

FLIGHT 98

Dear Friend:

When you read this, we'll be in the cold turn of planet earth on my 98th trip around the 583 million miles around the sun. If I'm not put off before April 1, 1991, I will have traveled 57 billion, 154 million miles and gone nowhere. We're just specks of dust, so small the highest powered scope couldn't pick us up. I know that someone has led me every mile of the way. I'm always glad when we come out of the cold turn. (My mother always prayed, "Lord, let not my flight be in the winter time.") It wasn't. It was warm and on Mother's Day, my 51st flight, 1944. This was supposed to be a newsletter and things that have happened on Flight 98. There have been earth quakes and rumors of war that you heard before I did, as I can't read newspapers or see TV news. I just listen to TV news and radio. So, I'll just put down a few reminiscings and a few memories of friends.

Jesse Vaughn (born November 2, 1898 and died May 17, 1990) and wife Ora-May (Hieston) Vaughn (born November 7, 1897 and died September 7, 1974) were married in Casey County on August 10, 1918. They moved to Union Township, Hendricks County, Indiana on the farm of Lou Leak (on the farm I now live on). He lived here eight years, salary \$40.00 per month, with the milk from one cow and a meat hog. He raised a fine family of four girls and one son. Then, he bought his own farm. Then, he bought a bigger farm. And, when he left planet earth, he was financially well off and rich in

goodwill and respect. Jesse was the son of Wm. Andrew and Parleee (Sandusky) Vaughn. Jesse was brother to seven boys and two girls. He was half brother to two boys and two girls. The Vaughns were of German descent and settled in Casey County when it was part of Lincoln County in 1807. Now, most folks get a good word and some flowers when dead. Jesse also got them while he lived. When I bought this farm in 1944 from Lou Leak, he mentioned some good neighbors I'd have: Mrs. Sarah Wheat, the Lowes, the Browns, the Pritchettts, the Odoms, and Jesse Vaughn. Jesse was a Kentuckian but a good one. In 1965 I hosted some family and friends to Long Lake in Ontario, Canada on a fishing trip. The lady who owned Lakota Camp was named Ida Lupino. She asked me, "Who recommended my camp to you?"

"Jesse Vaughn," I said.

"How is Jesse? I've missed him the last two years. He was one of the nicest guests I ever had. A real gentleman. He loved these deep, lonely lakes and our blueberries."

Now, a bit about his home county. My two best loved rivers, the Green and Rolling Fork, drain its beautiful hills and fertile valleys. Its county seat is Liberty. It's a pretty town. In it is the Oshkosh overall factory employing 750 people. The town of Dunnville is the gate capital of the world. The tartar gates are sold in forty-eight states and Canada. Casey County grows more apples than any other county in Kentucky. Casey County's annual homecoming in September features the big apple pie containing sixty bushels of apples baked in a twelve-foot, portable oven. Casey

County has sixty-nine churches and no saloons, but the revener, the late Jim Phillips of Lebanon, Kentucky, said the Casey County shiners were the meanest and smartest in the state. Casey County, along with Adair County, was made immortal by the late, great novelist, Janet Holt Giles. In her book, The Enduring Hills, when the late Kirtley brothers, Frank and Bill, played their fiddle and banjo and sang, Casey County Jail, they could make goose bumps on goose bumps.

When I moved to the Lizton community in 1945, some of the first good neighbors I had were the Pritchett brothers, Jewell, Lowell (Shorty), and Chester. Theirs were the neatest, most productive farms in Union Township. They weren't tall men, but they were strong and workaholics. They worked as a team and got things done. And, if something came up extra hard or difficult, they had a saying, "Us boys can do it." They were my hay balers. They did it on time and efficiently. They were dairymen and kept good Holsteins. Jewell told me he had to change bulls. I was on D.H.I.A. testing and knew of a high producing herd near Thorntown, Indiana that wanted to sell their herd bull. Jewell and Steward (his dad) came by, and I went with them to look at the bull. It was with the herd on pasture. We drove in the barn lot and parked the car. No one was around. We walked down in the pasture. They were lying down. When we got about thirty yards from the cattle, the bull got up, threw some hoofs of dirt over his back, bellowed deep in his chest, and started walking fast towards us. Jewell said, "You boys get out of here. He's gonna take us." He didn't

have to tell me twice. I'd been attacked by bulls before. Jewell never had a club or rock. He just started walking backward, shaking both fists and talking mean to that bull. The bull slowed but kept coming. When Jewell thought Steward and I were near the gate, he turned and ran the last few yards. The bull hit the gate as Jewell went over. Steward was the first over. Had we all three ran, one of us would have been killed or badly mauled. I said, "Thanks, Jewell. I don't think I could have done it."

"Well, I'm younger than you or Dad and would have tried to grab onto his long horns."

I'd seen men fight. That was game. But, Jewell Pritchett was the gamest man I ever saw in a tight place or when a neighbor was in trouble and needed help. (Us boys would do what needed to be done.) One cold, hard winter I came down with a bad case of the flu. I had to sell my dairy herd. Shorty and another neighbor, Glen Bruner, took over my herd to get them ready for sale. They all looked like they were ready for the State Fair. It paid off. They sold high. Charles made the baby calves sell high. It was snowy and cold. Jewell hauled truck loads of corn cobs and spread them on the snow for an outside sale ring, but something went wrong at this fine farm with its modern dairy barns and its three harvester silos. I'm sure Jewell was in deep depression and let his legs get caught in a grain auger. I don't think he wanted to live a cripple. He was a loving family man and a member of the United Methodist Church of Lizton, Indiana and was a community asset. When the Hendricks County Hospital was built, he

wholeheartedly supported it with goodwill and money. Jewell Bailey Pritchett was born in Boone County, Indiana October 10, 1914 and died February 19, 1990. He was married to Ruth Marie Runnels (born January 21, 1939). They had five children: Wendell, Ruby, James, Shawn Ann, and Daniel. Jewell was the son of Andrew Steward and Luna (Bailey) Pritchett. It's my sincere wish that this fine farm be under Pritchett management again soon.

Ruth (Dowden) Wertenberger (born April 18, 1903 and died September 21, 1990) was the daughter of Milo and Hattie (Leak) Dowden. When I moved to the Lizton community in 1945, I bought the farm of Lou Leak, her uncle. She was talked of as a very nice lady, a teacher in her home town and Cincinnati, Ohio. Later, I bought the forty acres that were where she'd been born and raised. She also owned the land in front of my house. I only met Ruth Dowden one time. She was a very friendly person. But, we've had something in common. We loved the driven well of the sweetest, coldest, and softest water in the township. There was a well house and milk cooler. (The house burned in 1947.) I love the trees she'd played under. The land in front of my home never let me forget the lady who married late in life to Doctor Wertenberger of Richmond, Indiana. (It's sold now.) On the land her great grandfather, William Leak, pioneered in the 1830's and then her grandfather, George W. Leak, the only thing left of the large Leak land holdings now are the little city of old, thin, white slabs on the southeast corner of State Road 39 and 900 North. It's alone and not wanted, but thank God not neglected. I only know two

living relatives now living in Indiana. That's the last of the grand old family from Bracken County, Kentucky (Betty Jo Lowe and Fern Blake) who lived through the plague of cholera that all but wiped out this community in 1870. I'll let the Leaks rest with a quote from the late Bob Ratliff. I told Bob I'd bought the Dowden homestead. He said, "In the old days I was in the Leak thrashing ring, and everybody looked forward to thrashing for Milo Dowden. He had the coldest and best water in the county."

A cousin, W. W. (Bill) Hedgespeth (born in Taylor County, Kentucky October 11, 1900 and died in Princeton, Illinois on July 31, 1990), was the paternal great-grandson of Holland Hedgespeth who settled on Jones Creek, Green County, Kentucky about the early 1800's. He was the maternal great-great grandson of James McGavock who received a military land grant of 3,000 acres in Kentucky of which 1,414 acres on which the east boundary was the Salt Lick Creek from the Coes Lick Hollow to the Mortar Cave Hollow reaching northwest to the Ball Hollow in Larue County, Kentucky known as the Level Woods where John Baird, a circuit rider from Maryland, built the first Methodist Church west of the Appalachian Mountains in 1796, my late wife's home church. It still stands. Bill Hedgespeth married Wavie Bales of Tiskilwa, Illinois about 1920. He was laid to rest with her in the family plot at Mount Bloom Cemetery. It's a beautiful cemetery in the Bureau Creek Valley. It's unique in a way for I'm sure there are more native born Kentuckians buried in Mount Bloom than any other cemetery outside Kentucky like the Thompsons, Morrises, Hunters, Russells, Bales,

and my great uncle, Richard Scott from Mt. Washington Church of Scotts Ridge. It has a nice marker (I'm told) and recently put there by James H. Hedgespeth whom I'll write about later. Few who have and in the future pass this grave will ever know or care that once the one who sleeps here had owned more slaves than anybody else except the river plantations. (He wasn't a slave dealer.) He made bourbon whiskey that sold in New Orleans and peach brandy (out of this world). He lived in the finest house in the country. He had his own still house, made his own whiskey barrels, and had his own graveyard, but he rests just as well where he is as he would have beside old Aunt Mary (his wife) overlooking the old grown-up rubble that was once a happy, prosperous plantation before the Civil War. Bill Hedgespeth once did me a great favor. He brought my mother, Jane Jones, from Marion County, Kentucky to Bureau County, Illinois to visit me. This was in 1917 in a Model-T when 31 W. from Louisville to Indianapolis and U. S. 52 onto Illinois were only paved in or near towns. I believe he had other things on his mind too, a pretty, little, blond sweetheart who lived at Lock 9 on the old Hennepin Canal. W. W. (Bill) and Wavie had a son, James H. Hedgespeth. World War II took Jim east. He found the only girl, Betty. After World War II they have lived since in Baltimore, Maryland, a teacher and genealogist. I ran an ad for my first book, The Kentucky Legend, in the Bureau County, Illinois paper. W. W. read it and sent it to his son, Jim, in Baltimore, Maryland. Jim liked the book and wrote me. He said, "I like your book, and when I visit dad in Illinois, I'll stop in

Indiana and make your acquaintance." He did, and in the last ten years we've become good friends. The last time I saw Jim was August 1st when he stopped on his way home from his dad's funeral in Princeton, Illinois. Jim is a native born in Illinois. He is very interested in the Richard Scott dynasty who is his maternal great grandpa. Recently, Jim erected a marker at the old farm.

I've made two new friends since Flight 97. Last spring I had a letter from Mabel Smith of Quincy, Indiana, saying she'd been to Taylor County, Kentucky to find out who she was, saying, "I'm the daughter of Bob Myers and Virgie Nelson near the Mt. Washington Church. Did you know them?" I told her that I knew Bob and Virgie. Bob was the son of Berry and Mary Liz (Whitlock) Myers. I had good reasons to remember Bob Myers. His sister, Jocie Myers, was the prettiest girl in school. I was deeply in love. My luck was bad. I was fifteen and Jocie was thirteen. She married at thirteen to Henry Lash who was sixteen. There was gnashing of teeth. The teacher was going to have the law on Jocie's dad for child neglect. They left for Illinois. Berry Myers had six girls and two boys by Mary Liz Whitlock and two boys by his first wife, Bill and Dick. Virgie Nelson was the youngest daughter of Jim and Cloe (Thompson) Nelson. They had four boys and three girls. Mabel (Myers) Smith and her sister Shirley (Myers) Cooper came to see me two times this year. They are real nice, but I got the impression Bob Myers was neither an ideal parent nor always a loving husband, but he did make a home for them where they could get an education. Mable has a farm near Quincy, Indiana. Shirley Cooper still lives

in Peoria, Illinois.

