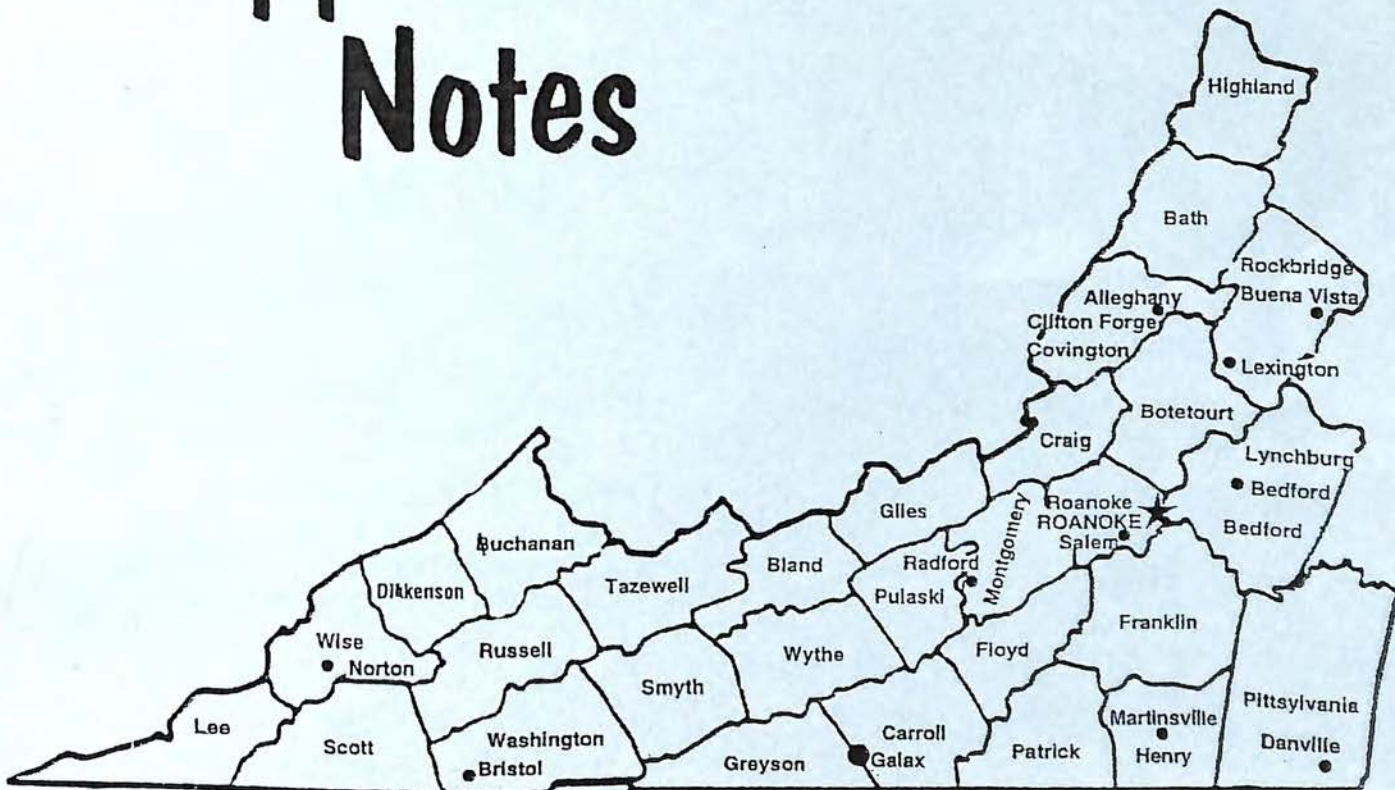


Virginia Appalachian Notes



Southwestern Virginia Genealogical Society
Roanoke, Virginia

EXCHANGE QUARTERLIES
SOUTHWESTERN VIRGINIA GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

SOUTHWESTERN VIRGINIA GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY INC
Calendar Year 2009

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Vice-President	Pamela B. Young	342-2367	pmyoung001@aol.com
Record Secretary	Vacant		
Corresponding Secretary	Vacant		
Treasurer	Don Vaughan	989-8645	DONSVGS@aol.com
Membership	Jim Nelson	725-5303	jasnelson@cox.net
VAN Editor	Michael Blankenship	989-1469	mblankens@yahoo.com
Immediate Past President	Pamela B. Young	342-2367	pmyoung001@aol.com
VAN Editor Emeritus	Babe Fowler	563-1733	fowlervw@cox.net

Committees

Computer/Labeler	Don Vaughan	989-8645	DONSVGS@aol.com
Program	Pamela B. Young	342-2367	pmyoung001@aol.com
Historian	Babe Fowler	563-1733	fowlervw@cox.net
VAN	Michael Blankenship	989-1469	mblankens@yahoo.com
Exchange Quarterlies	Virginia Room Staff		
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VIRGINIA APPLACHIAN NOTES

Published Quarterly

By

SOUTHWESTERN VIRGINIA GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY, INC.



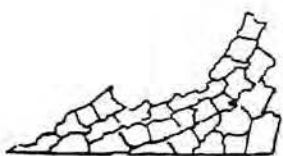
Vol. 33 - No. 1 - Winter 2009
(January, February, March)

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Submissions for future issues are always welcome.
If you would like to contribute an article on-line please e-mail it to:
mblankens@yahoo.com.

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Southwestern Virginia Genealogical Society, Inc.

P. O. Box 12485
Roanoke, Virginia 24026

Dear Fellow Members,

It's hard to believe that we are two months into 2009. It seems like time just flies by. There are so many things to do and seemingly no time to do them. One of our local members, Elizabeth "Libbie" Spoelma recently passed away. Libbie, with the help of her daughter, took the time to write down her remembrances of her early life in Roanoke. In fact, we published some of them in the VAN. What is important is that now her family has these because she took the time to put them to paper. If you have considered doing this, make the time to do it. Your family will thank you for it.

Recently I saw this website in our local newspaper: <http://calendarhome.com/free> It has a number of interesting features including a date calculator and perpetual calendar. Often times the old newspapers I look at online give the date but not the day of the week. If the obit says he died on Tuesday and the date on the paper is June 8 what was the date of his death? Is June 8 Wednesday or Thursday? A calculator sure comes in handy! The world clock feature is neat, too. We are off on a Mediterranean cruise in March and it's been fun to see what time it is in the various ports we will visit.

Finally, awhile back I mentioned the new LDS Family History Library site at: <http://pilot.familysearch.org/recordsearch/start.html#p=0> It is worth checking this site periodically as new material is always being added. A recent check revealed a new batch of German burial records that included new information on both my husband's and my German ancestors. We were able to add death dates and spouses (included in the record!) for several of them. This site is fast becoming a great resource.

Happy Hunting,

Karen

Karen Kappesser, President
514 Scalybark Drive
Blue Ridge VA 24064-1328
Telephone: (540) 977-0067
E-mail: gkkapp@infionline.net

Continued from last issue -
Memoir of Rufus H. Peck of Fincastle, Virginia
Submitted by Babe Fowler

REMINISCENCES OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

CHAPTER III.

THIRD YEAR OF THE WAR.

When we left home we thought our command had gone across the Blue Ridge and were in the valley of Va., but when we got to Port Republic we learned they were moving in the direction of Chancellorsville, so we had to recross the Blue Ridge.

Just about sun down of the day we recrossed, we arrived at a Mrs. Woolfork's. There were about 24 other soldiers stopping there for supper, also. Mrs. Woolfork's son-in-law, Mr. Poindexter, had been in prison with us at Washington, just about a month before. He knew the country well and we decided to march all night in order to join the command. Just as supper was ready a citizen who lived nearby and knew we were all there, came in and said there was a lot of cavalrymen on the Louisa Spring Road, but he could not just tell which way they were aiming to go.

While we were eating supper, some of the family stayed on the front porch to see if the cavalrymen would come that way and just when we were about half through supper, the young lady who stood guard rushed in and said the cavalrymen had come near enough for her to see they were yankees and a couple of them were already dismounting.

The dining room was in the basement and we all went out at an east door while the Yankees were coming in on the west side of the house on the upper floor. We ran and got our horses as rapidly as possible and rode about a mile, and then Mr. Poindexter and I went to a cross road to see if we could hear anything of them coming and to our surprise, there was a whole division of cavalry coming. We had left our two horses with the other 28 men and we just stayed in the heavy pine timber, where we knew the Yankees couldn't see us, until Stoneman's whole division passed.

It was fortunate for us that this all took place after dark, for had it been a couple of hours earlier, the Yankees would have undoubtedly captured us all. We stayed all night in this pine timber about a mile from Poindexter's home and kept on the alert all the time for fear other Yankees were following.

After day break we started on in the direction of Chancellorsville, but soon found there were troops moving in front of us. Poindexter and I went in ahead of the other 28, to see if we could find out who they were and soon found they were Confederates.

I left Poindexter and went to them as soon as they halted and found it was Gen. William Henry Lee's Division. Poindexter went back and told the other men to come on and we joined Lee's men. He had no rations for his men and as we had only had a half supper the night before and no breakfast, he told us to go to a farm house near by and try and get something.

We found the man of the house as kind as any one could be. He was the father of our present Judge, William A. Anderson. He fed all 30 of us and our horses also.

We went back to Lee's division after our late breakfast and after a short march, overtook Stoneman's division and began fighting his rear men.

He checked the whole division, of course, to protect the rear and we thus checked his raid. I was in the rear line of the battle and didn't see the hottest of the fight.

We were right at a house and as some one brought some prisoners by taking them to the rear, an old lady came out and saw the blue uniforms and began crying, and said, "Don't kill any of them blues!" One fellow said: "I'm going to kill every d--n rascal I can." She just fell down on the ground and said: "I've got a boy in the blues and I don't want you to kill him" I felt sorry for her and went to her and told her I was sorry she had a son in the yankee army. "Oh ! he is not a yankee," she said, "he is with Mr. Wiser's folks." They were called the Louisa Blues and the old lady thought any one having on blue clothes might be her boy.

About one o'clock the artillery began firing near Chancellorsville, about three or four miles from us, but Wm. Henry Lee held his position to keep Stoneman in check.

Shortly after nightfall Jackson was reconnoitering between his men and Hooker's army, and had given orders to his outposts to fire on the first sound or man they saw or heard, and they not knowing he was out there, fired on him and mortally wounded him.

The next morning Gen. J. E. B. Stewart took command of Jackson's division. Stewart began his march that morning and

ordered the band to play his favorite: "The Old Gray Horse Jumped over the Elephant." He and one of his aids sang the tune, to other words, though. They were: "Old Joe Hooker Get Out of the Wilderness."

Stewart followed Hooker and drove him across the Rappahannock. We 30 fellows, who hadn't gotten to our company yet, got supper and breakfast among the citizens, and Wm. H. Lee sent us to Orange C. H. Here we found some more boys, who like ourselves, hadn't found the command they belonged to yet. There were about 70 of us by this time. Some of them new men coming in, prisoners returning with their horses, like I was, and some coming back who had been on sick furloughs, etc.

We got rations here and laid down in the woods where the infantry had been camping and the next morning when we awoke the snow was falling in flakes more like biscuits, than snow flakes. If it had been biscuits it would have had to snow some, or we would have eaten it just as fast it fell.

I was about the first one to wake and I jumped up and shouted "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis." Campbell, of Co. G. Bedford County, shouted back Hurrah for H--." Several fellows had to smile, when Campbell made his reply. I told Campbell I had always heard a bad beginning made a good ending, and when March came in like a lion it went out like a lamb. He said: "yes," but this is the first of May and it is coming in like the devil, and I reckon it will go out like h--." This caused laughter generally, and everybody was soon up and our fires started for breakfast.

We went into town after breakfast and orders had come to send all the men on to Culpepper C. H. Here we joined our command and found that none of our Co. had been killed at Chancellorsville. It had been about six weeks since I'd been with the Co., only the one night, before I started for my horse, after being captured.

Norman Hayth was our cook at this time and when the other members of mess got back from picket duty one day he had a lot of beef cooked, that was highly flavored with garlic. Not one of the boys in the mess could eat it, but me, so I traded each of them some other part of my supper for their beef and ate all eight of the rations. They all said I'd die before morning, I told them I'd come nearer dying from not getting enough beef than too much. Joe Shaver was sick and we put him in a tent near by and John Q. H. Thrasher was taking care of him. Well in the night I woke up and the garlic had gotten in my head so that I was sneezing and gaging and John heard me and halloed to the boys to see what was the matter with that man. They soon found I was the fellow in trouble, but they all

laughted and said that's the man with the 8 rations of beef. He'll come. Such a time as I had with that garlic for a while, I told them I'd invented a separator to seperate the garlic from the meat. By this time a lot of boys was awake and shouting and laughing, soldier like, and the Capt. had to call us to order before the fun stopped. I didn't get sick at all but the garlic just filled by head almost like an overdose of snuff would I imagine.

The next thing that happened to me of any note was one day another boy and I decided to go to see some young ladies, and we went down to a pond to wash and the water was low, so we had dug basins around the edge so the water would clear up by the time we needed it, and just as we were about washed and dressed in our very best, a stray bullet came whizzing along and went right into the muddiest part of the pond and threw mud all over us. Well, now if ever boys felt like saying Sunday school words, we did then. We had to give up our trip for that day, any way.

