life. The women had always taken an active part in the church family. Mrs. Margie Robinson formed the first Sunshine Band for young and small children. Mrs. Bertha Daniels Wortham, Mrs. Nannie Thaxton Foster, and her sister, Miss Connie Thaxton, formed a Repair the Church Club. The second shingling of the stone church was done through this club which boasted most of the adult members.

Through the years the church began a more formal organization. Trustees were elected. Mr. Bolie Terry was chosen chairman; along with Ted Smart, John Watson, Jimmy L. Johnson, Sr., Lewis A. Perry, and Henry L. Brodie, Sr. They have kept the church in "ship shape." Correspondent Secretaries have been Miss Brenda L. Frazier, Miss Valerie Crenshaw, and Financial Secretary, Miss Marian Brodie and Miss Cora Vass. The Treasurer is Mr. Bolie Terry.

Many of the older pastors had not been able to conduct services but twice a month because they were also pastors of other churches and had to divide their time. Rev. W.J. Hall, our pastor from Oxford, N.C. was the first to suggest a regular service each Sunday of the month. Rev. Hall brought into being many needed innovations. He helped Spring Street then moved on to a large church in Brooklyn, New York.

The Usher Board came into being with Mrs. Irene Crenshaw, Treasurer, Mrs. Myrtle Basket, Mrs. Mildred Vass, Mrs. Deloris Williams, Mrs. Helen Green, Miss Bobbie Perry, Mr. George Vass, Mr. Paul Bullock, and Mr. Thomas McKnight. These people put forth a great effort to make visitors and members welcome and comfortable.

The pastor's aid has Mrs. Almeral Johnson, Mrs. Irene Crenshaw, Mrs. Mary Fisher, Mrs. Louise Evans, Mrs. Carrie Brandon, and Mrs. Lena Chavis to supply what is needed in that category.

The Missionary field is spearheaded by Mrs. Ella Alston, Mrs. Margaret Moses, Mrs. Deloris Williams, and Mrs. Mildred Vass. All other members help these ladies meet their foreign, domestic and home obligations.

The first church body used their God given instruments, their voices, to sing songs of praise. They soon bought a piano. Pianists and organists for Spring Street Church have been Mrs. Sallie Frazier, Mrs. Sadie Artist Wills, Miss Ida Mae Royster, Mr. Wilton Bullock, Mrs. Mary Holmes, Mrs. Katie Poole, Mrs. Katie Smart, and Mr. L.L. Bartette. Under these able musicians a church choir was formed and continues to grow. There are now four active choirs, and three choruses to keep things lively at Spring Street Church.

The present pastor comes from Warrenton, North Carolina as did the first pastor. Rev. R.M. Burnett has caused the membership to increase; has paid off all debts, enlarged the church and has caused a renaissance among the young people of their faith. The members are well pleased with the Rev. Burnett's leadership for the past fourteen years. Old members who had drifted back into the fold, and young members are ready for a delightful Vacation Bible School conducted by Mrs. Katie Cooke Smart.

Rev. Sandy Griggs' name was well-known in Warren and Vance County before he came to Spring Street Baptist. Mrs. Catherine Lewis Henderson, great-grandmother of the writer, was a member of Rev. Sandy's church on the edge of Warren and Vance Counties. Because Rev. Griggs was held in such

high esteem by Catherine's family, he and his wife were invited to have Christmas dinner. The winter of 1889 was very cold. For days the log cabin had been like an ice box with the windows and doors open as the walls were made pearly with white wash. Beds and chairs were dragged outside to make room for brooms dipped in the white wash tub. After the walls came on-the-knees scrubbing of the floors with sand. The big fire in the fireplace soon dried walls and floors and more excitement of dragging the beds and chairs inside again. The women of the house, Catherine, Bettie and Aunt Lucy had their hands very full, sewing flour bags together, hemming and washing them for the Christmas window curtains. A few days later the same women were busy baking the Christmas goodies. Cakes, pies, cookies and molasses candy took their places on the long oaken table. One cake above all others caught and held the gastronomical attention of the oldest child in the home. Helen remembered that kind of cake from the Christmas before. Coconut cake was only seen at Christmas time when some adult left the Dick Watkins plantation and drove into Henderson to purchase the good, delicious imported coconut. White frosting cake, jelly cake, spice cake and molasses pudding were enjoyed on Sunday, but coconut only at Christmas. It was better than Santa.

At last Christmas Day came and with it a light snow. Rev. Sandy Griggs arrived about noon but without his wife. He explained that she had a cold and sent her regrets. The children were fed in the kitchen by Aunt Lucy Miles, while the grownups waited on Rev. Griggs and other adults and family friends. After the main course, "Miss Catherine," the lady of the house, moved the desserts to the dinner table; sugar custard pies stacked five deep, sweet potato and apple pies, a jelly cake, and the four layer, snow white coconut cake. Helen had slipped in and inched near as she dared hoping to get the first children's slice from the coconut cake. However, and for some unknown reason, Catherine didn't cut that cake. The children were called in and were served from the desserts that were cut.

After dinner Rev. Griggs said he would leave before the snow storm got worse. While Rev. Griggs was being helped with his coat, hat and muffler, "Miss Catherine" brought out one of her lye bleached flour bag hemmed napkins, opened that napkin and placed that coconut cake square in the middle; tied the four corners of that cloth and handed it to the Rev. Griggs with these words, "Take this cake to the Rev. Mrs. Griggs." By the time these words were out, Helen had uttered a death rending scream and fell to the floor. When her attack had been analyzed by her family, Rev. Griggs was well on his way to Warren County, where he lived at the time.

The years rolled on and times were better. Catherine Henderson, her husband, Tom Henderson, and her granddaughter, "Kate" (Catherine Lewis) moved to Henderson. Rev. Griggs came to Spring Street Church which was just a short walk to Ransom Street. That part of the family moved their membership to Spring Street. A bed or dinner was always ready for Rev. Griggs as he divided his first and third Sunday time among his members.

Rev. Sandy Griggs had love and deep understanding for people. Most ministers of his time were very quick to pass judgement on people who had performed outside of the law. One of his members, a midwife, was sent to prison in Raleigh for performing abortions. When this woman had served her time and returned to Henderson, Rev. Griggs resumed his visiting overnight stays in her home. When asked by one of his members who frowned on ex-cons why he visited such a woman, he answered, "She is a good woman who sinned. She paid her dues to the state; I am sure God forgave her, so my job is to help her sin no more." He, on telling this incident, said, "I started to tell him that the woman set a much better table than his untidy wife."

Today Spring Street Baptist Church is continuing to grow in the Lord.

SAINT JOHN'S BAPTIST CHURCH – MIDDLEBURG, N.C.

It would seem that within each person there is a Mecca or holy place where one must go for complete soul satisfaction. When our mother turned our faces to the northeast, that was my Mecca. Church came into my mind when we packed our bags to travel eight miles to a place called by my mother, "Back Home." She referred to the little village of Middleburg, N.C. near where she was born. A little train, the Shoo-Fly, came from Portsmouth, Virginia each morning on its way to Hamlet, N.C. At night Little Shoo-Fly came back through Henderson. We usually took the night train down, for there was always someone's dress to be finished or some task to be completed before we could start the journey. I was more than eager to go because the grandmother who lived in Middleburg always took us to one of the nearby churches to show her "city folks" off. St. John's and St. Paul's were just nice walking distance from her home. I enjoyed going to St. Paul for just behind the minister's chair, high up on the wall were a group of wide framed pictures with fierce looking men, who seemed to disapprove of all that they surveyed. Great-grandmother Catherine had explained during a "Big Meeting" union that the pictures were of former pastors who had gone to heaven. Looking at them was quite disturbing, but knowing that they, with their bushy eyebrows and tightly pinched mouths were not around, but in heaven, restored in me a certain peace of mind. The other church, St. John's, brought a happy feeling because the "Jim" Lewis family worshipped there and all of the cousins would come tumbling out of Uncle Jim's surrey, that is the girls, Helen, Myrtle, Carrie and Thelma. Little Anirl would be sitting on Aunt Clara's lap. The boys, Duffy and "Al" came on horseback.

Douglas Alexander was able to put together a little history of the St. John's Baptist Church. The church was organized in the late 1800s. The first pastor was the Rev. Sandy Griggs of Warren County, N.C. He was borrowed from a Baptist Church right off the county line in Warren County. Some deacons from the Manson Baptist Church helped to get the Middleburg Church started. The pastors after Rev. Sandy Griggs were: Rev. Charlie C. Clark of Raleigh, Rev. G.B. Fitts of Macon, N.C.; Rev. C.L. Fairson, and the present pastor, Rev. A.A. Brown of Warren County.

The deacons that served with the pastors were: Sandy Yancey, Edmond Reid, William "Buck" Reavis, James Faulkner, John "Johnny" Bullock, Jr., Phillip Reid, Lewelyn Burton, James Henderson, James "Jim" Lewis, W. Douglas Alexander (Chairman), Adam Hicks, George Reid, Jr., Cornelius Scott, James Reid, D.P. Alexander.

Mrs. Annie Mae Reid is Chairperson of the Usher Board. Mrs. Maggie Williams is president of the Home Mission Board.

One outstanding family that did not join St. John's Baptist Church after the family moved into the community was that of John H. Bullock. Although he and his family kept their membership at Oak Level United Church of Christ near Drewry, the Bullock family worked with the St. John's Church and the St. Paul's Church and helped to advance them in many ways. Mr. and Mrs. James Faulkner early in the 1920s gave the land to build the present church structure.

Later in this report will be seen the leaders of early and the now St. John's and their children as they have been contributors in Vance County and other places.

It is well understood how Mr. Douglas Alexander remembers so much about even the early St. John's. His father, Mr. D.P. Alexander, called "Uncle Doc," and his mother, Mrs. Frances Alexander, kept all of the Alexander children active in church life, St. John's life. "Uncle Doc" was a deacon and church clerk all of his adult life and his mother was the Mother of St. John's Church. On attending "Uncle Doc's" funeral, it seemed that everyone in the church was crying. He must have served his church well to have caused so many tears.

HISTORY OF SHILOH BAPTIST CHURCH — HENDERSON, N.C.

The Shiloh Baptist Church of Henderson, North Carolina, had its beginning in a humble way just after the close of the Civil War, long before Vance County was formed or Henderson; a town of any consequence.

The congregation might well have been referred to as a community church rather than a Baptist Church, inasmuch as the people of the community used the same building for their church service and school. The property having been given to the Colored people at the close of the Civil War for religious worship.

It was hard in those days to distinguish Methodist from Baptist. Both denominations gave full support to the worship services. The church property was owned by the congregation.

In 1867, the Baptists had greatly increased in numerical strength and felt that they were able to stand alone. The Baptists proposed to buy the Methodists' share of the property. The sum of \$20.00 was agreed upon by the two denominations for the Methodist share, with which they bought a lot a short distance away on which the Methodist church now stands.

The Baptists under the leadership of Aaron Pratcher and Rev. Jefferson Burwell proceeded to organize a Baptist Church. This being realized, their next move was to purchase more land on which to build a real church.

On the 5th day of December, 1867, a deed for one acre of land was made by Charles B. Champion of Henderson, North Carolina to Stephen Hawkins, Edward Merriman, Alex Reavis, Wesley Mayfield and Nordege Wyche, trustees, for the purpose of building a house of worship.

The following pastors have served on the church since its organization: Rev. Jefferson Burwell, the Rev. Augustus Shepard, the Rev. M.C. Ransom, the Rev. R.I. Walden, the Rev. S.L. Gregg, the Rev. W.B. Westbrook, the Rev. L.R. McKnight and the Rev. O.B. Burson.

The Rev. Jefferson Burwell was the first pastor of the church. He was not an educated man from the standpoint of a school education, but he was a fine Christian gentleman. His deep spiritual life made him a wonderful pastor.

Many souls were converted and baptized while he was the pastor, great improvements were made on the church building, and the church continued to advance under his leadership. He served the church a number of years with great dignity and resigned when he felt the congregation needed a leader for the growing church, who had more education. All honor to him for his loyalty and Christian dignity.

The second pastor was Rev. Augustus Shepard. He served for two years; was then appointed field worker and culporter for the American Baptist Publication Society. While he was on the field, the Rev. M.C. Ransom, a young pastor of high ideals and great promise, served the church. At the end of two years Rev. Shepard returned to the church and served a pastor until 1887. During his pastorate much interest in missions and education was shown. A school was conducted in the church for those who wished to do High School work. A missionary circle was organized with Mrs. Shepard, its first president. The women of the church became so aroused that they went out and organized circles in many of the churches in the surrounding community. From this small beginning, the ladies have their County Missionary Union. Rev. Shepard resigned in 1887.

The church then called as their fourth pastor, the Rev. R.I. Walden, a recent graduate of Shaw University and principal of Garysburg High School in North Hampton County.

The Rev. Walden was a godly man, a gospel preacher who stood for right and righteousness. Under his leadership many souls were converted and added to the church. The present church building was erected, except the annex and the basement. New pulpit furniture was purchased and new pews installed for the comfort of the growing congregation. Dr. Walden served the church for 25 years, longer than any other pastor — from 1887 to 1912.

When he passed in his resignation, Rev. S.L. Parham, who was then Superintendent of the Sunday School and was Church Clerk, was elected as supply pastor. Rev. Parham felt it his first duty to look out for the spiritual welfare of the church. God gave the effort great success, some 70 souls were converted, and many of them baptized by him and added to the church. During his two years as pastor, the church paid off all indebtedness, put on a new roof, installed electric lights and otherwise improved conditions. Rev. Parham then advised the church to call a pastor, not allowing his name to be used, since he was at that time pastoring other churches.

In 1914, Dr. A.W. Pegues, instructor at Shaw University and Superintendent of the D.D. and Bible Institution in Raleigh, accepted a call from the church. Dr. Pegues was a bible teacher as well as a preacher. He was interested in all the Baptist organizations of the State, especially the Sunday School Convention and its program. He interested the Sunday School in helping to support the convention in carrying on Sunday School Institutes by sending a monthly donation. He also interested the church in holding an Annual Institute for Missionary and Sunday School workers.

Materially the church was prosperous under his guidance. The annex was built, the church building brick-veneered and art windows put in. He served the church 12 years retiring when his health failed in 1925.

The Rev. Ravenell, a very fine young minister who was just a year out of Colgate University where he received his B.A., M.A., Bth. degrees and was at that time teaching in A & T College, Greensboro, North Carolina, was recommended to the church.

The Committee invited the Rev. Ravenell to the church in June, 1925. He preached continuously for the church until October, 1925, when he was called as pastor. He served as pastor until July, 1927. During his pastorate, the first money was raised for the parsonage and a room prepared in the basement for the men's Bible Class. He accepted a call to the Court Street Baptist Church, Lynchburg, Virginia, July, 1927.

At this time Rev. L.P. Gregg was invited to come to Henderson. The Rev. Gregg had finished school at Shaw University in 1925, studied at the University of Chicago for two years, studied Institutional Church work at Olivet Baptist Church in Chicago, and had done Social Case Work in connection with the Juvenile Courts. This had fitted him well for work with the youth. He was an untiring worker.

The B.T.U. flourished, the Church Bible School was the first among Colored churches in town largely attended. Scout troops were organized among both boys and girls. In the City Interracial Ministers Union, he was elected secretary and his views were highly respected by members.

In March 1928, it was found that more land was needed for the parsonage. Consequently, an extra lot adjoining the church property and College

Street was deeded to L.C. Rogers, Edward Goode, S.M. Beckford, S.A. Williams and E.L. Green, trustees of Shiloh Baptist Church, by J.H. Brodie and wife.

The land being purchased, the parsonage was built and became the home of Rev. L.P. Gregg and family. He served the church 13 years, resigning in 1940 to accept a call to the Shiloh Baptist Church, Topeka, Kansas.

Rev. W.B. Westbrook followed Rev. Gregg. For some months the church was without a pastor and much work needed to be done. Rev. Westbrook brought dignity and poise to the congregation such as all churches need. He set about to change the spirit and attitude of the membership from that of no participation in the State and local associational objectives to that of interest. So well was this accomplished that during the last three years of his pastorate the church was giving on an average of \$600 per year. The membership was also inspired to plan for a large expansion program. As a result, more than \$7,000 was raised and left in the treasury for material improvement.

Rev. Westbrook's resignation became effective February 29, 1948 — to accept the pastorate of New Central Baptist Church, Norfolk, Virginia, having served the church well seven years and one month.

The church was without a pastor from February 19, 1948 to August of the same year.

Rev. L.R. McKnight was called as a supply pastor, having worked with the church for some years. He lost no time in carrying forward the plans of material expansion as well as spiritual. A new cover was put on the church and new foundations laid. The evening service was revived, delinquent members contacted, young people's club and Laymen's League organized, helped the women of the missionary circle in every way possible and encouraged every department of church work, during his pastorate of four months.

The Rev. O.B. Burson, our present pastor, accepted a call to the church on December 10, 1948. Two months later, the fourth Sunday in February, 1949, he began the task as pastor. A young man having been converted and called to the ministry in his early years, pastoring churches since 1942. He entered school at Shaw University in 1944, graduating in the class of 1950 with an A.B. and B.D. degree, comes to us well-prepared for leadership. The work of the church has progressed wonderfully well during his two years with us, both materially and spiritually. New members have been added to the church, many older ones visited and regained for service. Under his leadership, space for seven Sunday School rooms has been provided, a new Baptistry, a new furnace and a Hammond console organ, and new equipment for the kitchen in the parsonage.

Being guided by the Holy Spirit, and possessing an unusually kind, sympathetic and friendly disposition and a Christian gentleman, we predict for him a long and successful life.

Dr. Rowland Perry has been pastor for many years. He leads the church onward and upward.

SAINT BEULAH HOLY CHURCH

The Saint Beulah Holiness Church was organized in 1906, on a site of land given by Rev. Moses Bullock.

Rev. M. Bullock was the first pastor with the following as some of its early deacons: Isaiah Townes, Amstead Hamilton, Sim Terry, and Matt Bullock.

The first trustees were Moses Jones, Sr., John Taylor, A.A. Hamilton, and Isaiah Townes.

As the church grew some more deacons were added including, Horace Hamilton, Charlie Quinitchette, Samuel Hunt, Henry Burwell, Frank Edwards and Moses Jones, Jr.

Some of the pastors of the older church following Rev. M. Bullock were Rev. E. Craig, Rev. Louis Young and Rev. Amos Silver.

The present building was erected in 1954 and 1963. Pastors throughout the years were Rev. McCoy, Rev. A. Allen, Rev. Tyler Young, son of the former Rev. L. Young and present pastor, Rev. Giles.

Pastoral services are conducted the Second Sunday in each month. Sunday School convenes each Sunday, Superintendent, William Jones. The deacons at present, are Mr. Willie Hargrove and Mr. James Burton.

FLAT CREEK BAPTIST CHURCH — 1866-1967

After the Civil War and in the early days of Reconstruction our forefathers thought it best to move out of the present Island Creek Baptist Church which at that time was located diagonally from this church in the edge of the present Island Creek Church Cemetery. In retrospect, Island Creek Baptist Church was organized in 1820 with whites and twenty blacks coming out of Big Grassy Creek Baptist Church about five miles west of Stovall. Miss Ann Bullock gave about four acres of land for the church site. We have no records as to just how many colored persons were in the Island Creek Baptist Church in 1865 at the close of the war, but we believe it was a sizeable number.

The Flat Creek Baptist Church was organized in 1866 under the supervision of the mother church, Island Creek Baptist Church, by Rev. J.A. Stredley, white. The name of the church was selected in keeping with its mother church. Since the next nearest stream to it was Flat Creek, the church was given the name Flat Creek. The first Sunday in each month was selected for services, and on each third Sunday, prayer meeting was held at 2 o'clock.

Prayer meeting however, was much older than the church. Some of the early leaders of prayer meeting were Brothers Harry Nutall Davis, Horace Bullock, Sisters Patsy Young and Caroline Bullock. The next leaders of prayer meeting were Brothers Stephen Har, Billie Patton, Major Smith and Sisters Mary Ann Christmas, Charities Alen and Sue Hart, and Brothers Cephus Burwell and Willis Jordan. In the early days the church would be half full on prayer meeting days. But after improved roads and more convenient means of travel, our people began to visit more and more and, too, the old leaders passed away, one by one, thus our prayer meetings and people began to wean away. In the early thirties the prayer meeting books were closed. Many beautiful and glorious unwritten pages were closed, only to be opened with the meeting of the Saints in Glory.

The work of the new church began in a large log building west of the Horace Bullock plot near the road under the able leadership of Rev. Madison Harvey. The deacons were as follows: James Patton, Albert Wyche, Henderson Downey and Mose Eaton. The ground, one acre on which the first church was built, was purchased out of the Mrs. Sookie Fain's Estate. The environment was ideal for a church and excellent for growth since the church was located on the edge of the village of Williamsboro, which was quite a little colonial place in the 1860's. There was a post office, two doctors, a drugstore, cotton gin, tobacco factory, hotel, several stores, and Saint John's Episcopal Church located in the center, which stands in the same location today. The school was located near the Saint John's Episcopal Church. There were a large number of slaves who belonged to the Saint John's Episcopal Church in those days who all but two or three came to Flat Creek and joined. The village of Williamsboro was flanked with many plantations and colonial houses. There were many colored persons left on these plantations after the Civil War who came in large numbers and brought their children to hear the gospel preached. Because many accepted Christ, the membership of the church grew rapidly.

In the early seventies, a windstorm lifted the entire roof off the church and dropped it across the road. Although the roof was soon replaced, nevertheless, the lifting of the roof stirred the brethren to plan for a new building. In the middle seventies, the Rev. Henry West from Warren County was called as pastor of the church, but the plans for the new Church were well on the way when the Rev. West assumed his duties.

All the framework was cut and hewed out of the woods, since in those days our forefathers were expert in cutting and hewing logs. The weatherboarding and ceiling were brought from the sawmill, and the shingles were made by our forefathers. The interior walls were made of plaster. The size of the church was 66 feet long and 40 feet wide with two front doors and a side door on the north side. It was located about 20 feet north of the Horace Bullock plot running parallel with it and about 50 feet from the road.

CHURCH AUXILIARIES

The Sunday School was organized in the early seventies and many learned to read in Sunday School. The early superintendents were from the following families: The Eatons, Wyches and Bullocks. Many others followed (see list of superintendents).

The Mission Circle was organized in the early eighties by Sister Mary Eaton, Sister Levenia Marrow, Sister Cornelia Wimbush, and others (see list of Missionaries).

The church had no instrumental music although the Vocal Choir was good. Some of the instructors were Miss Clara Eaton, Miss Nora Reaves and later Brother J.C. Marrow.

Some of the young men that were members of the church owned and operated a brass band and played for Sunday School picnics, Easter affairs, Thanksgiving, public gatherings and marriages. Brother C.H. Macon was one of the leaders.

Some of the others were Henry Cooper, Johnnie Wimbush, James Patton, Dallas Knight and Henry Marrow. The big affair for the band would be a marriage festival when it was near the church. The following insertion will give you some idea of the social events.

JUST A GLIMPSE IN THE LATE EIGHTIES

It was a beautiful October day at 11:30 o'clock and a big wedding was about to take place. The parents of the bride lived more than a half a mile from the church. The band, the invited guests, a family and the bridal party assembled at the home of the bride. Just before twelve noon a two horse drawn carriage would be seen in the distance moving slowly, approaching the house. The driver, a young man attired in a driver's outfit, and his tall beaver hat stood out very clearly at a distance. When the carriage approached the gate and began to turn in, the band struck up the music. The carriage circled around and stood at the side gate, and a young man stepped from the carriage and made his way very gracefully to the front door. He was met at the door by the bridal party. He and the maid of honor accompanied the bride to the carriage and assisted her into the carriage.

During the late eighties some of the deacons half fallen asleep, and Brothers Stephen Hart and Len Bullock, Sr., were added to the Deacon Board. The Rev. West served until the late eighties and then Rev. Turner Crudup served for a few years. He was followed by Dr. Patillo.

During Dr. Patillo's administration a new addition known as the belfry with a steeple and large bell was made to the front of the church. The bell is still in the possession of the church. The pews which are in this building today were bought and two acres of land were purchased from Mr. R.A. Bullock for the church grove on the east side adjoining the church property. The purpose of the grove was to tie horses and mules and to eat dinner.

During the early seventies, James Marrow, the blacksmith; R.A. Fields, the merchant; H.P. Eaton, James Wyche, and others purchased about one-half acre of the land back of the original church and adjoining said church land for a school. But the school never materialized. In the nineties Brother Marrow, the blacksmith passed. The school body was deeply saddened by the passing of a loyal member. They held a special meeting and requested that this brother be laid to rest on the school ground beside a white oak tree. Then the school body gave the plot to the church for a burial ground, the beginning of the church cemetery.