Well, I didn't go to the Mt. Washington Church homecoming this fall. On the regular date the church was getting a complete remodeling. That's the first I'd missed since I'd started going back in 1984. Most everybody there in 1915 was yet to be born, but I still love Mt. Washington. I ran away from Mt. Washington in 1915, but there are no verses in the bible more true than, "Bring up a child in the way he should go and when he gets old, he won't depart from it." (Hope I got that right.) Eighty years can make a lot of changes. I remember when Mt. Washington was a little, 30 x 40 foot hewn log church. The outside was sided with whipsawed siding. The roof was carved by hand riven shingles and finished on a shaving horse. The inside was rough logs and lime chinked. When it was built in 1872, it became one of the eleven churches in the East Lynn Association. (Now, there are fourteen churches.) But, it was like a poor relation when it came time that at last Mt. Washington could have her first soscation about 1900. Now, the rich brethren from the Rolling Fork and the Union Band Churches would see how poor we really were. We finally used egg money, possum hides, or ginseng money and bought enough tongue and grooved yellow pine siding to cover them awful logs. Berry Myers did the work. It was a great day -- Christmas, the 4th of July, all rolled into one. Dad butchered a sheep. We sent to Lebanon and got light bread. Everybody and their dogs had a feast. Then, in 1932 a new church was built and at a new location where the old schoolhouse stood. It was improved in 1961, in 1962, in 1967, again in 1981,

and now in 1990 completed with a \$100,000 remodeling. I congratulate Pastor Donnie Blick, the Elders, and the whole church for such progress. The Rolling Fork Church was organized in 1801 on the banks of the river. We don't know how many charter members they had. In 1989 there were forty-eight members enrolled and twenty-six enrolled in Sunday School. Union Band was built in 1850. As of 1989, there were fifty-two members and ten enrolled in Sunday School. God forgive me, but I just had to write this. Who is the poor relation now? I'm glad I had my roots in Mt. Washington.

I mentioned in Flight 96 that our friend, Gwynette Sullivan, had taken the job of giving Main Street Campbellsville a new look. She's done it. All buildings are either occupied or ready to lease. The old movie house (The Cozy) was the problem. Nobody wanted a movie house. She bought it and remodeled it. It's now a busy little store, The Cozy Comfort. I haven't seen it, but two friends have and say it's very neat. As of October 1, 1990 she hosted managers from other Kentucky towns. The News Journal gave her a nice story.

I haven't had many out-of-state visitors this flight. Stephen Brady of 10504 Statie Lynn Court, Louisville, Kentucky 40223, sometimes has business in Indianapolis. Then, he drives the twenty miles to see me. Then, he makes my day. His hobbies are old guns and the Brady history. If you've got an old gun or know an old Brady, write Steve. He's a person you'll be glad to know.

Then, the three little Barefoot triplets, the three little

Cherokees whose grandparents live in Lebanon, Indiana, came back to see me.

Then, Liz Veselack, 212 Concord Drive, Normal, Illinois 61761, came by on a treasure hunt. She is Miss Genealogy. She's on the trail of Morrises or can help find yours. She's a lady worth knowing. I have often thought about an old canal that cut across Illinois and connected the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers. In 1915 and 1916 I'd fished in that canal. I'd spent some fine visits at Lock 9 near Tiskilwa, Illinois. I'd forgotten its name. I asked Liz to get me some information about the old canal that ran through Bureau County. Right soon I got all there was to know about it. It was the Hennepin Canal that ran from Hennepin, Illinois on the Illinois River to Moline, Illinois on the Mississippi. It was first surveyed in 1866. It became a political football for fifty years. Then, work began in 1890. It took seventeen years to build. It crossed seventy-five miles of the finest farm land in the world. It was fifty-two foot wide at the bottom and eighty foot wide at the top with a minimum of seven feet deep. Every four miles it was 1,000 feet wide for boat passing. It had thirty-three concrete locks, 35 x 170 foot. It had another twenty-nine mile long canal into Rock River that fed the canal. There were fifty-nine modern homes for lock keepers and superintendents. These homes had barns and chicken homes. The lock keepers were encouraged to keep animals to eat the grass along the toe path. At first it was too big, then too small, and then obsolete. It had cost \$7,318,368.39 to build. It had operated as

a public waterway for forty-four years. On August 1, 1980 it was turned over to the state of Illinois as a historic relic. Thanks, Liz. But, it had been a God sent boon. It was built during a depression time. Many boys and men went to Illinois to work on the canal: Rev. Daniel; Nancy Russell's boys, Joe, Jim, and Bill; Lige Morris' boys, Henry, Logan, Bertie, and Jim. Henry Boles was a carpenter. He went and built houses for lock tenders. Then, he was lock tender at Lock 9 near Tiskilwa, Illinois.

Please excuse if I brag some on my great grandchildren, Tammy and Cindy Germillion and Kelly and Eric Jones. Tammy graduated from the University of Mississippi at Hattiesburg, Mississippi in 1989. She is now at the University of Georgia to get her doctor's degree. Cindy is just fourteen and is already a talented artist. It can't be she takes her talent from the Jones side, but I hear her other grandpa was a talented Creole. Kelly Jones had just taken her first job in my Flight 97 story. Her motto was to stick to it until a better one came up. She is now part of American Airlines. If she wants to fly away, she can go free. Eric is only nine. He's not interested in a vocation yet, but he likes motor bikes. A lot of our prayers and worries are for Eric. He's had it rough the last five years. If he knew what's out there, I think he'd be more depressed than he is.

Now, I'll give you an early part of my Flight 27 in 1920. Flight 27 had more to do with what my life has been since than all the other seventy flights put together. I was the only passenger that got off the Great Northern westbound passenger train at the

little prairie town of Michigan City, North Dakota at 9:30 p.m., March, 1920. The porter came through the day coach, shook me awake, and said that a one minute stop was coming up at Michigan City. When I stepped off that warm coach onto a snow covered cinder platform, it was like breaking through ice over my head in water. The train door clanged shut. A red lantern signaled a hiss when the brakes released. The train slipped away west. I stood on the north side of the tracks facing south. There was a little green depot and a row of tall grain elevators. I turned around looking north. Well, it sure wasn't a city. It was a wide street, also, the Teddy Roosevelt Trail, a sign said. On the northeast corner it said Lambs Bank. There was not a car, horse, or vehicle on that wide street. The only thing that moved was snow being pushed east by a cold west wind. There were three blocks of false front businesses with board walks. At the west end near the middle of the street was a red brick, two story building with a sign that said Palms Hotel. In front there stood a fifteen foot artificial palm tree. (That looked mighty out of place.) I could only see three lights, the telegraph office, the hotel, and the restaurant. The hotel lobby was warm and felt good after that four block walk. The clerk said when I signed the register, "\$2.00 now."

I said, "How much for a week?"

Then, he got friendly and asked how come I'd want to stay there a week. I wanted to make friends. I explained I'd shipped my things and car by rail and when they came I'd move on north to Whitman, North Dakota. The bath water only got lukewarm. After

I washed away most of the cinders, I put on my long johns and went across to the restaurant. I hadn't patronized the train diner much. I didn't have that kind of money. I was the only customer. She was a pretty, little, dark haired girl, and she was friendly (and I sure needed that, tired, hungry, and depressed as I was). The first thing she sat a steaming cup of coffee before me. "I don't drink coffee," I said.

"What? No coffee on a cold night like this?"

"Milk if you have it."

She did. I had a tender beef roast and potatoes and blueberry pie for \$1.00. I hated to go back to that hotel. We talked. She hoped I'd make good farming this devil plagued country and dead and buried town (at least in snow five months of the year). Ten years it was a boom town. It went west when the railroad moved on. She said, "I barely make a living for me and my little girl." When I paid my check, she said she made the fluffiest pancakes in North Dakota. I ate her pancakes and tender beef for two weeks. We became good friends. About the 12th of March we awoke one morning and the eaves were icicle free and a soft wind blew. I said to Hazel, "I like your spring." These are the Chinook winds that are off the warm currents in the Pacific Ocean. After these winds, storms come again. I worked in a horse sale barn to pay board for my six horses. On the morning of the 16th the sun came up dripping blood. The boss said, "Let's haul hay. There will be a storm tomorrow." We went out on the prairie where hay was stocked. The prairie chickens had come out from under snow covered bushes. Big

white jackrabbits were hopping around. Before we came in with the hay, I noticed an ink black line in the west from horizon north to south. In the restaurant at 11:00 a.m. a rancher came in and spoke to two cowboys and said, "Let's ride while we can."

Hazel said, "A blizzard?"

"Yes, and coming up fast."

She made the sign of the cross and said a prayer to the Holy Mary. A little ways west near the town of Center, North Dakota Bill Miner, his wife, Blanch, and kids, Hazel (16), Emmett (10), and Meredith (8) lived on a small ranch. It was a happy family. They were proud of Hazel. She was pretty and the most popular girl in the community. She could make a cow hand. They didn't have to hire help. Emmett could ride too. School was three miles east of the ranch. No busing yet. But, there was a big barn at the school house for the horses the kids rode or drove to school. Bill had made them a canvass covered cab on sleigh runners, and Hazel drove a young mare named Maud. When Bill and Blanch ate an early dinner, Blanch glanced out the west kitchen window. She screamed, "Bill, come look." It was close and the most terrible looking storm they'd seen since they'd homesteaded this ranch twenty years ago. "Hazel is very dependable, but I don't trust Maud in a blizzard that this looks to be. I'll saddle Kit and go and lead Maud tied to my saddle."

The storm hit before he got there. He put Kit in the barn and went in. Hazel said, "Hi, dad. You don't trust me?"

"I trust you, honey, but not Maud in a storm like this. Get

the kids ready. I'll go hitch Maud to the sleigh."

He came after them. He carried Meredith. Hazel held onto her dad with one hand and held Emmett with the other. Visibility was zero. He'd brought extra blankets. He got Emmett and Meredith down in loose straw. Hazel was snug in the seat wrapped in an extra blanket. He gave her the lines and led her out headed towards home. "Don't let her move. I'll get Kit and rope her to my saddle. Kit will take us home." When Bill came out, they were gone. Bill almost panicked. He spurred Kit into the storm, praying he'd overtake the kids or find them already home. They were lost. There was a country phone system. He told Blanch, "Alert the country side." Then, he headed back into the storm. In thirty minutes forty men were out on horseback, bob sleds, and some walked tied together. All night they combed that three miles in a five mile wide strip. They had to come or go to one of the bonfires to get warm. They had to go out and find them frozen bodies. They had been out twenty-six hours. While Bill was getting Kit, there was a blinding streak of lighting. It struck down in front of Maud. She reared up, jerked the lines out of Hazel's hand, and ran away in front of the storm. When she finally stopped, Hazel got out and got her lines, but no way could she turn Maud to face the storm. Well, she'd just drive until she found a ranch. The sleigh ran into a gully. A tug came unhooked. She got out to fasten it, and she was in water up to her thighs. She ran into a barbed wire fence. She thought she'd lead Maud with one hand and hold the wire with the other. She lost the wire when a

fifty mile wind turned the sleigh over. Emmett got out to help turn it back. They couldn't. Meredith was crying for her daddy to come and get them. Hazel made up her mind. Save the kids. She put them down in the straw, tucked the blankets around them, unbuttoned her coat, and lay down holding the blankets down with her arms and legs. Emmett said, "Get under here with us."

"If I do, the blankets would blow away."

She didn't tell him she was ice coated from waist down.

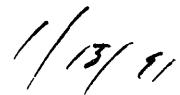
She said, "Don't you dare go to sleep before daddy comes."