We had fine pasture for our horses and they soon fattened and looked so nice, that we could hardly realize they were the same animals we'd brought through the winter. We were in camp here until the 20th of June, when the grand review of the whole army took place at Culpepper C. H.

The fences had all been torn away and the infantry, cavalry, and artillery were all stationed, so that Gen. Lee and his aids could review them. After he had gone around and seen them all, he took a position and ordered all to march by him in battallions. The cavalry passed first, then infantry, then artillery. The artillery took a position on the heights and fired all the cannons as Gen. Lee passed by again.

Gen. Lee had ordered all the cavalry and wagon horses to be shod, but we didn't know what was to follow. The night after the review a grand ball was given in the town. When Gens. Kilpatrick and Buford of the U. S. army heard the firing of the artillery, they sent out scouting parties on all the roads to see what it meant.

Just at the height of the ball our pickets came in and reported that the Yankees were coming in on all the roads, which put a sudden stop to gaities and every man hastened to his post of duty. The cavalry was sent to guard all the fords on the Rappahannock. Our command was sent to McLean's Ford to throw up fortiforcations which we did until daybreak. At daybreak, we found there was a squadron of cavalry near us, which we could see over our fortifications.

Two of the men came down to the ford and watered their horses and I talked to them across the river as it was a narrow ford.

They continued coming down, by two's until about 8 o'clock.

At about 9 o'clock Gen. Kilpatrick aimed to cross at Kelly's Ford and was met by Gen. Wade Hampton. A desperate battle was fought and finally Hampton succeeded in driving them back across the river.

We were near enough to hear the firing but not near enough to engage in it. Gen. Stoneman did not attempt to cross where we were, so we just stood guard all day. While this was going on Gen. Lee, with the remainder of the army, was moving on toward Harpers Ferry.

We were ordered from the ford late in the evening and started in the direction of Manasses Junction. We were there on the same side of the river with Stoneman and marching on roads parallel to each other, but neither General knew the others course until after the camp fires were started.

We went into Camp in the rear of Stoneman's men, and later in the night, Gen. Kilpatrick's forces camped in a skirt of woods just behind us, and a little later Gen. Wade Hampton, following on, got a message from Gen. Stewart that Stoneman was in front of us and Kilpatrick behind us, and for him to camp in the woods just behind Kilpatrick and at daybreak to open fire on Kilpatrick's men and he, Stewart, would have us fire on Kilpatrick's and Stoneman's men also. This we carried out and completely routed both commands. They didn't know the other's position and we surprised them so, that all they could do was to try to get away. We willed and captured a good many, but they didn't resist us. It was just a running fight.

We drove them all that day on toward Washington, not stopping to get food, and went into camp at nightfall.

Stewart and Hampton cross the Potomac with their men at Senica Falls in the night. When Gen. Hooker learned that Lee was going on toward Maryland, he took his men and tried to get in front of him, which he did. Eight packet boats had been sent up with provisions for Hooker's army, and when they came into the locks not knowing we were there, we turned the wickets and let the water out and burned the boats. We had been marching four days without any provisions at all, so we took what we could in our haversacks, before burning the boats. We took the mules, 24 in number, on with us. We helped the woman and children from the boats and took their furniture out, as we didn't want to destroy private property. It was hard to do then, with them all crying like they did, but such is war.

In a short distance from where we crossed the river, we came on a garrison of yankees at a place called West Minister and captured them all, without the loss of a man. We so

completely surprised them that they surrendered without resistance. We went on to Hanover to capture a garrison there, but they learned of our coming and resisted us with right heavy loss to both sides. One of our young men, Walter Gilmore, was shot in the shoulder, as he was riding between Chas Price and myself, as we were trying to get him to the rear, he was shot in the left eye, but we finally got to a house and asked the lady of the house to take care of him, while we went on and took the garrison. I never knew anything more of young Gilmore until the summer of 1911, I met him at New Port News at a reunion. He told me he was sent to a hospital in Baltimore by the Yankees and received the kindest of treatment and the best of medical aid and soon recovered.

We took our West Minister and Hanover prisoners on with us and our next stop was at Carlisle, Penn. All the provisions we had on this march, except what some of us got from the boats, was what we could beg from the citizens. Some of us nearly starved. Here we destroyed some of the public buildings in which food for the Yankees was stored. We threw hot shot a mile or so and wherever those hot balls would strike, they would set fire. Some of our men who were marching ahead of our Co. had set fire to Thad Steven's Iron Works in Penn. and as we passed and saw it burning I told the boys that was a bad move, that the Yankees would soon retaliate and do us more damage than we could do them, as so much of the fighting was done on southern ground.

We did this shelling with hot shot at night and continued marching all night. We still marched all the next day stopping occasionally for a little while to let our horses graze.

About noon we heard cannonading about Gettysburg. Gen. Lee had arrived Friday July 1st, with his whole army except Pickett's division, which was coming from Chambersburg and Hampton's and Stewarts divisions of cavalry with which I made the trip. Lee had engaged the enemy Saturday and drove them back, but could not make a general charge, as these three divisions hadn't arrived. Had these divisions been full numbered there would have been about 48,000 men. But of course a great many of different companies had been killed or disabled. For instance Co. C. the one to which I belonged, only had 64 men bearing arms when we left Va. a Co. was supposed to have 100 men, of course, and they were recruited at different times, but I remember we only had 64 then and other companies may have been cut down, also, so it would be hard to determine just how many men were in these three divisions. However there were so many that Lee waited until they arrived to bring on the general charge. We arrived Saturday evening July 2. As we had been marching so much and had so little

rest since June 20, we all laid down in a stubble field and were soon fast asleep. I tied my horse's halter strap to my gun sling and just left saddle and all on, and when I awoke the next morning, I was about 30 yds farther down in the field than where I went to sleep. She had just dragged me on as she ate, but I was too dead asleep to know it. Before we got to sleep the enemy was firing a cannon every little while and every thing would be as visible as in day time. But it was a dark night and illuminations made it seem darker, of course, after disappearing, the shells would some time burst over us, but didn't do us any harm.

Some of the boys heard the cannon all night at intervals, but I was too exhausted to hear a great deal.

At daylight the bugle sounded and we mounted our horses and went out to join the line of battle before having any breakfast. As our wagon train wasn't with us, we hadn't had any rations issued since the 20th of June and all we had was what citizens gave us. There were too many of us, for any one man to get much, so we thought of breakfast the first thing, when we awoke.

We were halted before reaching the line of battle, by Major Mason, one of Gen. Lee's staff officers, and he called for one Capt. two Serg's two Corporals and 30 private soldiers.

I was one of the private soldiers called out and Capt. Jas. Breckinridge was the commissioned officer called out. Major Mason took us then three or four miles out in the direction of Harrisburg, Penn. Major Mason then told Capt. Breckinridge to send a reliable soldier to an elevated point near by that overlooked the Harrisburg Road for about a mile.

Capt. Breckinridge told me to go and gave me paper and pencil to keep an account of the enemy's regimental flags, and peices of artillery that passed the road. There were lookouts stationed on my right and left to guard me as I was lying flat and watching the enemy's movement, so could not watch myself.

I began my watching about 9 o'clock and was to leave my post at noon. It was a sweltering day, a real type of July and you may imagine how sleepy I got lying flat in that clover field and the rays of the sun just pouring on me. You see, I'd only had one night's sleep since June 20, and had been marching day and night and this was July 3. My same old watch that I'd carried when I waded the Rappahannock, was still keeping good time and you may know I was glad when it indicated 12 o'clock.

When I went back to the Capt. and gave him the account of what I'd seen he sent it by a courier right on to Gen. Lee.

I remember I counted 100 regimental flags and 70 peices of artillery. Lee had men put on all the roads like this, so he'd have a knowledge of the size of the army he'd have to fight.

When I got back to the Capt. and gave him the paper, I was as wet with perspiration, as if I'd been dipped in the creek. I was so exhausted from hunger and general fatigue that I soon fell asleep and slept for an hour or so, the cannons firing all the time. At one when the general charge was made, I awoke though.

Soon we saw a skirmish line coming, and they began firing on us, but we showed a bold front and they not knowing how many there were of us, as there were some buildings near and we were scattered around and they soon stopped firing on us. Looking south, we could see the smoke from the artillery and musketry, boiling up like a volcano. This elevated position give us a fine view of the surrounding country. The roar of artillery was like a continuous peal of thunder. Our regiment was about a mile from where I was with the few men who had been sent out with me and in fact our skirmish extended on to us, but the main part of our regiment was heavily engaged, but were driven back by Kilpatrick's regiment. They were fighting, without having had any food all day and the day before and the horses the same, only what they ate dragging us around the night before. The whole regiment had fared just as I had for the last two weeks and were broken down completely.

The hottest of the battle was fully two miles from where I was stationed. As I hadn't had a bite to eat since breakfast Sat. morning and this was Sunday eve, I told Capt. Breckinridge I was going to risk my life and go to a brick house about 200 yards in front of our skirmish line and try to get something to eat. I watched and kept the house between me and the enemy's skirmish line and went in at the window and down in the basement, I found a boiled shoulder of bacon, several loaves of bread and all the apple butter and marmalade I could carry and a lot of dutch cheese. The family had left on account of the battle, so I took my time to get plenty and made three trips and took enough back to feed all 35 of the men who had been sent out with me.

After emptying the crocks we put them on the fence back of the house and wrote a note to the lady of the house and put with the crocks, thanking her for her kindness. Her provisions had certainly been a friend in time of need.

The firing of the enemy stopped for a little while and we thought our forces had gained the victory, but when Pickett made his charge the firing began anew and as we hadn't been

ordered to advance, we soon knew that we had lost the day. We could not see the hottest of the battle, only the awful smoke. I'd never forget that. Major Mason took us back to Gen. Lee's headquarters about nightfall and we slept in the yard that night. About 10 o'clock it began raining and rained all night. Shortly after daybreak Monday morning, Major Mason gave us something for breakfast and Gen. Lee sent us to Gen. Meade's headquarters under a flag of truce to get permission to bury our dead. So I had the privilege of sitting with Gen's Lee and Meade at their respective headquarters the morning of July 4th 63. When Major Mason presented the dispatch to Gen. Meade, he immediately sent about 30 of his men with a dispatch back to Lee under a flag of truce.

About 60 of the U.S. Regulars took us all over the battle field and explained the position of the armies that fought the day before. We went to the hospitals where they had been amputating limbs and at some of them a six horse wagon could have been loaded with legs and arms. We passed a half doz. or more of these field hospitals. There were a doz. or more doctors at each of them. The dead men were every where to be seen, of course. It looked more like fields of flax spread out to dry than any thing I'd seen before. The most of the Confederates had been gathered up ready for burial. There were several ten acre fields with men lying just as thick as they could lay. We saw them digging the graves several feet deep and a blanket was spread down and four men laid on it, then another blanket spread over them. The dirt from the next grave was filled on this one and so on until the whole line was buried. I learned afterward that the hurried dispatch Gen. Meade sent back to Gen. Lee, was to send men to mark the graves of the dead, but that he would have them buried. The regulars did not take us over the portion of the battle field occupied by the Yankees. We could see the fields strewn with the dead but they didn't want us to see how many they had lost. The men were very nice and kind to us though. They explained how the dreadful slaughter of Pickett's men occurred. His columns had been thinned out so much by the artillery and heavy firing they were subject to in crossing the low ground coming up to the road to Cemetery Ridge, and he gave the order to close to the left, expecting Gen. Heath's division to also close to the left and support him. But Heath couldn't see the move Pickett made as his men were in a peice of timber and the trees being in full leaf, the view was obstructed. They advanced slowly and when Pickett charged the breast works, Heath's division was too far in the rear to aid him. There was a gap of about 700 yds. left between Pickett's and Heath's division and Gen. Warren, who was in front of Heath's division saw the gap, marched a part of his men to the front and right faced and marched in behind Pickett and captured a part of his men, who had already taken the breastworks.

When Pickett saw Warren's move and knew that Heath couldn't support him to recapture the breastworks, he was compelled to retreat. Then was when the terrible slaughter occurred, as Pickett's men retreated under the heavy fire from the artillery they had once taken, but was unable to hold.

The men had to march very nearly two miles in the retreat, in full view of the enemy's artillery, before they reached the timber, which served as a protection. If Heath had brought his men up as Pickett expected, it would only have caused a heavier slaughter, because I saw the tents of a number of lines of battle the next day, that the regulars told us were right there to support the breastworks, that Pickett couldn't see when he was making the charge. He never could have held the position, agained such heavy forces.

We went right over the summit of Cemetery Ridge, by the Peach Orchard and High Water Mark. It was all a dismal sight as it was raining steadily until about 12 o'clock, but the work of caring for the wounded and burying the dead was being carried on as rapidly as it was possible. The regulars took us on to our outpost and we bade them farewell, never to meet again. Major Mason knew some of the men personally, so we enjoyed their kindness very much. Major Mason took us back to Lee's headquarters and Gen. Lee released us and sent us on back to our command.

In going back to our command, we passed by the remnant of Pickett's gallant division. It didn't look to be more than a regiment. The first man I recognized was my brother-in-law, Liewu. John Dill, who is still living. I asked him how many they had lost and his reply was: "We have lost all" He got in sight of the breastworks, he said, before they had to retreat. He was wounded by the explosion of a shell.