In the late nineties, Brother Kaleb Brame, Brother R.E. Wyche, Brother J.Y. Eaton and Brother Major Smith were added to the deacon board. By this time the membership had reached six hundred and the Sunday School enrollment was more than one hundred fifty. By now quite a number of our young men and a few of our girls had finished at Boydton Institute, Boydton, Virginia; Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia; and Lincoln University of Pennsylvania. This was our first life line to our church and community. Some few had found their way to Shaw University.

In the eighties, the United Presbyterian Board of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania opened the Henderson Normal Institute which brought life and light to our Flat Creek Baptist Church. In the nineties, many of our boys and girls attended this Institute and were richly rewarded. The influence can still be felt here now. Thomas Burwell, M.D., of this church, was the first graduate of Henderson Normal Institute.

In the late eighties a few families who were members of the Flat Creek Baptist Church purchased land across Crooked Ruin Creek, known at that time as the Ridge Road Community, now known as Gooches Grove Community.

One of the sons of Flat Creek, Albert Wyche, Jr., who was aspiring to ministry moved into the community and began a Sunday School in an old school house. Flat Creek observed the rapid growth of the Sunday School. By this time Brother Wyche was an ordained minister and asked permission to organize a church. Consent was granted and the following families were given leave to work with the church: Deacon Albert Wyche, Sr., Brothers William Cobb, Scott Ingram, the Malone family, the Reavis family and others.

The church was dedicated the second Sunday in May around 1890, and was given the name Nutbush Baptist Church. Nutbush is now an outstanding Baptist Church.

Flat Creek Baptist Church was instrumental in helping to organize other churches in various communities.

During the early nineties, Deacon Patton, who had served many years, relinquished his chairmanship of the Deacon Board to Deacon Stephen Hart

who served until 1923. Brother Hart was a moderator of the Middle Baptist Union and a member of the Ordained Council. Dr. Patillo served until 1906.

The Rev. Nelson Johnson of Virginia followed Dr. Patillo and during this pastorate Brothers William Jones, Spot Mason and Daniel Marrow were added to the Deacon Board. Rev. Johnson passed during the summer of 1914. He was followed by his brother, Harvey Johnson of Oxford who served through 1918. During his administration the entire church was renovated and Brother Walter Christmas and Brother Len Bullock, Jr. were ordained as deacons.

The Rev. Willis Blackwell of North Granville County pastored from 1919 through 1923. Soon after Rev. Blackwell assumed his duties, his wife passed unexpectedly. Nevertheless, before he left us he had joined in Holy Matrimony with one of our very fine and most beloved girls, the daughter of Deacon Kaleb and Sister Jane Brame. Under Rev. Blackwell's leadership Brothers Willis Jordan and James Malone were added to the Deacon Board. Our most beloved Deacon Stephen Hart was laid to rest in 1923.

Now in the middle summer of 1924, Rev. Lee Brooks of Franklin County was called to pastor Flat Creek Baptist Church. Deacon Len Bullock, Jr. was our new chairman of the board and Brothers Soloman Brame and Horace Wyche were added to the Deacon Board.

During the years of 1924 through 1940 we would like to call a period of RECESSION. The period of recession had overtaken Flat Creek Baptist Church and the good days were over.

The week of revival began the first Sunday in August with two services a day, one service at 11 o'clock in the morning and the other at 2 o'clock in the afternoon with one hour for dinner. The menu consisted of Country ham, fried chicken, lamb, big meeting cabbage (cabbage cooked with the liquid from a boiled ham), corn pudding, stewed tomatoes, stringbeans, potato salad, pickles from favorite recipes, biscuits, pies and cakes. Choice watermelons and cantalopes were served as refreshments. With all that feast our forefathers had glorious services and a great outpouring of Holy Spirit was experienced.

During this period quite a few young married families had already left for the Northern States and they were still leaving. Economic conditions had gradually changed and the community of Williamsboro had changed over from a cotton growing community to a tobacco growing community. After World War I the tobacco growing and method of handling had changed. We moved from cutting to priming. Though the time had changed we were not able to accept it; therefore, for twenty years we struggled to hold on to the good old days without success, but finally we gave up. The gallant soldiers laid their armour down, not defeated in spirit, but willing to accept the first Sunday in July as the beginning day for revival, with one service per day, and this one held at night rather than during the day.

Rev. Holt next served about three years. During his administration Deacon Len Bullock, who was chairman of the board, passed, after which Deacon Walter Christmas was elected as chairman of the board and is still chairman at this writing. Rev. Underwood served about one year and a half as pastor.

The Rev. H.Y. Creek followed Rev. Underwood. Rev. Cheek seemed to have been a man of great potentiality, but before he could move very far with his program, he was summoned by the Great King in Glory in the middle of his services, the first Sunday morning in June, 1944. The church was deeply moved at the passing of Rev. Cheek. Sadness prevailed over the church for quite a while.

A few days later, a tall brown-skin man drove up smiling speaking very softly and said, "I am Rev. J.E. McGrier. I have come to help you in your problems and I will do the best I can." Rev. McGrier was unanimously elected the week of the revival. He began his work as pastor speaking very softly, and always taking time out to listen to all pros and cons, weighing them out very carefully, gradually inserting his program. He moved slowly, regrouping the church, changing the revival (as has already been stated), enlarging the Deacon and Trustee Boards making plans for this beautiful new structure. The deacons added under Rev. McGrier's administration are Brothers A. Marrow, Weldon Macon, John Henry Blackwell, James Brame, Olando Smith, George Evans and Fred Brame.

We are all puzzled when we look back over the span of twenty-three years. We are compelled to wonder how it was accomplished. But if it is a secret, you know as much as we know. All we know is that Rev. McGrier preached the gospel. Very often he would tell that he was born on a cotton farm in South Carolina and that his mother passed when he was a small boy, but before she died she called him to the bedside and held his little hand in hers and prayed asking God to bless him that he might be a blessing to others. Through struggles and hardships he made his way through college.

Today God has honored the work of that little boy by allowing him to lead his people and to build this most beautiful and glorious edifice with the addition of a fellowship hall, a pulpit set, and an electric organ. This edifice stands out as a living memorial, a beacon and shining light and a testimonial for those who will trust and believe in Him — rededicated to God on this ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF FLAT CREEK BAPTIST CHURCH. May God's richest blessings be with Rev. J.E. McGrier and his very fine wife that he may continue to preach at Flat Creek Baptist Church.

Yours in Christ
Rev. D.J. Marrow
Rev. A.L. Johnson
Deacon A. Marrow.

FORMER PASTORS

The Reverend Walter A. Patillo, D.D.
Pastored Flat Creek Baptist Church in 1887-1906.

The Reverend Willis Blackwell
Pastored from 1919-1923.

The Reverend H.Y. Cheek
Pastored from 1942-1944.

The Reverend Nelson Johnson
Pastored until 1914.

The Reverend Lee Brooks
Pastored 1924-

The Reverend Holt
Pastored about three years.

Reverend Underwood

Reverend J.E. McGrier (Pastor)

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF HOLY TEMPLE CHURCH

Holy Temple Church had its beginning in 1904 with a loyal band of Christians who organized themselves for better religious services. Under the leadership of Rev. R.M. Marable and Rev. Jim Young, the church was organized. Rev. Jim Young served as the first pastor. The first deacons were Brothers Anthony Bullock, T. Actom, and Billie Lewis. The first trustees were Brothers Paul Alston, the only living pioneer, Sonny Henderson and Richard Foster.

During the first year of services in 1904, land was purchased on Whitten Avenue and in 1905 a church was built. Rev. Henry L. Fisher was sent to Holy Temple in 1905 and served as pastor until 1910. Rev. Fisher was elected Bishop and president of the general church, therefore, it was necessary for him to resign as pastor.

Reverends Atkins and Lewis Young each served short terms after Rev. Fisher.

In 1911 Dr. E.B. Nichols was called to pastor Holy Temple. He was a dynamic minister who had a special talent and love for music. Dr. Nichols was succeeded by Elder W.L. Palmer of Durham. He was an humble man of God and was loved by all. Elder H.H. Hairston was elected pastor following Elder Palmer. Many members were added to the church during the administration of Elder Hairston. (As the Dedication Book is being printed, Bishop Hairston is being funeralized in Columbus, Ohio where he resided for a number of years.) He served here as pastor for ten years.

Rev. H.W. Fields' pastorate began in 1936. He was a young man and had much inspiration and visions. During his leadership, the church was renovated and made comfortable. A great awakening of our church was felt under his leadership. Rev. Fields' ministry was terminated at the end of eleven years. Immediately following Rev. Fields, Rev. L.L. Davis came to the church as pastor and served four years. He was a fearless preacher and a dynamic man of God. He was loved and respected by all because of his method of preaching. Following Rev. Davis, Rev. Roosevelt Alston came to Holy Temple as pastor in 1952. Under his leadership a site of land was purchased on East Avenue on which a new church has been erected. Rev. Alston is the present pastor and with this forceful and dynamic leader and educator Holy Temple Holy Church envisions a bright future.

Of the ten different pastors who have served our church, four are living. They are still active throughout the country. Brother Paul Alston, one of the first trustees of the church lived until after the printing of this dedication.

SAINT'S DELIGHT UNITED HOLY CHURCH – RT. 1, MANSON, N.C.

In 1906, Rev. Moses Bullock, Brother James Plummer, Brother Joseph Bullock, Sr., Brother Thomas Hendrick and a few dedicated sisters decided that holiness should be taught in this community.

On the fourth Sunday in February, 1907, the spirit directed them to go from house to house to have services.

The first permanent place of worship was Rev. Moses Bullock's tobacco ordering house. They decided to build their church in the year 1916. Brother James Plummer bought the plot and had it sawed. Sister Emily Henderson named the church Saint's Delight.

Soon after that Rev. Eddie Russell and his wife joined the church and worked diligently with Rev. Moses Bullock during his life time and they are still working. Later, Brother Robert Williams and his wife, former members of Morning Star Holy Church, and Brother General Fields, former member of Macedonia Holy Church joined the church and were loyal and faithful members until death.

After the death of Rev. Moses Bullock in 1948, his son Gilbert was elected pastor and remained pastor until 1955. In 1955 Rev. J.C. Thomas was elected pastor and is still serving.

FORMER PASTORS

Elder Moses M. Bullock, 1916-1948

Rev. Gilbert Bullock, 1948-1955

PIONEER MEMBERS

Rev. and Mrs. Eddie Russell, Deacon Joseph Bullock, Sister Mollie Bullock, Deacon and Mrs. Ernest Elam.

IN MEMORIAM

Elder and Mrs. Moses Bullock, Deacon and Mrs. Robert Williams, Deacon and Mrs. James Plummer, Brother Thomas Hendrick, Sister Rebecca Lambeth, Brother General Fields, Sister Octavia Bullock, Rev. and Mrs. Sandy Walker.

KESLER TEMPLE – METHODIST

The Methodist Church, now grown into Kesler Temple had its beginning as we have seen along with its Baptist sister in 1867. Those Methodist leaders who were sort of pushed out on their own, quickly organized their band and built a church on the land that they bought with the \$20.00 settled on them by the Baptist. This structure has been greatly improved and modernized by the different pastors who served and passed to other charges. One of the pastors, Rev. James A. Brown, a Vance County native, greatly enhanced the value of the church during his tenure by remodeling and repairing. This man advanced himself from Bagging Mill worker to minister, and on to become presiding Elder for A.M.E. Zion churches in the Durham District. Ella Cheek Brown must be mentioned here for she completed high school and college along with her sons. She taught school and worked along with her husband, Rev. James Brown, every step of the way. She was retired from the schoolroom, but still makes the meetings, conferences, and conventions with Rev. Brown.

The ministers who served Kesler Temple from 1867-1975 are as follows:

Rev. Miles, Rev. Taylor, Rev. Norment, Rev. Engram, Rev. C.F. Marshton, Rev. Martin, Rev. B.W. Moncure, Rev. Walker, Rev. S.P. Cooke (1954-56), Rev. B.A. Mack (1966-67), Rev. C.T. Williams, Rev. William Sutton, Rev. Culbreth, Rev. Horne, Rev. Cochran, Rev. Williamson, Rev. J.W. Wastor, Rev. Roger C. Cannady, Rev. S.L. Brown, Rev. T.J. Parson, Rev. T.H. Murphy, Rev. J.W. Britt (1967-72), Rev. Barker Spruell, Rev. J.E. Brown, Rev. Strong, Rev. J.E. Westberry, Rev. A.B. Mosley, Rev. McDougale, Rev. James A. Brown, Rev. S.A. Lusan, Rev. M.F. Ward, Rev. J.R. Woodard (1963-65), Rev. F. Stanford (1972-73).

Rev. S.P. Cooke established a Methodist Church in the Mobile section of Henderson and the church is named Cook's Chapel for him. From the first grade through high school Peter Cooke leaned toward being a minister. I remember on Friday afternoons we were allowed to have a program. At which time we could read or recite anything that we wanted to, which was unlike our morning devotional program in which only Bible verses and readings from religious books were allowed. The adventurous ones recited hu-

morous and even romantic pieces; but not Peter Cooke. He always came up with something straight from the Bible. His steadfastness has certainly paid off for he has continued in religious work for the uplifting of souls in Vance County.

Peter's brother, Rev. Stephen Cooke, although has not worked in Vance County, has distinguished himself in Asheville, North Carolina as a very able minister in the Methodist organization. Stephen and Peter Cooke were greatly inspired by Rev. William Sutton, one of the Kesler Temple's first ministers. After Rev. Sutton's wife died in New Bern, North Carolina, Rev. Sutton returned to Henderson and married Miss Elizabeth Cooke. Rev. Sutton and Elizabeth's father were said to have been the same age. Elizabeth was indeed much younger than Rev. Sutton's daughter, Miss Mary Sutton, for Miss Mary was about grown when Rev. Sutton moved from Hamilton Street to New Bern before 1902. To the union of Rev. Sutton and his young wife were born two lovely daughters. These girls were reared in Henderson by their aunts, Gladys and Katie, after their parents died. Both girls completed college and are working in Washington, for the U.S. Government.

THE TOWNSVILLE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The history of Cotton Memorial United Presbyterian Church is essentially the history of a multi-unit parish serving directly the Henderson and Vance County communities, and indirectly the counties adjacent to Vance County.

One of the units composing this extended parish was the Townsville United Presbyterian Church, located in the village of Townsville about 14 miles north of Henderson on N.C. Highway 39.

Organized by the late Dr. John Adam Cotton in 1904, the original congregation consisted of between 25 and 30 members belonging to the Brame, Taylor and Sneed families; Mr. Grandison Samson Taylor and Mr. David Brame being the first ordained ruling elders.

The first regular minister was the Rev. Tartar who served several years until injuries sustained in a highway accident forced him to retire. He was succeeded by the Rev. James E. James, a member of the Henderson Institute faculty, who served until his death in 1929 or 1930. The Rev. W.H. Barnes, another Institute faculty member, then served the Townsville congregation for seven years, being succeeded in 1936 by the Rev. John R. Dungee of the Institute faculty who served until April, 1942 when he entered the United States Army as chaplain and was succeeded by the Rev. Paul Epps. After the end of World War II, Dungee was called back to the Henderson-Townsville parish and served the parish until his retirement in December of 1968.

An invaluable service of the Townsville church to its surrounding community was rendered through an affiliated mission elementary school established soon after the church was organized, and headed by Mrs. Bettie Taylor Groves, a consecrated daughter of Elder Grandison Taylor and sister of Elder Herbert L. Taylor, Sr. Among the early teachers assisting Mrs. Groves were Mrs. Adelaide R. Bullock and Mrs. Mamie R. Rogers presently (1978) senior members of the Cotton Memorial Congregation.

Mrs. Groves and Mrs. Bullock transferred to parishes in Wilcox County, Alabama and the late Elder W.E. Williams served the enlarged elementary school adjacent to the church for many years until it was taken over for operation by the state. The school was eventually merged with two other rural schools into the present New Hope Elementary School located on N.C. Highway 39 between Townsville and Williamsboro.

A highly valued service rendered by the Townsville U.P. Church to the people of its community was the Vacation Bible School initiated by Rev. Dungee in 1937 simultaneously with the one in the Henderson U.P. Church and enrolling pupils from Kindergarten age through senior adulthood. The daily schedule included morning devotions, Bible Study, singing, handicraft, recreation and refreshments served during intermission. Among the elderly teachers were Elder and Mrs. W.E. Williams, Mr. Philip Lewis, Mrs. H.L. Taylor, Sr., Miss Elizabeth Brame, (now Mrs. E.B. Bullock) and Mrs. A.E. Dungee.

In the summers of 1946-47 the Vacation Bible Schools at Townsville and Henderson were conducted by Miss Mary Conley, teacher of Bible at Henderson Institute. Upon her transfer to the Alabama mission field, she was succeeded by Miss Eva Thomas on the Institute faculty and as conductor of the two Vacation Bible Schools. Miss Thomas, now a ruling elder of the Cotton Memorial congregation, rendered untiring service as director of Vacation Bible Schools until the official merger of the Townsville and Henderson congregations in 1963, constituting the present Cotton Memorial United Presbyterian Church.

Cotton Memorial Church now includes the following former members of the Townsville congregation: Mrs. E.B. Bullock, Mrs. H.B. Lewis and Miss Grace Brame, daughters of the late Elder David Brame; Elder and Mrs. Willie Sneed, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie C. Hanks, Elder and Mrs. L.M. Hatton, Messers E.L. Taylor and C.F. Taylor, grandsons of Elder Grandison Samson Taylor, E.L. Taylor, Jr. and Olandis D. Taylor, Mrs. Nancy H. Henderson, Elder Lucy S. Davis and daughter, Mrs. Maria S. Hood and daughter, and Miss Elizabeth Sneed.

MOUNT PLEASANT MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH — MANSON, N.C.

A brief history of Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church

The church had its humble beginning under an old oak tree across the lake from the present Meeking Landing, near the old Henderson Mill Pond, in the year 1867, under the leadership of the Reverends Henry Mitchell and John M. Paschall.

Later it was moved to a location approximately 500 feet across the road from the present structure under a brush arbor.

Having just emerged from the chains of slavery, the church was established by these people as a means of expressing their religious freedom. This small group of Christians soon realized their obligations and tried to foster love for their fellow man. With unselfish love and interest, the people determined to promote the cause of Christ, envisioned a log structure and built it. They labored and worshipped untiringly under the leadership of these same men until the 1870's.

In earlier days services were held on the second Sunday for the young people, and many of these services were conducted by the late Rev. E.G. Russell.

Official records show that the Rev. Oscar Bullock was the first elected pastor of the Mt. Pleasant Church in the 1870's. The records also indicate that the Rev. Jim Hunt and Rev. Badger Mushaw, served in the 1870's as assistant pastors.

Brother Oscar Henderson served as deacon of Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church.

The church was for the people who cherished freedom and had a desire to worship God. Many struggles and sacrifices were made in the middle 1870's. The first frame structure was erected on a site approximately 1800 feet northeast of the log structure. This church served the people until 1891.

Sister Emily Henderson, the oldest living member at this writing, was born three years after the church was organized and was baptized by Rev. Jim Hunt in 1881, at eleven years old.

In 1883, John M. Paschall conveyed 1 1/3 acres of land to the trustees: Oscar Bullock, Richmond Henderson, John M. Paschall, Wesley Henderson, Stephen Henderson, Kemp Bullock, and Nathan Bullock for \$62.50 and other considerations.

This amount was paid by the trustees. Witnesses to the transaction were Oscar Bullock, James Bullock, and W.M. Balthrip. The amount of \$1.00 paid to the Register of Deeds, J.W. Nicholson, to have the deed recorded. This is recorded in Deed Book Vol. 2P 377, and certified by C.M. White, Justice of the Peace, October 9, 1883, authorized by Clerk of Court, J.R. Young.

In 1891, a larger and a more suitable frame structure was erected on the new site. This structure, inadequate though it was, symbolized vision, enthusiasm, faith, cooperation and love. The congregation outgrew the accommodations afforded, and an addition was made in the early 1920's.

The church suggests a way of life in which the people took pride and in 1949, a brick edifice of beauty and dignity was constructed. The first funeral held in the new church was that of Mr. William Balthorp, a member.

PASTORS

Reverend Henry Mitchell and John M. Paschall, co-organizers, 1867-1870's.
Reverend Oscar Bullock, 1870's -1901
Reverend Billy Boyd, 1901-1911
Reverend William Woodward, 1911-1912
Reverend Willis Henderson, 1912-1915
Reverend Christopher C. Eubank, 1915-1919
Reverend Charlie C. Clark, 1919-1939
Reverend William F. Smith, 1940-1956
Reverend John Henry Foster, 1957-1961
Reverend W. E. Edgerton, 1962-1963
Reverend Kermit Richardson, 1964-.

CHURCH CLERKS

Brother J.M. Paschall	Brother William C. Hendrick
Brother W.B. Henderson	Brother Percy L. Vaughn
Brother G.G. Rowland	Brother James Jordan
Brother James Plummer	Sister Margaret B. Jordan
Sister Rosa I. Paschall	

MOTHER OF CHURCH

Sister Cecilia Henderson	Sister Carrie Russell
Sister Cornelia Henderson	Sister Laura Henderson
Sister Lee Anna Bullock	Sister Sallie L. Paschall

OAK LEVEL UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST

(Mrs. Ethel Faulkner gave the following information on Oak Level. This includes a lot of personalities who were there in the early years.)

About 1865, a group of Negro people met in a wooded area near the town of "Drewry," N.C., known then as "Cedar Fork." Located near the Vance-Warren County line, there they organized the first "Oak Level Christian Church." The first pastor was Rev. "Hammer Tom" Bullock. It was mostly a family "get together" of Bullocks and Hendersons.

There was a white man called "Master Len Bullock," a big land owner, took to himself a Negro woman named "Sally Bullock." He begot six children. One of the daughters, named Eliza, married Josh Henderson. These were the parents of the Rev. James A. Henderson. Going back, Len Bullock, (the master of Sally Bullock), gave her several hundred acres of land. Sally gave land for the first Oak Level Christian Church, of roughly hewn logs. They worshipped there until about 1895, then they started building a small weather board plank church.

They added more to the building about 1915 when John H. Bullock, Sr. bought a saw mill and with the help of his oldest son, John H. Bullock, Jr. of Middleburg and others sawd planks and enlarged the church.

Rev. Richard Bullock, Sr., and Rev. Moses Bullock served awhile as pastors before Rev. J.A. Henderson became pastor. Rev. James A. Henderson, an educator and teacher, was elected pastor, which he served for over fifty years. Rev. Henderson helped to build Franklin Christian College, or Franklin N.C. Boarding School for Negroes, of which he was president. A lot of our preachers and leaders got their start in this college. Some of the deacons were: John H. Bullock, Sr., his brother Alfred "Dock" Bullock, Richard Bullock, Sr., Thomas Bullock, Joseph Bullock, and others. Later on, John H. Bullock, Jr., Matthew Davis, James Durham, William Bullock and Tom Henderson were ordained deacons. Other deacons were: Alex Hilliard, Daniel Bullock, David Bullock, Johnnie Pettiway, Green Bullock, Thomas Bullock, Parks Bullock, Gilbert Bullock, Joe N. Bullock.

After Rev. Henderson's death, Rev. Leon White of Wake Forest, N.C. was elected pastor. Under his leadership, the present large brick church was built and became known as "Oak Level United Church of Christ." An educational building has been recently added, all toll worth over \$250,000.00. The church bought two more acres of land from L.M. Bullock making four acres. This area was one of the largest Negro communities in N.C. until the government acquired the farmers land very cheap and put in the Buggs Island and Kerr Lake, causing these farms to be broken up and the families to become "displaced persons." Very sad. Some of them relocated in Kittrell, Littletown, Macon and any other places they could in Vance and Warren Counties.

One camp ground was named "Henderson Point" in honor of Rev. James Henderson, and his father, Josh Henderson.

Other people who later became deacons of Oak Level United Church of Christ were: James Watson Bullock, Walter Boyd, George Henderson, Willie Hargrove, Lawyer Pettiway, Dallas Cox, Joseph Bullock and James Bullock.

OAK LEVEL UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST – MANSON, N.C.

I was born into what was then called Oak Level Christian Church, near Drewry, North Carolina. Later, through a merge, the church became known as United Church of Christ, rather than Christian. Other area churches of the U.C.C. denomination include Antioch of Woodworth, Burchette Chapel of Warren County, Union Grove of Henderson and Mr. Zion of Route 5, Henderson. Rev. Leon White is the pastor of Oak Level U.C.C. and has been for many years.