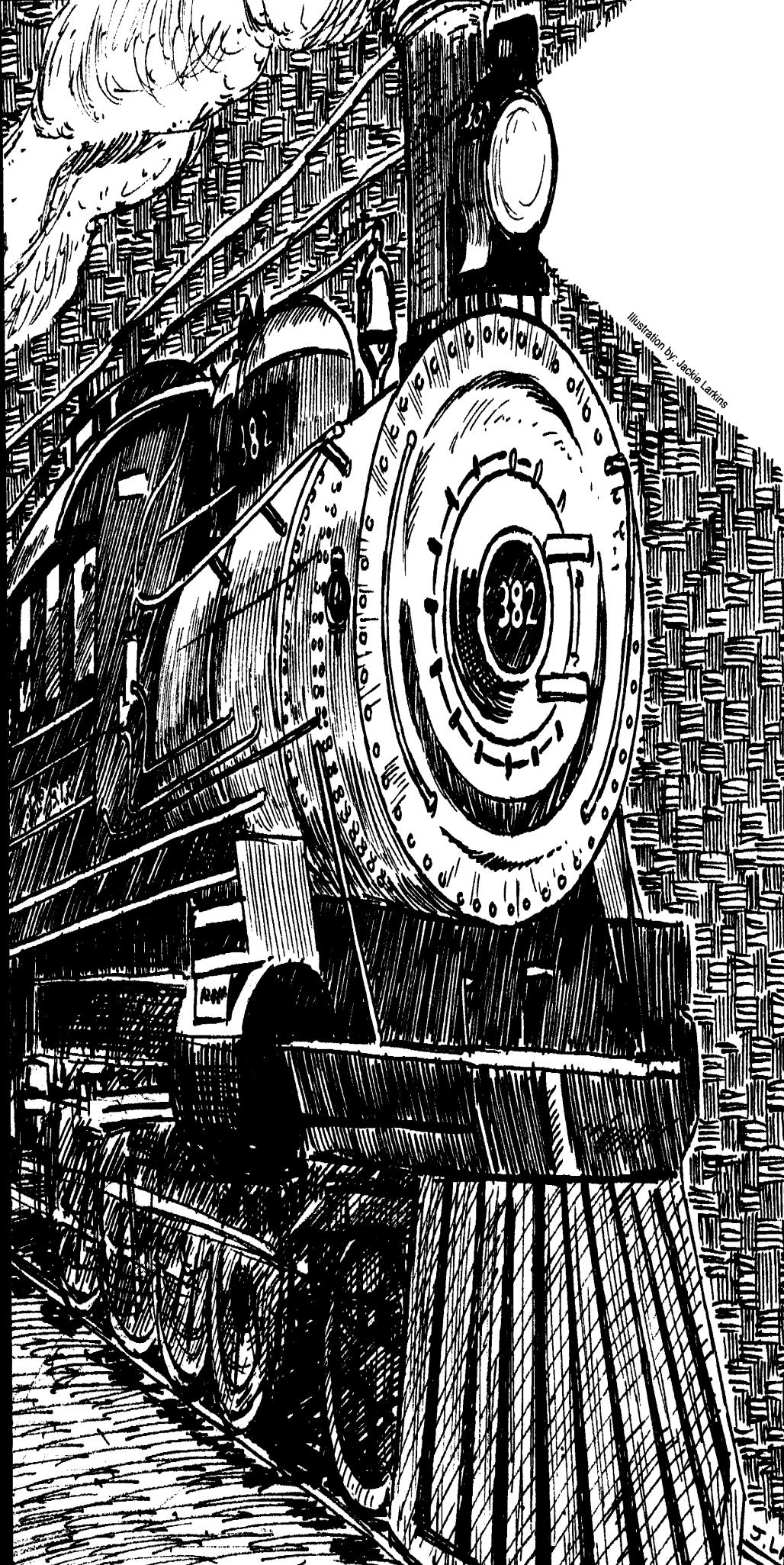
She told them to keep moving their toes and fingers. Then, she and they prayed and sang songs. Only God knew how long. About 2:30 p.m. and about five miles southeast of the schoolhouse, one party saw an odd shape snowdrift. Yes, it was Maud and sleigh. Maud was still alive. Gently, they broke the frozen snow. They were glad Bill wasn't with this party. There, she had embraced them in death like she had when they lived. In the court house yard in the town of Center, North Dakota there stands a granite spire. For seventy years it stood to defy all the blizzards they didn't win. It's not the Teddy Roosevelt Trail now, just Interstate ?. I hope some who speed by stop and read these words, Hazel Miner, born April 11, 1904, died March 16, 1920. To the dead a tribute. To the living a memory. To ^{POST} ~~prosperity~~ an inspiration. And, in the dusty archives of the Oliver County Court House in Center, North Dakota, is the story of Hazel Miner, heroine. There'd only be a few who read this who know the horror of a blizzard. I do.

I also know the blessing of a Chinook wind on Flight 27 and close my Flight 98 with a repeat of Flight 97. In a fight with your spouse, if you are wrong, admit it. If you are right, skip it. It could save a lot of tears and money. Give your kids a break. It costs so little and could mean so much. They need all the love and security they can get. And, remember that green grass on the other side of the fence has the same snakes on both sides plus a lot of dirty little bugs called viruses. And, if you see me when I can't see you, I'll be waiting for you.

Ben Jones

P.S. Emmett and Meredith lived.





The Man O

Named for Cayce,



A few hours before dawn on November 14, 1900, the Illinois Central Railroad's crack "Panama Limited" passenger train stopped on a siding near Vaughan, Mississippi. Using light provided by lanterns, a handful of passengers tumbled out of Pullman cars, listened to a commemorative speech, laid a wreath and then heard a phonograph voice sing:

*Come all you rounders, if you want to hear
A story 'bout a brave engineer—
Casey Jones was the rounder's name
On a six-eight wheeler, boys, he won his fame...*

Thus begins what poet Carl Sandburg once called "the greatest ballad ever written on the North American continent."

The ballad is named for its hero, engineer Casey Jones, who dies in a train wreck in his effort to deliver the mail on time. The ballad has become part of American folklore. Who, precisely, does it commemorate?

Born on March 14, 1864, John Luther Jones was the oldest of five children born to Frank F. Jones, a tall, stern schoolmaster, and Anne Nolen Jones. There were four sons and a daughter.

Not even the future Mrs. Casey Jones knew for certain where her husband was born. She thought it might have been in a backwoods section of southeastern Missouri. The Illinois Central publicity department claimed it was Cayce, Ken-

it hard. Five minutes later the fish was in the net. Rock Creek had come through again.

To look at it, you wouldn't think that Rock Creek was one of the best trout fisheries in the commonwealth. Flowing out of Tennessee, it alternates deep, rock-lined pools with ankle-deep flats, and the occasional riffle and plunge pool. After eighteen miles it empties into the Big South Fork.

Two developed campgrounds line its banks at Great Meadows, as does a horse camp at Bell Farm.

Despite this, the river remains relatively uncrowded. Even on weekends, we've never seen more than three or four fishermen on the stream. So there's plenty of room to get off by yourself.

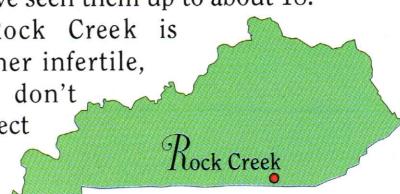
Plenty of fish, too. Rock Creek is stocked with eight-to-ten inch rainbow trout every month from February through October. But, because of light fishing pressure (and the fact the Forest Service wisely refuses to reveal the exact release dates and sites), the fish have ample time to disperse. Thus, holdover fish, rather than freshly stocked ones, are the norm. We've never caught a trout in Rock Creek smaller than 11 inches. And we've seen them up to about 18.

Rock Creek is rather infertile, so don't expect big fly hatches. Instead, nymphs and the occasional caddis dry fly make the most sense. For nonfly fishers, nightcrawlers fished upstream on a thin wire hook with little weight work well, as do crickets. There are very few spots where hardware works. In some of the pools, however, there's room to cast an in-line spinner.

Given its depth and cover, however, fly rods really make the most sense. A longish rod, eight feet or more, gives you plenty of control, even in some of the tight spots. And keep your flies on the small side - #16-#20 - for best results.

To find Rock Creek, take KY 92 west from Stearns six miles, turn left on County 1363 for 12 miles to Bell Farm. You can access the creek upstream and down from there.

For more information, contact U.S. Forest Service, Stearns Ranger District, PO Box 429, Whitley City, KY 42653.



health-care MYTH #3

There's nothing I can do about health-care costs.

Actually, there's a lot we can do as individuals to hold down the cost of health care. For starters, we can practice vehicular safety and we can urge the legislature to adopt laws to save lives and reduce medical costs. Kentucky Physicians welcome your support of these legislative proposals:

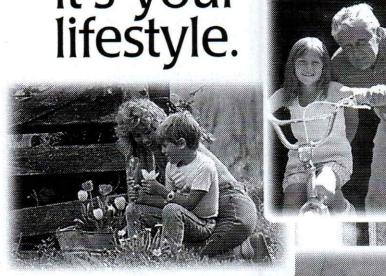
- Reduction of allowable blood alcohol content for drivers from 0.10% to 0.05%.
- Periodic testing of vision for driver's license renewal.
- Prohibit youngsters from riding in the rear of open trucks.

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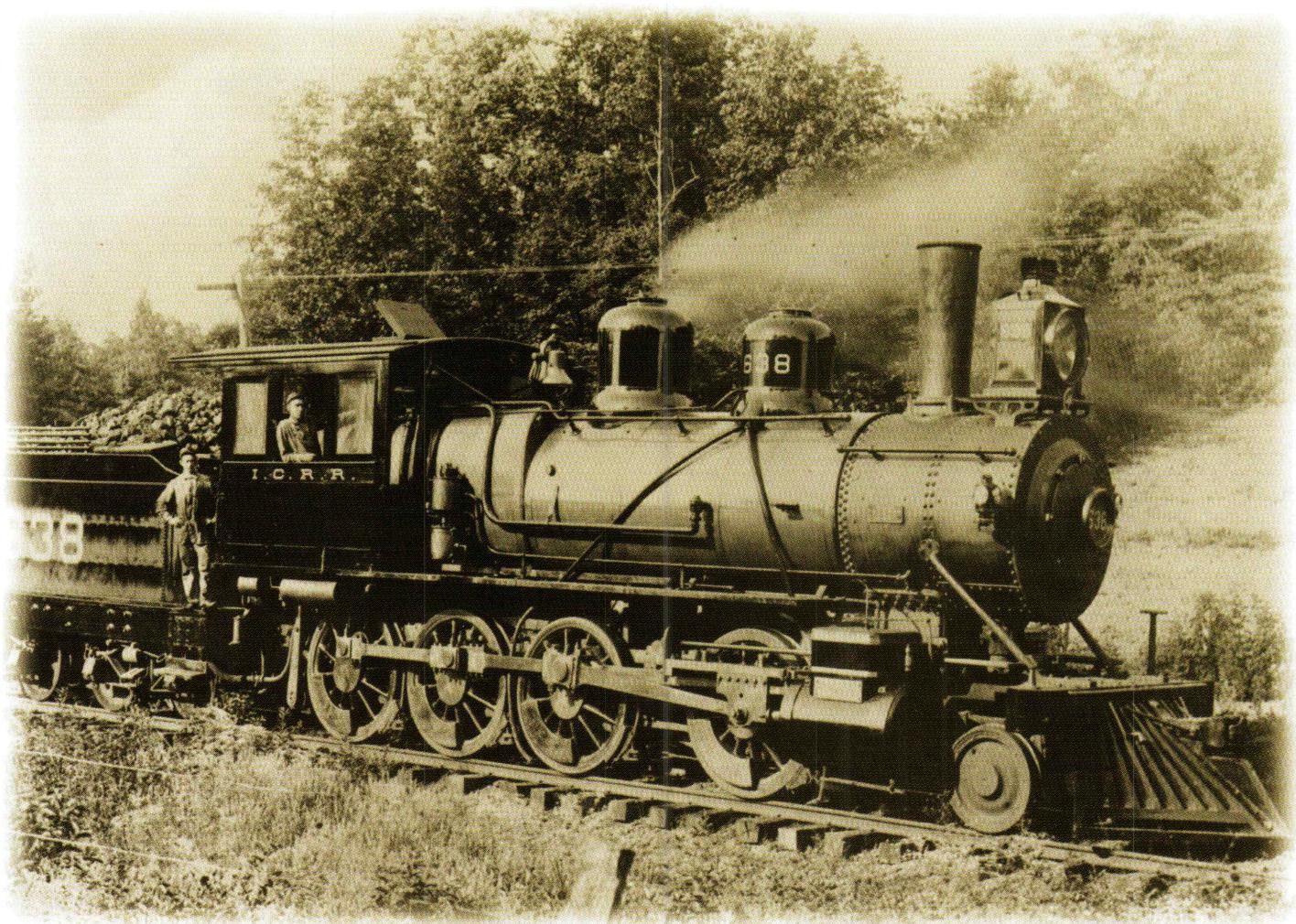
Address: _____

Phone: _____

City: _____

State: _____





Summer of 1898 – Water Valley, Mississippi, Engineer J. L. (Casey) Jones and fireman J. W. McKinnie.

house in Memphis.