As all of the Botetourt Infantry was in Pickett's division, I soon found other men that I knew. The men of the Fincastle Rifles had the same sad story to tell, of the dreadful loss of their comrades. The descendants of the Botetourt Infantrymen can always be proud of the charge their ancesters made and glad they did not see the disconsolate, depressed remnant I saw that morning after the battle. It was the saddest sight, I think, I ever witnessed. You know the missing men were from my own county, and so many were my acquaintances. I talked to some of the gallant men of the Blue Ridge Rifles, Buchanan Rifles, also some of the men who composed Capt. Gilmer Breckinridge's company, then commanded by Capt. Kelly.

Capt. Breckinridge raised this Co. at the beginning of the war and his father furnished uniforms for the men. Some of the

men of Capt. Spessard's Co. of Craig Co. told me of Nat Wilson's death. He was killed just as he crossed the breastworks. He was raised in Fincastle and was one of my school-mates.

We reached our command on the evening of the 4th. I found the regiment had lost heavily, but our company had not suffered so much. Six of our Co., beside myself, that only numbered 64, when we went to Gettysburg, were sent out on this lookout expedition. The most gloomy time of my life, I think, was from that eve until we started back to Va. the next day. Lee was whipped, but unconquered. Meade was slow in following us up.

The infantry and artillery moved in front and the extreme rear, was brought up by the cavalry, as usual.

The business of the cavalry was to fortify behind us and protect our men in front. We took wheat shocks and piled them up high and threw dirt on them and when the advance guards of the enemy would see our fortifications, they would slack in their movements. They would bring up their artillery and open fire on us often and we would retreat to other fortifications built by cavalry ahead of us and so on. Sometimes we would have to stop in the open field and fight the enemy. Sam Riley was killed in one of these engagements, while we were still in Penn.

George Hayth, "Flud" we all called him, was mortally wounded near Boonesboro and died at Winchester, about ten days later. Alonzo Rineheart was shot through the hand at the same time "Flud" was wounded, in one of these encounters, trying to drive the enemy back.

We struck the Potomac near Williamsport and learned there that our wagon train had been captured and about 15 men from my Co. were captured, also. They were acting as guards for the wagon train.

Some of the cavalry was ordered to go to the front to guard the pontoon bridge, that Lee had used crossing the Potomac going into Maryland, but before we got there we learned that the bridge had been destroyed but we went on to where the bridge had been.

While there I saw a lot of the wounded men, who were able to ride crossing the river. It was very deep and at one time I saw about 30 men go into the river and the horses got confused and threw their riders and only 15 passed over safely. Some of the horses came back on the Maryland side while others went across without a rider. These horses were just broken down horses

that the men had picked up along the road and some of the men were riding without saddle or bridle, just a rope or strap tied around the horses neck. There were more wounded than we had wagons or ambulances to carry them and those least wounded were walking on ahead trying to escape the enemy and get back to Va., so picked up the horses as they could. The citizens told us that the wounded men had been crossing like that for a day or more, so no doubt many a poor fellow had a watery grave, in this last effort to reach his home state again.

We remained at Williamsport, until the whole army arrived. We had been sent ahead to guard the fords, which we did and fortified at several places. When they arrived, the river had run down considerably and the infantry and artillery passed over first and we again brought up the rear. After we had crossed we found that Gen. Pettigrew with his division had been left. I never knew why. And the enemy attacked him and he was killed, but not many of his men were lost. Our batteries opened fire from the Va. side and protected Pettigrew's men and held the enemy in check until they could cross the river and get with us.

We continued to retreat until we reached Winchester where we went into camp for a few days and got a little much needed rest. A good many supplies had been shipped to the army and we found them when we arrived. A great many were not present to receive the boxes from home. They had answered the last roll call and were numbered with the slain.

Some of the Yankees had crossed the Potomac between Harper's Ferry and Winchester and attacked us at Shepherds-town. When we went into the battle, Co. C. had only 13 men left of our 64 that went into Penn. Some had been killed and the others captured. The picket's were driven in about 12 o'clock by Gen. Kilpatrick's men and a skirmish line was sent out to bring on the attack. There were a hundred or more of us in the skirmish line and the 13 men, who composed Co. C, 2nd Va. Cavalry were among them.

In marching toward the enemy a large sink hole was right in our pathway and instead of going through the hole and keeping 8 ft apart which was our usual distance in skirmish lines, some of the boys went around the hole and 6 or 8 of them were huddled right together. The enemy was behind a rock fence on the summit of a hill, which was a grave yard and when they saw these men together, they fired among them and wounded five, two of them mortally.

We couldn't get nearer than about 500 yds, to the rock fence, as the enemy was firing grape and cannister among us so we had to lie down behind a rail fence to protect ourselves.

I was lying in a fence corner and a cannon ball hit the fence stake on the opposite side of the fence from me and cut the stake off and tore it out of the ground and took it whizzing over me. It shook me up, I'll tell you, but didn't wound me. Had it struck the stake my head was agained I would not have been left to tell the tale.

We couldn't damage them much from where we were so we were ordered to the left into a piece of timber and remained there 10 or 15 minutes and were then ordered to charge in another direction and went through an old field and came across five pieces of artillery, that our men had abandoned on account of the heavy firing from behind that stone fence. Several of the gunners were lying there dead and after we passed the guns our gunners came back and opened heavy fire over our heads, at the men on the top of the hill.

As Gen. Young had gotten in position on our right, we were ordered to advance and came by a house that we found to be full of Yankee soldiers. We came across several men behind a corn crib and they laid down and shot under the crib at our feet, but missed us, and before they could reload their guns, we ran around the crib and they ran to the house and into the basement. We followed at their heels, and to our great surprise, there were about 50 men in the basement, instead of 3 or 4. We ordered them to surrender, which they did at once. Our line of battle had gotten up by that time and we sent the prisoners to the rear.

We crossed a little ravine up a slope into a wheat field and the enemy opened such a heavy fire, that we were compelled to take refuge behind rocks, wheat shocks, or anything we could. Every man, though, that got behind a wheat shock was killed. Capt. Graves and I fell down behind a large lime stone rock and a shell struck in the ground about 20 feet from us and ploughed right along to our rock and exploded. It threw dirt all over us, but didn't hurt us at all.

Just at that time, I looked to the rear and saw J. E. Stewart, Wade Hampton and Fitz Hugh Lee coming right up the ravine and would soon have been in full view of the men at the rock fence and grave yard. I ran down and explained the situation to them. They remained there a few minutes planning what to do, and Hampton decided to have Gen. Young's men come up in line with Fitz Lee's men, and make a desperate effort to take the grave yard.

Hampton sent a courier to Young, and in a few minutes his men did charge, but they were mowed down so rapidly that they didn't get near up to our line until they were compelled to fall back. We had to keep our hidden positions until night fall and then retreat.

When we got back I found that only six of our 13 in my company remained unharmed. Ben Peck, a cousin of mine, was mortally wounded, only lived a few days. John Deisher also died in a few days. The other 5 recovered, but were unfit for service for awhile.

We spent the night in camp and the next morning our pickets found that Kilpatrick had withdrawn his forces in the night and gone back toward the Potomac. We remained at this encampment until the next eve, when we had a dress parade in an oats field nearby.

Dress parades were held every eve in each regiment. The orders for the next day were always read out and each orderly Sergeant had to report if any of his men were absent "without leave". When the dress parade was over the regiment was turned over to the quarter master, and he gave orders for each man to get four bundles of oates to feed our horses that night and the next morning.

Our Co. was on the extreme right and Co. K, was on the extreme left of regiment. Each Co. had one of the contariest men the world ever knew. We had all said if either of them ever drowned we would fish up the stream for them. Instead of getting the oats near by, these men started off in a sweeping gallop to the opposite sides of the field and ran together about the center of the field. We heard a report like that of a gun and immediately, another; the first proved to be the horses heads coming together and then the men's. All four fell over dead, as we all thought, at first. We rushed to them and not a sign of life could be seen. Some one hastened for Dr. Shackelford and as he had no restoratives with him, except hartshorn, he used that, and we soon found we had two live men alright. They felt up for the ground though. They then used the hartshorn on the horses and they soon revived also. The crowd had gathered by that time and all had a hearty laugh and gave them three cheers for the bay windows they carried on their heads.

After going into camp that night in a piece of woods, we hitched our horses and some of the boys went in search of water back in the open field. A fellow by the name of Bob Luckadoo, had gone off about 30 or 40 yards from the majority of us and laid down, and these boys coming back

from hunting water, accidentally stepped on the man. He got very mad and cursed and the boys apologized and told him they could not see him in the dark. He finally accepted, but the boys found out what a "touch-me-not" he was, so told it as soon as they got into camp. We decided to pass by and stumble over him again in going for water. The next boys did so, and he shouted and cursed them and they pretended to be so surprised at his being there and began to apologize. He said: "What in the hell is the use to apologize, when you've killed me?" He laid down again, though, and presently another boy stumbled over him and he jumped up and called to the bugler as loud as he could yell: "Casey! Casey! Just turn out the whole damned bloody 2nd Cavalry and let them march over me and maybe they will be satisfied." The regiment enjoyed the prank greatly and we often laugh about it yet.

We moved camp the next day and his horse got lame and as we would pass every boy would ask him what was the matter with it. He got so mad he told us it was none of our d--d business. Sometimes 3 or 4 would be asking him at once. He finally got so mad he cursed us until you could have heard him a mile, I think. We camped the next night in a dewberry field.

As soon as day broke, I got up and ate a good breakfast of dewberries. We soon found that there were about a dozen Yankees on the hill, just above us and they fired on us a few times, but over shot us. Col. Munford ordered the bugle to be blown, which was a signal for us to mount. We were formed in line and by that time the fog had raised so that we could see the men on the hill. He wanted someone to try to ascertain who they were and why they were there. I told him I'd go on the hill just opposite, where we could see better, if someone would go with me. Another man volunteered and I told him to come up from one side and I'd go up from the other and we could meet on the top. When I went around on my side of the hill and got to the top the other volunteer wasn't there. I was in sight of the men on the other hill and about 200 yards from them I could see that there were 8 men on horseback and there were two horses without riders. I was riding my horse that I'd captured in the spring. I shouted to them and bade them "Good Morning" and asked them to whose command they belonged and they answered "Gen. Rosser's".

They asked me to come up to where they were, but I told two of them to come down to me. They insisted on my coming but I told them there were more of them and for two of them to come to me. Just then two men in some sassafras bushes about 50 yds, from me fired at me and my horse whurled so suddenly, that I heard the whiz of both bullets

right by my head. I fell over on my horse to keep her between me and the men. She almost flew back in the direction from which we had come. The man who started with me never went to the top of the hill, for he could see the Yankees before I could and he soon started back. The Col. then withdrew the men and made preparation for an attack; but it never was brought on. There were a few stray shots all day, but didn't amount to anything among our men. Each side seemed afraid to attack the other, as they couldn't ascertain the strength of the opposing forces.

While we were recuperating and maneuvering around one evening at dress parade an invitation was read out, that a Mrs. Lucas in the neighborhood had given an invitation to all the Burdens, Sheppards and Pecks to attend a dining at her home. The invitation was read all through Lee's army. A lieutenant by the name of Burten from Bedford Co. and I were the only ones who went. We had to go about six miles. She lived at a fine farm house and the porch was crowded with guests. Mrs. Lucas and her daughter came out to meet us and told us not to tell our names until she guessed who we were. She looked at the Lieut. first and said she couldn't see the favor of any of the Burdens, Sheppards or Pecks. I told her how he spelled his name and we soon found it was different from the name she was hunting. She told us to get down and come in anyway; she was glad we had come, etc., if the name was a little different. I told her she had slighted me, that she hadn't guessed who I was yet. She said: "Oh! Come on, I know you by the favor. I'll show you pictures of your relations for two generations."

She introduced the Lieut. to the ladies and said she would introduce me a little later. She took me in and showed me a life-size portrait of her grandfather Jacob Peck, who was born and raised near Fincastle, and was my great uncle. She knew me by the picture, she said. She then took me back and introduced me to the guests. Her husband came in, and to my astonishment, I recognized him as the same Dr. Lucas that we had so much fun over when we were in prison at Washington about four months before. I laughed and called him the fresh fish and he enjoyed anew our initiating we had for these witnesses that were sent to Washington. He said he recognized me on first sight. Lieut. Burten went back to camp that eve, but as I had a three day's furlough, I stayed until the next evening. Dr. Lucas sent regards to the other seven men who spent the time with us at Washington.

After a few days we crossed the Blue Ridge and went back into Culpepper Co, near the same place from which we had made our start to Gettysburg. We rested and recuperated at this place a few days and the first disturbance was one day when half of our division of cavalry was out letting the

horses graze, when the pickets came in and said that Kilpatrick was crossing the Rappahannock. The bugle sounded, a signal to saddle and make ready for movement. Our horses all being out and half the men, naturally we had a considerable stampede before the men could get back and we could all make ready. By our delay Kilpatrick succeeded in getting about all of his men over.