My grandmother, Mrs. Jennie Coker, who is not far from being a hundred years old, has been a member of Oak Level all of her life. She said that there was once a small church, Oak Level, back off the road near the church cemetery, which was even before her time. This, she says, is the reason that the burial ground is so far from the church. At some time in history, the church was moved to its current site, nearer to the main road, but the cemetery has remained pretty much in the same location. The first church she remembers is the white wooden church. The Oak Level with the beautiful grove of Oak trees.

My mother, Mrs. Lucy Coker Jefferson, was also born into this church. She sang in the choir and was baptized and was an active church worker from the time she was very young. Rev. Henderson was the pastor all those years. Rev. Henderson is the only pastor she remembers until Rev. White came.

I remember, as a very young girl, the ironing of Sunday dresses and shining of black patent leather shoes, and the long braids tied with bright ribbons. Sometimes we got a few curls in front, and just maybe a few to hang down in back. This made me feel older and really enjoy being a girl and being all dressed up. I remember the hot, dusty walk down the road to Oak Level, or the short, refreshing ride if we were particularly fortunate. I was baptized in the (what seemed like then) big cement pool. Most of the morning, on "Baptizing day," men and boys took turns pumping the hand pump and the water ran down the trough to fill the pool.

I was eight years old and hiding my nervousness well as baptizing time drew nearer and nearer. I had gone to the "Mourin' Bench," and I had "got happy," as was required before I could be baptized. I remember wading into the water with an older sister, Anna, who was about nine, maybe just turned ten. My uncle, Rev. Ernest "Tap" Coker, Jr., and Rev. Petteway were standing in the water. Their long black robes looked dry and strange floating on the water. As I battled with the urge to turn around and run, I stood quietly and watched the two young Reverends carefully pushing the hems of their garments under the water. I remember Rev. Petteway standing patiently and understanding when both me and my sister ran to our uncle to be baptized.

One of my fondest memories is Revival time. It would go on for a whole week, night and day. There was singing and praying and getting happy and children going to Mourning Bench, and just a great outpouring of the Spirit. I will never forget how the long, handmade, weather beaten and often forlorn looking tables, built under the stately oaks, would change during revival time. The good ladies of the church would get busy and the dusky tables would change into banquet looking things with lacy white and pink, and yellow Sunday tablecloths, laden with the most delicious foods. I stayed close to my mother and grandmother's baskets, and was glad when my mother took me down the table to a lady who always loved me, and I her. We had children's programs and Miss Frances Bullock, now Mrs. Frances Sommerville, would corner us and get us, shy as we were, to sing songs and say speeches.

I am proud to be a member of Oak Level U.C.C. As far back as I can see, we have always been Oak Level people. In 1979, my daughter, Miss Jancey Dinenne Quinitchette, was baptized in that same (big) cement pool that then seemed so small.

Today Oak Level is a beautiful, recently-built brick edifice that we are proud of. The Fellowship Hall, being built a number of years after the new church, has recently been completed. It seems strange, today, that I once got lost amongst the Oaks as a child, since today they are nowhere to be seen. We are blessed to have the Hargrove Singers who sing with a spiritual uplifting that we can hear and feel. We are fortunate, indeed, to have Rev. Leon White as our pastor, and the gracious Mrs. White and their fine family amongst us.

(By L. Jefferson Quinitchette)

OTHER CHURCHES

Cooks Chapel — Methodist
Jesus House of Prayer — Holy
Ashley Grove — Baptist
St. James — Baptist
Mt. Maria — Christian
Mt. Zion — Christian
Venus House of Prayer
St. Andrews — Christian
Greater Lovely Hills — Baptist
Concord — Baptist

ANOTHER NEGRO CHRISTIAN DIES

In the death of Carver, the Christian, we are led to draw attention to the death of another Negro, a United Presbyterian who, like Dr. Carver, once had been owned as a slave but who achieved honor and leadership in later life because he was first Christian. His name was David Brame. An account of his death has just been received from Dr. J.A. Cotton who recently resigned from the presidency of Knoxville College.

DEATH OF DAVID BRAME REPORTED

"Just a few days ago David Brame of Vance County, North Carolina, passed to his reward," writes Dr. Cotton. He was born March, 1856 and hence was about 9 years old when Lee surrendered. He remembered much of slavery and except at times did not care to recall those days. His master owned 100 slaves at the time he became free. At the age of 16 he was hired to a white man for \$5.00 a month and out of this he paid a school teacher in the community to teach him to read and write.

"He was an outstanding man in the county. He held offices in the county before the state constitutional convention disfranchised the Negroes in the state. He was a magistrate, a member of the school board in his district and at one time chairman of the board on which were some white men. He was defeated by only two votes in a primary. He would have been elected as the Republicans were in the majority at the time...His brother bought the first farm purchased by a Negro in the county. The farm of 50 acres was paid for by working on the railroad at 50 cents per day; but the price was only \$50.00.

"Brame was a charter member of the United Presbyterian church at Townsville, N.C. and an elder for a number of years. He owned a good farm and had a pleasant home. He and his wife, Jennie, had walked together for 62 years and reared a family of eight children, all of whom were in the church. One son has been working at the Henderson Institute for nearly 20 years. The writer has had the honor of spending many nights in his home and knows the family pretty well. Rev. Paul Epps had charge of the funeral.

Former slaves are growing few in the South, declares Dr. Cotton. Last Christmas, he says, they held a meeting in Raleigh, N.C., and only 18 were present. One of them claimed to be over 100 years old. It is reported that one of them said at this meeting: "If Boss Robert Lee was living he would shore soon do away with such white trash as Hitler. I ain't got no use for him nohow." — R.L.E.

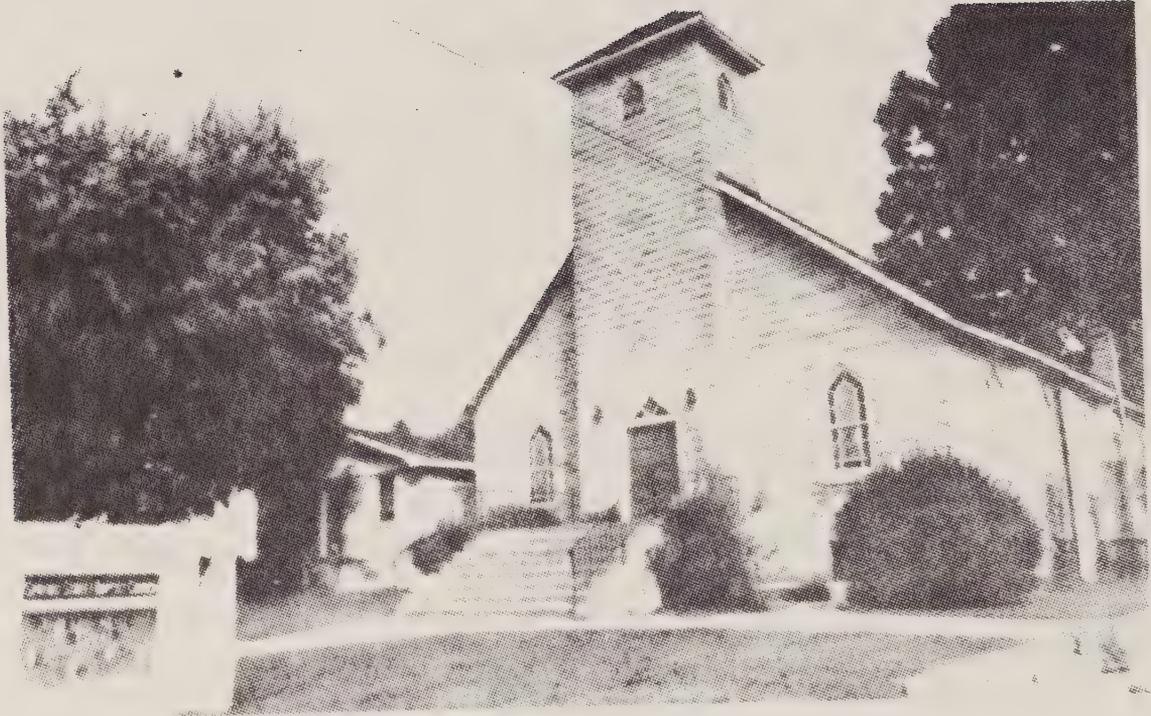
From Elizabeth Brame Bullock

REV. ALLEN P. EATON

Rev. Allen P. Eaton was a church founder in the early nineteenth century. His name can be found on the records of some of the best known Colored Baptist Churches in North Carolina. Not only did he spear point Blessed Hope, a Baptist church that stood on the corner of Arch and College Streets, White Rock in Durham, has his name on the Corner Stone papers. Saint James, and Red Bud Baptist Churches saw their beginnings through the efforts of Rev. Allen Eaton.

Rev. Allen Eaton and some members of Shiloh Baptist Church caused a schism in the church. Rev. Eaton and his followers moved into a church on Arch Street, next door to where Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins operated the laundrymat.

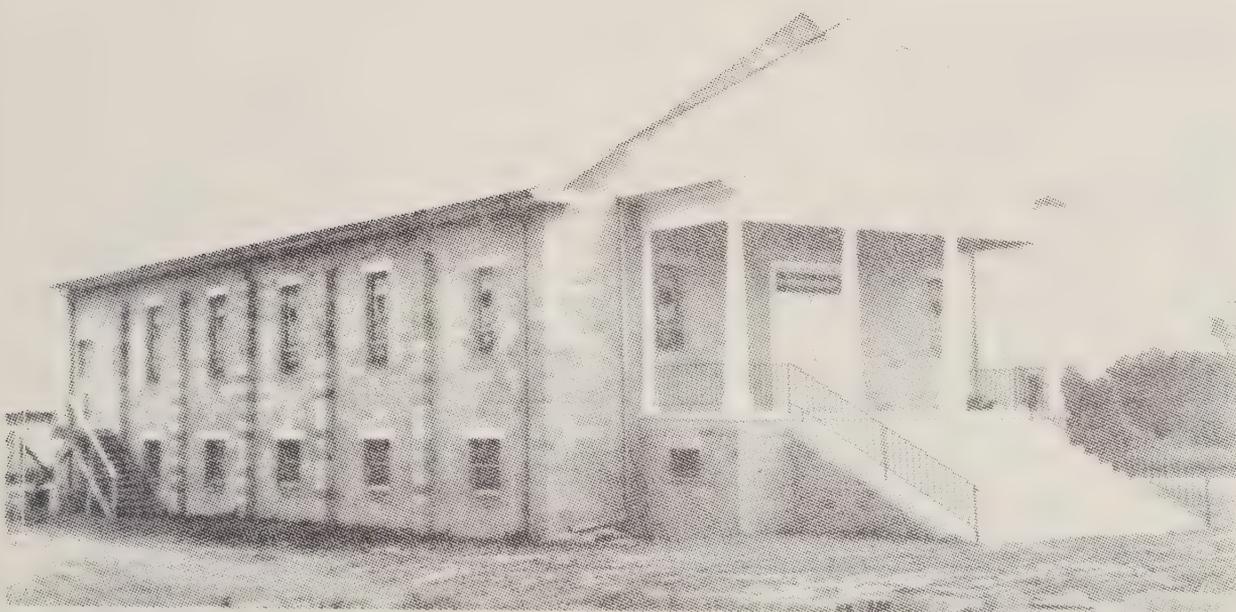
(The above was told me by Miss Sallie Eaton, a niece.)



Spring Street Baptist Church



Oak Level United Church of Christ



Holy Temple United Holy Church



HOLY TEMPLE PRESENTS CANTATA — The "Seven Last Words of Christ" by Theodore Dubois will be presented by the Holy Temple Cantata Choir Sunday afternoon at five o'clock. The cantata is being conducted by John Davis, minister of music. Mrs. Rachael Jeffries will accompany the group. Pictured above are, first row left to right, Mrs. Valeria Alston, Mrs. Esther Hanks, Mrs. Mildred Williams, the Rev. Arthur Poole, Samuel Crews, Tracy Howard, Pricilla Williams, Valerie Pearson, and Mrs. Thelma Perry; second row, left to

right, Mrs. Kanova Mitchell, Tandra Lewis, Mrs. Ruth Crews, Belinda Williams, Robert Skipwitch, Andrew Crews, Mrs. Jettie Russell, Audrey Skipwith, Mrs. Marie Hunt, Mrs. Mary Kittrell, Mrs. Rebecca Roberson; third row, left to right, Mrs. Cassie Lewis, Mrs. Dorothy Williams, Mrs. Laura Brown, Stephanie Brown, Toni Johnson, Mrs. Laverne Brandon, Mrs. Funice Richardson, Betty Kittrell, Trina Kittrell, Mrs. Frankie Daye; and fourth row, Willie Lewis Jr. The public is invited to attend the service.

Holy Temple Choir



Brookston Baptist Church



Flat Creek Baptist Church



Mount Pleasant Missionary Baptist Church, Manson, N.C.



Shiloh Baptist Church of Henderson.



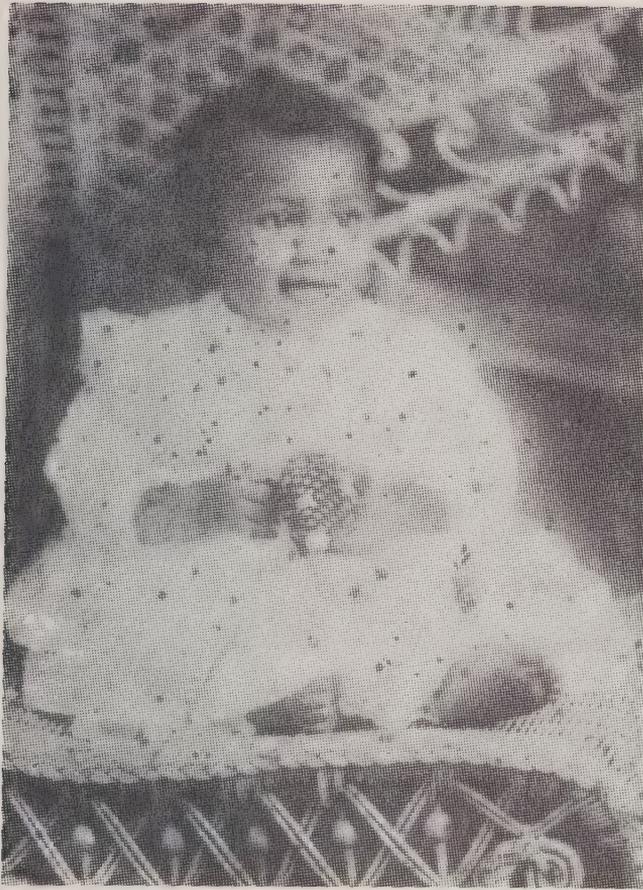
Rev. Sandy Griggs baptizing at Spring Street Baptist Church in 1908. Rev. Griggs served as pastor of several Vance County churches for over seventy-five years.

Mrs. Annie Henderson Green's grandfather was co-founder of Mount Pleasant Church. Mrs. Green is mother of Dr. James Green and daughter of Senator William B. Henderson.



Mrs. Lucy Thomas Reavis

The Church As It Is Today and The Trustee Board



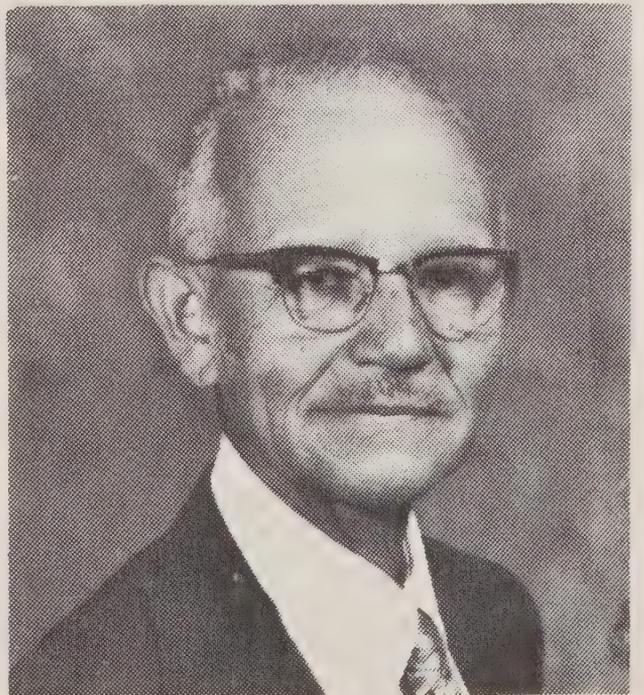
Ruth Anita Hawkins (Yergan) Hughes was christened in the Presbyterian Church in 1907; seventy-nine years ago.



Salera Kearney, daughter of music teacher and first organist of United Presbyterian church, under Rev. Shaw about 1900.



Salera Kearney, daughter of Mr. Simon Kearney, who was the choir master of the First United Presbyterian Church, now Cotton Memorial Presbyterian Church.



Dr. John Riley Dungee, II. U.S. Army, World War II. Pastor of Cotton Memorial United Presbyterian Church, also Townsville United Presbyterian Church.



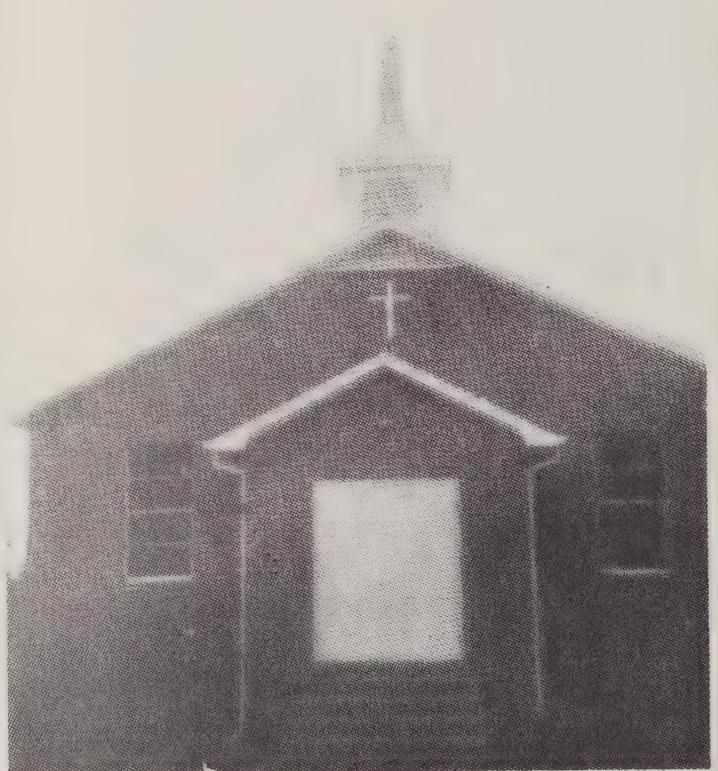
Dave Hawkins and wife Diana Alston Hawkins. Her father, Rev. Buck Alston founded Davis Chapel Church on Chestnut Street. The church was given him by Mr. Owen Davie; grandfather of the Cheatham banking family here in Henderson.



Octavia Alston, daughter of blacksmith minister "Buck" Alston, first pastor of Davis Chapel Church.



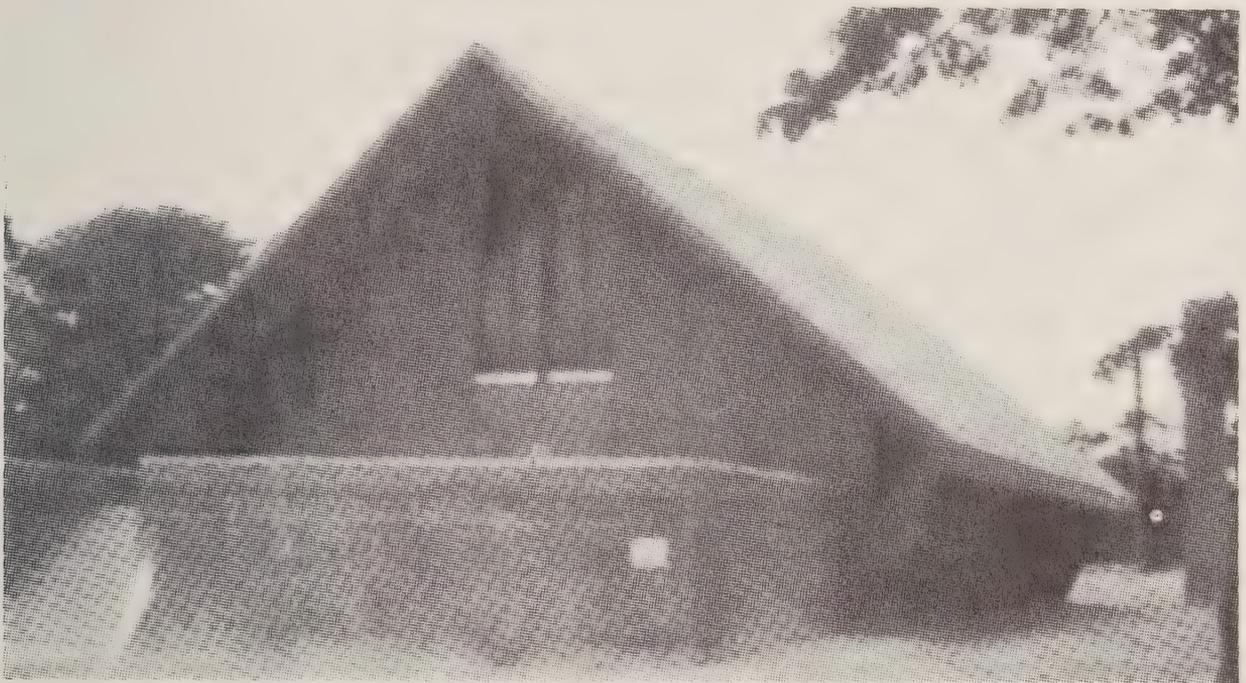
Rev. Georgie Shumake Diggs, daughter of Rev. Abraham and Nanssiai Crews. Pastor of Nazarene Baptist Church, Camden, New Jersey.



Saint's Delight United Holy Church



Kingdom Hall is the only nondiscriminatory church in Henderson. All races are welcome.



Cotton Memorial United Presbyterian Church was completed and dedicated in 1959 with the Dr. J.R. Dungee, minister.



Rev. Florene McGhee is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. James McGhee.



Dr. V. L. Bolden, pastor of Cotton Memorial Presbyterian Church.

Chapter XIII

Vance County People Here and There

VANCE COUNTY PEOPLE'S CONTRIBUTIONS IN OTHER PLACES — 1898-1986

We would like to have followed each individual as he moved into the different communities throughout America; but that is impossible. However, there are some outstanding individuals. They have risen to the top ranks of their trades, and stand tall enough to be traced.

From over on "Flint Hill," a section just back of Shiloh Baptist Church, came two sons of Mr. Albert and Mrs. Molly Tinsley. Both of these became medical doctors. They attended Shaw University in Raleigh and remained through college. Leonard Medical School was on Shaw's campus and was indeed a part of Shaw. The Tinsley brothers completed the requirements and came back to Henderson. Thomas was a children's specialist besides being a regular practitioner. He was in demand and a great favorite with the children. He prescribed sweet tonics instead of the horrible castor oil that mothers kept as a panacea for all childhood ills. After Dr. Thomas married a Miss Hoffman, a Vance County teacher, they moved to Durham. Two daughters, Maurine and Thomasene were born in Durham. These two girls attended the public schools there and did their college work at the then North Carolina College. Close ties were kept with the brothers' hometown relatives and friends through pupils from Henderson who attended school with the Tinsleys. Dr. Tinsley practiced for many years in Durham. Then his health became impaired and he spent his last days at Tuskegee in the government hospital.

Dr. James Tinsley married Miss Bell Paschall and went to Weldon where he was badly needed. His practice grew, even reaching back to Henderson. People would go to Weldon from Henderson to Dr. Tinsley because in their words, "He helps me more than anyone."

Dr. James and Mrs. Bell Tinsley were parents of four children, Gladys, Hortense, James Jr., and Reginal. These children went to public school in Weldon. When they were ready for college, Dr. Tinsley bought a home in Washington. During the winter Mrs. Tinsley lived there so that the children could attend Howard University. When Gladys completed her work at Howard, it was hoped by friends of the family that she would come to Henderson Institute and bring some of that much sought after Howard prestige. Instead, Gladys went to our sister school, Mary Potter, in Oxford, N.C., where she taught for many years. Many of her relatives lived in Oxford.