The Cannonball was an hour and 35 minutes late when it was turned over to him from the division to the north. He was determined to make up time and get the train back on schedule, which meant cutting the normal operating time by a third.

Sim Webb, his longtime fireman, shoveled on coal. Casey poured on steam. With bursts of speed in excess of 100 miles an hour, they made up 60 minutes in the 102-mile stretch to Grenada, Mississippi, the first stop. In the 23 miles from Grenada to Winona, Casey made up 15 minutes more.

He was only two minutes behind schedule as he approached Vaughan, just 14 miles from the end of his run. Incredibly, the Cannonball had made up 91 minutes in 174 miles. But trouble lurked ahead.

Two freight trains – one northbound, the other southbound – had orders to pull off the main line at Vaughan to let

the Cannonball through. However, the siding was too short for both of them – they totaled 77 cars – and the train crews planned to let Casey “saw by”; that is, the forward freight would extend out over the south switch until Casey had passed the north switch; then the trains would back over the north switch to clear the south one. Unfortunately, while one train still blocked the north switch, an air hose broke and the trains couldn’t move any further; four cars hung over onto the main line. They would mean the death of Casey Jones.

Regulations required that warning torpedoes (cartridges that explode under a locomotive’s wheels) be placed on the track “30 telegraph poles away,” that a flare be ignited, and that a trainman be sent with a lantern to intercept an oncoming train. John Newberry, a flagman, was dispatched to do all these things.

Some 3,000 feet north of the switch, Newberry frantically waved his lantern as Casey shot past doing 70 miles an hour. A

hundred feet further on, the engine detonated a torpedo that Newberry had placed on the track.

According to Sim, Casey immediately hit the brakes. Sim then went to the left side of the cab and looked out. As they rounded a curve, he saw the lights of a caboose a few hundred feet ahead.

“We’re going to hit,” Sim shouted. Casey Jones reacted swiftly. He shut off the throttle, applied the air brakes, pulled the reverse engine lever and sounded a blast on the “whippoorwill whistle.”

“Jump, Sim!” he shouted. Those were Casey Jones’ last words. As the express slowed from 70 to perhaps 35 miles an hour, Sim jumped. Casey remained in the cab.

With a crash heard for miles, the locomotive splintered the caboose and plowed through a boxcar carrying hay and another that was loaded with shelled corn. Engine No. 382 then turned over on its side. The tender and all the coaches

n The Throttle Was...

Casey Jones

Kentucky, the engineer's ambitions made him a folk hero

By Joe Zentner

tucky, a cattle shipping point on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad. Other "authorities" settled for Hickman or Jordan, also in Kentucky.

It is known for certain that the family moved to a farm near Cayce, in Fulton County in western Kentucky, when John Luther was 13. There the lad practically lived at the train depot. He listened to the chatter of telegraph instruments while learning the Morse code. Luther also did custodial work, went out with switching crews, and helped load livestock onto boxcars.

In 1882, he became an apprentice telegrapher on the Mobile & Ohio at Columbus, Kentucky. At that time there were already three John Jones working for the railroad. One day a brakeman asked him, "Kid, where you from?" The kid replied, "A place called Cayce" (pronounced "Casey"). "Well," the brakeman replied, "we got too many John Jones around here. From now on, to distinguish you from other railroad men with that name, you're Casey Jones."

In 1886, Casey married Jane Brady. She always called him "JL"; as a good Catholic, she could not bring herself to call him Luther.

Casey amazed his fellow workers by the ease with which he mastered telegraphy, but he was not satisfied with the job. He wanted to become a locomotive engineer; nothing else would do. When he

turned 18 he applied for a locomotive fireman's job. That was the traditional way to get into the cab and eventually become an engineer. Several months later, after he had passed an examination and began firing steam locomotives, he was happier than he had ever been in his life. But Casey was not satisfied.

On March 1, 1888, Casey Jones moved from the Mobile & Ohio to the Illinois Central, after learning that a yellow-fever epidemic had killed many train crew members on the latter railroad, thereby bringing about unexpected vacancies. In February of 1890, he passed an examination and became a locomotive engineer.

Six feet, four inches tall, with gray eyes, a ready smile, and raven black hair, Casey Jones neither drank nor caroused. Perry Walker, one of his firemen, described him as "a lean, lanky man who was so tall he couldn't stand up in an engine cab without his head sticking outside, looking somewhat like a giraffe."

In those days, there was no standard train whistle. Engineers used a whistle of their own choosing, employing a tone that suited them; they then practiced a blowing technique that would be distinctive. This was known as "quilling"; it was a highly developed art.

Casey "went on the air" with a long, plaintive wail that advertised to the world: "the man on the throttle is Casey Jones."

On January 1, 1900, partly because of his engineering skills and partly because there were few others who wanted the job, Casey was transferred to the most dangerous route on the Illinois Central, and given the toughest schedule. This was the run between Memphis, Tennessee and Canton, Mississippi, of mail trains No. 1 and 2, known as the Cannonball Express.

He was given locomotive No. 382. It was not "a six-eight wheeler," as the ballad proclaims. There was no such thing. No. 382 was a ten-wheel McQueen with six driving wheels, six feet high.

Accidents were common along the route, and the Cannonball's time for the 188.5-mile run had been whittled down by 40 minutes in the preceding two years. The Cannonball had to average 50 miles an hour to maintain its schedule.

What happened? Known as a "fast-roller," a man who could get more miles out of a tankful of water than any other engineer, Casey brought Cannonball No. 2 north into Memphis exactly on time at 9 p.m. on April 29, 1900. He was scheduled to rest there and take No. 1 south the evening of the next day. But at the roundhouse Casey was told that Sam Tate, the engineer scheduled to take No. 1 south that evening, was ill.

"I'll double out," Casey said. He needed the money. Casey had a wife and three children, and he was planning to buy a

remained on the track.

Adam Hauser, a reporter, was on board the Cannonball. The next day he wrote, "The marvel and mystery is how Engineer Jones slowed the train as much as he did. Railroad men themselves wondered about it. But slow it he did, in a way that demonstrated his mastery of the engine, as well as his sublime heroism."

Beside the twisted rail, half-covered with coal and the shattered walls of his cab, lay Casey Jones, with the broken end of the whistle cord still clutched in his hand. No one else was killed – just Casey.

The origins of "The Ballad of Casey Jones" are obscure, but a headline in a Memphis newspaper the day after the accident may have provided inspirational influence. It read, "The Sad End of Engineer Casey Jones."

According to one authority, the songwriting team of T. Lawrence Seibert (words) and Eddie Newton (music) published a "Casey Jones" song in 1902 and, although it was a best-seller by 1903, waited until 1909 to secure a copyright. According to another account, the eventual publishers, Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., believed the verse was written in 1902 and recited in a vaudeville act; Newton added the music in 1907, and the resulting ballad was copyrighted two years later.

A third school maintains that the song

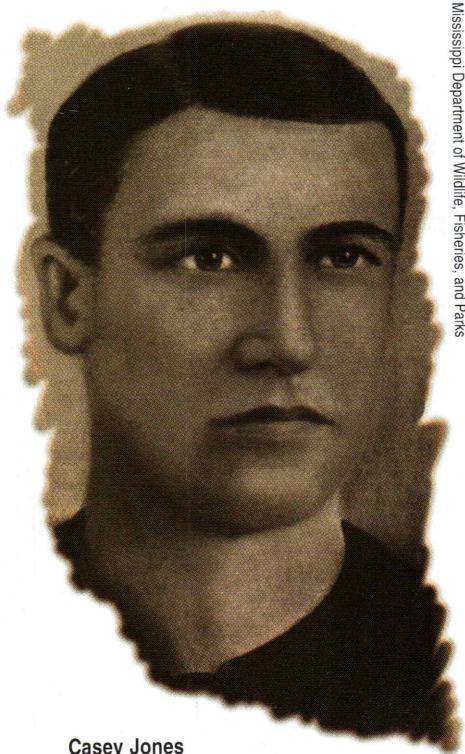
was written by Wallace Saunders, an engine wiper who knew and admired Casey Jones, who began singing a tribute to him soon after he died. However, Shapiro and Bernstein maintain that Saunders was merely singing a version of a much older railroad song, to which he had attached Casey's name.

Housed in a restored railroad depot in Vaughan, Mississippi, the Casey Jones Railroad Museum sits alongside the train rails less than a mile from where Casey died. The museum is located 35 miles north of Jackson, Mississippi off I-55, via the Vaughan exit (exit 133).

Casey Jones lies buried in Mt. Cavalry Cemetery in Jackson, Tennessee. The grave is marked by a small wooden cross. At Cayce, Kentucky, the town for which he was nicknamed, there is an impressive bronze plaque. A bas-relief of Engine 382 is engraved on the plaque, together with the words:

*In this community
The famous locomotive engineer,
John Luther Jones,
(Alias Casey Jones)
Spent his boyhood days.
Casey's many feats as locomotive
Engineer engrossed him deeply in the
hearts
Of his fellow workers.
On the morning of
April 30th, 1900, while running the Illinois
Central fast mail train, No. 1 'The Cannonball,'
His engine bolted through three
Freight cars at Vaughan, Miss.
Casey died with his hand clenched to the
Brake helle. His was the only life lost.
Famous for bravery and courage, the
name
Of Casey Jones lives deeply set into the
Hearts of American people in both tradition
And song. It can be truthfully said of him,
'Greater love hath no man than this that
A man lay down his life for his friends.'*

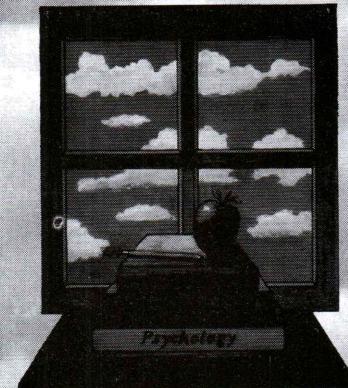
The plaque was dedicated in 1938 by Kentucky's senior U.S. Senator, Alben Barkley. Sen. Barkley, who had recently returned from a foreign trip, used his impressions of Europe as a backdrop for his address. He said he beheld the scene at Cayce with unbridled satisfaction because, unlike most of the monuments he had seen abroad, this one was erected to the memory of a man of peace, "a human being, respected by all who knew him." That was Casey Jones, symbol of American railroading. □



Mississippi Department of Wildlife, Fisheries, and Parks

Casey Jones

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I remember Dad and Grandpa sending me around the hill, a few yards from the house, to see what "the light said." The light was in the belfry on top of the commissary. One had to walk only a few steps from any place in the camp to see it. Green meant work and red meant no work the next day.

In addition to these two buildings were the post office and doctor's office in one building that was located just before the company store, and before that was a company gas station with a big Texaco sign. There were several garages built to house miners' cars for a fee. The Texaco station was later torn down and reassembled at Combs.

At the end of the camp was the elementary school.

The houses at Blue Diamond contained three rooms and were built much like today's trailers. There were a few square houses with four or five rooms. Most were heated by two open fireplaces. Some houses had flues for wood and coal stoves. It was rare if a house had a furnace downstairs.

The company store had a furnace, and the hot air blew up through steam registers on the floor.

One day my brothers, Vince and Bill, were coming from school, and Bill complained about being cold. Vince took him into the company store and stood him on one of the grates. "Are you getting warm?" Vince asked, knowing that the building was room temperature. "No. I'm still cold," Bill answered. Vince explained the working of the furnace, and how he should be warm now after standing there as long as he had. Bill still was not convinced, "I'm cold, and I can't see the fire!" Leaving the building, they crossed the porch and went home where Bill could see the fire.