We formed our line of battle and aimed to make a cavalry charge, but could not on account of the timber and underbrush. Just as we were dismounting a young man by the name of Preston, who had come to our regiment the day before, was shot in the neck and fell dead. We charged them on foot and drove them across the river, capturing a few of their men and having a few wounded and killed. Some of our slow fellows who didn't get up with us in time for the pursuit, hitched their horses at a straw stack and were smocking and set the stack on fire, and burned it and one of the horses.

A few days later while out on a scouting expedition, and some of our men were left behind the majority of the command, having their horses shod, Kilpatrick's men came on them and would have captured them all, but for Lieut. Ed. Hayth. He hurriedly formed them in line, as soon as he saw the enemy approaching and charged them and drove them back. Hayth then hurried on and overtook us and informed us of the enemy's advance, so we took our position behind a rock fence. When Kilpatrick's men advanced, they came up through a corn field, so we had to shoot considerably at random and their firing on us was about the same way. One of our men by the name of Chas. Cross, from Lynchburg, was accidentally killed by one of our pieces of artillery, and Capt. Breckinridge sent word back to the gunners that they must aim higher, and just as the messenger, William Craddock, got to where young Cross was killed, he was shot by the Yankees and died that night.

These were the only two men we lost. We left the fence and charged the enemy and drove them back, but didn't capture any of them.

The next we heard of the enemy was that Gen. Meade was concentrating his forces in Culpepper Co., preparing to advance on Richmond. Gen. Lee then moved with his army toward Culpepper, C. H., to check Meade. He sent Stewart's cavalry to cross the Rapidan River at Raccoon Ford, to drive the enemy back.

When we crossed the river the enemy opened fire on us with three or four pieces of artillery and the first ball that was fired cut Sergeant McCabe's leg off and the ball went on through his horse and killed it instantly. We soon saw that our only c

went on through his horse and killed it instantly. We soon saw that our only chance was to dismount and charge the enemy on foot. When we got near the artillery they began to fall back and never halted until they got to Stensburg, about two miles distant. Here they opened fire on us again and we laid down in a mill race, to get out of range and sight of the enemy. I was very warm, having walked the two miles in double quick time and had to lie in that spring water for about three hours until reinforcements arrived. When the infantry got within about 200 yards we were ordered to charge the artillery, which we did, but when they saw our reinforcements coming they began retreating to Brandy Station. We followed them expecting them to make a stand again but they did not. They continued to retreat until they joined the main army. We camped near Brandy Station that night, and the next morning I was unable for service. My rest in that spring water had given me a case of congestion of the liver. K. B. Stoner was sent to take me back to Orange C. H. , I wasn't able to go alone.

After going a couple of miles a citizen told us of a near way by going through his corn field and on out in a cross road, that led to the main road. Just after getting into the corn field I was riding a little ahead while Stoner laid up the fence and to my great surprise one of Gen. Pleasanton's couriers came galloping up. I drew my pistol and ordered him to surrender, which he did without a word. When we got through the field and to the next house, the man of the house told us it wasn't safe to go farther because he had seen a scouting party go that way. He told us another near route back to Lee's headquarters.

We arrived there in due time and stayed all night and they told us where to find the command. We at last reached them and turned our prisoner over to the provost guard, and made a second start for Orange C. H. I hadn't eaten anything for a couple of days and would get so sick every few miles that I'd have to get off and lie on the ground awhile and try it again. After two days riding and resting along, we reached camp and you may know I was glad to get back. I was sick for a week or so and every thing remained quiet for some time.

This was nearing fall and we soon began fixing up winter quarters. We tented in a heavy piece of timber and built a wind brake back of the encampment. We had built log huts for winter quarters before this, but just lived in our tents the winter of '63 as we were expecting to have to move at any time. Nothing occurred during the winter to break our rest. We kept up picket duty, of course, and had fairly good rations, principally corn bread and pork with some beef. The country

had been so over-run that we couldn't expect to fare as well as we had previously.

We broke camp the early part of march and moved to Fredericksburg. The evening we started, after we had saddled up, we were waiting for further orders and about half of the boys lay down by the wind brake and went to sleep. The horses were all hitched around,, just where we had kept them all winter. Some of the boys thought things were too quiet, so they slipped around and set fire to the dry pine brush of the wind brake, and such a scare as the fellows had when they waked up. The men jumped and some ran off without their guns or pistols, and every little while the fire would burn over one and it would fire away. The horses then got scared and we had a general awakening. Some of the boys used Sunday words, lavishly, I'll tell you. If they could only catch the fellow who set the brush, was the cry; but catching him was the thing. Every fellow was perfectly innocent, of course.

At about 8 o'clock at night we had orders to march toward Fredericksburg. As the roads were bad, the wagons made poor time, so we didn't get there until the next day.

As soon as we arrived a detail was made from all the companies to send men down to help draw a seine. I got permission to ride about some and took one of the roads made by the infantry the year before, when the battle was fought there. I heard a man cursing at the top of his voice and I went to him and his wagon had upset with a load of fish. I helped him turn his wagon back and to reload his fish and he was very grateful for my help, so much so, that he gave me a dozen fine hickory shad. I strung my fish up and hung them to my saddle and started on toward the fishing, and directly I heard my man yelling and cursing and I rode back to find his wagon upset again and every fish on the ground. I helped him load up again and he gave me another dozen. My hands and clothes were considerably soiled by this time, so I decided to go back with him. He was going to the camp with the fish, so I helped him on out of the woods. Every time the wagon would strike the roots of the trees the fish would slip first to one side of the bed and then the other and by both of holding and watching we kept them from upsetting the wagon again. When I got back our quarter-master had issued fish to the men, so with my extra 2 dozen, we had a fish feast.

REMINISCENCES OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

CHAPTER IV.

FOURTH YEAR OF THE WAR.

We remained at that camp until the morning of the 4th of May, when we tore down our tents and started to Spottsylvania C. H. When we got there we were ordered out to take a place near Todd's Tavern, where we were ordered to fortify.

In a few hours Gen. Sedwick, with the 19th army corps marched againsed us. A desperate fight ensued. We fought from behind our log fortifications; he charged again and again during the whole day, but we continued driving him back. Our loss was light, as we were well fortified, but the ground over which they charged was left blue with their slain. Gen. Ulysees Grant had already been appointed commander-in-chief of the Yankee forces and was now in Spottsylvania Co. His motto was "never to give up" so he reinforced Sedgwick the next day with another army corps, which meant 30,000 or 40,000 men. The first day I receipted for 100 rounds of ammunition and shot it all and the next day for 115 and used all that the 2nd day. The others all did about the same. They had removed the dead during the night and charged over the same ground all of the second day. We held our same position behind the fortifications and lost very few men, but the ground in front of us was blue with the poor boys in blue, again by night fall. We left a strong force at the fortifications during the night, but a part of us went into camp near by.

We went back to our position in the morning of the 3rd day and the Yankee's had moved their dead, but were reinforced and ready to charge us again and continued until about the middle of the day. One of our Bedford boys "Lil" Johnson, looked over the fortifications and was shot through the head and killed instantly. Another fellow Creed Hubbard was killed by a bullet passing through the fortifications. Chas. Price, Newt. Shaver and I were side by side as we had been for three days firing at the enemy, when another bullet came through the fortifications and struck Newt. in the breast and he fell dead, as we thought. I put my hand into his bosom to see if we could stop the bullet wound from bleeding and found there wasn't a particle of blood. He had just been stuned so we soon revived him with water, and just then one of our couriers came in sight and was killed. Some one ran up to him and found a dispatch in his hand ordering us to fall back. Our breastworks had caught on fire at the extreme ends of our line

and our men had already been ordered back, but we were the last to receive the order.

The enemy was pressing harder, of course, and just as we started back, after our breastworks had caught on fire, Chas. Price took Newt's gun to carry and I took his arm to help him, as he was still weak from the shock and a bullet struck him in the arm, that was locked in mine. We had to leave our dead men at the breastworks to burn. I only saw the two right near me, in fact they were about 3rd or 4th man from me, but of course, there were others all along the line. Still our loss was very meager, compared to the enemy. We fell back until we reached Gen. Lomax's breastworks. When we crossed over and laid down, I told Newt I wanted to find out why that first ball that struck him didn't enter his body and I asked him what he had in his pocket. He said he had the bible that his mother gave him, when he left home. I looked and found the bullet more than half way through the little bible. So it had saved his life.

I turned him over to the ambulance corps to be cared for. The enemy's whole line of battle followed us, but only the sharpshooters came in sight. We waited for the line to appear to open fire, but as they didn't, Col. Munford ordered our sharpshooters to re-cross the breastworks and charge the enemy who was hiding behind the trees and firing oc-asionally.

Edward Brugh, of Co. C., 2nd VA Cavalry, who was commanding us, ordered us to advance and try to keep the trees between us and the enemy as much as possible. Just as I got to a large tree a man behind it fired at Brugh who was behind another tree to my right, and shot him through the lung. I ran around the tree expecting to get him, but he had dodged behind another tree and I didn't get a shot at him. Lieut. Hayth was put in Brugh's stead and we followed on a drove them nearly to our breastworks that had been burned. I was in the front line and just as we were ordered to halt, I saw a Yankee officer lying dead, as I thought, with his head between two small shrubs. I went to him and saw that he was shot through the head and thought from his appearance that he might have money, so I examined his pockets and found none, but found a splendid silver watch. One of Co. K's men was with me and he said: "Peck, I am going to take his boots, he'll never need them again." Just as he aimed to pull one off, the man kicked him and sent him a couple of somersaults. I looked and saw that our men had gotten some distance back toward our breastworks, so we started back in double quick time, I'll tell you.

The enemy's skirmish line began firing on and we ran at full speed. I carried the watch in my hand, so if I was shot I could throw it away. I didn't want them to kill or capture me with a dead Yankees property on my person. We didn't overtake

our men until we crossed the breastworks, and we crossed right where Capt. James Breckinridge was and laid down by his side. He said to me: "The boys thought you were either killed or captured as you didn't get back with them." I then showed him the watch and told him of my hunting for money and finding it. Capt. B. took the watch and looked at it and saw that it belonged to Col. E. L. Sindler, of the 1st Va. U. S. Cavalry. Col. Munford said he knew the man well; had gone to school with him at West Point, and had been his class-mate and graduated with him. Capt. B. wanted to trade me a gold watch for it, and I sent the gold watch home, and he carried Col. Sindler's watch until he was killed at the battle of Five Forks.

It wasn't long until night-fall, so the enemy let us remain in camp until morning. We arose early and the infantry had arrived by this time, and we fortified, expecting them to do the fighting and we could look on. The infantry had been in camp nearer Richmond and didn't get to us in time to share our three days fight.

Gen. Lee ordered us out near where our breastworks had been burned, to bring on the fight, but before we got that far the enemy, hiding in the timber, fired on us and killed Capt. Breckinridge's horse, known to us as "Bull Locust." We retreated so they would come out in the field and follow us nearer to the breastworks where we could have a chance at them and the infantry opened fire on them. Just at this time Col. Munford received a dispatch from Gen. J. E. B. Stewart, that Sheridan, who had been fighting in the southwest was advancing on Richmond with 15,000 men and 90 pieces of artillery, principally parot guns. Munford ordered us to follow him in a gallop, which we did.

We halted after galloping about twelve miles, when we were nearing Sheridan's rear. He was in a country where a great deal of broom sage grew and to keep us from overtaking him he had fired the country for miles. We rushed right through the fire singing our eye-brows and our horses manes and tails, but succeeded in coming on his rear and also getting a portion of our army in front of him at a place near Beaver Dam.

As Sheridan had so much larger force of men and equipments than Stewart, we had to give way at several points, to protect ourselves, but when we got to Yellow Tavern, about 9 miles from Richmond, Stewart determined to make a stand and save Richmond. Stewart rode in front of his line and told us that Richmond's destiny lay at our hands; that in three more miles Sheridan could reach the Heights from which we could throw Greek fire from the parot guns and shell the town. Richmond houses were principally covered with shingle roofing at that

time and not so many brick buildings, and as the parot guns could throw a shell 6 miles, and when it struck it would explode and throw fire in every direction, it would have been an easy and short take to have set it all on fire. We had come experience with Greek fire and knew what it was to extinguish it. It was a very dry time, too, but a cloud arose and just as the battle began the cloud reached us and a dreadful storm followed. The lightning and cannonading were so terrific, that sometimes we couldn't tell the flashing of one from the other. The rain was just pouring and often the ammunition would get so wet, as we were loading our guns, that they wouldn't fire.

The Penn. cavalry made a desperate charge and took three of Stewart's artillery guns. Stewart, with his 1st Va. regiment, the one that he had gone out with, aimed to retake the guns, and one of the Penn. cavalry, who had gotten out into our lines before falling back and saw Stewart and recognized him, I suppose, fired and mortally wounded him. We didn't get the guns but we held Sheridan back and saved Richmond. The battle only lasted something more than an hour, but in that short time we had lost one of our bravest and best men, Gen. J. E. Stewart.

We fought nearly the whole time in a down-pour of rain and the loss was heavy on both sides, but we felt the loss of our leader more than all of the privates, at this time, when the enemy was doubling in on us from all sides.

Sheridan was not easily defeated, we only spoiled one plan for him to make another to reach Richmond; that was to go down and cross the Chichahominy at Meadow Bridge. He began that movement as he fell back from Yellow Tavern.