Dave Cooke was a Vance County boy. After completing Henderson Institute, he decided to go into a branch of medicine; pharmacy. When he had his diploma and license he came back to Henderson. He married his childhood sweetheart, Miss Pinky Young, a nurse, from Flint Hill. Dr. James Tinsley encouraged Dr. Dave Cooke to come to Weldon where the time was just right for a Negro drugstore. A sort of partnership developed between these two Henderson men. Dr. Tinsley perscribed and Dr. Cooke filled the perscriptions for well over fifty years. Dr. Cooke and his wife, Pinky, were the parents of several children.

Mrs. Pinky Cooke passed away when some of the children were young. She had a dear friend who loved the Cooke children. Dr. Cooke married Miss Ruth Edwards, a teacher there in Weldon. Once, while talking to Ruth, I asked her how did she feel married to a man who was so much in love with his former wife. She answered, "I don't know whether I married Dave or the children." Ruth and Dave never had children, but that never seemed to bother Ruth. She loved Pinky's children and the children returned that love. One daughter, Venice, was in summer school in North Carolina. When she talked of home and family, "Miss Ruth," as she called her, was a part of every conversation.

Before me is a copy of the 1902 Henderson City Directory. I have gone through it several times to check something that stands out as odd. Only one colored person was given the title of Mrs. and that was Miss Cooper Bruce. She and all of her children looked white. Whoever made up the list placed her with the Black section, which gave names and addresses of all the colored citizens. But, they put the title of marriage before her name. This same Miss Cooper Bruce was the mother of one of North Carolina's most distinguished physicians, Dr. William Bruce from Clark Street. Dr. Bruce selected Winston-Salem as his settling place. He married Miss Mable Merritt of Durham. The Merritt family was one of the most affluent colored families in the United States at that time. The North Carolina Mutual Insurance Company, the brainchild of Mable's father, Mr. John Merritt, was growing and making money by leaps and bounds.

Dr. Bruce was often asked to lecture at many medical conventions, not only in North Carolina, but as far north as Phildelphia. One summer my mother took me to that city to visit one of her girlhood friends, a Mrs. Fain. When we arrived we found a holiday spirit in the home. This was because a doctor, William Bruce of Henderson was in the city to address an important meeting of medical people. The public was invited, so "Aunt Sis" Fain, mama, and the Fain children, and I went to the meeting. I don't remember what the lecture was about. I do remember that as the adults inched nearer the front, I spied James Bruce, called Jimmy. We rushed to greet each other because neither knew that the other would be in Philadelphia the summer of 1917. We had seen each other every day at school and often talked, but didn't know that fate would have us meet in Pa. Jimmy lived with Miss Cooper,

her grandmother. She went to see some of the grandmother's relatives in Philadelphia. Dr. William Bruce, his wife Mable, and a small child stopped with the same relative Jimmy was with. After the grand address, or so the adults said it was grand, the adults went on stage to shake hands with Dr. Bruce. Jimmy, my Fain friends and I planned a session for the next day. We could hardly wait for the next day to come so that we could go to Fairmont Park. I wanted to show Jimmy all the wonderful sights, especially in the museum where the Egyptian mummy was on display.

That same summer of 1917, while in Philadelphia, I met another Vance County man and his wife who had carved a niche in Pa. history. Dr. Thomas Burwell was born and reared on a farm in the Williamsboro community. He completed his work at Henderson Institute, called Henderson Normal in his day. He went on to Lincoln University, in Philadelphia, where his friend John C. Hawkins, and his cousin, Oscar Bullock were in school. When he began to practice medicine, he did so in Philadelphia. As soon as he'd put a down payment on the house on Fitzwater Street, he went back to Kittrell, N.C. and married Miss Maranda Hall, who had waited for him to get his career started. Maranda had not been idle those years either. She taught there at Kittrell College and in the Kittrell public schools also.

Fifty years after Dr. Burwell opened his office in Philadelphia, people in Henderson and Kittrell went to him and sent their children to him. All those he was not trained to treat, he had constituents whom he came in contact with as he made his rounds, who could take care of all such situations. Mrs. Mary Eaton, who had been a classmate of Maranda Hall Burwell at Hampton Institute, always relied on Dr. Burwell's services. Mrs. Gertrude Southerland Beckett used Dr. Burwell's services through three generations. Mrs. Fain, who was from Vance County but lived in Pa., as did Mrs. Beckett, depended on the doctor for as long as he lived. Dr. Burwell died first and although most of his life was spent in Pa., he wanted to take his final rest in Vance County. Maranda brought him home and put him near her parents. She also left a space there for herself. She came south often after her husband passed and often visited her life long friend, Mary Eaton, on Orange Street. Maranda now sleeps beside her husband, and with her parents. A cousin who cared for Maranda in her last years lives in the house on Fitzwater Street.

Dr. J.W. Eaton was from the Williamsboro community. He attended public schools in Vance County and did his high school work at Henderson Normal. He was first cousin to Miss Lucy Eaton, of Clark Street, her sister, Lizzie, and brother John. Miss Lucy was one of the first colored teachers in Vance County. She urged everyone to get an education and demanded her relatives to do so. Early in his life, J.W. Eaton had listened to "Cousin Lucy." He decided to venture out into the specialization field, one that only a few Black men had ventured. The University of Chicago gave him the eye, ear, nose and throat training he needed. He found several Black men in his field

in Chicago, but he didn't like a big rushing city. He decided on Winston-Salem, a big country city in N.C. He had hardly hung out his shingle on Church Street before S.M. Atkins, president of the then Slater Memorial Teachers College obtained his services. Students would surely need help in one of his four categories.

When my eyes began to give me trouble because of too many assignments, during my years at Winston-Salem Teachers College, the new name for Slater, Mrs. Velma Eaton Virgo recommended her cousin, Dr. Eaton. Velma's father was Mr. John Eaton, Dr. J.W.'s first cousin. A few drops of his perscribed medicine cleared my trouble.

Often when I would take a group of girls downtown for Mrs. Kennedy, I would stop and speak to Dr. Eaton. He always had questions about the people in and around Henderson. He told me a lot about his children, but one particular child was very dear to him. She was a spastic and was confined to a wheelchair. I had talked to Dr. Eaton about Mary Lou Eaton, one of my childhood friends, who wanted to come to visit. Evidently Dr. Eaton told his daughter what I had said. From these conversations a correspondence began between Mary Lou and the girl whose name I can't recall. Mary Lou was teaching out of town at the time and couldn't go to Winston-Salem. So during the Christmas holiday, Robert, a brother of Mary Lou's, and her mother, Mrs. Sarah Eaton sent to Winston. They spent New Year's Day of 1933 with the Winston cousins. After that the girl was anxious to come to Henderson. She wanted to bring some of her creations with her and thought some of Mary's friends would like to buy some. Mary sent the word around and on Easter Sunday, Dr. Eaton and his family were in Henderson.

Nora Hamilton, from John Street, Mrs. Sallie Peoples, her sister, Carrie, her two daughters, Mrs. Beulah Terry, with her two children, and my mother and I gathered in Mrs. Sarah Eaton's living room to see the articles on exhibit. They were the most intricate and beautifully crocheted pieces we had ever seen. There were doilies of every shape, collars for children, and adult coats. She had sacks with booties for babies and yokes fit for nuptial nightgowns.

We looked at the works of art. We looked at the little twisted hands and marveled that nature could produce such twisted limbs, and those same limbs could produce such perfect patterns.

The girl smiled and seemed to enjoy our praises. However, when we began paying her for the pieces we selected, she beamed. She was a good merchant and knew the worth of her wares. She had orders for some pieces that she only had one of a kind, and did send them back when she had made them. From her wheelchair, she was just as good a craftsman as her father was from his office.

Matthew Hawkins was reared on a farm near Gillburg. His father was also Matthew. The father was brother to Rev. James Hawkins, who was Dr.

Dallas Hawkins' father. As most people who were interested in any form of medical training used Leonard in Raleigh, so did Matthew. During his college years at Shaw University, Matthew often went across the street to Leonard to watch medical students work on cadavers. He knew he wanted to be in the field of medicine, but he did not like to engage in dissection. So he decided to study pharmacy. He knew that as a pharmacist, he would not have to deal with the dead to treat the living. Instead he would prepare medicines to cure sickness and to help the well to stay well. From Tennessee, he came home with his diploma, or rather he started home.

When Matthew reached Raleigh he decided to go past his old campus, Shaw, to see a young lady. The young lady had entered as a freshman when he was completing his work there. Now, dropping by Esty Hall and seeing a young lady, back in 1916, was no easy thing. Miss Murry, an old maid, Caucasian Dean of Women, had to be dealt with. Miss Murry knew Matthew and knew he was quite a ladies man during his senior year. She wasn't going to slacken her reins for Matthew to see one of her most prized young ladies. He should have brought a letter from Mr. Besley, Dessie's father, with permission for him to see her during the week. Visiting hours were Sunday after church and today was only Wednesday.

Miss Murry was getting ready to turn him away when Matthew thought of his prized sheepskin diploma, carefully rolled up in his carpet-bag-like grip. He opened his bag, showed Miss Murry his diploma and explained he just wanted to show Dessie that he had accomplished one of the things they had discussed in letters. Miss Murry was impressed and sent a girl to get Dessie. She allowed Matthew to sit in the little parlor to wait for Dessie. When Dessie came down, Miss Murry seated herself in the hall within listening distance. They were allowed fifteen minutes. During those minutes, Matthew told Dessie that he would be down to talk with her father. He would come when she went home, just a week from then, for her summer vacation. Miss Murry opened and snapped shut the little watch she wore on a chain around her neck and called time after the fifteen minutes.

Matthew did not get to Anson County to see Dessie until late summer. He had rented a store on Horner Street, in Henderson and had been busy engaged in getting the first Negro drugstore here set up. Mr. Grant Hawkins owned the building and was proud that another Hawkins was making tracks in the business world.

When Matthew arrived at Dessie's home, in late August, he was amazed at the size of the Besley plantation, for that is what it was. A self-supporting unit with grist mill, cotton gin, general store, blacksmith shop, large manor house, and even a post office. Dessie had never been alone with Matthew and had not discussed her home surroundings. They had met at Shaw, talked briefly and promised to keep in touch, which they did occasionally. Dessie was always proud when she received letter from the tall, handsome, would-be doctor. During her senior at Shaw, and his last year in pharmacy, he had

talked of love and marriage. Dessie didn't know much about such things. Her parents were very old-fashioned and had not allowed her to have company, that is, male company. She had gone away to Shaw, which had a high school at that time. Her parents thought that when she had completed high school work at Shaw, she would be old enough to entertain young men.

Dessie loved her father, but was too shy to tell him of her correspondence with the young man. However, she often talked it over with her mother who kept her secret. As soon as she reached the farm, after Matthew's short visit to her school, she told her mother about him. She asked her mother to talk to her father about allowing Matthew to visit her. The mother did as her daughter had asked.

Matthew was met at the train station by Mr. Besley. He felt like he was in an inquisition session from the questions, grunts, and looks that Mr. Besley aimed at him. He did not get a chance to ask Mr. Besley's permission to court his daughter before they arrived at the plantation.

Mrs. Besley, a sister called "Sing," and a brother were waiting on the long, wide porch. Their friendly welcome made Matthew forget Mr. Besley's stern, demanding manner. Matthew's entire four hours were spent with the entire family, during dinner and after dinner when they went into the parlor. Just before he was to be driven back to the station the mother maneuvered everyone from the parlor so that the young people could be together. Mr. Besley kept walking through the long hall.

On Matthew's second visit, he asked for Dessie's hand in marriage. Dessie once said, "The only way to even be alone with Matthew was to marry him." After they were married, they rented a cottage on the corner of Arch and College Streets. Their daughter, Etna, was born there. Later, Matthew bought a home on Vaughan Street. It was in the house on Vaughan Street that Mrs. Dessie Besley Hawkins formed a crocheting club for Henderson girls. On Friday afternoons after school, or during the summer we met, learned different crocheting techniques. We always had treats of hot chocolate, homemade cookies and all kinds of things that made the kids love "Miss Dessie."

Eventually greener fields beckoned to Dr. Matthew Hawkins. He opened a drugstore in Chicago and ran it until he died.

When Etna was forty years old she and her mother spent the day in Henderson and Vance County. Etna took pictures of the house where she was born. They visited a cousin on Hamilton Street, and two aunts, Misses Pearl and Mamie Hawkins. These ladies are first cousins to Dr. Matthew Hawkins, the pioneer in colored drugstores in Henderson.

In the field of art, Plummer Johnson, perhaps, would have to be our art laureate. Plummer's mastepieces are found in many homes from Washington all the way to New England and all the way South, wherever people are interested in and able to afford one of his pieces.

From early childhood Plummer was often doing artistic pieces to make people aware of his talents. Once after a big show in Henderson and surrounding areas, the "Henderson Daily Dispatch" was able to get the townspeople to creep out of doors. They ran an article of an angel that this boy had made out of snow. Paths were beaten to his mother's lawn, on Orange Street, where the Celestial inhabitant looked as if it had just descended from the Holy Realm. That was the first time the public realized what wonderful talent was hidden in this small boy. His parents and teachers were aware. His art work for the bulletin boards far surpassed any of his peers, as well as his teachers. Somehow, Plummer was able to make objects say something to you. This skill is seen in his traditional as well as modern works.

Plummer Johnson went through the public schools in Henderson. He obtained his college education at Howard Art Department. He has studied under several art masters. The young people of today like his modern works, for in the modern forms they can read their own meanings. They are as if the viewers had a hand in the creations to express happiness or frustrations.

The people of Vance County certainly hope that Plummer will be recognized as a master during his lifetime and not have several hundred years go by before his pictures can bring a real price.

History has recorded the starvation and suffering of the great artists like Raphael, de Vinci and Angelo. Art is not his living, but his love.

1978 was "return home year" for quite a few people. Perhaps Haley's "Roots" had upstirred some inner urge to return to home base. Mary Crutchfield left Henderson when she was six years old. Her parents settled in Cambridge, and Mary attended the public schools of Cambridge and Boston. Mary was taken downtown to where the old train station stood. Her home was where a vacant space across the tracks faces the little Amtrak waiting room. The large boarding house that her mother and father ran for the train crews were long gone. Mary looked at the space and said, "So that is where it was?" Little Mary went away, but Dr. Mary Crutchfield Wright-Thompson returned.

THE LAST GREAT LADY

(Taken from an article in the *Washington Post*, Sunday, Nov. 12th, 1978)

For Julia Boggs, Purveyor of the Vanishing Art of Gracious Living, Things Haven't Been Quite the Same Since the Crash of '29.

The Late Stewart Alsop once said there were only three great ladies in Washington; Mrs. Longworth, Mrs. Bacon and Mrs. Boggs. Times, however, have changed. Alice Roosevelt Longworth and Mrs. Robert Lowe Bacon have more or less disappeared from the Washington social scene.

Julia Boggs, more of a grande dame than ever, is still seen in all the best houses, her taste, her style, her dignified low-keyed manners lending that last touch of elegance to the drawing rooms she graces. She understands, Mrs. Boggs does, how things should be done. "I think," says Lucy Moorhead, wife of Rep. William Moorhead and author of the new "Entertaining in Washington," "that Julia Boggs has always been pretty special, unique. She takes pride and has such terrific standards. She's one of a kind."

Julia Boggs is granddaughter of a slave. "But," she says with obvious pride, "He was over the other slaves. He had house privileges." Her family comes from Henderson, North Carolina. Her grandfather was, she says, "a Wyche." He worked for a white man; a man all the slaves called "Marse Ben." When he died he left Julia Boggs' family a share in his property in North Carolina, which is now owned by her and four other relatives.

Two weeks ago, Julia Boggs went back to N.C. for a reunion of all the descendants of grandfather Wyche, who was her mother's father. "We stayed overnight in a motel. We had a lovely banquet. The next day we went to the cemetery where all my aunts and uncles are buried. Then we went back to the church my grandfather Wyche founded 91 years ago. Everyone brought baskets and baskets of food. It was simply marvelous."

Younger people, or those less secure in their positions, who use Julia Boggs for status or insurance are intimidated by her authoritative, almost dictatorial methods of operation. There is nobody, however, who doesn't like her, doesn't trust her.

She sits quietly in an empty dining room, the table cleared, talking about the past. Her salt and pepper hair is neatly pulled back into a bun. Her face, remarkably smooth for seventy-seven years, is pale and clear. The most expressive part of Julia Boggs is her eyebrows. They tell everything.

Julia Boggs first came to Washington from North Carolina at the turn of the century, with her uncle after her mother died. She finished high school in Washington, then got her first job as a switchboard operator in Madeira school, the posh girls school that was then at 19th Street and Dupont Circle, and is now in Great Falls, Virginia.

For three years she stayed at Madeira, absorbing the styles, the manners, the behavior of the daughters of the rich and well born, then moved on to odd jobs about town, "pressing ladies dresses." Finally she went to work for the well-known architect and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Brooke.

Mrs. Brooke, known as "Texas" to her friends, was from a very distinguished Texas family. Applying for a job in a household, to be able to say you were trained by Texas Brooke, is like applying to Covington and Burling law firm and saying you went to Harvard Law School.

Julia Boggs was trained by Texas Brooke.

Once Julia Boggs tried to leave Mrs. Brooke to go to work at the Bureau of Engraving. But Mrs. Brooke called her in and said to her, "Julia, you'll miss all these nice conversations and this nice soft rug to walk on," and Julia Boggs knew she was right and stayed.

For twenty-six years she was a waitress in Mrs. Brooke's house. Then when her sick father came to live with her, she went out on her own, free-lancing in other peoples houses, bringing with her an entire staff, complete with cooks and waiters and waitresses. She provided a traveling staff for the most elegant houses in Washington for the most complicated and most formal dinners. Among Texas Brooke's close friends was Alice Roosevelt Longworth, and Mrs. L. was one of those "contacts," as Julia Boggs will say, that she made through Mrs. Brooke.

Later it was Mrs. Brooke who also found Julia Boggs a job as supervisor of the housekeeping department of the Supreme Court where she put on "dinners and tea parties" for the justices until she retired from there six years ago.

Today Julia Boggs still has her network of friends that she gathers up for her dinner parties. Among those who work with Julia Boggs, Mary Atkins, who cooks, and Ruth Millirons, who is a waitress, have known her longest. As for the people in Henderson and in Vance County, we say congratulations, Miss Julia Boggs.

DR. CHARLOTTE HAWKINS BROWN, EDUCATOR, HUMANITARIAN, FOUNDER

Charlotte Hawkins Brown was born in Henderson, North Carolina, 1882. She went to Cambridge Massachusetts, with her family when she was six years old, and grew up within a five-minute walk of Harvard University.

She attended the public elementary school in Cambridge, Boston-Alliston Grammar School, and the Cambridge English High School where she displayed an interest in art, and did portraits of fellow students. She then went on the State Normal School in Salem, Massachusetts.

Charlotte Hawkins had expected to become a school teacher in Boston. However, in 1901, the American Missionary Association unexpectedly offered her a teaching position with a small Negro mission school in North Carolina. The idea of working with young Negroes appealed to her and, when the Normal School agreed to allow her to leave a year sooner than the rest of her class, Miss Hawkins accepted the offer to teach in North Carolina.

The southward journey was not unfamiliar to the young teacher, for she and her family had traveled to Henderson, North Carolina each year for the Christmas holidays. But she knew nothing of a "whistle-stop" town called McCleansville, her destination. When Miss Hawkins arrived at the little bus station in McCleansville after a tiring journey, there was no one to meet her,

and she had to trudge four miles along a dusty, lonely road before reaching the small, white church which also served as the school. Her living quarters were an attic room over the parsonage.

When the year ended, the missionary association was forced to close its McCleansville school for lack of funds. Miss Hawkins returned to Cambridge with dreams of establishing her own school.

Charlotte's mother Mrs. Carrie Hawkins Willis loved Henderson and returned to visit her many relatives in the Mobile section of our town. Charlotte never lost touch with her hometown, and during her long tenure at Sedalia many relatives and colored people here sent their children to Palmer Memorial Institute for the finer things not offered in the Negro public schools here. Culture was the key word at Palmer.

In 1946 an article in the school annual gave the following history of Dr. Brown's life and work.

The Modern Institution of learning that Palmer Memorial Institute is today was once a one-room church school in a state of semi-dilapidation. Such was the sight that greeted Miss Charlotte Hawkins when she first arrived in Sedalia, North Carolina. Perseverance, however, was an innate trait of this young missionary; as a result, she was seized with a grim determination to mold the meager facilities that she had into an educational monument for Negro youth. Even at that time, she had become obsessed with the idea of founding a finishing school for members of her race — a definite innovation was to be made in the realm of Negro education. That decision to create something new formed the foundation upon which was built the present institution.

With the idea firmly grasped, all that was needed to make it a reality was inspiration. This necessary factor had already been provided by a rather climactic chance meeting. Miss Hawkins had previously made the acquaintance of Alice Freeman Palmer one day as the former was wheeling a baby carriage and studying Virgil at the same time. The impression made upon Mrs. Palmer laid the basis for a lasting friendship between the two women. Then Miss Hawkins informed Mrs. Palmer of her intended project, the latter's enthusiasm set a flame to the already ignited spark. Consequently, Miss Hawkins returned to Sedalia, ready to begin her life's work.

The obstacles to progress in this small rural community were manifold. There was some race prejudice on the part of some whites who viewed the young woman as an iconoclast — one attempting to revamp Southern race conceptions by making an effort to educate a people thought to be inferior. Moreover, there were material difficulties such as water supply, food, housing and transportation. In addition, there were financial impediments, for the school needed money with which to hire a staff and construct buildings. However, Miss Hawkins' unfaltering belief in her mission and intense faith in her Creator filled her with radiant hope.

No description could adequately vivify the struggles, toils, hardships and recurring vicissitudes endured in the formative years of the institution. The American Missionary Society, which had sent Miss Hawkins, now Mrs. Brown, to Sedalia, gave some assistance, but there was much to be desired. Finally, the Society withdrew its aid, and the burden of supporting the school was left entirely in the hands of Mrs. Brown — her spiritual fortitude was to face a severe test. In order to obtain money, her summers were spent tramping the hills of New England where she made invaluable contacts with the aristocracy of this region.

As time went by, the school increased in area and buildings. Then, disaster struck — not once but several times. Fires virtually demolished the frame buildings which then stood on Palmer's campus. Today, nothing of the original institution remains but the outdoor bell. In spite of these calamities, the perseverance of Mrs. Brown would not allow her to vacillate. Alone, she raised the money to rebuild the school. Alone, she built from those ashes her monument more lasting than bronze.

Hence, from one rude building there has evolved a modern educational edifice which is unique in the Negro race — a flourishing school. The Palmer of 1976 has a student population of over 200. Students come from at least 39 different states. Buildings and property are now valued at over \$1,000,000. Its founder, the present Dr. Brown, has achieved an unquestionably prominent place among the women of her race.

On August 12, 1976, the Association for the study of Afro-American Life and History, Inc. held a National Historic Marker ceremony for Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown. The presentation on the marker which is on the Hawkins homesite in Mobile says:

Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown was a leader of women in their quest for finer and more productive living. Mentor by her writing of those seeking to live more graciously, by her eloquence inspired youth to nobler achievements; by her vigor of mind and force of character championed for a disadvantaged race in its striving for human rights and adult responsibilities. She gave fifty-eight years completely of her unique energies and talents to the building of this institute from its humblest of beginnings in an old blacksmith shop. Her vision, dedication, singleness of purpose and undaunted faith made this school possible in her native state of North Carolina.

Mr. James Barnes, former principal of Eaton-Johnson School, visited the community of Mobile, talked with relatives and gives the following interest story:

The late Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown was born in the South Henderson section of the City of Henderson, generally known as Mobile. Mrs. Virginia Hawkins Jones, her second cousin, now resides on the plot where the home that was Dr. Brown's birthplace once stood. At the time of her birth, this area was not within the city limits nor had the street or road been named.

I have visited the site and have talked with Mrs. Jones and Mr. David Smith Hawkins, her father, who is now sixty-seven. I have also conversed with Mrs. Rebecca Hawkins Burwell, another first cousin, age eighty-eight, who worked for many years here at Sedalia with Dr. Brown as a matron. Dr. Brown had a brother who was the father of the wife of the late Nat "King" Cole.

Here on a map of the City of Henderson, I have marked the birthplace of Dr. Brown, the site of a well from which the family secured water, and the location of a huge tree under which Dr. Brown played as a little girl. The tree was destroyed by lightning about 1960; however, the rocks that were placed around the tree during her early life still stand as a family memorial border for a flower bed. Frequently, in addresses, when Dr. Brown nostalgically recounted her childhood experiences, she fondly referred to the "big tree" surrounded with rocks.