The porch was a gathering place for the miners in the late 1950s.

The miners would gather near the pay office and wait for the latest cutoff or layoff list to be posted. It was a working man's nightmare when they were laying off workers. Every week brought new layoffs, and before it was over, every worker in the coal camp of 2,000 souls was either transferred to another coal camp or laid off.

Dad was on one of the last lists. He was offered a transfer to another Blue Diamond mine in West Virginia, but he declined. Grandpa had just retired and moved to Owsley County. Dad didn't



R. L. Jones, 202 McGowan Avenue, Bardstown, KY 40004; 502/350-3443, shares this photo of his uncle, John Madison Jones (1876-1909. He ran a livery business in Augusta, Bracken County, Kentucky. The boy in the photo is John's son, John Paul Jones (1900-1959). The photo was taken in 1908 in Augusta.

want to go too far away from Eastern Kentucky. Even after Blue Diamond shut down and the union pulled, Dad worked for Bill Durbin who, as a private operator, leased the coal from Blue Diamond. Dad worked over 20 years for Blue Diamond.

Most of Dad's children were born at Blue Diamond and several were reared there. Dad left two daughters buried in the cemetery on First Creek. It was located just where you came into the camp. Uncle Bill lived directly below it.

Dad spent most of his working life as a miner, and his tombstone at the Shepard Cemetery in Booneville, Owsley County, Kentucky, reads, "Retired Coal Miner."

Dad was a hard worker. He was a drill man (probably better than John Henry) and drilled holes in the coal seams for dynamite to be inserted and blasted. It was very few days Dad ever missed work. Dad worked every day he could.

Dad didn't waste but a few days after he was brought out of the mines one night to Dr. Wagers (the company

doctor) to have his jaw sewn up. Dr. Wagers sewed Dad up after the drill malfunctioned and cut his face.

Dr. Wagers was a character, and he made house calls. I remember one time he came to check on Mom, and he gave all the children money to go to the movies. He was a great guy. He was getting us all out of the house, so Mom could get some rest. Dr. Wagers received his pay from the company, and the company would cut each miner a few dollars. This paid the doctor's salary and gave him a medicine allowance.

I remember taking Walter down to Dr. Wagers to have his eyes checked. He was not doing well enough in school, and someone thought he was having vision problems.

Late one night, the family took Chester to the doctor's office when a miller, which was flying around an open light bulb on the porch, decided to fly in his ear. I went with Dad and several others. Dr. Wagers was very nice about coming in after hours when something happened. He took a toy squirt gun and shot Chester in the ear,

Robert Jones

Robert Jones Manchester 9/13/1790
Jacob Worley Book # p 164

Robert Jones Windsor Tap 5/25/1852
~~Henry~~ Jones McCoy Book 4 pg 1

Robert Jones 1790 House
Robert Jones Son oldest Dwelling Plantation

① Margaret Jones daughter

Henry Jones - son

③ Hannah Jones married Thomas Oldham

④ Elizabeth Jones - daughter married

Henry Cunningham

① Mary Jones married Arthur Cunningham

③ Rachel Jones married Francis Worley

⑥ Susanna Jones married James Worley

Elizabeth Jones widow
James Jones William Jones

Orphan

Book B 246 ✓ Willis vs Doe
256 ✓ Charles
Book 32 ✓ John

Book 116 Elisha ✓
117 Amos ✓
137 Theophiles ✓

Book 389 Robert ✓

Book H 5 } Naphtale
14
58 33 }
111

Book I 27 Edward ✓
28 Rebecca ✓

Book K 278 Stephen ✓
313 Robert ✓

Book M (1816-19) 108 James
✓ 304 James
329
✓ 385 Emma
385 George

Book O 131 Edward
220

235 Peter.

Book P 42 Elizabeth
51

64
90 + 109

Book Q 162 -

Elizabeth
231
300
300 Emma
329 Oliver
330 Robert
370 Elizabeth
418 Ann
444
506
605 Elizabeth

Book F

✓ 63 Ann
✓ 96 Ann

134 Emma
520 Dorothy
567 Ann
580 Oliver

Books 210 John
360
370

Book T 21 Jacob

Wm Joseph Jones 12/18/1893 m/w
son W C Jones

Margaret E Jones 5/19/1893

Levi St Jones
Harriet E Jones

James Jones Black
Deed
Geo T & R H Jones
son Ray 6/21/1893

Charles & Sophia Jones
John son 8/2/1893

John W Jones died 8/17/93 - 78 yrs

Elizabeth W D W Jones
son 5/16/95

~~George~~ George & Annie Jones
daughter 12/1/95

Capt David Jones age 75 2/18/97

1789
-1767
22

17th & D Street
DAR

Josiah ~~Wells~~ Wilson

p 33, 109, 169, 214

164 170

Josiah Wilson M

Census 1776

Frederick City
Hundred

8/1776 now in
Montgomery City

226
675
538

History of Maryland
1600-1880 Index Schaf

Senator Wilson	V 3	P 339
David	V 2	574
Ephraim K.	V 2	613
	V 3	57, 245, 716-17
George W.	V 3	213
Lt Col. Henry (War Mexico)	V 3	226
Seneca (also v. p.)	V 3	337
Lt. Col. J. W.	V 3	603, 647-648
James	V 2	634
	V 3	166, 296, 300, 323
John	V 2	270
John	V 3	144
Joshua	V 3	675
Lawrence		481
Robert	V 3	178
Samuel	538	V 2
Stephen		514
Thomas		579
William		32
Wm G.	V 2	618, 629, 634
	V 3	136
	V 3	642

Abstract will
Montgomery Cty

1776-1825

Mary Gordon Malloy

Wilson, Josiah

153

Heads of Families
1st Census of US

State Maryland
1790

Index p. 187

MD
Calenfor Wills, 1738-1743 V. VIII
by Jane Baldwin
Genealogical Pub. Co.
1968 - Baltimore

Thomas Wilson, Prince George's Co. 3/30/1744
5/1/1744

To son Thomas "Knoves Dispute" & 133A "Ridge"
" Joseph 150A "St. Thomas"
" Wadsworth, part warrant of
resurvey of 200A
" Absalom, 153A "The Forest" ~~150A~~
" "Carrolton"
" William, 190A "London" & "The Suburb"
dau Elizabeth, 100A "Ledges" & "Knoves
Dispute"
wife Priscilla, estx, life int. in real estate
She to make over to Thomas Whitaker
100A. "Beverton"
wife Priscilla & dau. Priscilla & Mary
son personal estate
Josiah, 143A. "The Forest" & 62A
"Carrolton"
Test: Ninian Beale Jr, James Wilson,
Joseph Wilson

James Wilson, Tanner, Talbot Co.

18th June 1734

2127/1740

son James, last testator purchased + 52A "Brookdale"
son Thomas, dwell. plan. + 25A "B. K." ^{landed}
son William, house & lot in Kingstown + 50A "BK"
son George "Cabin Point"
Joseph & William "Flecharly" & "Marys
Joseph" in Dorchester, Es
grandson James 50A dwell. plan. at death
of father
granddaughter Sarah, residue dwell plan
providing sh Mary & Friends
which require

Cts. Sons James Joseph, William, Thomas

Margaret Linden, Somerset Co 11/11/1742
11/17/1742

Daughter Margaret, wife George Denwood
Elizabeth Wilson, Rebeccah, Martha
(Linden) & sis Mary Smith, personally.

Es Samuel Wilson, (Cop).

~~Jones~~

Abstract Wills
Montgomery City
1776-1825
Revised by Greg Pind
Co 1977
Malloy 2/17 1735-6 WD C
Frances Wilson 2/25 1735-6 20011

son John
and Sophia Larrance
granddaughter Elizabeth Neffler &
Ann Wilson

grandson Hildry Wilson
rest children Thomas
Margaret Hickman
Frances Bone
Joseph
Elizabeth Ireland
Sophia Larrance
James
John

Mary Gordon Malloy
Jane C. Sween
John Manuel

Wadsworth

5/4/1799

wife: Eleanor

Sons: Leden

James

daughters: Frances Shepherd

Mary Burns

Eleanor Shepherd

Grandsons: Wadsworth Wilson Shepherd

Wilson Burns

Wadsworth Wilson, son

James

granddad Eleanor Burns

Joseph Wilson

11/5/1790
2/8/1791

Son: Sarah

Ann Worthington

Son-in-law William Worthington

daughter: Mary Rose

William Wilson

4/10/1777

wife: Elizabeth

Son: Ezekiel

wif: Sarah Wilson

Jonathan Wilson
Son John
James John
Jones
Charles
Isaac Wilson - Mina (John Wilson)

8 grandchildren:
Bessy
John
James
Jones
Wilson
Charles
Mozelka McGuire
Wilson - Mina

Died

James Coll
2/21/1852

Books

2 336 yes
3 374 yes
3 113
4 171
4 172
5 473
7 191
6 323

David Jones

10/22/67

4 219
381
320
371
301
4 310

Margaret
Mary
~~Margaret~~ Mary C

9 379

410
379

Heir

Book 1 23 ok
maybe 4 28 ✓
8 62 ✓
2 331 ✓
7 74 ✓
2 336 ✓

Jones Coll
(will of Sampson Coll)
Jones C
I
m

Samuel

Jones Heir

11 530

11 530

2 1

2 336

3 375

11 284

10 377

2 1

4 224

3 387

11 720

Elizabeth ann

Hugh

Joseph C ?

Margaret yes

Mary A

E

W ?

Sarah

" ann

Willis C

David J Cole

5468

~~Hugh Cole~~

~~123~~

Josiah

3471

Sampson

A 18

55

~~222~~

Elias Jones

4 49

~~John~~

Richard Jones 21

Gu Cole

225

<u>Mary C Jones</u>	<u>10/6/1839</u>	<u>11</u>
<u>Henry W Jones</u>	<u>12/16/1839</u>	<u>12</u>
<u>Julia P. Jones</u>	<u>5/9/1804</u>	<u>29</u>
<u>Marta A Jones</u>	<u>9/25/1868</u>	<u>47</u>
<u>A F Cole</u>	<u>2/25/1857</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>William J Cole</u>	<u>2/1/1857</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>Mary J J Cole</u>	<u>11/9/1857</u>	<u>2</u>
<u>Sena V Cole</u>	<u>10/1/1858</u>	<u>7</u>
<u>Thomas H C Cole</u>	<u>4/3/58</u>	<u>7</u>
<u>Charles V Cole</u>	<u>11/19/59</u>	<u>11</u>
<u>Mary C J Cole</u>	<u>11/11/59</u>	<u>11</u>
<u>Chigaleek V Cole</u>	<u>11/24/59</u>	<u>11</u>
<u>Rachel V Cole</u>	<u>9/31/</u>	<u>17</u>
		<u>26</u>
<u>Thomas W Cole</u>	<u>July 3 1866</u>	<u>33</u>
<u>Phat A Cole</u>	<u>11/4/1808</u>	<u>46</u>

Birth

Wade ~~free~~ B/F Slave
 Mo ~~free~~ person
 David Jones owner

Births 1857-1885

✓ A. H. Cole 2/21/1857 male Army City
FA Levi N. Cole Preacher
MO Emily S Cole

William J Cole 2/1/1857 male S
FA Samuel Cole Farmer
MO Elizabeth M Cole

✓ Mary J Cole w/f S 11/9/1857
FA Josiah B Cole Farmer
MO Sarah S Cole

✓ Anna V Cole w/f S 10/1/1858
FA James Cole Farmer
MO Nancy P D Cole

✓ Thomas H C Cole w/m S 4/3/1858
FA Sampson Cole Farmer
MO Eliza Cole

✓ Charles V Cole w/m 11/19/1859
FA Samuel Cole Farmer
MO Elizabeth Cole

✓ Mary C J Cole w/f 11/11/1859
FA Josiah B Cole Farmer
MO Sarah Cole

✓ Elizabeth V Cole w/f 4/24/59
FA Levi N Cole Farmer
MO Emily S Cole

Mary C Jones w/f son ^{one} 10/6/1859
PA Elias Jones Carpenter
MO Margaret Jones

Henry W Jones w/m 12/16/1857
PA Nathaniel Jones Farmer
MO Lucy J Jones

✓ Rachel N Cole w/f 8/31/1862
PA Samuel Cole Farmer
MO Elizabeth Cole

Julia P Jones w/f 5/9/1864
PA J P Jones Cooper
MO Melinda Jones

✓ Thomas Walton Cole w/m 7/1866
PA Samuel S Cole School Teacher
MO Elizabeth Cole