Our pickets that evening and night found that he was moving in that direction, so we were ordered to move down and form a line of battle south of Meadow Bridge. The Chickahominy was very much swollen by the rain the day before and it was out over the swamps about waist deep on a man.

We were right at the bank of the river and saw so many large turtles, watching for bugs or anything that might be floated. We soon looked out across the river that had spread a mile or more over the swamp, and saw a number of objects that looked no larger than many of the turtles, advancing in regular line.

I told the boys that I believed that was Yankees wading in the water and trying to make us believe they were turtles. The other boys all thought they were turtles, though.

I was right in the road that crossed the bridge and had a good view, and felt sure they were men we saw and not turtles. So I called up to Lieut. McGruder to come down and investigate the matter. He hadn't much more than reached me, before these men in the water opened fire on us and killed McGruder while talking to me.

The Yankees were armed with Spencer rifles and it made no difference how wet they got the water couldn't penetrate the powder. They had stooped down until only their heads were above water, where it wasn't deep enough to hide them, and when they were yet about fifty yards out from the river in the swamp timber, they fired on us, killing several men of our skirmish line and the Lieut.

We were ordered to fall back over the crest of a little hill south of us, in double quick time. We had a very brave Irish Sergeant, who said he'd never run, and as we were going back in double quick time, the Capt. said to him:

"Paddy, I thought you'd never run."

He said : "Ah, Capt. It is shust this way. Those d---d rascals have played turtle on us and it is better for a fellow to be a coward for a few minutes, than a corpse for the rest of his life. Let the d---d rascals come our of the water loike min, and I'll foight them until hell freezes over and and thin I'll foight thim on the ice."

We fell back to our regular line of battle and artillery and when they came out of the water we ruched up to the top of the hill with our artillery and charged them, driving them back through the river with heavy slaughter.

Gen. Stewart, who had been taken to his brother-in-law's home in Richmond, and was gradually growing worse, heard the cannonading and asked what it meant. They told him that Sheridan was aiming to cross at Meadow Bridge, and that FitzLee and Wade Hampton were holding the ford. Stewart's reply was: "If Fitz Lee is there with the Va. cavalry, Richmond is safe." These were the last words he spoke, that any one could understand. I'll tell you it did our sad hearts good to know that the man we had fought with that long, had that confidence in us and that we could be among his last thoughts.

At about two o'clock the water had run down considerably, and some of us crossed to see if we could locate Sheridan's movements. Scouting parties were sent in every direction and we soon found that he had retreated in the direction of the White House on the York River.

Crook - Fisher

Deed Book 45 pages 343-344: Deed 30 March 1895 between Nancy Fisher, Geo. C. Fisher, John H. Fisher, William T. Fisher, Clara P. Fisher and wife Ann M. Fisher and Sallie M. Fisher heirs of Geo. L. Fisher, deceased to District School Trustees of Gills Creek District. Parties of first part for and in consideration of the building of a Public school house for white children convey to Trustees and their successors in office 1 acre (with right of way to water in Franklin County). "Beg. at a rock corner in Crook's line on north bank of Greer's Ford road, thence S 90° E 9' E 12 Po to pointers; thence S 71 1/2° E 12 1/2 Pos. to pointers thence No 9° W 12 poles to said road; thence N 71 1/2° W 13 pos. to beg."

Nancy Fisher, George C. Fisher, John H. Fisher, Ann M. Fisher,
Sallie M. Fisher, William T. Fisher, Clarra P. Fisher
R. C. Shaon, NP given 30 March 1895
Recorded 1 Jan 1895

(Note: From compiler, recall reading report of Franklin County, Virginia public schools indicated this school in very poor condition by about 1905 and was valued at about \$5.00. My father, Daniel Rufus Ralph Sink remembered the old school building as a locator in finding his ancestor, Stephen Sink's cemetery. When we were there in 1976, the old school was long gone as well as other identifying landmarks for him. We were unable to find it. Several years later after his death in 1979, his sister, Neora Marie (Sink) Vaughan gave me excellent directions. It was off Route 670 unto Road 900 south about a mile, with looking for the metal gate at the top of a long hill. Based on what information I have, the school should have been somewhat across from this stated intersection and probably the Dillon Store, a neighborhood general store. Apparently the old road known as "the Greer's Ford road" is presently known as Route 670 in the Burnt Chimney area of the county and goes past Burnt Chimney School.)

Deed Book 72 page 174: Deed 19 May 1922 J. D. D. Perdue and Drusie his wife to Jube Taylor for sum \$500 tract near Taylor's Store containing 76a ml. "Beg. at a spanish oak tree in Price's line and with road E. or NE to rock planted on side of road and then southward with road to rock planted on side of road at S. E. corner of field near hollow, then west or S. W. to rock planted at end of wire fence in Crook's line then north or N. W. with Crook's line to Price's line, then with Price's line to starting part."

J. D. D. Perdue. Drusie Perdue
Clerk's Office recorded May 29, 1922.
R. C. Shaon, justice 16 Feb 1901
Recorded 2 Aug 1901

(Note: from compiler, many members of the Jube Taylor family are buried nearby in Chestnut Grove Baptist Church Cemetery located on Route 672 near Route 670, which was near the old "Road to Taylor's Store". In the 1980s, a local resident had a Mr. Taylor, take us on a walking trip on the old Stephen Altick land (most likely part of Lawrence Bousman's tracts) to locate a lone one man unmarked cemetery. He found it and it had a rock. I wonder if it could have been Richard Fisher, husband of the daughter of Mary "Polly" Bousman.)

Compiled by: Mary Ann (Sink) Barnes; 1204 Allison Drive; Rockville, Md. 20851. June, 1996. Descendant of Stephen Sink, American Revolutionary War Soldier, Pennsylvania Militia of Chester County. He is buried about .9 mile south of the community market located at the intersection of Secondary Roads 670 and 900 on land designated by deed as "the Sink Cemetery" in Franklin County, Virginia.

African American Ancestry

The following pages contain a copy of the minutes for a 1933 program conducted by African American employees of Norfolk and Western.

The type-script was written by J. Lewis Majors.

Contributed to V.A.N. by Daniel Jones.

PROGRAM

NORFOLK AND WESTERN VETERANS ASSOCIATION

COLORED DIVISION

Lewis Majors - Chairman

HARRISON Davis, Vice-Chairman

Roanoke, June 24, 1933

INVOCATION - by J. T. Williams

PRESENTATION OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEMBERS

SINGING OF THEME SONG - Lead by President T.F. Sheehan

A MESSAGE FROM THE RAILROAD MANAGEMENT - by F.E. Chabot

THE SOUTHLAND SINGERS - Vocal Selections

ADDRESS - President T. F. Sheehan

VOCAL SELECTIONS - Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Robinson

ADDRESS - Vice-President W. B. Carter

SOLO - by Edward Logan

ADDRESS - by Chairman Lewis Majors

THE ROBINSON SINGERS - Vocal Selections

SECRETARY-TREASURER'S REPORT

SOLO-- by President T. F. Sheehan

SINGING OF THEME SONG

ADJOURNMENT

[Portion too dark to reprint]

Mr. Chabot presents Chairman Majors and Vice-Chairman Harrison Davis and they simply rise and bow as their names are called. Then Chairman Majors takes charge of the meeting.

CHAIRMAN MAJORS SAYS:

"It is an honor and a pleasure to serve as your chairman and to preside at this meeting. I think it is generally understood that this is a sectional meeting of our division and that, therefore, no regular business will be transacted. It is a get-together meeting, the first we have held since our memorable meeting at Bay Shore, near Buckroe Beach, and I hope that our program today will be such as to make you feel that it was worth-while to be here.

INVOCATION -

"At this time I will ask Brother J. W. Williams, one of our fellow veterans, to invoke the Divine Blessing upon our meeting.

CHAIRMAN MAJORS SAYS:

"It is now my pleasure to present the white officers of our association who are with us. I will ask them simply to stand as I call their names. They will be invited to speak to us a little later in the meeting.

President T. F. Sheehan

Second Vice-President W. B. Carter

Secretary-Treasurer F. E. Chabot

CHAIRMAN ANNOUNCES:

"Now let's see how well we can all sing together. We have a little theme song--used at the sectional meetings of the white division--and I believe you will enjoy it. President T. F. Sheehan will explain the song and lead us in singing it. Mr. Sheehan."

CHAIRMAN MAJORS SAYS:

"I understand that our secretary-treasurer, Mr. Chabot, has a special message for us and I will ask him to speak ^{to us now} ~~at this time~~."

CHAIRMAN MAJORS:

"We have with us today The Southland Singers and they will sing for us at this time. Mr. David Traynham is our pianist."

CHAIRMAN MAJORS:

"It is now my privelege to give the floor to our President, Mr. T. F. Sheehan who will talk to you."

CHAIRMAN Majors:

"It is a pleasure to present at this time Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Robinson who will sing for us."

CHAIRMAN MAJORS:

"I next present Vice-President W. B. Carter who will speak to us."

CHAIRMAN MAJORS:

"Edward Logan, soloist, will give us a selection now."

CHAIRMAN MAJORS MAKES ADDRESS ABOUT AS FOLLOWS:

"It will be two years in September since we have had an annual meeting and this is my first opportunity to speak to you collectively. I wish it had been possible for all members of our division to be here and there probably would have been more if we could have had a regular meeting. I look forward to the time when we can hold another such meeting as we had in 1931.

"Now, as you will learn from the secretary's report to be made in a few minutes, our division does not have as many members as it should. Of course I can understand that there are many colored employees of the Norfolk and Western who are eligible for membership but who do not feel able to join because they have not had regular work. But there should be quite a few who would join if we would go after them. I'd like to ask you to do what you can to increase our membership. Our secretary-treasurer will be glad to help in any way that he can, I'm sure.

Another ^{thing} ~~matter~~ I would like to mention is the matter of paying dues for the year 1932. There are about 30 members who have not paid for that year as yet and I understand they were given copies of a general letter sent out by our secretary-treasurer. Of course such members are not delinquent as yet but it is desired that they be paid as early as possible. If for any reason you are not able to pay them now the secretary-treasurer would appreciate ^a note from you explaining your situation so that when the proper time comes he can place your case before the executive committee. I ^{am} sure our officers are all men who understand existing conditions and that they will be very reasonable in considering such cases. You understand that those who paid, or are required to pay, dues for 1932 do not have to pay dues for 1933. This rule was made by our executive committee because we did not have a regular annual meeting in 1932. However, the secretary-treasurer has been authorized to collect dues for next year but they will not be payable until January 1, 1934.

"I will now ask the Robinson Singers to give us a selection."

CHAIRMAN MAJORS SAYS:

"Our secretary-treasurer will give us a report on the affairs of our division. Mr. Chabot."

Chairman Majors:

"You have heard Mr. Chabot's report. I would like to ask at this time that we all stand for a moment in silent meditation out of respect for our deceased brothers."

CHAIRMAN MAJORS SAYS:

"Now, I have a pleasant surprise for you. Our president, Mr. T. F. Sheehan is going to sing for us. Mr. Sheehan has 48 years of service despite his appearance of youth. When you hear him I'm sure you will be very agreeably surprised. Mr. Sheehan."

Mr. Sheehan again leads audience in singing "We've Been Workin' on the Railroad."

CHAIRMAN MAJORS:

"This concludes our program. I want to thank you all for coming out, and I want particularly to thank all of these musical artists for providing so much enjoyment here today. Goodbye and goodluck until our next meeting."

The following pages contain a listing of African Americans living in Northwest Roanoke City. The purpose of the list is unknown. It is possible that this is the membership of some fraternal organization since consecutive dates are listed, perhaps to be checked off for the payment of dues. This list was prepared by J. Lewis Majors who resided with his wife, Martha, at 324 Gilmer Ave., NW. The type-script was prepared by Mrs. J. M. Warren, a clerk at the Norfolk and Western office located at 918 Norfolk Ave., S.W.