Here are mounted photographs of the entire area.

We, the citizens of Henderson, are justly proud that our city is the birthplace of the renowned late Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown who devoted her life to the service of youth; to civic causes; and to national and international objectives as opportunities unfolded.

DR. FLEMMIE P. KITTRELL

A black native of Vance County who left her footprints on the sands of many lands. The following article was taken from the 1980 Hampton Institute Alumni manual.

DR. FLEMMIE P. KITTRELL:

A Citizen of the World...and the Lady Next Door.

President William Harvey admirably set the tone for the college's Memorial Service — and, in fact, this tribute story by admonishing, "There are people from every walk of life that mourn the death of Dr. Flemmie P. Kittrell. But let us not linger on her death. Let us celebrate her life."

The chief administrator stood before the Memorial Chapel noontime gathering of students, faculty staff, former colleagues and community friends and with saddened eyes, declared without qualification. "Dr. Kittrell was one of the great women of this century." She served Hampton Institute and the world with distinction and dignity. Her contributions in the areas of family life, child care and nutrition are legion. Her untiring energy, unquestionable commitment, undaunted spirit and touching humility were like a beacon light to young and old, black and white, rich and poor. Her energy, stamina and excitement was infectious. She was forever catching a plane or bus to somewhere to be of help to someone. Just this year, she had been to India, China and the Phillippines. "Even now," he forced a smile, "I suspect the Lord has fitted her with her wings and has her on a journey of peace and help, to some far corner of the world."

One could readily identify Trustees past and present; the undergraduate Deltas draped in black, honoring a sister of Calliope Literary Society; former colleagues and students from Bennett College, Hampton and Howard University; and current students who early on learned to love and recognize the small, spry-stepping stateswoman with her ever-present grandmotherly shopping bag, on whose shoulders was worn the heavy Mantel of L.I.F.E. (Life-long Leadership, Internationalism, Family Care and Excellence).

Life-long leadership. If being born on Christmas Day, 1903, provided a harbinger for the future then Flemmie Pansie, born the seventh of eight children, was destined from the cradle. After eight grades of rural Henderson, N. C. education, she was encouraged by a hometown teacher to journey 164 miles to attend the Academy at Hampton Institute, wherein she remained and graduated in 1928 with a degree in home economics. Upon graduation, she returned to North Carolina where for the next twelve years she served as both the Dean of Students and Director of Home Economics at Bennett College while also earning her masters (1930) and doctorate (1935) degree from Cornell University, where she later served as Alumni Trustee.

In 1940, Dr. Kittrell returned to her Alma Mater, as Dean of Women and for those four years, took on the added responsibility of Director of Home Economics. Mrs. Lenora Patton Williams ('21), now retired chair of that department, fondly remembers her as a classmate, personal friend for over 50 years and former colleague responsible for bringing her to the Home Economics staff in 1941. "She was deeply concerned about home economics, not just at Hampton Institute, but throughout the world. She was known to get things done...a tower of strength." Leaving Hampton in 1944, Dr. Kittrell joined the Howard University faculty and for the next thirty years served as the chairman and developer of its emerging Home Economics Department. In 1945, she was elected to the H. I. Board of Trustees as an Alumni Trustee and for ten years served as its chair. However, it was while at Howard that she began her global crisscrossing.

Internationalism. "My parents were very good...they encouraged us and helped us. They were at home in the world. They had a global outlook without knowing it. Good rearing counts," she would recollect. In 1947, as a representative of the U.S. State Department, Dr. Kittrell made the first Nutrition Survey in Liberia, West Africa as well as visited and observed nutrition practices in Nigeria, the Gold Coast and French West Africa. After attending the International Congress of Home Economics National League for Peace and Freedom (Copenhagen, Denmark) in 1949, she journeyed as a Fulbright Fellow to her beloved India the following year to help Baroda University establish the first home economics college in the Subcontinent. It was there that she met and for a lifetime befriended Dr. Justina Arjun Singh, Baroda's Dean of Home Science as well as the Clothing and Textiles department head. At Dr. Kittrell's urging, Dr. Singh joined the H.I. faculty in 1979 as a Visiting Professor of Human Ecology.

"She told me that if I came to Hampton, we could do great things. She was not only American, she was a friend of people...she knew no east or west...no rich or poor. She taught people how to have happier families and happier children, and she always gave to others."

In short, Dr. Kittrell's global assignments and travels took her to such postcard places as Japan, Hawaii, India, Thailand, China, the Philippines et al., as consultant for the State Department, United Nations, Methodist Church, American Corporate Mission (now U.S. Aid) as well as a private citizen. In November of this year, Dr. Kittrell was planning still one more trip to India.

Family Care. "Life has been good to me and people are good," the septuagenarian was fond of saying. Those who cannot relate to that, she'd say, "simply didn't have the upbringing I had. I like people in general and students in particular. I always worked hard for them not to fail and we always had great respect for each other."

It was no wonder that in 1967, the newly constructed Human Ecology building was named Kittrell Hall in her honor, an honor she richly deserved.

Excellence. Being the first black woman to earn a doctorate degree at Cornell University (1937), to establish the first college of home economics in India (1952-53), to serve as one of the first Howard University consultants to help in the development of the federal Head Start program for disadvantaged preschoolers (circa 1963) would each singularly qualify one as an exemplar of excellence. But for the omnipresent, much-travelled and oft-referred to Dr. Kittrell, these aforementioned milestones served as mere foundation and launchpad for catapults into orbits heretofore uncharted. In 1946, President Harry S. Truman presented her with the Office of Price Administration Award "for voluntary contribution of time and effort to the Price Control program." In 1947, upon the one hundredth year of its founding, she was presented the Liberian Award "in recognition of service to Liberia during period of nutrition survey work in 1947-48." Additional awards include:

1950 — Scroll of Honor, National Council of Negro Women

1955 — Hampton Alumni Award

1961 — International Club Award, Howard University

1964 — Elected "Society of the Prodigal Son" Merit Award from State of North Carolina

1968 — Centennial Medallion, Hampton Institute

1968 — Alumni Award for Achievement Cornell University

....and the list goes on.

Our current student body will forever remember the monsoon rainlike Sunday of September, 1979, when the red-robed and gold-tasseled student advocate moved graciously to the Ogden Hall podium, and proudly presented President Harvey with a check for \$10,000 to kickoff the college's \$30 million capital fund campaign.

Dr. Flemmie Kittrell was a very special person to the Hampton Institute family. She was always positive and supportive and her special traits will long be remembered. She loved H.I. and was unselfish in giving of her talents and resources to her beloved Alma Mater and we loved her as a teacher, Trustee, alumnus and true friend.

As a final tribute, perhaps Dr. Kittrell said it best herself, "People should love humankind and ought to be able to deal with each other as human beings. I never learned to hate and I always expected the best, not in material things but in the way of life. And I just about got it."

FOR TEN DAYS FLAGS AT HALF MAST FOR SAMUEL L. PARHAM

Samuel L. Parham Jr. was born in Henderson on October 3, 1905. His parents were Rev. Samuel Parham, Sr. and Mrs. Carrie Hawkins Parham. When Samuel Jr. was two years old the Parhams moved from Montgomery Street to Pettigrew Street, next door to the Colored Central Grade School. The four Parham children, Bettie, the oldest, Samuel, Louise and James grew up and attended school right in their backyard. Their early association with school life may have contributed to their life in the field of education, for all four of the Parham children completed college and three went on to obtain Masters degrees in education.

The four Parham children completed their college education at Shaw University, thus stepping in their father's footprints who also received his religious training at Shaw University.

Samuel married Erma Price Parham in 1936 and was the father of three daughters, Norma, Delores, and Marcia. He held several administrative, teaching and community service posts throughout a long career concerned with education. In White Plains, where the Parhams have lived for 35 years, he was ever active in churches and civic life. He joined the Riverview Church in 1962, serving as a member of the Missionary Committee from 1963-1966, as a deacon from 1966-1969, as a trustee from 1969-1972, as a Church Council member from 1978-1980, and on the Board of Christian Outreach from 1980 until his death. Nationally, he was a Commissioner of Racial Justice for the United Church of Christ. He was Man of the Year for White Plains in 1978.

For the City of White Plains, he served a ten-year term and a presidency as the first black elected to the Board of Education until his retirement in 1979. He chaired the White Plains Housing Authority, was a trustee of Westchester Community College, a member of the Urban League, and the Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity, and a past president of the local chapter NAACP. Among the many awards he received, he was proudest of the Brotherhood Citation in 1964 from the religious communities of White Plains.

On January 22, 1981, Samuel passed away at St. Agnes Hospital in White Plains. The newspaper had the following to say about Samuel Parham, Jr.:

Born October 3, 1905, in Henderson, N.C. he had lived in White Plains for 25 years, and resided at 6 Orchard Parkway. A former educator, he was a self-employed exporter of toilet goods and cosmetics.

He held several administrative and teaching posts, a principal at the Lincoln Academy in Kings Mountain, N.C. and at Palmer Memorial Institute in Sedalia, N.C. He was a former dean at the Tillotson School in Austin, Texas and taught Afro-American history in the Yonkers school system.

He was a member of the National Commission for Racial Justice of Congregational Churches and belonged to the Riverview Congregational Church where he served as a member of the church council.

He graduated from Shaw University in Raleigh, N.C., and received masters degree in history from Columbia University in 1932, and masters degree in sociology from the University of Michigan in 1938.

He was a trustee of Westchester Community College and the White Plains Adult Education Advisory Council. He was also a member of the White Plains branch of the NAACP and the Urban League of Westchester. He had been employed for several years by the American Missionary Association.

In appreciation for Samuel's years of service to White Plains, the flags at every school in White Plains were flown at half mast for ten days, a day for each year he served as president of the White Plains, N.Y. School Board.

A tribute on his obituary said — He brought wisdom, courage, vision, dedication and compassion to every task and to every relationship. His mind and his heart would tackle the biggest issues to the smallest detail. He was a man of peace through every conflict; a man who lived among us in the power of the gospel, "full of grace and truth."

HENDERSON NATIVE GETS HIGH STATE DEPARTMENT POST

Henderson native Robert B. Lane has been appointed deputy assistant of state to the Overseas Citizens Services, a branch of the U.S. State Department in Washington.

A state department spokesman made the announcement today.

Lane graduated from Henderson Institute in 1952. He received his undergraduate degree from N.C. A & T in Greensboro in 1956, and received his masters degree from the American University in Washington in 1963.

He joined the U.S. State Department in 1965, and served with the department in Latin America and in Europe.

He finished Latin American studies at Stanford University in California in 1972, and in 1978 completed studies at Harvard, where he was fellow at the school's center for international affairs.

From 1978 to March, 1980, he held the position of counselor for the counselor of affairs with the state department.

In March, 1980, he was appointed charge d'affaires (acting ambassador) to the U.S. Embassy in Asuncion, Paraguay, a position he held until September, 1980.

Lane was second in command at the embassy in Paraguay between September 1980, and September 1981, holding the post of deputy chief of missions.

Lane is fluent in Spanish, Portuguese, French and Catalan (spoken in sections of Spain). He is married and has a seven-year-old son.

Robert B. Lane an Ambassador for the U.S. in Asuncion, Paraguay.

Robert is the son of Mr. Austin and Mrs. Lynn Haith Lane. Robert's father came from Wake County to be principal of the Nutbush #1 Elementary School in Vance County. Robert was born at the crossroad leading to Bullocksville. Of course, when Robert was a child, the river had not moved in, nor had the beautiful recreation section been developed. One summer when it was very hot, Mr. Lane went to the tiny creek that ran near their home. He dug out a hole so that his children would have someplace to splash during the heat of the day. Little did the Lanes realize that the day would come when this section would see swimming, fishing, and boating enjoyed by thousands of people.

THE BULLOCK BROTHERS

Ralph and Roscoe Bullock were two sons of Mr. Alexander Bullock and Mrs. Annie Marrow Bullock. These boys were born and reared on their father's farm in Williamsboro. Unlike many other colored youths, these boys had every reason to advance educationally because both parents were teachers. Mr. "Alex" Bullock as he was called, was principal and teacher in Vance County for over fifty years. Mrs. Annie Marrow Bullock taught in Granville County until she married and began rearing a family.

There were four Bullock children. Two daughters, Eva and Marjorie walked right in the parents' footsteps and became teachers, but the two Bullock sons went each in different directions, but down worthwhile paths.

Ralph attended Knoxville College and Northwestern University. He held a master of arts degree from Columbia University and he also studied at George Washington College.

After completing his college work he returned to Henderson Institute, where he was instructor in physiology and psychology. In 1924, he left Henderson Institute to become a YMCA secretary at Evanston, Ill. The following year he joined the National Council staff. In 1926, he was a delegate to the World's YMCA Conference in Helsingfors, Finland.

Ralph was a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the National Vocational Guidance Association. He was the author of "In Spite of Handicap," a book of biographical sketches, and of pamphlets of professional YMCA and social work subjects.

Although Ralph only lived a short time, he accomplished much by the age of 52 when he passed in New York City where he lived with his wife, Mrs. Viola Bullock, and a son, Wendell.

Colored workers in every state of the United States are helped by Mr. Ralph Bullock's research work in the Work Department of National Council of YMCA, that now gives a worker, through workers unions, fair wages.

The other Bullock son, Roscoe, was a graduate of Michigan University and a post-graduate of Harvard University Medical School and Tufts University. For a while after his college years, Roscoe returned to North Carolina College at Durham where he was professor of science. His former school, Tufts in Boston, called him back to be one of the assistant Professors there. An article in a local colored paper had the following to say about Dr. Roscoe Bullock.

"He is the only representative of our race there out of a faculty of three hundred professors and assistant professors. This is a distinct honor and a fine tribute to Dr. Bullock's ability and integrity."

In 1937, Dr. Roscoe Bullock married Anna M. Jones and moved to Fall River, Massachusetts where he was a general practitioner for thirty-five years. Roscoe passed away at his home at Assonet, Fall River after a very successful career as a physician.

The Bullock daughters are living, one, Mrs. Marjorie M. Bullock Brown, a retired teacher lives in Henderson with her husband, Mr. Allen Brown who is also a teacher. Their son, Allen, Jr. chose not to enter the field of education, but is in the business world. He is with HUD.

Mrs. Eva Bullock Graves lives in New York, but returns to visit her sister every year. Much of Eva's time is spent in South America with her grandson, Michael, who is a Harvard Law School graduate. Michael is with the New York City Bank in South America. Recently Michael has been made Assistant President of the New York home bank.

So the "Alex" Bullock family, for four generations, are contributing in worthwhile careers in North America and in South America. If the Bullock brothers were alive, they would be proud of their kith and kin.

DR. MARY CRUTCHFIELD THOMPSON

Mr. and Mrs. Paschall Crutchfield were known by relatives and friends as "Pat and Topsy." During a family study, a granddaughter was asked what Mrs. Crutchfield's real name was. The answer came back quickly, "Topsy." However, Dr. Mary Crutchfield Thompson is also a granddaughter, and is her grandmother's namesake. She supplied the answer, Mary. "Pat" and "Topsy" had a large family but for this report, only one son will be discussed; the son William Crutchfield.

At the turn of the century, William married Miss Lydia Hatch in Henderson. About the year 1900, their daughter, Mary, was born. William and Lydia ran a boarding and lodging house right in front of our now vanished train station. They did a fair business with the train crew. However, a greener field in Boston, where several relatives lived, enticed them to move to Cambridge, Massachusetts when Mary was six years old.

In 1977 Mary Crutchfield Thompson visited relatives in Henderson. She wanted to see her birthplace. Now, only an empty space gaps where the large unpainted house, with porches both upstairs and down, stood. The neat little cement station is also gone, and a plastic like cube now stands, for Amtrak Passengers.

Mary remembered when her mother, Lydia, would hold her hand as they crossed the tracks and guided her to the South side of William Street. Mary was told to stay on that side until she reached her grandparents, "Pat and Topsy's" home in "Mobile." Lydia knew that nothing would bother Mary while on her way. During those years of 1901 and 1906, there were no cars to watch, and the drivers of the horses and mules would keep them in what was then a dirt road.

Mary Crutchfield lived with her parents in Cambridge, Massachusetts, during her school years. Reports from several papers give vivid pictures of what this Henderson girl did and became.

From a program on November 3, 1938, Mary's honorarium by Mr. John W. Lyons, Mayor of the city of Cambridge follows:

This idea of a Dental Clinic for underprivileged children and expectant mothers is the "brain child" of Dr. Mary C. Wright of Cambridge.

The "Swing to Opera" program will aid in the establishing of a low cost Dental Clinic for underprivileged children in Greater Boston.

Dr. Wright plans to devote one day of her practice each week to these children, for this service will be for all mothers and children in the community.

HER GOAL — To prevent or arrest dental disease among children. To improve their nutrition beginning with the prenatal period. To establish the

habit of regular dental examinations and regular dental care. To teach tooth cleanliness. To present educational programs for both parents and children.

"Dentistry's greatest responsibility is the child patient." Dental care should be bestowed on every child today; it is simple and its rewards infinite, for "Nations progress only as children excel their parents." The service of children has rich rewards—rich not only in the knowledge that one is furthering a great cause but in material aspects as well.

Dr. Mary Crutchfield Wright, daughter of Mrs. Lydia Crutchfield of Cambridge, Mass., is a graduate of Cambridge Latin School and Tufts Dental College. For several years, Dr. Wright has followed her practice of dentistry and now has a large clientele of satisfied patrons.

For the past two years, Dr. Wright has done excellent work in Boliva County, Miss., on the Alpha Kappa Alpha Mississippi Health Project. The genial doctor is a loyal and enthusiastic member of Psi Omega Chapter AKA, has served on the visiting staff of Forsythe Dental and is the secretary of the Bay State Medical, Dental, and Pharmaceutical Society.

Dr. Wright plans to equip a waiting room with artistic decorations which will be used especially for children.

On June 25, 1947, the Boston Traveler had this to say about this Henderson, North Carolina lady:

GRACIOUS LADIES

"Usual" or "commonplace" can never be applied to the activities of Dr. Mary C. Wright, D.M.D....In 1938 the Press Club of Boston awarded her a certificate of merit for having made an outstanding contribution to the welfare and progress of community by establishing in her office a dental clinic for the underprivileged children of the neighborhood...She is one of few women to enter the dental profession and one of three women of her race to practice dentistry in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Outstanding in all her accomplishments, she is president of the N.E. Chapter of Alpha Kappa Alpha, national sorority of Negro College Women, and is a member of the education committee of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The former Mary Crutchfield, graduated from Tufts Dental School, volunteered at Boston Dispensary and spent four summers as a dental missionary of Alpha Kappa Alpha. In Cambridge she is a member of the Golden Rule Club, the Union Baptist Church, and is active on the public relations committee of the YWCA. She is a member of the National Council of Negro Women, the Boston League of Women Voters and the New England Friends of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare. She summers in Hyannisport, where she has two homes, one an ivy covered cottage which becomes a summer rendezvous for AKA members on the Cape; the other a Cape Cod type house where Dr. Wright was to retire from the whirl of activi-

ties. The latter known as "hide-away," was appropriately named until the world practically moved onto her porch with the widening of what was once a humble country byway into a not-so-humble highway.

On Sunday, May 6, 1973 the South Middlesex Branch National Association for the Advancement of Colored People presented their tenth annual award banquet honoring Mary for her humanitarian services.

Dr. Mary C. Thompson was born in Henderson in a house that faced the train station and educated in Cambridge.

Shortly after receiving her D.D.S. from Tufts University, Dr. Mary, as she is affectionately known, established a private practice in Cambridge and founded the Children's Dental Clinic. In 1938, the Boston Press Club honored Dr. Mary for outstanding contribution to the welfare and progress of their community.

Dr. Mary is a member of Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, and is a past Regional Director of the North Atlantic area, and served as chairman for many of her sorority's philanthropic endeavors.

In 1937, she became active with and the driving force behind a group of professionals who went to Mount Bayou, Mississippi, to help care for the needy and often forgotten people in this black belt region. Each summer she returned to Mount Bayou at her own expense to provide dental care for the area's residents.

For many years, Dr. Mary was "mother" to countless foster children. She and her husband moved to Natick during the 1950's. Her outgoing personality and warm friendliness helped to establish the Thompsons in a previously all-white neighborhood. To further change the segregated housing pattern in Natick, one of the first Fair Housing Committees in the United States was established.

Dr. Mary and her husband hosted many "fireside" chatters in their home. Using their friendly nature to work for change, they were successful in bringing together people of all races, nationalities, and religions.

During the early 1960's, she helped establish a scholarship in memory of her mother at the University of Unsska.

Simply stated, this grand lady of humble origin is living life's experience and sharing her love with all who come in contact with her.

The South Middlesex Branch NAACP is proud of you, Dr. Mary, and may this day and everyday be the best day in your life for the rest of your life.

Mary Crutchfield Thompson retired, lives in her Cape Cod cottage on Straigh Way in Hyannis, Mass. She is just a few blocks from the famous Kennedy family. Although Mary lives alone, she is never lonely for her "children," those that she helped are in and out often. Much of her time has been in traveling all over America and to Europe and Asia. At times she stops in Henderson to visit her cousin, Carrie Hawkins Marable, whose mother was sister to Mary's father William. This woman does "proud" to our town for she with others have exemplified the fine quality of Henderson people.

A NATIVE DAUGHTER RETURNS

A few weeks ago Mrs. Bettie Esther Parham Crosby visited Henderson, her birthplace. It was her first visit since she finished Henderson Institute in 1923. Bettie is the oldest daughter of Rev. Samuel and Mrs. Carrie Hawkins Parham. She was born on West Montgomery Street, now Park Drive. Rev. Parham moved his family to Pettigrew Street, next door to the once Colored Grade School. Rev. Parham pastored Shiloh Baptist Church for several years.

Bettie noticed, and was delighted, at the many new buildings, factories, schools, and mills. She noticed the private homes and many other things that had changed the face of Henderson from a small town to a young city.

Many changes have taken place with Bettie during those fifty-five years away from home. She had received her B.S. from Shaw University, and her M.S. from Columbia University. Her teaching career extended from North Carolina, New Orleans, and New York City. Her field is Home Economics. During her teaching career, while experimenting with calories, nutrients and vitamins, she developed a beauty product. From a small space in a store in New York, she operated until her products became known. By the nineteen thirties, Bettie had bought number fifty-two, on 125th Street and opened her own cosmetics factory. Her beauty shops sprang up in New York City, Brooklyn and eventually spanned the Atlantic Ocean; she opened and ran a shop in Lagos, Nigeria, Africa.

Bettie's African venture opened a new field for her. She saw the needs of many African youths. She began sending and bringing boys and girls out of Africa to be educated in America. Bettie has a leopard skin coat that was made from skins given her by adult Africans in appreciation for her work with their children.

Ten years ago, Bettie was persuaded to re-enter the teaching field, dealing with young adults. She retired from the New York school system in 1976. Most of her time is spent in her mansion, Parham Place, at Croton on the Hudson with her husband, Matthew Crosby. During the winter Bettie and "Matt" live in their apartment on La Salle Street in New York. At hear, Bettie is a developer. She now has a gourmet project. Her "Esther-Pep-O-Gel" has been patented and is on the market to spice up meats and vegetables. The peppers for this product are grown in a greenhouse at Parham Place.

From Pettigrew Street in Henderson went a young woman with dreams and very little money, if any. The times and places sent back a woman with many dreams realized. The "Ebony," "Jet," and other magazines have called Bettie a millionaire. Whatever she is, she says she is proud of her town. After reading the facts, her town, Henderson, must also feel proud of their native daughter.

Of the 1923 class of Henderson Institute, only five are living. There were twenty members. The other fifteen made their footprints at various places then passed on to some heaven of rest. A highlight of Bettie's visit was a dinner party given by her first cousin, Mrs. Ruth Hawkins Hughes. Four members enjoyed reminiscing their happy days at "old H.&I." The members were, Mrs. Laura Gilliam Jordan, Mrs. Carrie Hawkins Marable, Mr. Fred D. Russell, and Mrs. Bettie Esther Parham Crosby. Oscar Outlaw, Jr., who lives in Pennsylvania was not able to attend.

JAMES EDWARDS' DAUGHTER

In 1926, James Edwards and I said so long on Henderson Institute campus. We had been classmates from primary grades. I have pictures of our class when we were in third, fourth, and seventh grades, and James is in all of them. When we parted that day we promised each other that we would keep in touch, and have a class reunion each year. Thirty-one of us, the largest class in the history of Henderson Institute, at that time, felt proud that we were high school graduates with a large 15 by 20 inch diploma. We parted that day feeling that we were equipped to conquer worlds.