~~John Anderson Cole~~

✓ Martha Ann Jones w/f 9/25/1868
PA William Jones Farmer
MO Tabitha Jones

Deaths 1857-1896

~~Hugh Cole 9/1/1837 81~~

~~David Cole 2/28/1861 8~~

~~Angeline J Jones 3/1/1862 9~~

~~Isab Jones 9/11/1862 11~~

✓ Hugh Cole w/m 9/1/1837 Smyth, Cty
Dropsy of Breast $\frac{79}{178}$
age 79 ~~7~~ + 6 mos
not now parents
born Washington Cty
farmer
married Martha Cole

Stephen Slave of David Cole
fever

Anseline or Angeline J Jones $\frac{w/F}{3/1/1862}$
Smyth 7 mo.
Elias w & Margaret Jones

Isabella Jones w/f 9/11/1862
Croup 22 mo.
J. A. & Matilda Jones

✓ David Jones w/m 5/4/1867 5m 1804
Feder age 63

Parents Robert & Jones born Washington
farmer Cty, Va
wife Margaret Cole

son Joshua S. Jones

✓ Mary E. Y. Cole w/f 5/21/1858 Smyth
Bronkelaar 28 day 90
Levi H & Emily Cole 23

✓ Cleas Jones 10/1864 near Harrison age 68
Levi & Collenian Jones
J S Jones son

✓ Susan a Cole w/f 12/16/1874
St. Bottom Consumption 1857
24 yrs born
Samson & Lucy Cole Smyth

✓ Decas Cole 5/27/1853 Smyth 1853
died 1885 age 68
Nathaniel McClure father born Wa Cty
Housekeeper widow
son Samuel Cole

W. Jones
outwed slave Joseph P. Jones w/m 8/14/1854

21 mos

M. W. J. Jones & Margaret Jones

J. M. Jones Betty Jones w/f 9/5/1855 Smyth Co
lasts died flux 6 mo
slaves in 1855 G. M. & Sarah A. Jones

William P. Cole w/m 1/6/1873 St. Clair
Styaphoid fever 25 1848 Colcom
25 yrs

Josiah & Sallie Cole born Smyth Co

Jarkess Cole w/f 11/3/1873 St. Cl. B
20 years

Josiah & Sallie S. Cole

Malinda Jones w/f 7/16/1874 Smyth
Consumption
45 years

William & Mary Williams 1875
John Jones Husband Batsto Cty
1875

Sampson Cole w/m 6/5/1875
St. Clair Batsto Semeragh of Lung
age 68 1875

Heugh & Martha Cole 1875
E. J. Scott nephew Smyth

✓ Annie Jones w/f 3/22/1875 Wythe Co
age 42
John Es Martha Nuckels Wythe
N. D. Sayyess Relative

✓ Andrew A Cole w/m 5/24/1877 St Clair
Consumption 19 mo
Daught of Nancy Cole

✓ Samuel Cole w/m 2/6/1877 near Marion
Consumption 1837
age 40 former
Jones & Darkes Cole Smythe
John L Johnston friend

✓ Elizabeth Cole w/f 10/1/1877 near Marion
Consumption 43
age 43
John L & Rachel Johnston Smythe
John L Johnston father

Margaret C Jones w/f 6/27/1877 near Marion
Change of life age 48
John Seaver (Seaver) Wythe Co
M. D. L. Jones husband

✓ Went Cole w/m 3/25/1878 Smyth
Consumption age 17 61
Sam & Elizabeth Cole Smyth
R. B. Under grand

✓ Elizabeth B Cole w/f 9/12/1878 St CB
Deseret age 70

✓ Creeked & Fannie Jones Smyth
farmer w/f James H Cole

✓ Susan Jones w/f 9/20/1879 Smyth
Fleas fever age 27

✓ John & Sarah Fields Rockbridge Co
Adam Jones husband

✓ Fayette Cole w/f 9/20/1879 46
Child birth age 33 33 1879
✓ Sampson Ascometh Cole S. Fork
Joseph B Cole husband

✓ David J Cole w/m 4/24/1881 Fontaine
Demorache age 55 55 1881
Hugh & Martha Cole Smyth
farmer

✓ Martha A E Cole wife

✓ John Cole w/m 4/8/1881 T.H.
Consumption 27 54
age 27

✓ Samuel & Eliza Cole Smyth
farmer
Rosalia Fields wife 1882
19 13

✓ John P Cole w/m 4/9/1882 Seven Mile
Consumption age 19 Farmer
✓ Samuel & Elizabeth Cole Smyth
John P. Doster Grandson

M. D. Lafayette Jones w/F 1/23/1882 Rich Valley
6 mo.

Louis & Polly Jones Marion City
Margaret Jones T R Sutton friend

Charlie Cole w/m 6/9/1882 St C Des
Convalescent 11 mo
H. F & Nancy J Cole (Hugh F.)

~~Elizah Cole w/m 4/21 Coxe City~~
~~Heart attack age 74~~
~~John may call wife Mechanic~~

Mabel Jones w/F 7/1/1885 Amyotha
whooping Cough 2 mo
H. C Jones & Misericord Marion

Olive Jones w/F 5/26 Marion 11 mo
S. D. Jones Wash Co Father

Nathan Jones w/m 8/18/1885
found dead age 55 Rich Valley
William & Annie Jones Amyotha
M. Jones wife
John Trail friend

Assureth Cole w/F 1/12/1886 St C
Consumption age 18 ¹⁸ 1867 St Clair
Hugh F & Nancy J Cole

Joseph B Cole w/m 3/22/1886 R. V.
Pneumonia age 36 farmer
Joseph & Sarah Cole Smythe
wife Minnie D. Cole
T. K. Sefton Father-in-law

James C F 12/20/1887 R. D. Smythe
Consumption age 22
Lewis F Jones Husband

Susan Jon Jones w/f 1/1887 sd
Consumption age 26 Smythe
William & Sallie Christensen
Freel Jones Husband

Jackson Jones w/m 3/6/1887 A.C.
Shins aged
Mary Jones Smythe
J. F. Calhoun steward from house

Eleanor E Jones w/f 3/23/1891 Chilawee
Consumption age 39
Dr Rebecca Barkery Wash City
J S Jones Husband

Angela F Jones w/f 8/1891 Dry
Neopsey age 9
H W & N E Jones Smythe

E M Jones w/m 8/3/1891 same 13 days
J C & M J Jones Smythe

✓ Jones Cole w/m 4/24/1891 S+C
Typhoid age 23 ²³
Jones Dobson friend ¹⁸⁶⁸

Cristina Jones w/f 4/1893 Drygthe
age 86

Adam & Mary Messac wife
George A Jones son

John J & Sally Ann Jones w/m 7/3/1893 2 days

✓ Robert F Jones w/m 7/11/1893 S+C
age 6
J J Jones Drygthe father or SS

✓ Julia P Cole w/f 10/4/1894 Drygthe
Consump age 30
W W & Ad Marshad N. C.
& C Cole husband

Jenii Gordon Jones w/f 6/26/1894 Mar
age 18
& C & Nannie M Jones Mar

Millie Jones w/f 6/21/1894 Mar
age 10 days

James M & Nannie A Jones Mar

Berick

~~Horace Cole~~

~~Nannie V Cole~~ Horace S Cole w/m
F A James McDon Cole Farmer 12/12/1885
No ~~Mr Martha J Cross~~ ~~AA Cole~~ R E Cole
Ht

✓ ~~Nannie V Cole~~ 85
G A. & Cole & AA Cole Smyth

Idea M Jones w/f 6/20/1885
John C Jones
Saene Jones

~~David Jones Jemina Jones~~
David Jones w/m 6/21/1886
John L Jones
Jemina Jones

Lucy 9/1886
Wm & Jones Milla Dix

Mary B Jones 7/29/1886
John J Jones N E Jones

Rebecca Jones 10/24/1886
A J Jones & Susan Jones

✓ L V Cole 3/27/1887
Z C Cole & M C Cole

E J Jones 9/3/1887
H W Jones Mc Jones

Jones 9/1887
Alex + M Jones

1, 2, 7
57, 11
19
29
16
24
33
46

Jones H Jones 12/11/1878 7-mile Ford
H W Jones + Maggie Jones

11
12
29
47

Marriage

Cole

30, 38, 44, 46, 40, 48, 24, 34, 35, 36, 38, 65, 71, 60, 66
68, 72, 104, 126, 126, 126, 128, 130, 136, 145, 129, 158, 163

Jones

65, 66, 67, 72, 73, 74, 77, 78, 70, 100, 103, 106
10, 25, 27, 24, 28, 40, 44, 51, 59, 61, 62, 64, 66, 71, 79, 81, 85
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12, 13, 17, 23, 27, 28, 30, 32, 40, 43, 49, 61, 64

106, 107, 108, 109, 111, 113, 115, 118, 123, 126, 128, 134, 138, 139
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104, 105, 106, 108, 110, 112, 113, 121, 123, 126, 127, 131, 133, 135
142, 143, 144, 146, 148, 151, 152, 153, 157, 159, 169, 162

Elijah Hillspie & Mary Jones 10/1853

Samuel Cole & Elizabeth N. Johnston 6/1/1854
25 15 Amy M.
James Dorcas Cole John Rachel Johnston

And. Callahan & Eliza Cole 10/11/1855
22 22 Susan Callahan Nat'l & Jane Cole

James N. Jones May R. Clare 2/24/1858
Drs. P 19 & Elizabeth Jones Henry & Sally Clare

Amanda Jones & Peter Coyer 11/2/1858
Berg 20 & Margaret Jones 38

Births

✓ A H Cole 2/21/1857
Levi H & Emily L Cole

✓ Wm J Cole 2/1/57
Samuel & Elizabeth N Cole

✓ Mary J L Cole 11/9/57
Ralph B & Sarah S Cole

✓ Anna v Cole 10/1/1858
James J Cole & Nancy P D Cole

✓ Thomas H C Cole 4/3/58
Sampson Cole & Eliza Cole

✓ Charles v Cole 11/19/59
Samuel Cole & Elizabeth Cole

✓ Mary C L Cole 11/11/59
Isiah B Cole & Sarah Cole

✓ Elizabeth V Cole 4/24/59
Levi H Cole & Emily

✓ Mary C Jones 10/6/59
Elias Jones & Margaret Jones

✓ Henry W Jones 12/16/59
Nathaniel W Jones & Cecily J Jones

dad	4.40	15	19
me.	6.55	15	15
bus		7.0	
tip	2.00	14	
		210	

✓ George A Cole 9/6/1860
Levi N Cole & Emily F Cole

Isabella Jones 2/20/1862
John Jones & Melinda Jones

Rachel V Cole 8/31/1862
Samuel & Elizabeth Cole

Julia P Jones
J P Jones & Melinda Jones 5/9/1864

✓ Thomas Dalton 7/1866
Samuel Cole & Elizabeth

Matilda Jones 4/27/1866
Nathan & Matilda

✓ Serri Virginia Cole 7/1867
Hugh F Cole & Nancy? Cole

Mollie Elta Jones 11/29/1867
John T Jones & Elizabeth Jones

✓ John Anderson Cole 11/4/1868
John Cole & Nancy Cole

✓ Martha Ann Jones 9/28/1868
William L Jones & Elizabeth Jones

John & Jones 8/12/1869
John & Jeremina Jones

Charles Jones 11/1/1853

Wilkson Jones & Anenrech Jones

Dick Jones 8/10/1853

Richard H Jones & Cornelia Jones

✓ Zacariah L Cole 11/1/1853
Joseph D Cole & Sarah Cole

✓ Marcella A R Cole
Samson Cole & Olga Cole

✓ Thomas C H Coe 3/4/1883
June J Coe & Nancy P O Coe

Nathaniel W Jones sp 3/53
New Jones Vice Wolf

Mary Catherine Jones 6/22/53
Archabel M Jones & Jesus Jones

1834
1854
1834
20

Will

2/22/1833

Sampson Cole

Lydia Cole - wife

- ① Abigail Tilson - daughter
William Tilson - son-in-law Hezekiah Thomas F. E. B. Bokon
- ② Joseph Cole - son deceased
- ③ Freebee Cole - daughter
married Anderson
- ④ Jones Cole Sr.
- ⑤ Hezekiah Cole ? } Hezekiah Williams?
- ⑥ William Cole ? }
- ⑦ David Cole
- ⑧ Jesse Cole
- ⑨ Martha Cole & Heigh Cole
- ⑩ Anna Stalcup
- ⑪ Elizabeth Patterson (Andrew)
- ⑫ Heigh Cole Son-in-law

Heigh Cole Will

4/10/1857

Martha Cole

① Jones Cole

② David Cole

③ Lydia Hawthorne David Hawthorne

④ Elizabeth Tilson

John Hawthorne
exec.