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North West Men

Arrington, T. E.....	721	Moorman Rd. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Bashman, W. W. -----	822	7th St. N. W.....	1941	1942	1943
Baskerville, Junius...	502	Tenth Ave., N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Birkes, R. H.....	522	McDowell Ave. N. W..	1941	1942	1943
Board, McKinley.....	220	Patton Ave., N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Bunbray, Howard.....	616	McDowell Ave. N.W....	1941	1942	1943
Burrell, R. C.....	122	Patton Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Burrell, W. H.....	604	Harrison Ave. N. W..	1941	1942	1943
Bryd, Joe.....	605	Madison Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Caldwald, Jas. R.....	304	Gilmer Ave., N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Calloway, Julian H....	241	Madison Avenue, N.W.	1941	1942	1943
Clark, Allen W.....	711	Madison Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Cobbs, Earlie.....	713	McDowell Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Cooper, Calvin.....	211	Madison Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Cooper, Clarence....	1015	Henry St. N. W.....	1941	1942	1943
Cruise, Chas.....	829	Harrison Ave. N.W....	1941	1942	1943
Daniel, James.....	512	McDowell Ave. N. W..	1941	1942	1943
Daniels, Geo. R.....	527	McDowell Ave. N. W..	1941	1942	1943
Davis, Willard L.....	708	Rutherford Ave. N.W.	1941	1942	1943
Davis, William,.....	604	Eighth St. N. W. 111.	1941	1942	1943
Dennis, Elmore E.....	315	Madison Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Dennis, Harrison.....	606	Loudon Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Dent, John H.....	319	Madison Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Dent, William G. Jr...	304	Fourth St. N. W.....	1941	1942	1943
Divers, Samuel.....	154				
Dudley, Calmeze H....	405	Gilmer Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Dudley, E. R.....	405	Gilmer Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Dupree, H. K.....	308	Gilmer Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Edwards, Marcellus...	423	Moorman Rd. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Faulkner, T. B.....	622	Harrison Ave. N. W..	1941	1942	1943
Findley, Thos. E.....	611	Moorman Ave., N. W..	1941	1942	1943
Fleming, Legrarde....	414	Gilmer Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Giddings, Percy.....	11	Thrid Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Gilliam, W. A.....	202	Wells Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Golden, Robert.....					
Hale, Thomas R.....	601	Moorman Rd., N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Haynes, H. W.....	512	5th St. N. W.....	1941	1942	1943
Hicks, John Jugo.....	923	Lynchburg Ave., N.W.	1941	1942	1943
Hodges, Sam.....	812	7th St. N. W.....	1941	1942	1943
Holland, Alphonso....	547	Madison Ave. N.W....	1941	1942	1943
Holland, Jeremiah....	516	Chestnut Ave., N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Johnson, E. L.....	519	Fairfax Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Jones, Tyree.....	121	Harrison Ave. N. W..	1941	1942	1943
Jones, W. Lloyd.....	206	McDowell Ave. N. W..	1941	1942	1943
Jordan, John H.....	905	Madison Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Jumper, Clarence.....	222	Gilmer Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Kaiser, E. B.....	518	Madison Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Keeling, Samuel.....	512	McDowell Ave. N. W..	1941	1942	1943
King, Walter C.....	339	McDowell Ave. N. W..	1941	1942	1943
Kyle, R. H.....	714	Harrison Ave. N. W..	1941	1942	1943
Lipscomb, Sam Lewis...	106	High St. N. W.....	1941	1942	1943
Lynch, Frank.....	604	Tenth St. N. W.....	1941	1942	1943
Martin, James H.....	514	Eighth St. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Martin, William.....	400	Harrison Ave. N. W..	1941	1942	1943
Mason, John.....	711	Harrison Ave. N.W....	1941	1942	1943
Montgomery, Caesar...	713	Eighth St. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Morant, Isiah.....	225	Center Ave. N.W....	1941	1942	1943

North West Men Continued

Morton, Charles.....	343	Second Ave. N. Wl....	1941	1942	1943
Palmer, Donald.....	615	Fairfax Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Pierce, Jackson.....	518	Harrison Ave. N.W....	1941	1942	1943
Pinkhard, Frank N.....	228	Gilmer Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Powell, L. W.....	707	Harrison Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Preston, Ernest.....	413	McDowell Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Paige, Claude.....	319	Harrison Ave. N.W....	1941	1942	1943
Pettus, John E.....	805	Rutherford Ave. N.W.	1941	1942	1943
Reed, Tazewell L.....	417	Patton Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Reeves, John R.....	400	Harrison Ave. N.W....	1941	1942	1943
Rivens, W.W.....	327	McDowell Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Robinson, George.....	531	McDowell Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Saunders, Thomas.....	230	Rutherford Ave. N.W.	1941	1942	1943
Sears, Thomas E.....	543	Madison Ave., N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Sewell, Jas. H.....	511	Gilmer Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Short, Charles.....	518	Moorman Rd. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Simmons, Wm J.....	307	Patton Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Simon, Roger H.....	380	Patton Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Simpson, Amelia.....	303	N. Henry Street.....	1941	1942	1943
Smith, Granville.....	239	Madison Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Steptoe, Hersey T.....	836	Madison Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Stewart, J. S.	824	Rutherford Ave. N.W.	1941	1942	1943
Vaughan, T. R.....	916	Madison Ave. N.W....	1941	1942	1943
Vaughan, W. H.....	812	Eighth St. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Wagner, McKinley.....	345	Chestnut Ave. N.W....	1941	1942	1943
Watson, S. H.....	529	Rutherford Ave. N.W....	1941	1942	1943
Watson, J. Grant.....	402	Harrison Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Watts, Wm.....	221	Hilmer Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
White, J. W.....	308	Wells Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Williams Albert S.....	302	Harrison Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Williams, Harvey.....	715	Harrison Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Worthy, William.....	225	Madison Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Wright, Clarence.....	507	Fairfax Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Wright, George.....	607	Harrison Ave., N.W....	1941	1942	1943
Wright, John.....	527	McDowell Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Yancey, Olon.....	508	Harrison Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Young, Robert D.....	317	Harrison Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943

North West Men

Means, H. W.....	430	Rutherford Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943
Morton, Chas.....	343	Second Ave. N. W....	1941	1942	1943

Norwest Women

Anderson, Annie May.....	133	McDowell Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Ballou, Ruth.....	425	Shenandoah Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Baskerville, Lucy.....	502	Tenth Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Bethel, Virginia.....	315	McDowell Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Burrell, Gwendolyn.....	122	Patton Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Craig, Mamie B.....	600	Rutherford Ave. N.W.	1941	1942	1943
Davis, Emma Louise.....	708	Rutherford Ave., N.W.	1941	1942	1943
Denmon, Elizabeth.....	214	N. Jefferson St.	1941	1942	1943
Dillard, Marion Augusta	330	Gilmer Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Dudley, Theressa H.....	405	Gilmer Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Edwards, Thelma.....	425	Moorman Rd. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Faulkner, Marie.....	823	Rutherford Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Fox, Laura K.....	609	Harrison Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Fultz, Laura.....	325	Chestnut Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Gilliam, Elizabeth.....	202	Wells Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Hairston, Lizzie.....	214	Harrison Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Harris, Elsie.....	206	Rutherford Ave. N.W.	1941	1942	1943
Haynes, Ruby.....	512	Park St. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Henry, Ollie.....	233	Gilmer Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Hodges, Atelia.....	812	Seventh St. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Holland, Georgia.....	516	Chestnut Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Hughes, Sarah.....	512	Gainsboro Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Jefferson, Mollie.....	417	Park St. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Johnson Johnson.....	522	Rutherford Ave. N.W.	1941	1942	1943
Jones, Lula.....	718	Gainsboro Ave. N.W.	1941	1942	1943
Kasey, Artie Mae.....	414	Patton Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
King, Ola.....	339	McDowell Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Lavender, Mary.....	516	Chestnut Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Leach, Mary.....	301	Loudon Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Lynch, Letitia.....	907	Madison Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Means, Annie.....	430	Rutherford Ave. N.W.	1941	1942	1943
Montgomery, Elizabeth..	713	8th St. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Paige, Sarah.....	319	Harrison Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Palmer, Elizabeth.....	615	Fairfax Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Penn, Rosa.....	629	Harrison Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Pittman, Lucy.....	534	Chestnut Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Price, Mamie.....	621	Rutherford Ave. N.W.	1941	1942	1943
Potter, Nannie.....	620	Rutherford Ave. N.W.	1941	1942	1943
Roberson, Fannie.....	316	Patton Ave., N.W.	1941	1942	1943
Saunders, Myrtle.....	615	Harrison Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Shannon, Laura.....	507	N. Jefferson St.	1941	1942	1943
Simmons, Muriel.....	307	Patton Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Simpson, Amelia.....	303	N. Henry Street	1941	1942	1943
Spain, Zenobia.....	324	Rutherford Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Steptoe, Virginia.....	836	Madison Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Straw, Ida K.....	825	Madison Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Thomas, Mattie.....	707	Seventh Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Thompson, Sallie.....	335	Center Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Waddell, Anna Bell.....	340	9th Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Wagstaff, Carolyn.....	529	Madison Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
West Rosa.....	423	Gilmer Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
White, Montena.....	902	McDowell Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Whitlock, Audrey.....	619	Fairfax Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Whitworth, Helen.....	522	Gilmer Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Woods, Julia.....	607	Mercer Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943
Worthy, Hattie.....	225	Madison Ave. N. W.	1941	1942	1943

North West Women

Clark, Juanita.....	711 Madison Ave. N. W..	1941	1942	1943
Clark, Zelma.....	711 Madison Ave. N. W..	1941	1942	1943
Rogers, Gwnedolyn.....	512 Park St. N. W.....	1941	1942	1943

In Memory



It is with great sadness that we report the passing of one of our loyal contributors to the V.A.N. E. Elizabeth (Libbie) Spoelma passed away on January 26, 2009. At her memorial service on January 31, 2009 her daughter read one of Libbie's stories from the V.A.N. as a eulogy. Her endearing, sweet stories about growing up in Roanoke will greatly be missed in these pages.

From Libbie's funeral bulletin:

When life seems dark and empty
 and there's no hope in sight
 look for God to send an angel
 to guide you toward the light.

-When God Sends an Angel (2007, Pg. 4)

Botetourt County Death Records by Charles T. Burton, Continued

McCLURE, William T - b ca 1842 Pa - d 11 May 1889 Bot Co (death paper) - f
John McCLURE - wife Susan (or Sarah) J - ch Vernon, Mazie, Clifton H, Berta

McCLUSKY (or MACLUSKY), Nancy - b ca 1789 Bot Co - d 1859 - age 70y - f
George CLAPSADLE - cd age - rep by bro John CLAPSADLE

McCONKEY, George - d by 14 May 1838 (sons called orphans) - sons: all under
14, Allen, Samuel, John, James

McCONNELL see David J MAYS

McCONNELL, James - d by June 1813 - ref WB B p338, will dated 6 May 1813, WB
C p155 settlement, WB C p163 division - wife Nancy; Ch James, Peter, Jesy,
John dec'd (md Catherine); others John RIDDLESBARGER & wife, Thomas JENEY -
Ex^{TS} James McCONNELL, Thomas WILSON - [Note: wife d 25 Apr 1818 (WB C p155)
(see her card)

McCONNELL, James - b ca 1779 - d 9 Apr 1821 - age 42y - f James McCONNELL,
dec'd - rep "Herald of the Valley" 16 Apr 1821; WB C p314, 339; will dated
28 Mar 1821 - Relatives: others: James D & Delilah McCONNELL (of Peter);
Demaris McCONNELL (of John); Mitchell McDONNELL (of Jesse); John T Wilson
(of Thomas); Jesse ROWLAND, Rev Robert LOGAN, John NELLY - Ex^S Thomas WIL-
SON, John KELLY

McCONNELL, John - d by 13 May 1817 (ch called orphans) - ch Nancy & James B
(both over 14); Sophia & Demaris (both under 14) - (Sophia was over 14 by 11
Feb 1822)

McCONNELL, Lucinda - b ca 1818 Bot Co - d 24 Aug 1862 - age 44y - f Philip
MALORY - cd not known - rep by hus William McCONNELL

McCONNELL, Nancy - d by 25 Apr 1818 (see WB C p155) - Ref WB C p137, will
dated 18 Feb 1818 - ch Peter, James - hus James McCONNELL dec'd

McCONNELL, William Jasper - b 2 Oct 1826 (or 1836) Fincastle - d 13 Dec 1916
- f maybe George McCONNELL - m Mary BLAKE (b Fincastle) - buried Oriskany
Cem - cd Brights Disease & heart trouble

McCOOL see Sarah Ann BROUGHMAN

McCORK(K)LE see Henry HOLSTON Sr

McCROMACK see W A GRALEY, Joe L LINKENHOKER

McCOWN, Patrick - d by 10 Nov 1772 - Ref WB A p29, app & admr bond - on 10
Nov 1772 orphan ROBERT - admr William FLEMING

McCOY see John JONES, Thomas GROSS, James Edward LINKENHOKER, Louise WAUGH

McCOY, Bernice - b unkn - d 5 Nov 1916 - f McCOY - m unkn - buried Co Alms
House cem - cd epilepsy

McCRAWFORD see Hammond Grabill MORGAN

McCRAV see John KESSLER

McCRA Y, Cathernie - b 19 Jan 1850 - d 21 Mar 1927 - grave Mt Union Cem

McCRA Y, Elizabeth - b ca 1869 - d 30 Sep 1931 - age 62y - grave Mt Union Cem

McCRA Y, Elvira - b 30 Mar 1843 Rke Co - d 16 May 1915 - f Charles McCRA Y (b Amh Co) - m Mary (WEBSTER) (b Rke Co) - buried Carvins Cove Cem - cd Lung trouble

McCREA, Julia - b July 1845 Rke Co - d 31 Oct 1912 - f John McCRAE ? - m ??? buried Mt Pleasant Cem - cd Volvular heart disease

McCRERY, ___ - d by 13 Aug 1803 (his orphans, not named, gdn) - orphans named in suit 16 Aug 1804: Mary "Polly" over 14 by 8 Sep 1812; Elizabeth "Betsy" over 14 by 8 Sep 1812; John, Nancy

McCREARY, Andrew H - b 4 May 1824 - d 24 Sep 1844 - Ref Lemontown gravestone - Adm Francis T Anderson (10 Apr 1854)

McCREARY, Frances - b 13 Oct 1767 - d 1 Oct 1814 - age 46y 11m 18d - w/o James McCREARY (d 1828) - Ref Lemontown gravestone

McCREARY, Fulton - b 14 July 1804 - d 24 Sep 1844 - Ref Lemontown gravestone

McCREARY, James - b 18 Aug 1758 - d 1 Sep 1828 - age 70y 0m 13d - h/o Frances McCREARY (d 1814) - Ref Lemontown gravestone