As each of us moved into the limitless area in which all things exist, we found conditions that helped sometimes, and hindered our quest for vocations that we had set our minds on. There were limits sometimes because of money, opportunities, and the age-old dragon, race. The years rolled on. Some of us ran into each other in distant places. Sometimes we would return to Henderson to visit friends and relatives. However, James and I never came face to face during those fifty-three years. We communicated, though, through long letters telling what we were doing, and what our children and grandchildren were doing.

James' letter to me in March, 1979, gives an insight into how proud his children are making him. Things that were not possible for him, back in the twenties, are possible for his children. James' letter follows, also an excerpt from the Capitol Report, by Pat Halpin.

PaFT Member Named New President of Philadelphia CLUW

Agnes Edwards, Administrative Assistant to PaFt President Sunny Richman, has been elected President of the Philadelphia Chapter Coalition of Labor Union Women.

1822 Earp Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19146

March 14, 1979

Hello Ruth,

I am sending the magazine with my second oldest daughter's picture in it on the second page (Agnes Edwards). She and my oldest daughter were with me when I was in Henderson in 1974. I have three daughters, this is my middle daughter. She has had only the one job, which she started on just before she finished high school. She works for the Philadelphia Federation of Teachers: (1816 Chestnut Street).

On this occasion CLUW, which is the Coalition Labor Union Women, were in Washington, D. C. in October for the election of officers. CLUW is international. Women representing 20 International Unions elected her as President for the next two years. While they were in Washington, they were entertained at the White House by Mrs. Rosalyn Carter.

My youngest daughter, Charlotte, she also has a wonderful job. She works for Blue Shield and Blue Cross. She also was working on Chestnut Street. Last year she was promoted and now she works out of the Norris Town, Pa. office. Even though she drives around a hundred miles a day, she accepted it to hold on to her seniority. Of course, she had a great increase in pay for herself and automobile. Today's generation is so much more superior to our generation. The job she has, in our day, was only held by a few white men, no Blacks at all and no women at all. Some years ago when I ran an insurance branch office, from 1937 to 1942, which I had to leave for defense work because it was war time, which also was just after the depression, I thought I had reached a great milestone but this day and time, which is the aftermath of the Martin Luther King Crusade, makes the Black man's former (everything): opportunities, status, etc. look so inferior, in just a comparison of about two generations.

For instance, some of my old ideas which I considered my best ideas are obsolete now. Perhaps I'll be able to retrieve the right know-how attitude from my son's son, James H. Edwards III. He is three years old now.

Ruth, I enjoy writing you for old times sake. You seem like my own kin, a close relative.

James H. Edwards, Sr.

**THE VANCE COUNTY COLORED
YOUNG GENERATION CONTRIBUTIONS
HERE AND THERE**

We would like to have followed each individual as he moved into the different communities throughout America, but that is impossible, however, some individuals have risen to the top ranks of their trades or professions, and stand so tall that they can be traced. The following are the names of a few young colored people who are contributing to their communities' well-being:

A

Avery, Waddell, Lieutenant Colonel, U.S. Army Medical Corps, Alexander, Virginia
Avery, Parnell, Surgeon, Doctor, Houston, Texas
Avery, Hazel Bing, Retired worker for card co., Henderson, North Carolina
Adams, Paul, Administrative Manager, Chesapeake and Potomic Telephone Company, Richmond, Virginia
Adams, Raynah, III, Advertising Account Executive, Washington Post
Allen, Sylvia, Nursing Assistant, Butner Hospital, Butner, North Carolina
Allen, Melvin "Red," Driver of Coca-Cola truck for several decades, Henderson, North Carolina

B

Bond, Karen, Account Manager, Xerox Corporation, Chicago, Illinois
Brame, James, Food Specialist, Assistant Supervisor, U.S. Department of Agriculture, Atlanta, Georgia
Brown, Allen S. Jr., Department of Housing and Urban Development, Greensboro, North Carolina
Barnes, Annetta, Teacher, University of Northern Colorado, Denver, Colorado
Baskerville, William, Student for masters degree in music at New York University, New York, New York
Baskerville, Shirley H., Accounting Teller, Chase-Manhattan Bank, New York, New York
Brodie, Harold, Administrator, SM Company, Household and Hardware Products, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Burwell, Ron, Los Angeles Heritage Singers, Music Coordinator and Instructor for Charles Bon Productions, Los Angeles, California
Brown, Thurletta, Associate Director of Undergraduate Admission, Duke University, Durham, North Carolina
Banks, Henry J., Attorney, Henderson, North Carolina
Baskerville, Randolph, Assistant District Attorney, Henderson, North Carolina
Bond, Victor, IBM Marketing Representative, Boston, Massachusetts
Brame, Candies, Assistant Vice President of Long Island Savings Bank, Brentwood Long Island, New York
Brame, Walter Edd, Park and Recreation Worker, Brentwood, Long Island, New York

C

- Crudup, Geneva Evans, Minister of Holiness Church, Asbury Park, New Jersey
- Crews, Henry B., Executive Director of Personnel, Chicago State University, Chicago, Illinois
- Clunie, Gloria Bond, Member with Equity Actors Guild, Evanston, Illinois
- Crews, Joseph, Sr., Bagging Mill several decades, Henderson, North Carolina
- Crews, Ruth, Social Worker (Home Attendant), Henderson, North Carolina
- Cushenberry, Harold, Dr. of Jurisprudence, Bureau of Competition, Court Judge, Washington, D.C.
- Crawford, Desire White, Attorney, Henderson, North Carolina

D

- Dixon, Sandra, Guidance Counselor, Mangum School, Durham, North Carolina
- Davis, John, Director of Henderson Junior High School Band, Henderson, North Carolina
- Davis, Jackqulan Gales, Nurse, Community Hospital, Norfolk, Virginia
- Darensburg, Rhen Thomas, Prudential Life Insurance Company, Los Angeles, California
- Darensburg, Logan James, Executive Accountant for Weyerhaeser Lumber Company of Plymouth, North Carolina, Williamston, North Carolina
- Dawson, Bettie Ruth Peace, Department of Commerce, Washington, D.C.
- Dunston, Ada, Specialist- "Urine and Blood," Grassland Hospital, New York
- Davis, James McKinley, Bus driver for Greater Richmond Transit Company, Richmond, Virginia
- Dent, Thelma Gumbs, Teacher, Raleigh, North Carolina

E

- Engram, Robert, Letter Carrier, Henderson, North Carolina
- Evans, Mary Ann (Cookie), Early Childhood Helper, Henderson, North Carolina
- Ellis, Margaret, Assembly of Vance, United Church of Christ, Henderson, North Carolina
- Ellis, Clarence, Dr., Internal Medicine, McGuire Veterans Hospital, Richmond, Virginia
- Evans, Mary Emma, Rev., Oak Level United Church of Christ, Bell Telephone Company of Henderson, Manson, North Carolina
- Echard, Heddy Hunt, Medical Technician, Duke Hospital, Durham, North Carolina

F

Floyd, Thurston, Business, Los Angeles, California
Ford, Sherry, Graduate Student at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill
Fields, Patricia, Teacher, New York, New York
Fields, Clarence, Mechanic, New York, New York
Fitts, Howard, Virginia Real Estate Company, Richmond, Virginia
Fitts, Andrew, Jr., Chef (self-employed), New York, New York
Fitts, James, Jr., Janitorial Crew Company Owner, New York, New York
Fields, Arnold, U.S. Army, Europe and America
Ford, Ann Delois Davis, Special Education, Richmond, Virginia
Fuller, Simpson, Mechanic, Henderson, North Carolina

G

Green, James P. Dr., General Practitioner, Henderson, North Carolina
Green, Joseph, Dr., Dentistry, Henderson, North Carolina
Gilliam, Nathaniel Grant, Jr., Fireman, Durham, North Carolina
Gordan, Vivian Vaughn, Head Nurse Coronary Division, St. Elizabeth Hospital, Washington, D.C.
Green, Delores Hawkins, Director of Social Services, Bronx, New York
Green, Edward L., Vice President for Northeast Division of Airlines, New York, New York
Green, Junious A. Jr., Electronics Technician, Philco-Ford in Thailand, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania
Grant, Annie Ruth Jackson, Teacher, Children with Learning Disabilities, Children's Village, Dobbs Ferry, New York
Graves, Sallie Peace, Teacher, Asheville, North Carolina
Gumbs, Herman Jr., Limousine Service, New York, New York

H

Hansent, Eric B., Chemical Analyst, Division of Environmental Management, Department of Natural Resources, Raleigh, North Carolina
Harris, Andrew Jr., Dr. Dentistry, Henderson, North Carolina
Harrell, Billie Marie, Distributor and Model for cosmetics for Colored People, Belk-Leggett Store, Portsmouth, Virginia
Hawkins, John Dewey Jr., Real Estate, Miami, Florida
Harris, Andrea, North Carolina Senior Citizens Federation, Henderson, North Carolina
Hawkins, John Phillip, Business Owner of Beverage store, New Rochelle, New York
Hicks, Eddie, New York Giants, Philadelphia Eagles, New York, New York, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Henderson, Darnell Larry, U.S. Air Force, Italy
Hargrove, Rufus, Sears-Roebuck Company, Henderson, North Carolina
Hodges, Janice Gales, Teller, Wachovia Bank, Raleigh North Carolina

Hodge, Charles, Teacher, Director, Colored Orphanage, Henderson, North Carolina
Hicks, Kenneth B., Second Lieutenant, U.S. Army
Henderson, Peggie, Student, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, North Carolina
Hawkins, Marvis Henderson, Anchor Person for Radio, Warrenton, North Carolina
Henderson, Marjoria Towns, Supervisor, Social Welfare, Washington, D.C.
Hawkins, Colonel T. Jr., Assistant Professor, Department of Special Education, Baltimore Maryland
Hawkins, George, Pine Crest Manor, Henderson, North Carolina
Hawkins, Cornell, Water Department Inspector, Orange, New Jersey
Henderson, Harry Lee, Defense Department, Airplane Parts, Dover, New Jersey
Hawkins, William Earl, Sr., Youth Guidance Program Director, St. Albans, New York
Hodges, Loretha Walker, Public T.V. Producer's Company, Rock Hill, South Carolina
Hatchett, John Anderson, Musician, Washington Band, Washington, D.C.
Hatchett, Sandra, Government Worker, Washington, D.C.
Hawkins, Kenneth, U.S. Post Carrier, Inspector for Orkin Pest Control, Henderson, North Carolina
Hughes, Carolyn Nevins, Consultant, Calaloux Research Associates, Trinidad, New Jersey and Ithaca, New York, Henderson, North Carolina
Harris, William, Railroad Porter (retired), Infield, North Carolina

J

Jiggetts, Charles B., Brigadier General, U.S. Air Force
Johnson, Plummer, Contemporary Artist, Washington, D.C.
Jefferson, James Jr., Warren General Hospital, Orderly, Warrenton, North Carolina
Johnson, Ethel, Staff Writer, Henderson Daily Dispatch, Henderson, North Carolina (Drewry section)
Jones, Lynette Hawkins, Cosmetologist, Norfolk, Virginia
Jordan, Thresa Ann Williams, Registered Nurse, Maria Parham Hospital, Henderson, North Carolina
Jackson, Nina Ford, Graduate Student, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill
Jones, Donell Fredrick, Student, B.A., Kittrell Street, Henderson, North Carolina
Jefferson, Milburt Davis, Secretary, Harlem Hospital, New York, New York
Jordan, Elizabeth Hawkins, Health Occupational Teacher, Nurse, Vance County Senior High School, Henderson, North Carolina
Jones, Joshua, Henderson Sanitation Department, Henderson, North Carolina

K

Kearney, Calvin, Administrator, Computer company of seven states, Washington, D.C.

L

Lewis, Robert, Regional Manager, Airline Analysis, Overseas Salesman, Tratt and Whitley Aircraft, Hartsford, Connecticut

Lane, Austin David, Professor, Law School, Howard University, Washington, D.C.

Lane, Robert, Deputy of Missions, Paraguay, South America

Lewis, Phillip, U.S. Army, Retired, Henderson, North Carolina

Lewis, Robert, Mortuary Service, Lilion, North Carolina

Lewister, Joseph, Major, U.S. Army, Fayetteville, North Carolina

Lewister, Martha Fuller, Teacher, Fayetteville, North Carolina

M

McGhee, Florene, Rev., Mission Work, Teacher, Henderson, North Carolina

McGhee, Dorothy, Teacher, Retired, Henderson, North Carolina

Marrow, , Salesman, Glen Boyd, Inc. Henderson, North Carolina

Marrow, Dennis A., Personnel Officer, Wachovia Bank, Asheville, North Carolina

Merritt, James Scott, Sales Promotion, IBM, Chicago, Illinois

Merritt, Samuel Jr., Ph.D., Assistant Director, State of North Carolina Health Department, Raleigh, North Carolina

N

Nuride, Rebecca Peace, IMT, Librarian, Enugu, Nigeria, West Africa

P

Pollard, James, Winner Milton Hershey's National Track, Pennsylvania State University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Powell, Dorothy Lewis, Director of Nursing, Norfolk State University, Norfolk Virginia

Parham, Geraldine Cole, Secretary, Courthouse, Henderson, North Carolina

Peace, Lloyd Jr., Bell Telephone Company, Marketing Communications System, Washington, D.C.

Purcell, Patricia Hawkins, General Practitioner, New Castle, Delaware

Q

Quinitchette, Lucile, Biographer and Poet, Henderson, North Carolina

R

Reid, Vernessa L., Student, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Henderson, North Carolina

Reavis, Prince Albert, Artist, New York, New York

Rogers, Clinton George, Shoemaker, Retired, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

S

- Smith, Arlando, Telecommunicationist, Hollywood, California
Sanders, Major Spencer, Architect, Greensboro, North Carolina
Spencer, Emogene C., Early Childhood Education, Teacher, Hillcrest Heights, Maryland
Sanders, Clifton, Chemist, Coty Perfume Company, Texas
Southerland, Esther Mae, Material Receiver, Glass Plant, Henderson, North Carolina
Southerland, Voncile, U.S. Army, Germany
Smith, James W., Attorney, Henderson, North Carolina
Scott, Marvin, Ass't to President, Boston University, Boston, Massachusetts

T

- Turner, David, Mechanic, Retired from U.S. Army, Henderson, North Carolina
Tools, Christine Townes, Teacher, Retired, Raleigh, North Carolina
Turner, Rudolph, Manage, King's Department Store, Henderson, North Carolina

V

- Vaughan, Samuel E., Assistant Coach, North Carolina Central University, Durham, North Carolina
Vaughan, David S., Pastor, Foster Memorial Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

W

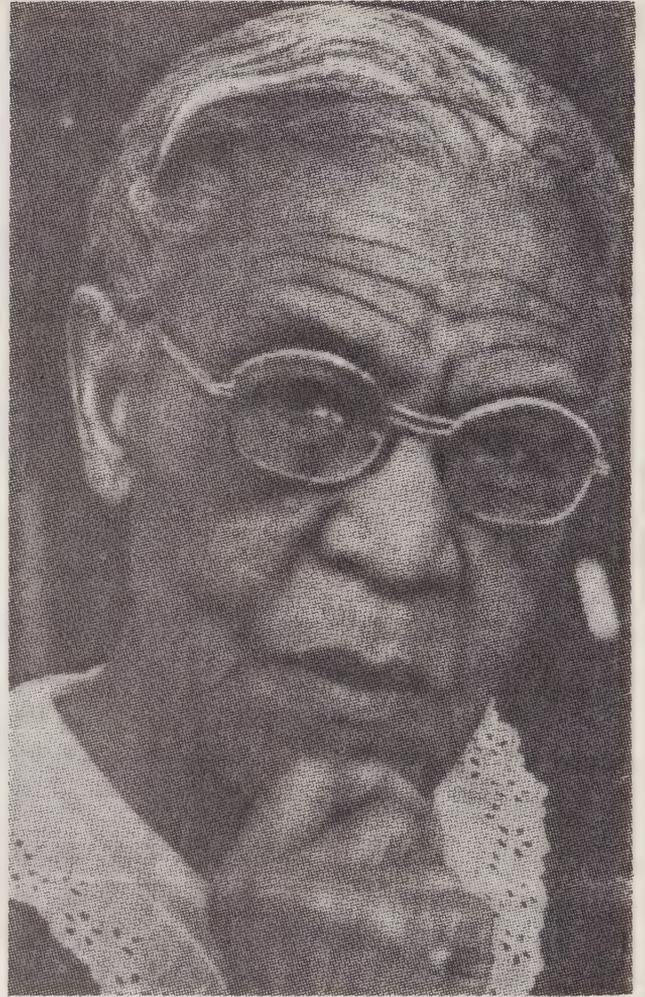
- Williams, Linda Vaughan, Secretary to Director of Alaska Pipe Line, Washington, D.C.
Woodruff, Georgia Carrol Lane, Assistant Principal, Bradbury Heights, Largo, Maryland
Williamson, Charles, Ph.D., Registrar, Knoxville College, Knoxville, Tennessee
Wilkerson, Clarese Jones, School Nurse, Orange, New Jersey
Williams, Sidney, Teller, NCNB, Henderson, North Carolina
Wilson, Ruth Helen, Guidance Counselor, Vance High School, Henderson, North Carolina
Williams, Marian Brodie, Secretary, Courthouse, Henderson, North Carolina
Whitehead, Hunter Anita, U.S. Air Force, Sergeant, Texas, Alaska
Wheeler, Janet Peace, Manager-Filter and Materials, Division Applied Research and Development, R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
White, Desire M., Attorney, State of North Carolina

Y

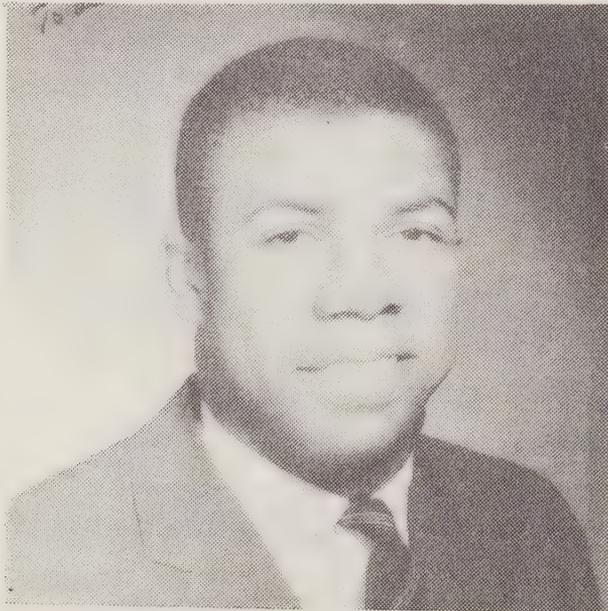
- Yancey, Kim, ABC Soap Opera "All My Children" Actor, New York, New York



Josephine Kirk, great-granddaughter of Mingo and Rebecca Hawkins.



Julia Boggs, The Wyche Family.



Robert Jefferson, son of Mr. George and Milbert Davis Jefferson. Grandson Omega and Susan Davis.



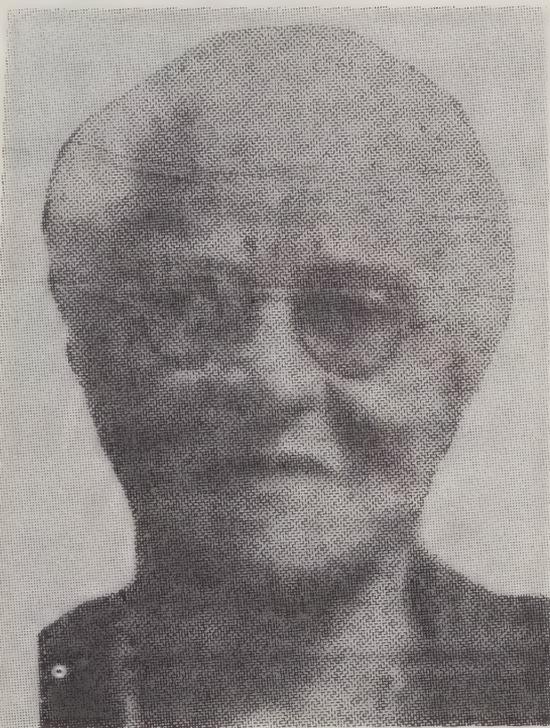
Sedalia Singers at Dr. John Davey Hawkins home April 14, 1946. Sedalia was founded by Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown of Henderson.



Mable Baskerville on her wedding day to Mr. Booker Ashe. She was a Vance County teacher.



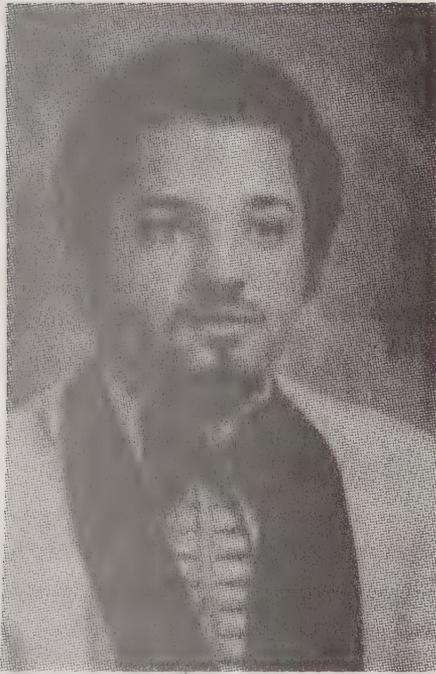
Fireman Nathaniel Gilliam II in full uniform.



Mrs. Caroline F. Willis was born in Henderson in 1855. She was the mother of Dr. Charlotte Hawkins Brown and Omega Hawkins. Also the grandmother of Marie Cole, and Natalie Cole is Mrs. Willis' great-granddaughter.



Miss Andrea Harris. Director of North Carolina Senior Citizens Federation. Daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Harris. See Peter Harris (family).



Johnny B. Alston, Drama Teacher.



Mrs. Marjorie Bullock Brown front row right. Sister of "The Bullock Brothers" was happy to see her son Allen Brown Jr. complete A & T College at Greensboro. Seated beside her is Mr. Allen Brown. Standing left to right Ruth H. Hughes, Allen Brown, Jr. and Laura Gilliam Jordan.



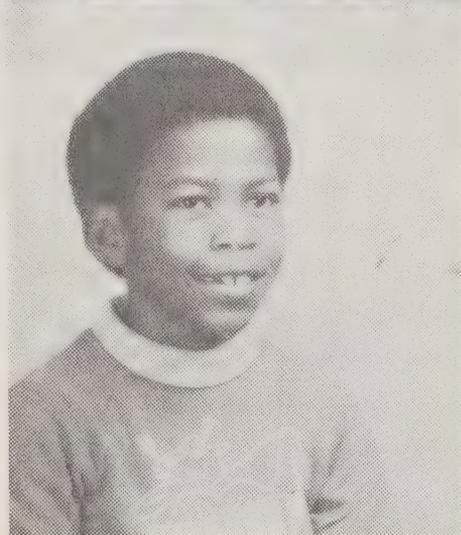
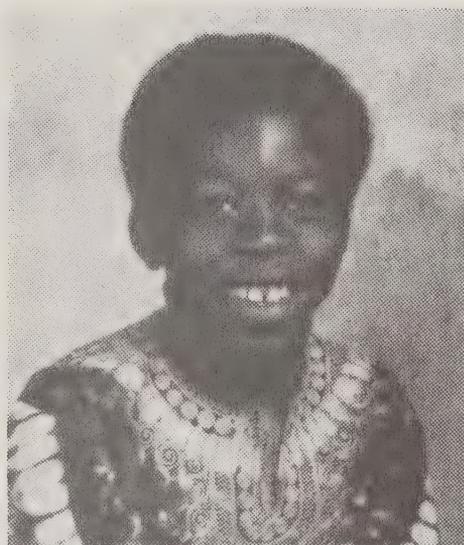
Dr. Andrew L. Harris, Dentist, left. Andrew L. Harris, Jr. age about 9, right. Andrew Jr. is now married and has two daughters. Son and grandson of Peter Harris of family section.



Brandon Mosley, son of Dwain Mosley and Marcia Parham Mosley. His grandfather was Samuel Parham. Samuel Parham and Ruth H. Hughes shared the same grandmother, Esther Hawkins.



Aunt Kate seated attended Georgetta Dent's graduation from Medical School at Duke University on May 9th, 1982.



Kanaeyo and Obiora Nuride are Nigerian grandsons of Eugene and Ruth F. Peace. Their mother is Mrs. Rebecca Peace Nuride.