Sampson Cole.

Will 11/19/1852

James Cole & wife Dorcas

- ① Andrew C. Cole son
- ② Free love Love (Leonard) son law
- ③ Eliza Cole
- ④ Josiah Cole
- ⑤ Nathaniel Cole
- ⑥ James J. Cole
- ⑦ Margaret Cole Jones
- ⑧ Larrest Patterson deceased
S. C. Patterson son law
- ⑨ Mary Patterson
- ⑩ Samuel Cole
- ⑪ Josephs Cole

2/22/1881

James J. Cole & Victoria A. Cole
P. L. Cole ~~trusts~~ & guardians of 3 children
Levi M. Cole Admins

Joseph B. Cole 5/1/1886
L. M. Cole adm (Levi M. Cole
Minnie B Cole
A. P. Cole

David Jones died 9/20/1867

J H Jones

Margaret Cole Jones 7/6/1896
① Angie Copenham dae
② Jasper or Nathaniel Jasper
 disappeared 1880
③ Emily Tarter
④ Rosa Tarter
⑤ Nema Joscaff's daughter
⑥ Margaret Cornstock (granddaughter)

10/5/1891

Sompson Cole (Mach) (Mord)
① Remember A. Mach dae
② Freelon C Cole dae
③ Almeda A Beyard dae
④ Darcos C Cole dae
⑤ L. M. Cole Nephew }
⑥ Joseph L. Cole
⑦ Charles B Cole
⑧ David S. Cole
⑨ Ada Cole
⑩ Hal. Cole son } sons
⑪ Robert. Cole }
⑫ James M. Cole

Sompson Cole died 6/5/1875-

Joseph C. Jones father

Richard W. Jones 7/14/1844

sisters Martha Elizabeth Dungan
Catharine P. Jones
Nancy J. Jones
Mary W. Jones

Marriages

Elizabeth Cole & David Silson 1/20/1836
John Jones performed

Samson Cole & Eliza Cole M.C. 1/26/1836

Samson Cole & Elizabeth Cole M.C. 1/26/1837

James Cole & Eliz. Jones Bond 11/7/1837

George W. Jones & Sarah Ann Pearson

Thacey Cole & John Hackett Bond 5/22/1852

Harriet Cole & Sampson Patterson Bond

Nathaniel Jones & Martha Fulton Bond 12/5/1852

David Cole & Jane Dusenberry Bond 1/23/1841/23

Martha E. Jones & William P. Dungan Bond 1/22/1845

James Cole Jr & Polly Ann Lefson Bond
2/18/52

Josiah B Cole & Sarah Brown Bond
5/27/52

David Cole Martha E Hebble Bond
2/28/1846

Nathaniel Jones & Pray Jones Wolf Bond
5/2/1846
Archibald M Jones Susan C Daily
C. Bond 1/4/1847

Mary V Jones & William Gullion Bond
3/16/1852
Andrew M Jones & Mary Janeon Bond
12/18/52

William F. Cole & Hannah R Crabtree
Bond 8/13/52

William A Jones & Asseneeth Ann Scott
Bond 9/10/52

Christina Jones Harvey N William
Bond 9/28/52

Mary S Jones & Levi Matthee 10/1/52 bond
Levi Cole & Corbin L Donham bond 4/20/52

Kegley Virginia Frontier
has migration of people to City

Leeds Greenston Semness
History SW Virginia

Annals of Virginia - Wash City

Joseph Cole 103+104 ✓

Thomas Jones 425 ✓

Hugh Cole 77, 78, 118 9/11/1780

William Cole 24, 78 ✓

Israel Cole 39 ✓

~~Blackburn Jones 40~~

Martin Jones Stmt 17 Slave 64

Henry Jones vs Moses Nathan 244

Samuel Cole 4 ✓ Book 4

Joseph Cole Jr 49 ✓

Elizabeth Cole 177, 260 ✓

Samuel Cole 182 ✓

James Cole 287 ✓ 1

Book 6+7

John Jones 153 ✓ 111 ✓ 164, 366

Robert Jones 347 ✓

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Richard Jones 272

Robert Jones Book 5
100

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Henry 18
Richard Jones 107
Jane Jones 154, 235, 249
Richard Jones 253
John Jones 253—
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John Jr. 306

Isabella Jones 389

Martin Jones 399

Book 12
15, 16 Severin
William 181, 312
Martha 261 342
John 311
John Jr 329

Book 13
John Jr 29 276
John Jr 30 278
William 32 279

Book 14
James Jones will 528

Wills
James M Jones 8/29/1857
Married
Malena

Thomas S Jones 9/25/1872
Mother Rebecca Jones

a. a. Jones (Aseneth A. Jones) ^{7/3/1880} mother
① Sallie P. ^{Priscilla}
② Eliza C. ^{Sherman} witnessed C H. Jones
③ Elizabeth F. ^{w. P. Jones}

J. S. Jones wife C. V. Jones (Evie) 10/7/1879
~~witnesses~~

husband William A Jones

Wives Jones & Mary Jones wife 3/20/1882
① Katie Jones (adopted)

Births 1853-1859

Andrew M. & Mary Jones
① William John R 1/2/1854
② Nancy F. V. 10/24/1856
③ James 8/17/1859

Olga Jones
① Sarah Ann 8/24/1853

John & Judith Jones
① William R 2/27/1854

Fenney & Rebecca Jones 7/7/1854

M M & Mary Jones
① James C 9/8/1855

James M. & W F Jones
① Melinda F 4/19/1856

W B & Catherine Jones
① Franklin T 5/6/1856

John Jones guardian
of John, Andrew, Fanny,
Elizabeth, Sarah Ann Jones
orphan of Richard Jones 1/22/1838

Martin Jones appt 1/25/1844
Several Jones (feeble mind)

Martin Jones appt 1/25/1844
Mary Jones (feeble mind)

Martin Jones appt 1/25/1844
Isabella Jones

Edward M. Campbell guardian
of Rachel J., Mary C. Jones
orphans of John Jones Jr. 1/28/1864

also of John R., Fannie A., & 1/28/1864
Joseph C. Jones orphans of John Jones Jr.

James S. Cole guardian 1/23/1863
David C. Cole orphan of Peleg Cole
also Francis S., Joseph, Laura S. & Laura S.,
J. George W. Cole orphans of Peleg Cole
1/23/1863

Andrew M. Jones, John Jones Jr. &
John Jones Jr. 6/28/1859
guardian of William & Dennis
orphan

Robert Jones occasion 1/15/1828
David R. Oliva C + Sarah M Smyth
orphans of Jonathan Smyth

Will
Oliva J Jones 9/3/1897
sister Catherine Ryburn
sister Catherine Ryburn
William S Ryburn
Margaret Coopertor
Andreas Jones
Patrick Ryburn
nephew John Q Ryburn

Thomas J Jones 5/19/1908
wife Rebecca Jones

① A. M. Jones 7/23/1910
② Son W. F. Jones
③ Grandson John J. Jones
④ M. B. Jones
⑤ grandson

W. R. Jones 2/10/1911
① John F. Jones
② Peter M. Jones
③ Henrietta T. Gray

Rebecca Jones 6/5/1928
① Silas A Jones 45 ^{age}
② Cesero J Jones 43
③ Carrie Warden 38
④ Nancy Baugh 36
⑤ Thomas Jones 34
⑥ Oya Hunter 30
⑦ Lewis Jones 28
⑧ Kyle Jones 22

Marriages

Cole

Joseph 63
 Neigh 43
 George 63
 James 63
 Ruth B 11
 Nancy Ma 12
 Nancy 16
 Sally 23
 Failla F 37
 Samuel 67
 John 67
 Joseph 68
 Peleg 68
 Sarah 44
 Norton 63
 Zachariah 69
 Neigh 69
 Peleg 70
 George W 71
 Agnes 88
 Ned 97 106
 Sarah 109
 John Washington 77
 Pro. Henry 77
 Garrison P Cole 78
 Benjamin Gentry 78
 Neigh F Cole 78
 Thornhill Cole 78
 Priscilla Cole 215
 Priscilla C 217
 Elizabeth 220
 Rebecca 224
 Jenny 241
 Margaret 243
 Nancy May 253
 H. P. 85
 John B 86
 Sarah 315
 James 92
 Robert Hood 92
 Hannah 354
 Elizabeth 359
 Andrew C 93
 Dennis F 94

John 95
 Freclove 387
 Margaret 387
 Sheabocia 403
 Hatlie K 411
 John 78
 N. C. 99
 F. C. 100
 Nancy 418
 Polly 419
 Anna 417
 Nancy 419
 Mary 422
 P. L. 101
 William R 101
 Charles B 102
 William F 102
 A. H. 102
 J. G. 103
 John 104
 Fernando 104
 Anna 467
 Elizabeth B 483
 Elizabeth 494

Jones marriages

Lore 241	Claydia 4
John 241	Mary 4
Benjamin 241	Nannie C 7
Thomas 241	Nerna 13
William 241	Debel 22
Lewis	Rachaf)
Samuel	Rachel C 38
Joseph &	Rochel 58
Ezekiel 242	Elizabeth 68
James	Augusta Henrietta 78
Read	Emeline 79
Wilson	Amanda 82
Robert 243	Mary Jane 83
William	Season 86
David	Mary 86
Henry	Alice 88
Wilson	Season R 89
Calvin	Laura Jane 95
Henry 244	Mary C 98
William	Lizzie 103
Ambrose	Nellie Rehia 103
Michael Thompson	Mary 110
James Madison	Jane 117
Robert	Linda 126
William	Mary Clay 134
John William	Nellie 137
John 245	Sarah 145
David S	Levenia 149

Palk 265
Charles
J Franklin
Opferman
George W. 246
James
Henry S
Edward
John
William Henry
Walter 267
Speler
Daniel
John W 248
J W
John
Thomas A
James C 249
William R
E C
Josh
Marshall M
John R
Israh 249
Samuel S
Sibas A
Edward T 250
Marshall
Peter M
Thomas L
Matthew

Conkel 152
Ella 158
Susan 159
Levenia 163
Catherine 168
Lorette N. 181
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Emma 185
Elizabeth 191
Ruth 196
Rachel 198
Margaret H 203
Olen 218
Netty 227
Mary A 239
Mary 239
A. Bay 249
Lizzie McClinton 250
C. Jones 251
Maggie 253
Mary Catherine 259
Mary 270
Margaret 278
Sarah 287
A. B. 288
Lucy 294
Lizzie 306

Opheaim	251
PS	
Wm Richard	
Jerry	
Geo S	
Robert	
Thomas T	252
Thomas L	252
Charles Jr	
J. C.	
Calvin	
Wilson	
James W	
Harriet	203
J L	
Charles	
J B	
H C	254
Opheaim	
Daniel	
Cate	495
Kelly	497
Mary	506
Lizzie	507
Mary	529
Jamie Saunders	529

Judith C	323
Core V	332
Ida	336
Nora J	343
Darney	346
Rebecca Adlop	347
Elizabeth	352
Marythelma Dunn	353
Allegene	356
Catherine	361
Mary	
Kate	370
M	373
Emma	374
Roberta	376
Macketa C	378
Anne	373
Felicia B	394
Sarah P	406
Eliz.	416
Clara	434
Virginia E	434
Ura	455
Amelia	456
Lizzie	456
Florence	461
Amelia	466
Mary Eliz.	472
Sarah C	485
Mary	490
"	491

Va State Library Richmond
Jones Family Bible Acc 24056

28677 on Micro Reel 253

Records 1827-1830, 1832-1836, 1855-1858, 1862-1863

Grant 23

Robert Jones 1724

Isaac & Joseph 1770

Cole's Mill Seighan Douglass

Jones mill on Corner's Creek in Rye Valley

137, 143 15 33 38 49 51 77 85 130 69
117 51 147

George W Jones Commonwealth Att. 1838
South - western Road committee 1845
Commissioner to make railroad

Lynchburg & In RR 4/6/1848
Attorney 1852

Rep. County 5/14/1850

1860 Major General

4/21/1861 commiss. Major Strength Blue

(Co. D, 4th Va Inf. "Stonewall

Brigade

~~Hon. Geo. W Jones Jr.~~
Judge 1868-1872

Coles Joseph died 1785
& Israel will 1792 St. Clare's Bldm

Came from New Eng by way N.Y.