McCRERY, John - d by 15 Oct 1802 - Ref WB B p91, 160, app 8 settlement - adm^r Timothy PATTERSON - [See Chalkley's Records of Aug Co, Va, Vol II p216: h/o Hannah & f/o Mary (md John H PECK); Elizabeth (md Robert H CALHOUN); John E & Nancy

McCR[E]ARY, Margaret A (unmd) - b 15 Jan 1802 Bot Co (census #369) - d 25? or 27 (# was written over) Apr 1857 - cd consumption - rep by sis Elizabeth McCRA Y - Ref Death bk; Lemontown gravestone - Ex John E McCREERY

McCRERY, Solomon - d by Feb 1800 - Ref WB A p532, app

McCRASKY see Hattie PAINTER

McCULLEY (maybe McCULLOCH), Nelly - d by 8 Sep 1778 (son called an orphan) - son John

McCULLOCH see Elizabeth WILLIAMS, Elizabeth THOMAS, Henry Hepler KESSLER, Madison Woodson KESSLER, Nancy Ann KESSLER, Sarah KESSLER, William G (orC) KESSLER, James B THOMAS

McCULLOCH, infant - d by 1 Dec 1875 - m Emma McCulloch - cd natural causes - Ref Inquest papers

McCULLOCH, David (md) - d 29 Dec 1862 - Richmond, Va - cd not known - rep by f-i-1 John WILLIAMS - h/o Sophia WILLIAMS

McCULLOCH, Elizabeth WILLIAMS - b 30 May 1819 - d 1 Dec 1891 -f WILLIAMS - w/o Madison McCULLOCH (1819-1896) - Ref Mill Creek gravestone

McCULLOCH, J R - b ca 1865 unkn - d 10 Dec 1915 - f unkn - m unkn - buried High Bridge Cem - cd found dead in bed, supposed heart clot

McCULLOCH, Jerry D - b 1 May 1862 - d 11 Feb 1884 - grave Mill Creek Cem

McCULLOCH, Lucretia M - b ca 1859 Bot Co - d 18 Dec 1860 - age 1y 6m - f M McCULLOCH - m Eliza - cd paralyzed - rep by father

McCULLOCH, Madison - b 6 Mar 1819 - d 8 Mar 1896 - h/o Elizabeth McCULLOCH (1819-1891) - Ref Mill Creek gravestone

McCULLOCH, Martha E - b 7 Apr 1847 Va - d 20 July 1916 - f John WILCHER (b Va) - m Polly (WATKINS) (b Va) - buried Buchanan Cem - cd carimoma of breast

McCULLOCH, Mary Ellen - b 19 Dec 1915 Bot Co - d 19 Dec 1915 - f J J McCULLOCH (b Rb Co) - m Elizabeth (RHODES) (b Rb Co) - buried Buchanan Cem - cd still born

McCULLOCH, Sophia - b 9 Oct 1820 Bot Co - d 24 Sep 1916 - f John WILLIAMS (b Bot Co) - m Elizabeth (ROCK) (b Bot Co) - buried Mill Creek Cem - cd artercoschrosis?? - w/o David McCULLOCH

McCULLOCH, Thomas - b ca 1824 Pa (census #1235) - d by 9 Feb 1852 - adm William KESSLER

McCULLY see McCULLEY, McCULLOCH, Nathaniel SCOTT

McCUTCHINS see Catherine ROBINSON

McCUTCHEN, Elizabeth - d ca 1879 - Ref Unrecorded will filed in "Unrecorded deeds etc"

McDANIEL see female COOK

McDANIEL, James Emory, Mrs - b 8 Feb 1870 Craig Co - d 9 Feb 1913 - f William Albert CUMB (b Canada) - m Maria Louise (ABAR) (b Canada) - buried Springwood Cem - cd Septicemia (retained child)

McDANIEL, Mary Ellen - b 21 Mar 1840 Giles Co - d 10 Apr 1917 - f Creed FRAZIER (b Va) - m unkn - buried Springwood Cem - cd TB of lung

McDONALD see David ROBINSON, Annie McDONALD RADER, Charles Hammond RADER, James ROWLAND, John THOMISON Jr

McDONALD, ___ - d by 11 Nov 1795 (son called an orphan) - son William

McDONALD, Ann [md #1 1807 Abraham PETERS, md #2 1831 Edward McDONALD] - b 3 Apr 1780 [or 1783 Md, census 1850 Bot Co #1597] - d 7 June 1880 - f [Adam or George] CRITZ - w/o Edward McDONALD - Ref Haymakertown gravestone - Ref Bot Co WB N p425, ch Jacob PETERS, Mary BIGLER, [Eliza (md Lewis HOUSMAN)] [note: Her son Jacob PETERS in 1880 census, both p^s b in Md. She was aged 100 in 1880 census & b in Md & both her parents b in Germany, she was with Jacob PETERS in 1880]

McDONALD, Annie (unmd) - b ca 1797 (census #1583) - d 27 Feb 1865 - age 68y - f William McDONALD - m Nancy Ann ROBINSON (b ca 1759, Census #1583) - Ref Mt Union gravestone - Ref WB L p60; bro & sis William & Priscilla - Ex William McDONALD (10 Apr 1865)

McDONALD, Bryan - d by 11 Feb 1777 (Kegley's p504; d 19 Jan 1777) - f [Bryan McDONALD (d 1757)] - m [Catherine ROBINSON] - Ref WB A p59, will dated 23 Dec 23 Dec 1773, Admr bond - wife Susannah; Ch James, William, Thomas, Edward, George, Mary, Susannah, Jane - admr James McDONALD, William McDONALD

McDONALD, Bryan Rowland - b 1797 - d 1874 - f Edward McDONALD - m Mary Rowland - [h/o Elizabeth McDONALD (Jonas & Elizabeth)] - Ref Mt union gravestone

McDONALD, Claudia - b [12] ca June 1858 Bot Co - d 19 Nov 1862 Lynchburg, Va - age 4y 5m 7d - f Lewis McDONALD - m Madge - cd scarlet fever - rep by father

McDONALD, David (unmd) - b 1785 (or 1790) Va (census #1583) - d 20 Nov 1864 (or 1863) - age 79y - f William McDONALD - m Nancy Ann ROBINSON (b ca 1759, census #1583) - Ref Mt Union gravestone - Ref WB k p810; bros & sis^s William Ann, Priscilla - Ex William McDONALD (8 Feb 1864)

McDONALD, Edward - d by 12 June 1770 (his heirs named) - f [Bryan McDONALD Sr] - m [Catherine ROBINSON] - heirs Catherine, Elizabeth, Nancy, Rebecca - see Order books, Bryan McDONALD their gdn

McDONALD, Edward [md #1 1788 Mary ROWLAND, md #2 1831 Mrs Ann (CRITZ) PETERS - b ca 1761 ?Bot Co (census #1597) - d 19 Apr 1855 - age 96y 6m 14d - f [Bryan McDONALD] - m [Susannah OGLE] - cd old age - rep by son George McDONALD - h/o Ann McDONALD - Ref WB I p344 - wife Ann; Ch Jane KYLE, Harriet KYLE, James, George, William, Bryan Rowland, Mary - Ex George McDONALD (14 Apr 1855)

McDONALD, George [md 1828 Susan M HARVEY] - d 1877 - f Edward McDONALD - m Mary ROWLAND - Ref WB N pl83 - ch E H, Lewis B, dau F M RICE

McDONALD, James - d 25 Aug 1777 (oral will) - f [Bryan McDONALD (d 1777)] - m [Susannah (d Mont Co 1801)] - Ref WB A p96, will dated (28 Aug 1777), admr bond - m Susannah; bros Edward, William, George; sis^s Mary, Susannah, Jean - admr William McDONALD

McDONALD, Lovuinia - b [3 Nov] ca 1866 Bot Co - d 20 Aug 1868 - age 2y - f William McDONALD - m Sarah - cd bold hives - rep by father

McDONALD, Mary (unmd) - b ca 1790 Bot Co - d 1 Oct 1855 - age 65y - f William McDONALD - m Nancy Ann ROBINSON - cd consumption - rep by bro William McDONALD

McDONALD, Nancy (unmd) - d 1843 - f William McDONALD - m Nancy Ann ROBINSON - Ref WB F p546 - bros & sis^s David, William, Mary, Anne, Priscilla

McDONALD, Priscilla (single) - b ca 1804 Bot Co (census #1583) - d 15 Oct 1865 f William McDONALD - m Nancy Anne ROBINSON (b ca 1759, census #1583) - cd consumption - rep by bro William A McDONALD - Ref Death bk; Mt Union gravestone - ref WB L p87 Bro William; sis Anne - Ex William McDONALD (11 Dec 1865)

McDONALD, William [md 3 Dec 1775 Nancy Ann ROBINSON] - b ca Sep 1756 - d 13 Dec 1833 - age 77y 2m 22d - f [Bryan McDONALD] - m [Susannah] - Ref Mt Union gravestone - Ref WB E p407; ch Bryan, David, William, Jane, Polly, Nancy, Anne, Priscilla

McDONALD, William - b 1799 (census #1583) - d 17 Jan 1881 - age 82y - f William McDONALD - m Nancy Ann ROBINSON - Ref Mt Union gravestone - Ref WB N p498; wife Sarah; ch Olivia S, Samuel C

McDOWELL see Harriet J KYLE, Matthew HARVEY

McDOWELL, Elizabeth - b ca 1807 Ireland (census #1311 - d 30 Nov 1857 - m Jane FERGUSON - rep by hus James McDOWELL

McDOWELL, James - d Oct 1771 - wife Elizabeth - only son James McDOWELL - bro Samuel McDOWELL - Ref Chalkley's Records of Aug Co, Vol II p69

McDOWEL, James (widower) - b ca 1800 Ireland (census #1311) - d 27 Aug 1858 - cd 'Pistle' wound - rep by son William K McDOWELL - h/o Elizabeth FERGUSON - Adm William K McDOWELL (14 Sep 1858)

McDOWELL, John W - b ca 1854 All Co - d 24 Jan 1865 - age 10y 2m - f Francis J McDOWELL - m Sarah A - cd disease of heart - rep by father

McELWAIN, Matthew - d by 9 Dec 1817 - Ref WB C p103, app

McFADDEN see Eva Lee DOBBS

McFADDEN, Charles - d by 16 Nov 1786 - Ref admr bond - admr John PRESTON

McFERRAN see Nicholas CARPER, Mary CALDWELL, Ella McFerran GILLIAM, John ALLEN, Placencia ALLEN

McFERRAN, James - d by Sep (marked out) written above is 18 Aug 1806 (date sworn to by witnesses) - m Anne McFERRAN - Ref WB B p126, oral will dated 15 Aug 1806

McFERRAN, John - d by 14 May 1776 - Ref WB A p67, will dated 27 Feb 1776, admr bond - wife Margaret; ch Samuel, Martin, Agnes, Martha, Mary (md [Philip] WATKINS); Jane, James, Thomas; Gch Robert WATKINS, John McFERRAN - admr Thomas McFERRAN, Samuel McFERRAN

McFERRAN, Martin - d by Feb 1816 - ref WB C p37, will dated 10 Dec 1814, codicil 8 Dec 1815 - Others: Jean McFERRAN, Samuel McFERRAN of Tn (his son Martin); Hetty McFERRAN - Exs Samuel McFERRAN, Charles BEALE

McFERRAN, Martin - b 28 Nov 1858 - d 23 Nov 1886 - h/o Penelope W McFERRAN (d 1880) - ref Fincastle Presby gravestone

McFERRAN, Penelope W - d 13 Sep 1880 - w/o Martin McFERRAN (d 1886) - Ref Fincastle Presby gravestone

McFERRAN, Samuel - d by Feb 1820 - Ref WB C p248, will dated 13 Jan 1820 - wife [Placencia]; ch Ann, Martin; niece Hetty McFERRAN - [Bot Co md 15 July 1802, Samuel McFERRAN & Placy VanMetre (his widow #2 John ALLEN]

McFERRAN, Thomas - d by 7 Aug 1820 (dau called an orphan) - dau Hetty (over 14)

McFERRAN, William - d by 25 Apr 1807 - ref WB B p272, app - adm^r Martin
McFERRAN, Thomas McFERRAN

McGAME, Mary Elizabeth - b 12 Mar 1838 Pa - d 25 May 1915 - f P R McNALL (b Indiana) - m Hannah (SHEPARDSON) (b Eng) - buried Philadelphia Pa cem - cd mitral regurgitation

McGEE see Thomas REYNOLDS

McGEE, James - d by 26 Jan 1808 - ref WB B p214, 340, app & settlement - adm^r John C GRIFFIN, Matthew HARVEY

McGLAUGHLIN see Hugh McNEAL

McGRADY see C L HURST

McGRAW, Bryant - d by 14 May 1771 - Ref WB A p10, app & admr bond - admr John DAILEY

McKALISTER see Elizabeth MALLORY

McKALISTER, Elizabeth Ann - b 14 Oct 1838 - d 20 May 1885 Bot Co (gravestone) - hus John Wesley McKALISTER - family cem