Baby Bettie Parham



Summer home of Ms. Bettie Parham Coleman. It is called Croton on Hudson. This home overlooks the Hudson River.



Stephen and Jason Lowe, grandchildren of Samuel Jr. and Erma Parham. Their great-great-great-great-grandparents were Moses and Chloe Hawkins of Graystone, N.C. in Vance County.



Dr. Flemmie P. Kittrell. Child care, Nutritionist, Family Life.

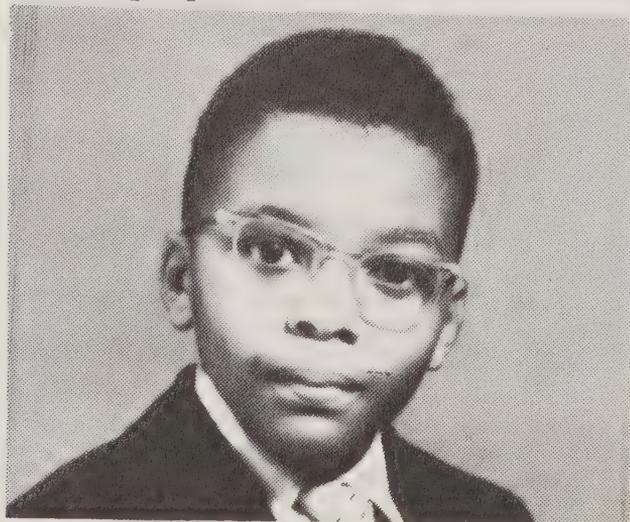


Ron Burwell gave the people of Vance County joy with his music. Now half a world away, he is giving his skill and musical talents to the Pacific chorus people.



CUSHENBERRY

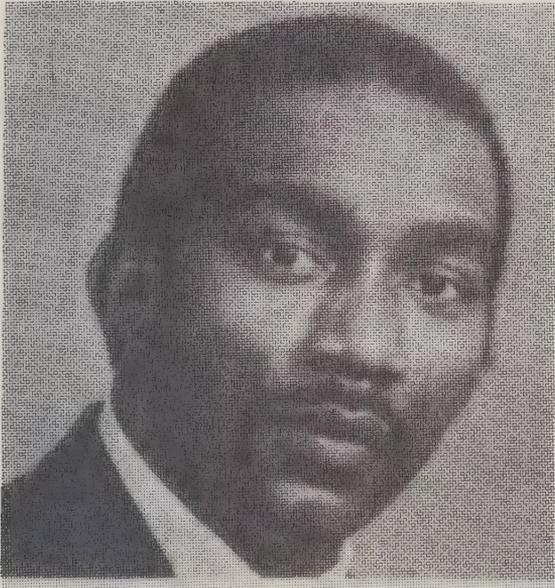
Harold is now a lawyer in Washington, D.C.



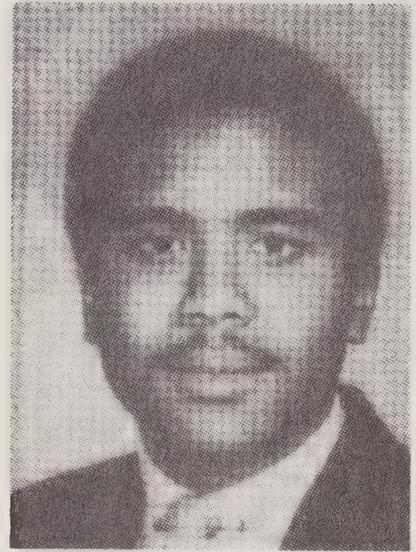
Alonza Hudson, Teacher



Ada Lewis Meadows proved that being a wife, mother, teacher and a pupil can go hand in hand if you manage right.



Coleman Crawford started his basketball career at Eaton-Johnson Elementary school. His home on Rein Drive was near the school. After school he did hours of practice which helped him to a top position. Coleman's grandparents are Henry and Kate Allen whose story can be found in the Farm Family section.



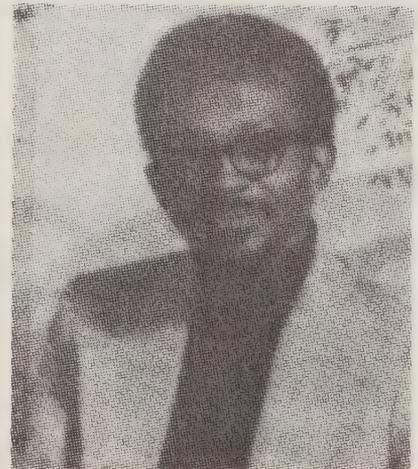
When the older generation deplore today's youth, men like Reginald Davis prove that some of today's youth are grand and moving ahead.



Kim Yancy's roots are right here in Henderson. We were proud to see her in "All My Children." To her home folks, she is more beautiful than "Erica" the star of the soap opera.



Sarah's advancement proves several things: a woman can handle a job if she is prepared, race has no limit if prepared, and a prepared worker finds time to work with community projects and her church.



Paul Adams tried other things but his heritage took him back to his roots. His parents and grandparents were teachers.



Mrs. Annie Ruth Jackson Grant. Native daughters who are doing well in other places are welcomed back to Vance County from time to time. Her sister Mrs. Rose Jackson Carroll is a key person in the school system and in community affairs.



Christine "Tootsie" and Marjorie Towns, are daughters of Malissia Towns. Christine is Mrs. Buddy Tools retired teacher. Marjorie is Mrs. Henderson, social secretary in Washington, D.C.



Yvonne Cheek Johnson has a Ph.D in music. She and her sister Bettie Cheek Mosley have made records for children.



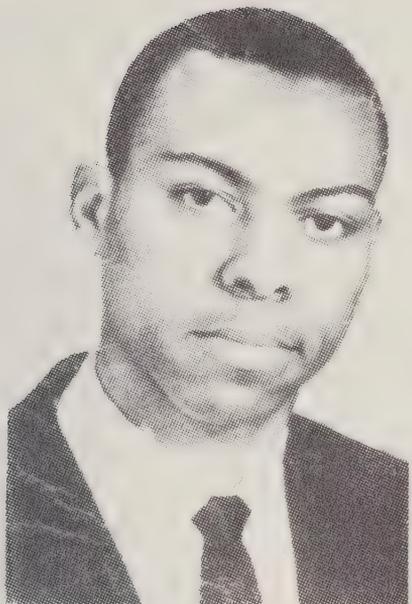
Mable Jan Taylor



Tony Marrows impressive manner is making him an outstanding sales person.



Mrs. Rosa Jefferson of Bullock Street.



Phillip Hawkins, son of Phillip and Annie Bell Hicks Hawkins, owner of package store in New Rochelle, N.Y.



Janet Peace Wheeler grew up on Henderson Institute campus with her teacher parents, but her work is manager of the Filter and Material division of Applied Research and Development Department of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company in Winston-Salem, N.C.



Waddell Avery has made the U.S. Army his vocation. He has made advancements and is now Captain Waddell Avery, a far cry from when the picture was made.



Dennis A. Marrow, Wachovia Bank, Asheville, N.C.



John Davis, Band Master.



James Ragland



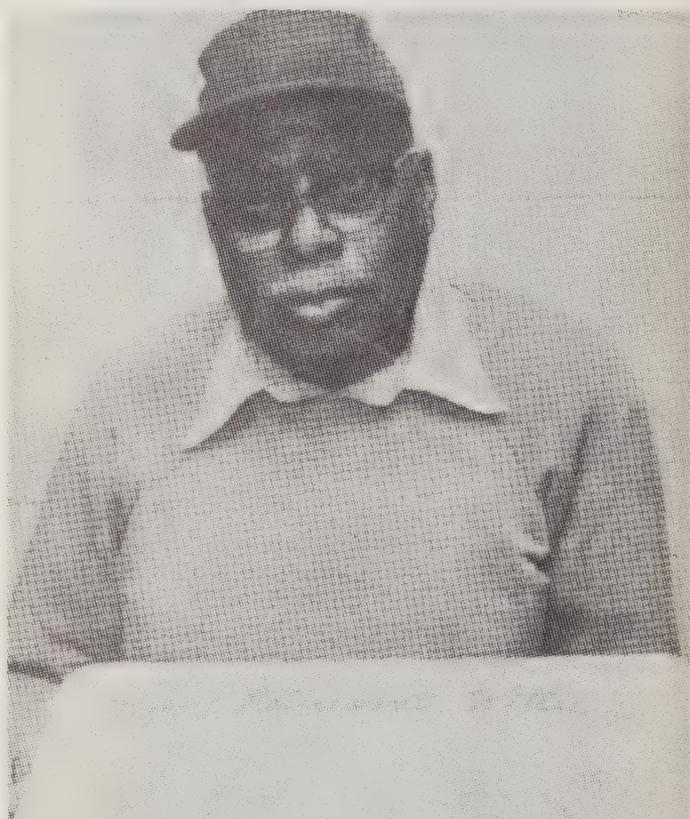
Reggie Henderson, student and part-time worker for Roses, Co. during his vacation time.



Samuel L. Parham, first Black president of White Plains Board of Education. Export of cosmetic goods to West African nations.



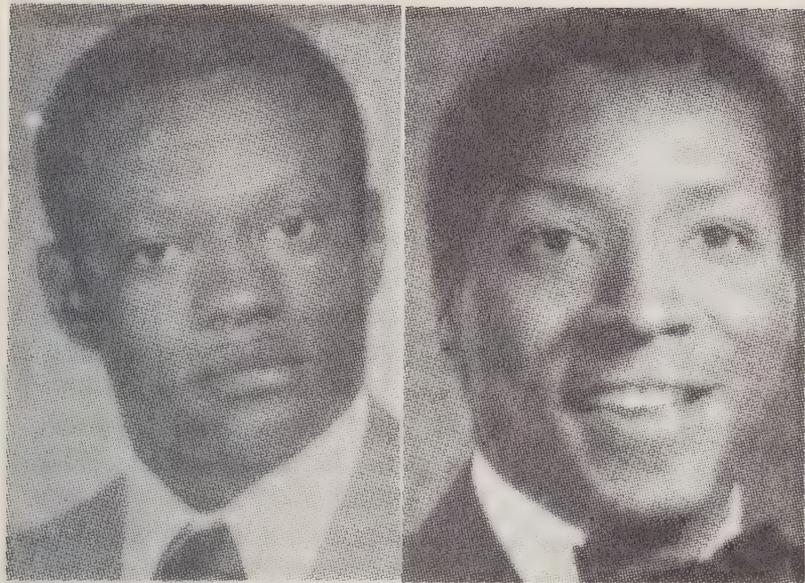
Emogene Spencer is director of Sargent Day Care Center in Washington, D.C. Her work with children follows her father who was a principal of Henderson Institute. Her mother was a kindergarten teacher and supervisor here in Vance County for over thirty years.



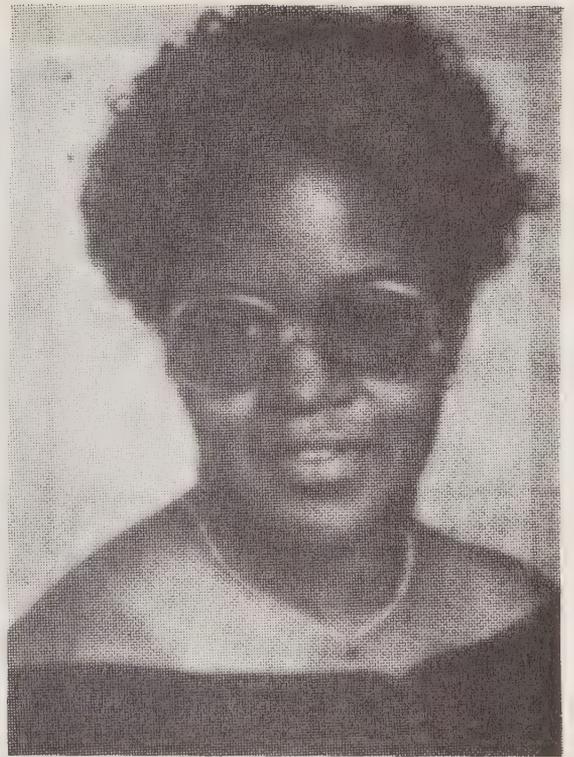
Staff Photo by Ric

Willie Mason Shows Off Retirement Cake

Willie Mason, employee of Daily Dispatch for 48 years.



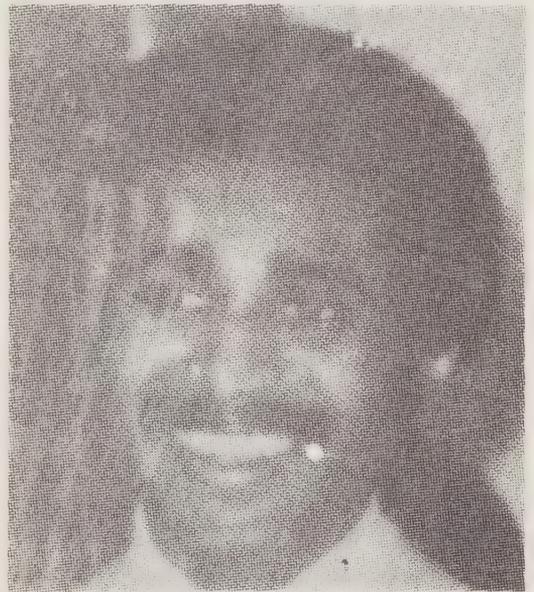
Outstanding young college graduates. Michael D. Floyd, left. Curtis A. Soloman, right.



Miss Cynthia Ann Carter. Graduated from college, 1984.



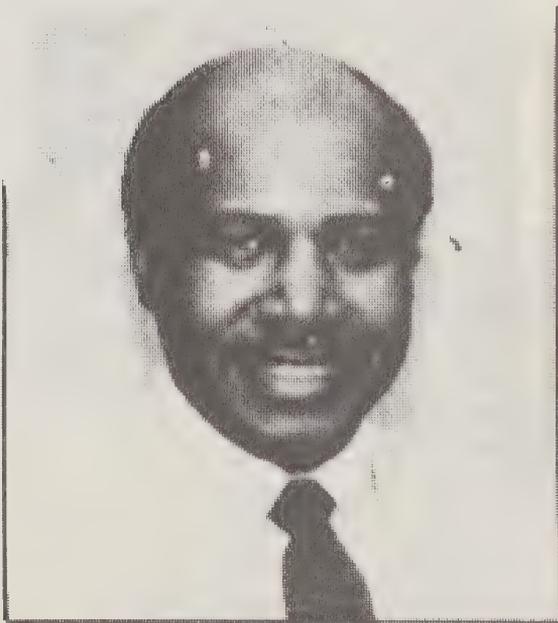
Walter M. Brame — Named to Health Services Board.



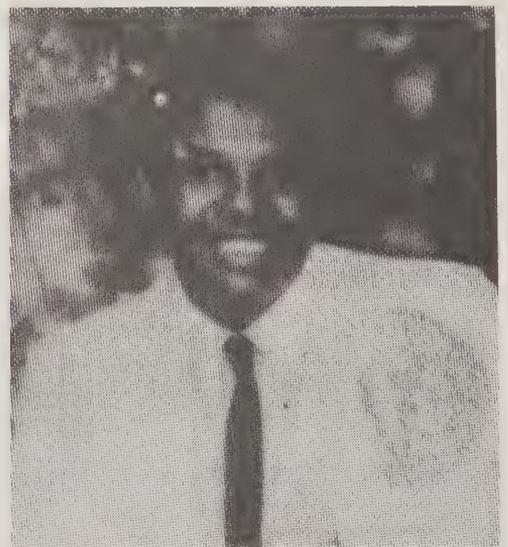
Harold Cushenberry, D.C. Superior Court, Washington, D.C.



Rosco Bullock, Doctor at Fall River, Mass. Ralph Bullock, right, YWCA and Urban League.



NEW MANAGER — Charles L. McNeil has taken over as manager of the Henderson office of the Employment Security Commission. The local office serves Vance, Franklin and Warren counties. A native of Lil-

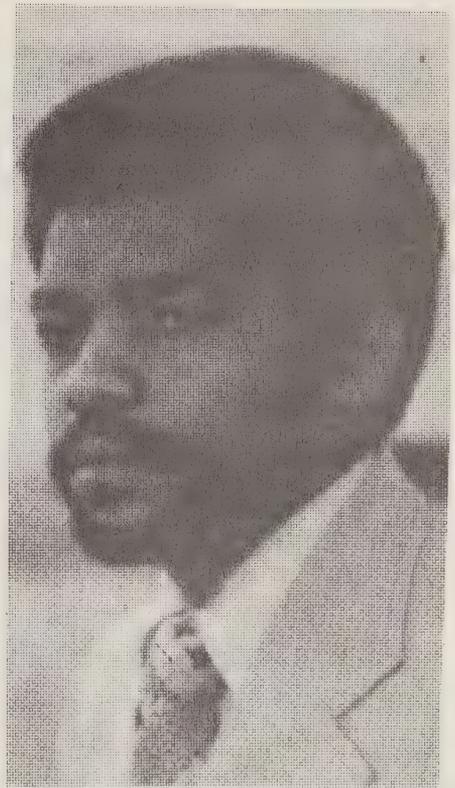


RECOGNIZED — Jesse L. Burwell Jr. was honored April 27 at Winston-Salem State University for outstanding academic achievement and excellence.



MRS. HOWARD LEON HIGH

Miss Jones, Formerly Of Henderson, Wed In N.Y.



TO HOLD SEMINAR — Arlando Smith Jr., above, native of Route 5, Henderson, and associate director of "The Jeffersons" television series, will conduct a week-long seminar on network television production at Iowa State University in Ames, Iowa,



RECEIVES DEGREE — Raymond T. Terry, Jr., of Henderson, received the bachelor of arts degree in behavioral sciences during commencement exercises held this past weekend at Shaw University



Mavis E. Henderson-Hawkins graduated from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill on August 11, 1986 with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Radio, Television, and Motion Pictures.

Chapter XIV

Doctors, Nurses and Jubilee Hospital

JUBILEE HOSPITAL

In 1911, Jubilee Hospital came into being as part of the multi-unit United Presbyterian parish centered around the First United Presbyterian Church in Henderson which is the present Cotton Memorial United Presbyterian Church.

According to definitely authenticated records, the impetus for the establishment of Jubilee Hospital came from Dr. John Adam Cotton who was then pastor of the Henderson U.P. Church and principal of Henderson Institute, after Dr. Cotton saw one of his students die of appendicitis because the nearest hospital which would treat Negro patients was 40 miles away. In those days the trip was a long one over rough roads and the doctor dared not attempt to move the patients to the hospital, with the result that the girl died. Feeling that the girl's life might have been saved had there been a hospital for Negroes nearby, Dr. Cotton initiated a campaign for such a hospital by donating a tract of his own land adjacent to the Institute.

Funds collected by the women of the former United Presbyterian Church of North America during the Jubilee Movement of 1911-12 made possible the construction of a hospital. A building was erected on the land donated by Dr. Cotton, and was named Jubilee Hospital for the source of its funds.

The building had a capacity of only 15 beds, and the influx of patients soon made the expansion of the facilities necessary. Representatives of the Duke Endowment Fund became interested in Jubilee's work, and in 1929 the Fund adopted \$10,000 to enlarge the building. Women of the church gave another \$10,000 and two wings plus laboratory and X-ray facilities were added to the original building. One wing was used for the care of tubercular patients until 1950.

For several years the hospital maintained a nurses training department, but this was discontinued when the requirements for standardization became so exacting that the department was not financially able to meet the qualifications.

Although the Duke Fund continued to donate money to Jubilee, by 1950 the building had become so inadequate by modern hospital standards that it was condemned. Because of the need for Jubilee's services, however, the hospital was allowed to remain open until the new building was completed in early 1959.

The new Jubilee, located on Beckford Drive between West Andrews Avenue and Roanoke Avenue, was constructed in 1958-59 at a cost of \$425,000 provided by the Church, federal and state governments, the local community and the Duke fund. It was dedicated and opened for operation in May, 1959 under the administration of Mrs. Eva J. Adams who had served as superintendent of Jubilee for all but six years of its previous existence. This new plant went into operation as one of the best equipped hospitals of its size in the country, its facilities, including 30 beds, six bassinets, a laboratory, nursery, staff dining room, kitchen, offices, lounges, and operating, recovery, emergency, treatment, delivery, X-ray and formula rooms.

Equipped to treat ordinary short-term ailments, Jubilee handled medical, surgical, gynecologic and orthopedic cases. It also provided diagnostic facilities, but had no clinic. Difficult cases which the hospital lacked facilities to treat were transferred to larger hospitals connected with medical schools at Durham and Chapel Hill.

Apart from the nonresident medical and dental staff of 16 physicians and 2 dentists, Jubilee's working staff included a director of nursing services, four registered nurses, three practical nurses, 8 aides, a laboratory and X-ray technician, food service supervisor and others totaling 38 persons headed by Mr. Haynes Rice as administrator who succeeded Mrs. Eva Adams upon her retirement in 1961. Among Cotton Memorial members who served on the Jubilee Hospital were: Physicians S.M. Beckford (deceased), Paul S. Green, William E. Green, Jr., James P. Green, Rubert N. Venable and Parnell N. Avery; Nurses Eva J. Adams, Magnolia B. Barnett, Cleo Betsch, Mary Carpenter (Supt.), Joan Hacker; Laboratory and X-ray technician, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Adams, Mr. Haynes Rice, Administrator.

Dr. John Dungee who had served as chaplain in the old hospital under appointment from the United Presbyterian Board of American Missions, was formally commissioned by the Presbytery of Cape Fear as Chaplain of the Jubilee Hospital. Each week day morning, Dr. Dungee held a general devotional service over the hospital public address system for the patients and staff, after which he personally visited each patient and gave desired counsel to patients and staff members. He also administered sacraments and contacted area pastors whose parishoners were patients in the hospital and distributed appropriate religious literature to patients and staff.

A fringe benefit of Jubilee's program was the promotion of racial understanding in its community. Although its history was one primarily of service to Negroes, the hospital was open to persons of all races and the medical staff was composed of both white and Negro physicians and dentists. In 1963, Miss Mary Carpenter joined the hospital's staff as director of nursing services and became the first white person to serve on the working staff.

Licensed by the North Carolina Medical Care Commission, Jubilee Hospital held membership in the American Hospital Association and the North

Carolina Hospital Association. Through the influence of Administrator Rice, holder of a masters degree in hospital administration from the University of Chicago, Jubilee's financial management was so improved as to provide increased salaries for its employees and its personnel administration was greatly improved. Under the guidance of Miss Carpenter who held a masters degree in nursing from Syracuse University, the hospital's nursing service was brought up to proper standards.

The value of Jubilee's service to its community during its 55 year history is immeasurable by human calculation.

In 1966 the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare required the integration of patients and staff of previously segregated hospitals. In response to this requirement majority members of the local medical society withdrew from Jubilee Hospital's staff and confined their services to the large, hitherto segregated local hospital. As a result Jubilee was forced to close its doors in August, 1966. A large portion of its staff was employed by the large hospital.

The Jubilee building is now (1978) occupied by the local Headstart Program.

"I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN"

"The bread that giveth strength I want to give;
The water pure that bids the thirsty live;
I want to help the fainting day by day
Because I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears;
The faith to conquer cruel doubts and fears;
Beauty for ashes may I give away,
Because I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away,
Because I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith;
I want to do all that the MASTER saith;
I want to live aright from day to day,
Because I shall not pass again this way."

Anonymous

DR. JOHN EARL BAXTER

Dr. John Earl Baxter was one of the first Black doctors to serve the people of Vance County. Not only was he a pioneer but he served longer than any Black doctor has served yet, for he lived to be an old man.

Dr. Baxter was not a local man. He came from a small town in the eastern part of North Carolina. His entrance into Henderson is said to have caused quite a stir among the young single colored ladies. Many of the strong and vigorously healthy young ladies suddenly came down with a tiring headache or a fever. A Mr. Royster, who lived on the other side of town, had four beautiful daughters. Each had made up her mind to catch the charming young doctor. Every day for a week one or the other of the girls complained of something that needed taking care of by a doctor and stayed home from school. The mother seemed involved in the intrigue and was willing to stay home from her work to see that the setting was just right. As soon as Mr. Royster went to his job at Lawyer Zollocoffer's and the three daughters started to walk from Breckenridge Alley to Henderson Normal Institute, the mother would open her trunk, take out her best lace-trimmed nightgown and a little white cap with matching lace and a pink ribbon running through the lace, and have the "sick" young lady put them on.

By the time Mr. Royster had left word at Dr. Baxter's office, and Dr. Baxter had driven his little horse and buggy the three blocks to the Royster home, the now familiar scene was set. A thin coat of lilac body powder gave the languish young lady a pale coloring and a sweet whiff of romantic expectation.