Joseph Coles gave land for
Renton's Chapel & he is buried
under pine

Joseph Sr

① Joseph Jr married daughter
② Samson of Israel Cole
③ Zachariah

Joseph Jr fought in Battle King's
Mtn. Mrs Freeling Cole Thomas
deposited City Court room he
called "Mansion" for Gen. Francis
Marion

136,285 Thomas Thomas came from Wales
137,04 in 1776 & 4/5/1791 married Freeling
134 Cole (born 12/24/1773 & died 3/22/1848)
644 753 Abijah son very wealthy

Robert Jones Member of House
Surgeon Essex 1723-27

John Jones 1642 settled Gloucester
North York

Hugh Jones published

"Present State Va 1724

Major John Jones in Rev. War

David Jones Mary Boswell 2/18/1763

Albemarle Parish Reg Sussex City Va

Robert Jones son Robert Jones
at Gen of NC in 49 year died 10/2/1766

Rebecca & William Hancock 10/27/1766

W. Clegg

David Jones godfa

Mary & Sarah godmo

Bereton Jones son Robert 1/9/1718

Robert Jones son Robert 1/24/1721

Robert Jones son Robert 10/15/1723
Wm & Thomas Jones sons Robt

Robert Jones died 2/14/1775 born 11/16/94

Robert Jones married Linda
Richards, 6/20/1985

The Jones of America Vol. 1 #3
Nancy Jane Cornell edit
Levelland, Ga 1250 per Vol.
5 single issues

Inkwood Publications, 1661
Lawrenceville Way, Riverdale, Ga
30296

Marriages

Fletcher Wilson Page 28
James Wilson 277

Fletcher Wilson & Catherine A Lindsey
9/23/1863 second time married
age 37 Farmer
Born Washington Cty Father & mother born
there also
Catherine - age 38 first time
~~Father~~ born Washington Cty
Father US Mother Washington Cty

James W Wilson age 29 5/20/1865
first born Wash. Cty Pa & Mrs Stone

Minerva Taylor age 23 first
born Marion Cty

Tap

what carries	carried by	carried by	value land for sale	total value
Hugh Wilson		2	965	
Thomas			50	
James M				
Nicajah		20	500	270
Hugh Wilson	6	1	20 500	950
Thomas	6	4		60
		30	700	800
				2590
				150
				950
		20	5	2100
				100

1837 Micajah 210 \$ ac Value
200 7 20.55
Robert B
Thompson
Anthony 287

1840
Micajah 210 + 160 Abbie Brundt \$ 3000 + 25 land
paper 2 children \$ 100 Total \$ 7465
Anthony 331 Pottenger Creek \$ 3310
4 children \$ 4040

1841
McWilson 210 Mellocks \$ 3150 Total \$ 7345

1842
Nathan
William
Thomas

1843

Micajah Cabin Branch 207
Mellocks 160

1849 Isaac Jones

Micajah 200 Cabin Creek
145 Midlocks
160 Knob Level

1860

Micajah 200 Cabin over
145 Medlock
105 Rolling Fork
160 Knob

Josiah Wilson 386 Rolling,
Silvester Winslow

Micajah

BYRON SANUEL JONES

GREAT UNCLE BYRON WAS A FARMER AND STOCKMAN, SUCCESSFUL AT BOTH AND WELL KNOWN THROUGH-OUT THE COUNTY FOR HIS WELL BRED STOCK OF SHOW HORSES.

GREAT UNCLE BYRON WAS KNOWN FOR ANOTHER ~~CHARACTERISTIC~~, TRAIT. HE LIKED TO PULL OFF PRACTICAL JOKES. ~~THEY WERE NOT THE SMALL ONES BUT LARGE, WELL PLANNED, SATISFYING ONES.~~

THE PRACTICAL JOKE HE LIKED BEST TO TALK ABOUT WAS ONE THAT TOOK CAREFUL ~~PREPARATION~~ ^{PLANNING}, AND HAD TO BE ~~PULLED OFF~~ ^{PULLED OFF} ON A CORNER STREET, IN LONDON, ENGLAND.

GREAT UNCLE BYRON, ON HIS CHOSEN DAY, ARRIVED IN LONDON EARLY IN THE MORNING, ~~AS PLANNED~~. HE CHECKED IN TO HIS ~~SELECTED~~ HOTEL AND GROUND FLOOR ~~HOTEL~~ Room. OPENING HIS BRIEFCASE, HE REMOVED THE ARTICLES HE BROUGHT FOR HIS JOKE. THEY WERE AN ^{SHAM} ARCHITECTURAL NOTE PAD, PENCILS, TRIANGLE & A LARGE TAPE MEASURE. HIS HOTEL'S MAIN ENTRANCE WAS ON A BUSY DOWNTOWN STREET. IT HAD A LESSOR ENTRANCE ON A SIDE STREET AND OF COURSE A REAR EXIT OR DOCK DOOR.

HE WAS NOW READY TO PULL OFF HIS JOKE. STANDING ON THE SIDEWALK, NEAR THE MAIN

ENTRANCE, WITH ABOUT 10 FEET OF MEASURING TAPE HANGING LOOSE, HE WAITED. HE WAS LOOKING FOR A "PROPER" ENGLISHMAN. THE ONE HAVING SHINY BLACK SHOES, GREY SPATS, DARK SUIT AND VEST, THE BLACK WALKING CANE HANGING FROM HIS ^{ARM} ~~ARM~~ AND, PREFERABLY, THE TALL BLACK SILK HAT.

IT WAS A BUSY MORNING AND HE SPOTTED HIS VICTIM EARLY. ACTING NERVOUS ^{LIKE HE} SAID STOPPED THE GENTLEMAN, AND ~~SAYING~~ HE WAS AN ARCHITECT FROM THE STATES WITH THE COMMISSION TO REMODEL THE HOTEL AND HIS ASSISTANT WAS LATE. HE ASKED THE GENTLEMAN IF HE WOULD MIND HOLDING THE END OF THE TAPE WHILE HE MEASURED TO THE CORNER OF THE HOTEL AND DOWN THE OTHER WALL TO THE SIDE ENTRANCE. "GLAD TO YANK" SAID THE GENTLEMAN, AND THE STUNT WAS ON.

THE PLAN WAS, THAT ONCE AROUND THE CORNER OF THE HOTEL, HE WOULD MEASURE TO THE SIDE ENTRANCE, NAIL THE TAPE MEASURE TO THE MASONRY WALL, RE-ENTER THE HOTEL, PICK-UP HIS BRIEF CASE, LEAVE BY THE REAR EXIT, GO TO THE ^{PIER} ~~BOAT~~ AND TAKE THE FIRST SHIP BACK TO THE STATES.

THEN THE UNBELIEVABLE HAPPENED. APPROACHING HIM ON THE SIDE STREET WAS ANOTHER ENGLISHMAN DRESSED EXACTLY LIKE THE OTHER -

YES
HE ASKED THIS ENGLISHMAN IF HE WOULD
HOLD THE TAPE WHILE HE WENT TO HIS HOTEL
ROOM FOR SOME NEEDED EQUIPMENT. THE
ENGLISHMAN WAS HAPPY TO OBLIGE. GREAT
UNCLE BYRON, THEN
~~WENT~~ THROUGH THE SIDE ENTRANCE
~~TO HIS ROOM~~, PICKED UP HIS BRIEF-CASE AND
LEFT THE HOTEL BY THE REAR EXIT. HE
CAUGHT A TAXI ~~BACK~~ TO THE PIER AND
TOOK THE FIRST SHIP BACK TO THE STATES.

EVER SINCE HE HAS MOUSED OVER WHAT THE
TWO ENGLISHMEN DID. ~~THESE ARE~~ THE REWARDS
OF A WELL-PULLED OFF PRACTICAL JOKE.

P. G. J.

Order of elicitation
by census taken
AUG. 13, 1850

TAYLOR COUNTY
KENTUCKY,

NAME	AGE	SEX	COLOR	PROFESSION	Value OF R.E.	PLACE OF ORIG.
9. ELIJAH JONES	68	M		FARMER	\$450	VIRG.
ELIZABETH	65	F				VIRG.
ELIJAH, JR.	20	M				KY
WILLIAM	18	M				KY

12.

12, May, 1852, MARY F. BLAND
4-21-1852 " 4. "

F. ^{owner} M.
B. BLAND B. GLAZEBROOK
HENRY Bland ELIZABETH A BELL

MARY
K.

Amanda Jones	w/F	11/9/1883	Book 1	176
Annie M Jones	w/F	12/27/1895	D 1	73
— Jones w/m		7/7/1893	D 1	61
Carrie Jones	w/F	6/12/1884		1 186
Charles Jones w/m		1/1/1853		1 64
Charles G Jones	w/m	8/10/1889		1 33
Cora F Jones	w/F	10/1/1889	D 1	31
David Jones	w/m	6/2/1886	D 1	6
Dick Jones	w/m	8/10/1853		1 65
Catina Jones w/F		7/10/1883		1 182
Elizabeth J Jones	w/F	4/27/1880		1 153
" " "	w/F	4/23/1879		1 145
Elizabeth Jones	w/F	7/15/1879		1 145
Endey Jones	w/F	9/15/1855		1 77
Emma Jones	w/F	4/22/1881		1 162
Eyma Catherine	w/F	4/28/1915		
Franklin	w/m	6/1/1876		1 122
George M Jones	w/m	10/6/1880		1 153
Grace	w/F	9/14/1879		1 145
Sattle		1/2/1852		1 173
Henry C		6/16/1871		1 87
Henry W		12/16/1859		1 12
Ida D		6/20/1885		
Isabella		2/20/1862		1 25
James		4/7/1875		1 115
James A. J.		5/3/1854		1 73
James H Jones		12/11/1878		1 138
Joseph		7/15/1877		1 138

Joseph L	10/7/1874	1108
Dulca P	5/9/1864	1 29
Georenia J	6/1/1869	1 55
Lucy	4/1881 4/21/1883	1 182
Mable	4/23/1885	1 191
Martha Ann	9/25/1868	1 47
Mary A	6/27/1871	1 87
<u>Mary B</u>	50	
Mary C	12/20/1885	1 191
Mary C	10/6/1859	1 11
Mary Catherine	6/22/1853	1 68