McKALESTER, Faris G - b 7 Sep 1901 Oriskany Bot Co - d 13 Dec 1915 - f Felix G McKALESTER (b Oriskany) - m Virginia K (McKALESTER) (b Bot Co) - buried Oriskany cem - cd peritonitis

McKALESTER, Garland - d ca 1822 - Ref Unrecorded will filed in "Partly Proved"

McKALISTER, John Wesley - b 24 Jan 1819 - d 23 Jan 1897 Bot Co (gravestone) - wife Elizabeth Ann - family cem

McKALISTER, Narcissia M - b ca 1843 - d 1 Sep 1855 - f William McKALISTER - m Lucinda - cd fever - rep by father

McKEECHY, James - d by Sep 1805 - Ref WB B p113, will dated 28 Feb 1803 - wife Rebecca; son Andrew - friend James MASON

McKNIGHT see James LACKEY, Thomas J SIZER

McKNIGHT, George - d Aug 1815 - Ref WB B p456, will dated 30 May 1812 - ch; James, Jane, Sarah, William, Elizabeth, Nancy, George, John, Thomas, Mary - Ex James McKNIGHT

McKNIGHT, William - b ca 1784 Bot Co (census #636) - d 14 May 1854 - f George McKNIGHT - m M - cd disease of heart - rep by son William H McKNIGHT - h/o Agnes - Ex William H McKNIGHT (12 June 1854)

McLANE, Benjamine F - d by 13 Feb 1860 - Adm Francis McLANE

McLEVY see Lucy DILLARD

McMANN see John LYNCH

McMATH, William - d by 10 Oct 1782 - Ref WB A p161, will dated 16 Sep 1782, Admr bond - wife Margaret; bro James (his son William) - admr Margaret McMATH

McMULLEN see William REED

McMULLEN, Edward - d by 10 June 1788 - ref WB A p260, will dated 8 Nov 1787, admr bond - wife Sarah; Ch: John, Elizabeth, Margaret, Agnes (all 4 by 1st w) James, Edward, Joseph, Samuel, Sampson, Lovia, Jean, Ester, Sarah, Lettice, Mary, Rachel - on 14 Apr 1795 orphan Sampson was over 14 - admr Sarah McMULLEN

McMURRY see William MAYS Sr

McMURRAY, William - d by 29 Nov 1798 - Ref WB A p486, app & settlement - admr Thomas McMURRAY, James McMURRAY

McNell see Mary Elizabeth McGAME

McNEAL see McNIEL, Solomon SIMPSON

McNEAL, Daniel - d by Aug 1818 - Ref WB C p131, will dated 7 Nov 1812 - wife Sarah; Ch Jane (md Robert FILSON); Polly (md George BRIGHT) - Gs Thomas Jefferson BRIGHT

McNEAL, Hugh - d by Feb 1795 - Ref WB A p419, will dated 4 Mar 1794 - wife Martha; Ch Mary (md ___ McGLAUGHIN); Lida (md ___ GORDON); Martha (___ MURPHY); John, Sarah (md ___ DUKE); Margaret, Elizabeth

McNIEL see McNEAL, Solomon SIMPSON

McNIELL, James - d by 11 Nov 1778 - ref WB A p98, will dated 30 May 1778 - wife Mary; Ch Joseph, Mary A; bro Jonathan

McNEAL, James Jr - b ca 1838 Va (census #829) - d by 12 May 1862 - f James McNEAL Sr - m Sarah - adm James McNEEL Sr

McNEIL see McNEAL, John HARRISON

McNIELL, John - d by 2 Sep 1772 - Ref WB A p24, 217, will dated 8 Dec 1772, Admr bond, settlement - wife Mary; Ch Rebecca, Nancy, Mary, Sarah & one unborn - on 14 Sep 1784 orphan Sarah was over 14 - admr James McNIELL, Daniel McNIELL

McPHEETERS, E C (female) - b 6 Sep 1827 - d 22 July 1872 - w/o Rev S B McPHEETERS (1819-1870) - Ref Fincastle Presby gravestone

McPHEETERS, S B, Rev - b 18 Sep 1819 - d 9 Mar 1870 - h/o E C McPHEETERS (1827- 1872) - Ref Fincastle Presby gravestone

McPHERSON, Charlott A - b 22 June 1843 All Co - d 16 Feb 1913 - f William SULLENDER (b Bot Co) - m Sophronia (PERSINGER) (b All Co) - buried Galatia cem - cd broncho pneumonia

McROBERTS, Samuel - d by 11 Mar 1783 - ref WB A p207, app & admr bond - admr John McROBERTS

McROBERTS, Archibald - d by 12 Aug 1777 - ref WB A p79, will dated 25 Nov 1776, admr bond - bro Isaac McSPARRON, "if he can be found"; uncle John McSPARRON of Co Derby, Ireland - admr John THOMPSON

MABERRY, Lemuel Madison - b 12 Apr 1914 Bot Co - d 4 May 1914 - f Ernest MABERRY (b Va) - m Elizabeth (WINES) (b Va) - buried Mt Union cem - cd Spinel bifula

MACKIE see Mary J MOELICK

MACKINLEY, Duke - d by 14 Sep 1921 - cd a prisoner, shot by guard - ref Inquest papers

MADDEN, John Edward Fillmore - b 25 Dec 1912 Selma, All Co - d 31 Mar 1916 - f Millard Fillmore MADDEN (b Lenox, Iowa) - m Laura Dove (FAIRBURN) (b Bot Co) - buried Eagle Rock Cem - cd broncho pneumonia

MADDOX, male - b 5 Oct 1916 Bot Co - d 5 Oct 1916 - f H[enry] W[ebb] MADDOX (b Va) - m Eva Jane (CARPER) (b Va) - buried Fincastle Cem - cd still born

MADISON see Thomas BOWYER, Peter KEFAUVER

MADISON, Elizabeth - d by 8 Sep 1789 Bot Co (Adm Bond) - hus William MADISON - ch Elizabeth Smith MADISON & Agatha Strother MADISON - admr William FLEMING William McCLENACHAN

MADISON, John - d by 9 Mar 1784 - ref WB A p199, will dated 19 Dec 1783, admr bond - wife Agatha; ch Rowland, George, Thomas, William dec'd (md Elizabeth & had Elizabeth Smith & Agatha STROTHER); s-i-1 Andrew LEWIS - admr Thomas MADISON, Andrew LEWIS

MADISON, Thomas - d by 10 Apr 1798 - wife Susanna; Ch Adatha (md Col BOWYER); John H, Thomas, Patrick, Peggy, Annie; - (mentions military lands on Ohio River) - Ref WB A p465, will not dated - "It was declared that son Thomas became 21, Oct or Nov 1810" - adm Susanna MADISON, Henry BOWYER, John PRESTON

MADISON, William - d by 11 July 1782, written above 12 Apr 1872 - Ref Kegley p 606; admr bond, admr bond - Admr Andrew LEWIS, admr Thomas MADISON, William PRESTON

MALLARY, Elizabeth "Betsy" - b ca 1796 Bot Co - d 2 Oct 1856 - f Garland Mc-KALISTER - m Jane - cd flux - rep by hus Philip MALLARY

MALLOW see MALOW, Catherine GURTNER, Philip GURTNER, Henry DRESSLER (or Tressler)

MALONEY see Joseph CARPENTER

MALORY see Lucinda McCONNELL

MALORY, Hugh - d by 13 Nov 1811 (dau called an orphan) - dau Betsy (over 14)

The following appeared in January 1977 at the end of the very first issue of Virginia Appalachian Notes. It should be noted that, thirty-two years later, one of those mentioned in the article, Babe Fowler, is still an active member and contributing regularly to the V.A.N. Thank you, Pam Young, for submitting this interesting piece of our history.

LAST WORD

You have come to the end of the first issue of the quarterly newsletter of The Southwestern Virginia Genealogical Society and we trust you have found it informative, helpful, and interesting. It is our hope that Appalachian Notes will be a strong link of communication among members of the Society, as well as with others who are interested in tracing family histories, and that every member will look on it as a means of learning about genealogy and of helping others in their study of genealogy. Our newsletter will be only as good as our members make it because it is dependent upon your contributions. We need the help of every member if Appalachian Notes is to succeed. Let us have your contributions of material and your suggestions - please.

This first issue has been put together by Mrs. Babe Fowler, Mrs. Gerri Glosh, and Miss Mary Maier, Editor, and our second issue is scheduled for publication in April, 1977 (other issues in July and October). We hope to have a full staff by that time. The following positions need to be filled now, so if you can serve in one of these, please contact the editor.

Circulation Editor
Queries Editor
Surname Editor

Art Editor
Feature Editor
Assistant Editor

Remember, your help, your material, and your suggestions are needed. If you have access to publications from other societies and enjoy some feature particularly, pass the idea on to your editor - we are always on the lookout for more effective communication and perhaps we can adapt their feature to our use.

The first issue of Appalachian Notes cannot be brought to a close without acknowledging the help given your editor by The Hugh S. Watson Jr. Genealogical Society of Tidewater Virginia, and particularly that given by Col. Charles A. Nicholson. Their encouragement and sharing of information has helped Southwestern Virginia Genealogical Society and Appalachian Notes in many ways, and we want to say "Thank you".

Mary C. Maier
Editor

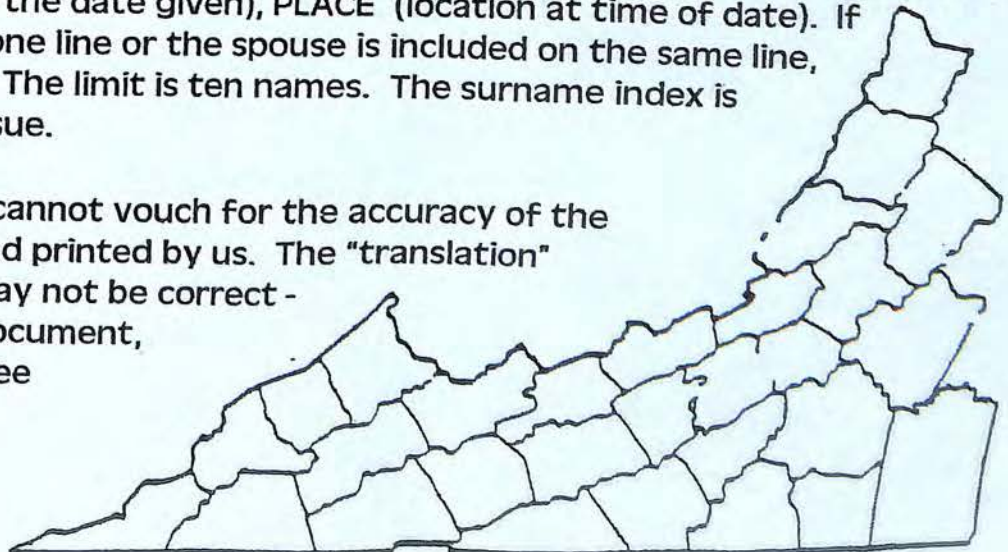
GENEALOGICAL QUERIES: Each member is entitled to one (1) to three (3) free 60 word query (does not include your name, address and e-mail address) per issue as space permits. Please make your query as clear and specific as possible so that others can understand and have a chance to help you. The queries will be printed exactly as submitted. Each query should include names, dates, and location to identify the person or persons you are researching. Please CAPITALIZE all surnames including maiden and married names. Do not abbreviate, we will do so if necessary. If handwritten queries are submitted, please print legibly. Queries for non-members are 5 cents per word, not including your name, address and e-mail address. Queries must be received prior to the 1st of the month preceding publication.

FAMILY REUNION, PUBLICATION OF BOOK, NEWSLETTERS, ETC.: Limited to 60 words, not including your name, address and e-mail address or website. Send the 60 word notice as you want it printed. These notices will be printed as space permits. Members will be given priority in publishing these notices.

MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION: We welcome articles, records, etc. for publication. The material may not be used in the issue following the date of submission but in a future issue. If a large amount of material is sent , it may take some time to publish because we try to have a variety of material in each issue. (1) **READY FOR PUBLICATION** (which the editor loves). Use 8 ½ X 11 paper, with a minimum margin on all sides of 1 inch. Center your title. Be sure to include your name, address and e-mail address. PLEASE read material carefully before submitting, double-check dates and use "spell checker". If you wish to save the cost of postage, articles for publication may be e-mailed to the editor or The Virginia Room. Photos to be included with your submission may also be e-mailed, most formats can be accommodated. (2) **GIVE SOURCE OF MATERIAL.** Original documents - where found, type of record, page number, etc. or, if known, who (or what facility) now has the document in their possession. We CANNOT print material from printed sources unless we have written permission from the publisher, which you must furnish. We must have the source of materials to give credit to the person who has done the work. (3) **DEADLINE** for submitting material should be at least two months before date of publication. (4) **MATERIAL WILL NOT BE RETURNED.**

SURNAME INDEX: Information will include NAME (given and surname), DATE (birth, death, marriage or where living at the date given), PLACE (location at time of date). If this data takes more than one line or the spouse is included on the same line, it will count as two names. The limit is ten names. The surname index is published in the Summer Issue.

Virginia Appalachian Notes cannot vouch for the accuracy of the material submitted to us and printed by us. The "translation" of the original document may not be correct - get a copy of the original document, if possible, to see if you agree with the printed version.



WINTER 2009

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