Dr. often laughed and told the foregoing story. He had seen the gown and cap on the four young ladies and decided he didn't want to slumber with either. He prescribed a sugar pill and left.

When Dr. Baxter decided to take a wife he chose a Miss Pauline Garland who lived around the corner from the Royster girls. A short street still runs from Chestnut to Wyche, which in the early nineteen hundreds was called "Ram Cat Alley." There were three or four houses on the Alley which were occupied by the men who worked in the "Dick" Southerland stable and warehouses. The Joneses lived there with several beautiful daughters, one of which would be the mother of a boy who would be an outstanding citizen of Henderson and the principal of Henderson Institute one day.

When Mrs. Royster heard that the doctor was engaged to marry Pauline, she is said to have said, "Well, I sure tried to get him for one of my daughters on Breckenridge Alley."

Dr. Baxter and his first wife, Pauline, were the parents of six children. They were: John Earl, Jr., Hallese, Garlen Reid, Leo, William Clifton and Ruth.

When Ruth was a baby, Pauline died after a tonsillitis operation that Dr. begged her not to have. He was an excellent diagnostician and did not recommend such an operation after a certain age. Pauline's passing left six motherless children, the oldest seventeen and the youngest just a toddler. Dr. selected as his next wife an eighteen year old high school girl who was cousin to Pauline. Her name was Helen Kittrell. To this union were born ten children. They were: Eva, Mattie, Julian, Charles, Dorothy, Helen, Marian, and triplets whose names were Faith, Hope and Charity.

A nurse on duty when the triplets were born said that when the first baby came Dr. Baxter was pleased because everything was over and had gone well. Dr. started to leave the room when the nurse said, "Wait Doctor, here comes another." He paused at the door and said, "What, twins?" The nurse, Mary Henderson, said, "Just a minute...no, you have triplets."

Doctor said, "I'll be in my office." The older Baxter children were delighted. One suggested their names. News of the triplets was soon all over town. Happiness was short lived, for the three were called home to heaven by the next day.

Dr. Baxter was more than a small town practitioner, he was a friend to humanity. If he had lived until today, he would have been a billionaire, if he'd continued his lifestyle. A case in point perhaps will explain. When Dr. Baxter was called just once, he stuck with his patients until they showed some improvement or passed away. He would get up in the night and go to a sick patient's home, without being called. Not only that, he would sit all night by a very ill person, and for his services, two dollars and perhaps a fat roasting hen. He never became rich in money, but he had a wealth of kindness stored in the hearts of the people of Vance County who received his best services in exchange for so little.

Among Dr. Baxter and Pauline's children, there are two that have won laurels where they made their homes. William Clifton Baxter's hat shop on Seventh Avenue was and still is one of the outstanding shops in Harlem. His hats are unique and expensive, but you never met your match. The hats are made to enhance your personality. William passed away some years ago. He had several of his sisters and brothers as clerks in the store. John Earl and his wife are still with the business.

Ruth Baxter became a teacher. She is married and has two daughters. Ruth is also a musician and renders services to many organizations in Hampton where she lives. She played for the Henderson Institute annual reunion during the 1978 session.

DR. SAMUEL BECKFORD

Dr. Samuel Beckford came to Henderson during Dr. John Earl Baxter's tenure. However, his arrival did not threaten Dr. Baxter's ever growing popularity. Dr. Beckford brought something that was needed to people of color. He

was a surgeon. Before this time all of the serious surgery had been done on colored folks in the white doctor's office or in the home of the colored patient. This, of course, was before the colored Presbyterian women built Jubilee Hospital on Witherspoon Street. With the coming of Dr. Beckford the colored could not only have the comforts of a hospital room, but the joy of having our own cut us.

Many lives of colored people had been saved by Dr. Hartford Bass, Sr. and by his son, Hartford, Jr. Dr. Goode Cheatham, Sr. served and sawed much black tissue. These Causasian doctors not only treated their colored patients here in Henderson but paid visits to patients all over Vance County. During the years right after the Civil War the patients would have to send a buggy for the doctor for there were few if any phones, certainly not in the rural communities. In 1888, when Helen Lewis was seven years old, she sat up in a cherry tree too long eating bing cherries. Her grandfather, Mr. Richard Watkins, sent her uncle "Jim" Lewis to town to fetch Dr. Goode Cheatham, Sr. They came on the buggy that was used for very special people like the preacher, the teacher and the doctor.

The cherries were still kicking up when the doctor arrived, but Helen left her trundle bed to greet the important man. He looked her over then ordered Miss Polly, the housekeeper, to boil some mint leaves and make a tea. Before Dr. Cheatham and "Jim" left the next morning, the patient was up and lively. The only other time when Helen ever had a doctor was when she was a middle-aged grandmother. Again it was her mouth that got her into trouble, but by then she lived on Hamilton Street and only had to phone the doctor. This time it was Dr. Hartford Bass, Jr. Too many juicy cantaloupes had been the culprit. This second generation doctor prescribed sterilized water with a dash of sugar.

There were many other white doctors who served the citizens of Vance County. I only mentioned the four because their names were often spoken in my parents and grandparents lifetime. Dr. Samuel Beckford, a citizen of Jamaica, British West Indies, brought his heritage here and blended well with ours; for some of his ancestors came from Africa as did ours.

DR. HUMPHY T. BOND

Dr. Humphy T. Bond wasn't born in Henderson, but first saw the light on his father's farm in Lilton, North Carolina. His sister, Mrs. Mary Bond Henderson was nurse for many years to Dr. John E. Baxter, and H.T., as he was called, spent much of his childhood days in Henderson.

Mary knew that Humphy had the ability to be a doctor and from early childhood encouraged Humphy to keep his mind on being a doctor. However, Humphy loved the farm life and said he wanted to farm and fish. In the final decision Mary had the say. She convinced Humphy that the farm would wait, also the fish in the streams, but his mind and the skills he would acquire in medical school were needed in Vance County badly.

Humphrey entered college at St. Augustine College at Raleigh and completed his course there after which he entered Meharry College of Medicine and completed that in 1940. Lincoln Hospital in Durham welcomed him as an intern. While there he became interested in becoming a surgeon so that he could remove and aid in correcting the many malfunctions of humans.

Dr. Bond's first office was on Horner Street where his sister was nurse for Dr. Baxter. For days before his arrival Mary had people "jumping" in getting the office set up. She having worked for a doctor so long knew every instrument that would be needed. A large medical cabinet gleamed with shiny new instruments.

Not long after Dr. Bond began his practice he went to Washington and met Miss Colley Rakestraw. Colley had completed her college education in Georgia. A teacher in her college was so impressed with Colley's exceptional work that she was advised to go to Howard University in Washington, which was the most prestigious school for Blacks in America. Dr. Mordecai Johnson hired Colley as his private secretary, but Dr. Bond won her for his wife.

Three children were born to the Bonds. Victor, was the oldest, Gloria next and Karen last. The three children attended Eaton-Johnson Elementary School and Henderson Institute.

During the adolescent years of these children the testing programs were rearing their heads. Of course the Bond children as other children in Henderson became involved in the programs that would gain for high scoring pupils entrance into very high standard high schools. Victor attended a school in New England which sent him on to Harvard in Boston. Karen's scores landed her in The House in the Pines in Norton, Mass. Gloria and Karen completed Northwestern University in Chicago. Karen is with a large firm, while Gloria works in the arts. She has been in several legitimate plays.

Dr. Bond's practice grew so large that he let Dr. Robert Summerville open his office upstairs over his office in the new private clinic on Chestnut Street.

The two doctors seem to have done very well. Then an automobile accident in which Dr. Bond was critically injured, impaired his health and he was never well again.

During the period that Dr. Bond was experiencing poor health, Mrs. Bond realized that the day would come when the responsibility of her family would become her role, so she went into the teaching field. Things worked out well. Her first year teaching, Dr. Bond joined his ancestors in a quiet cemetery at Macon, North Carolina.

Mrs. Bond would become very depressed during her husband's illness. One day she stood near the cafeteria door with her head down seemingly in deep meditation. A friend touched her and told her not to be sad, because she

had something very valuable. She asked what the thing was. She was told by the friend, three diamonds; your "kids."

With the three children doing so well in different fields, they shine, and Mrs. Bond remembers her diamonds which are shining in other places. As was stated, Mrs. Bond entered the teaching profession. Her work was outstanding and caused the superintendent to put her in charge of the department.

Dr. Bond left a young, attractive widow who could have become one of the "Flaming Widows." Instead she used much of her spare time in designing beautiful clothes for women. The local "jet" set had little interest for her, so she joined the forces that helped her to become the perfect mother and father for her children.

DR. JAMES P. GREEN

Dr. Green was fortunate to be born into not a rich family, but a family of well-educated people. His grandfather was a Vance County senator from 1897-1899. The zeal of William B. Henderson has spanned five generations. He worked to get colored people their legal rights. Much of his efforts spilled to not only his family but to all civic minded people.

Dr. James P. Green is doing what Jesus preached, to love one another, to help each other, to have compassion for the weak, and to uphold the strong. He can truly be said to be a physician of bodies and of souls of people. He never turns from people in need, but helps them with their problems.

NEW DOCTORS

Our community is fortunate and happy to have the skills and services of new comers. Doctors James E. Kenney, William Murphy and associate William M. Davie are indeed welcomed here in Vance County.

NURSES AND MIDWIVES WHO ARE REMEMBERED

Trained Nurses

Mrs. Mrs. Eva Johnson Adams, Second Superintendent of Jubilee Hospital

Miss Daisy Reid, First Superintendent of Jubilee Hospital

Mrs. Rosa Lee Brown Hawkins, First Colored Public Health Nurse

Miss Foster, Nursing Home Owner for Aged

Miss Gertrude Allen

Miss Cleo Betche

Mrs. Elizabeth Shepard

Mrs. Mary Smith

Miss Juria Montague

Miss Humphy

Mrs. Jessie Reavis

Mrs. Corbit

Mrs. Anna Wyche

Mrs. Carrie Barnett Williams

Mrs. Elcie Sellers

Miss Alice Henderson

Ms. Sharon Wilson

Ms. Joyce Hawkins

Mrs. Glennie Levister
Mrs. Ruth S. Dunston
Mrs. Sarah Tigue Pugh
Mrs. Laura H. Green

Mrs. Mary Bond Henderson
Mrs. Artelia Hendrick Winston
Ms. Martha Allen
Mrs. Pinky Young Cooke

Midwives

Mrs. Sallie Mills
Mrs. Rachel Eaton Hailey Parham
Mrs. Tessie Bobbit Vaughn
Mrs. Sarah Hawkins Clark
Mrs. Hattie Meadows Plummer
Mrs. Frances Eaton
Mrs. Polly Manson
Mrs. Kizah Durham
Mrs. Nacomma L. McKnight
Mrs. Vass
Mrs. Anna Wyche

Mrs. Della Brodie
Mrs. Gertrude Cooke Vaughn
Mrs. J. Haskin
Mrs. Rebecca Hawkins Burwell
Mrs. Della Parham
Mrs. Lelia Bullock
Mrs. Luvenia Bullock
Mrs. Eleanor Jones
Mrs. Lucy Bullock Baskerville
Mrs. Malissia Royster
Mrs. Judy Amey

Medical Technicians

Mrs. Eliabeth Adams

Miss Ada Rose Dunston

PRIVATE HOME NURSES AND AIDES

Mrs. Lillie Terry
Mrs. Hazel Turner
Mrs. Pinkey Clements Carrell
Mrs. Hargrove
Miss Lucy Meyers
Miss Carrie L. Nash
Mrs. Vera C. Brown
Mrs. Geraldine Mosley
Mr. James Baines
Ms. Sandra Hicks
Ms. Edith Turner
Ms. Helen Davis
Miss Malone
Ethel Small

Mrs. Carrie Bell Williams
Mrs. Lula Mae Spurill
Mrs. Rosa Reavis
Mrs. Freddy Ellis
Mrs. Florence Mills Jordan
Mrs. Tucher Vanwright
Mrs. Hanna Hawkins Hunt
Ms. Willie Mae Thornton
Mr. Thurman Cooper
Ms. Rosa Moore
Ms. Madegeline King
Ms. Bessie Small
Ms. Roa Turner



Sarah Hawkins Clark Jordan was born around 1827 on the farm of Mr. Joseph Hawkins. She was the mother of Mrs. Clara Jordan Lewis. At fifteen she became a midwife and served, both white and Black on the Hawkins farm near Middleburg. She remained active until her death at 105. "Aunt" Sarah was the writer's great-great aunt. Hunter Hawkins was her great-nephew.



Gladys Tinsley (Green) daughter of Dr. James Tinsley, about two years old.



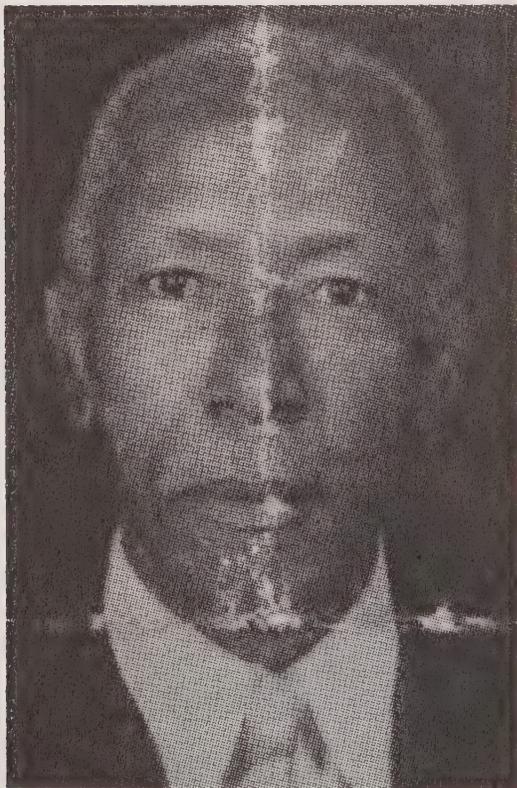
Nurse Mrs. O'Kellm Lawson (Johnsy Terry)



Nurses's aid at the first Jubilee Hospital



Dr. Parnell Avery and family.



Dr. John Earl Baxter our first licensed Black doctor.



Dr. Parnell N. Avery



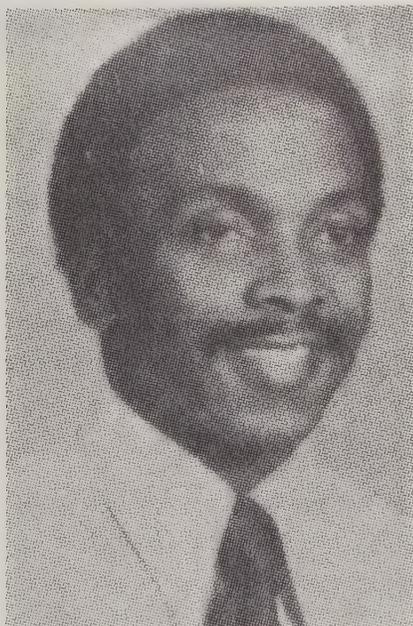
Dr. J. W. (Samuel) Beckford was first Black surgeon.



Dr. H.T. Bond, Surgeon



Deborah Marshall wanted to serve her country and decided to join the U.S. Army. Ten years after the above was taken Deborah is still with the Army. She enjoys the travel to many lands.

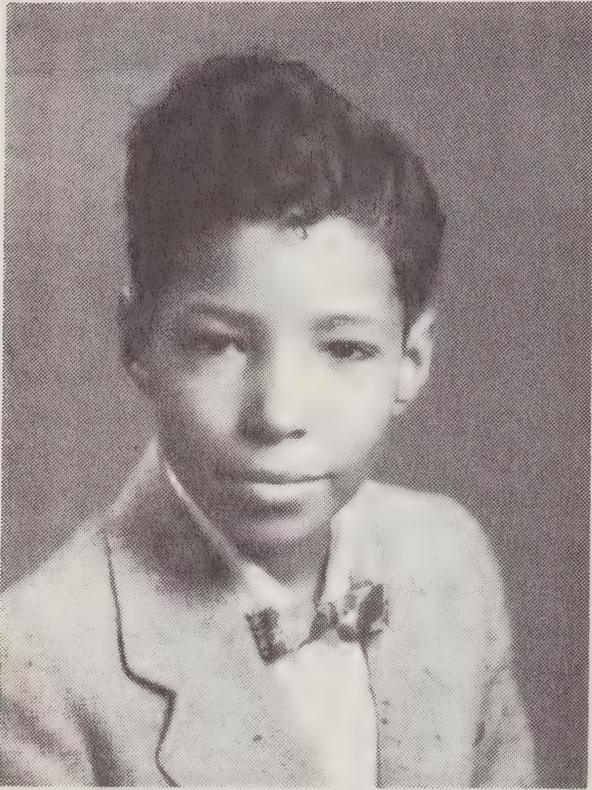


Dr. Clarence Ellis

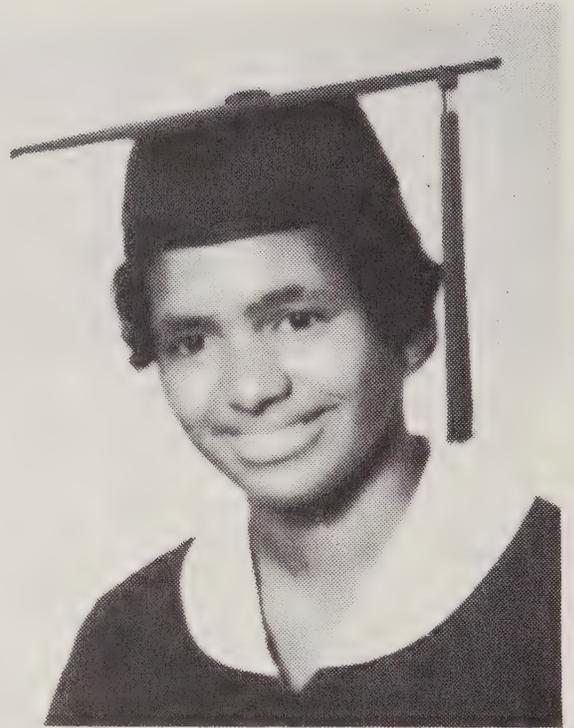
Another Black doctor for our county, we hope.



Dr. Dallas Anthony Hawkins, Dentist



At ten years of age Paul Green Jr., said he would be a doctor like his father. Now that he is a man, real estate business has his full attention in California. When he visits his many relatives here in Vance County he remembers a happy childhood on his grandfather's berry and melon farm at Manson, N.C.



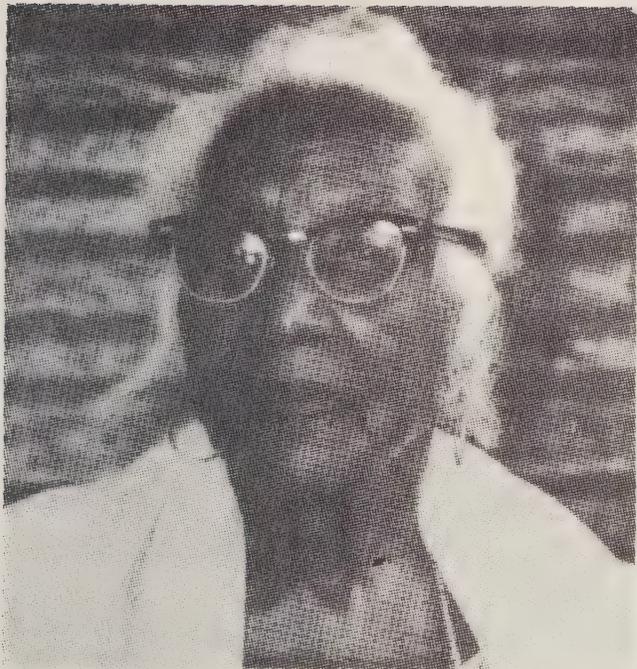
Patricia Hawkins Percell, M.D.



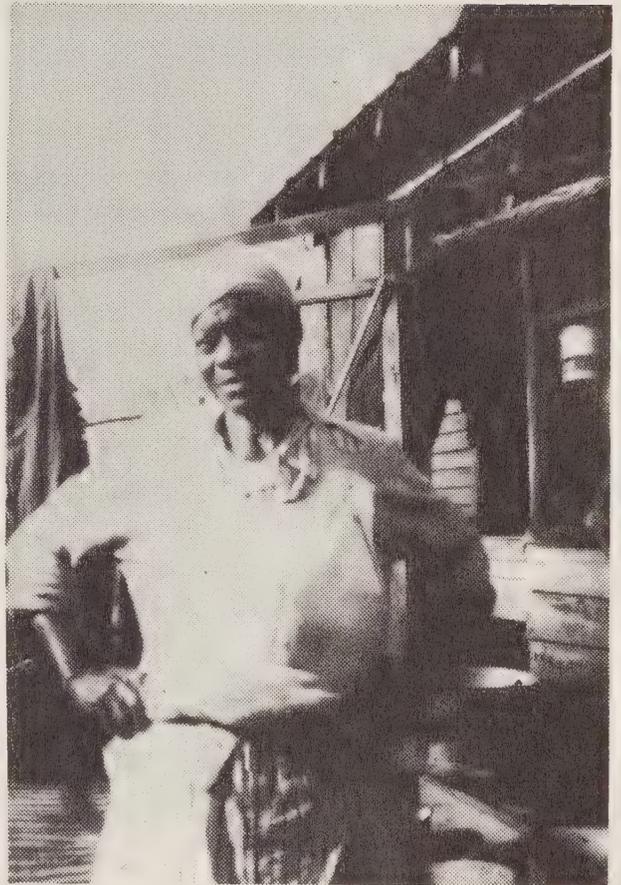
Nurse Rosa L. Brown Hawkins, 17 years Public Health in Vance County. 28 years Chicago Public Health Dept. and at Provident Hospital Medical Center.



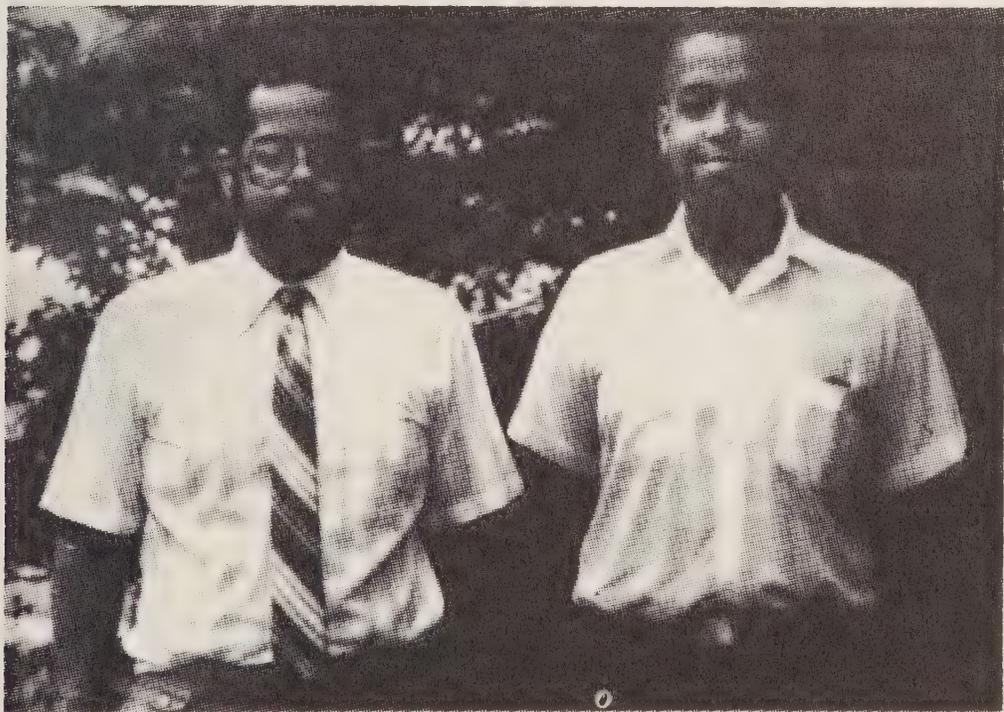
Georgetta Dent, now Dr. Dent. Georgetta's maternal grandparents are Vance County citizens.



Mrs. Rebecca Hawkins Burwell, midwife. Rebecca was also secretary for her father, Grant Hawkins' real estate business on Horner Street.



Mrs. Rachael Haley Parham, Midwife



The Green brothers being the ancestors of William B. Henderson will have to measure up in government affairs. William B. was our senator from Vance County from 1897-1899.



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