

## **Watlingtons of West Tennessee, 1830–1997**



**Watlingtons  
of  
West Tennessee  
1830–1997**

*by*

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Watlington**

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## THE SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNALS OF THE POOR

Selected verses from *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*  
by Thomas Gray

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds...

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep...

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.



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# Preface

The search for personal identity leads to a search for knowledge concerning our family ancestry and history. We cannot effectively disassociate ourselves from our family. It is one of the “givens” of life. We can search our family lineage and history to try to understand ourselves better and to understand them but this search is never solitary nor accomplished alone. It is a family project and more especially when our family consists of several siblings and recognized intergenerational contacts. It also involves a study of the communities in which they lived.

Disturbed by the lack of any written records of the family ancestry on our father’s side of the family I began early to write down what I could learn about them. Some ancestral charts of the Hale-Hammond-Jameson connections on the Hammond side of the family encouraged me. Professor Arthur D. Oxley at Lambuth College introduced me to values in family information for health concerns. However, the most important impulse was a move to Wisconsin in 1951 and the realization that I didn’t know much about our ancestors and was away from sources of information. The “far country” made me more diligent in writing down some bits of family history for reference. Twenty years in Perú accented the need for written records. While my search for information was sporadic the desire to get our story together never wavered.

Our search was not limited to Watlington-Hammond interest but included my wife’s Threadgill-Latham families and made her a partner in the search. With her secretarial skills she helped me in innumerable ways to organize my materials and duplicate it for sharing with the family. Our daughter, Mary Emma Watlington, accepted the challenge to do a Lambuth College interim project in genealogy in January, 1975, which involved bringing together our Watlington family genealogy and history for the first time. By that time much of the research on the immediate lineage had been accomplished, but very little on the allied families. So Janice Threadgill Watlington and Mary Watlington Sieger were early allies in this project.

Many references are made herein to the help of James L. Watlington, Sr. and Mary Watlington Wolford in the search for Watlington ancestors in Virginia, Bermuda and England. Mary Wolford’s book on Watlingtons

in Dinwiddie Co., Virginia and Madison Co., Tenn. freed me up to focus on the descendents of George W. and Catherine Tabler Watlington in West Tennessee. The search continues for roots prior to 1761 in Virginia.

The help and encouragement of friends at the Mid-West Tennessee Genealogical Society and the Tennessee Genealogical Society must be acknowledged. Their accumulated materials have helped greatly but their personal encouragement and suggestions have been motivational factors. The financial contributions of my siblings, especially Mack and Sam, have encouraged us also. Our cousin, Albert Edwin Watlington, and many others have also encouraged us through their expressed interest and financial contributions.

Despite all of the encouragement along the way the very human “procrastination” is my own. In recent months we have realized that what we do must be done quickly so we go to press with what we have. Much of our genealogical material is available for distribution through other channels. We express our appreciation to John Andrew Watlington for many hours of preparation for printing, and to Hubert and Betty Watlington Williams for working on publication and distribution. Kenneth, Evelyn Black and Betty Williams brought together the picture section for us, which enriches our memories.

— Elton and Janice Watlington  
October 1997

# On Family History and Family Pride

One of the accusations against a serious look at the family genealogy is that it is the height of egotism in the search for some rich or famous ancestor in the family heritage. While on the surface, genealogy often is guilty of this, and deserves the ridicule of those who would thus proclaim themselves independent of all family heritage; when one really takes the study of family history seriously, the revelations are rather humbling.

It isn't quite fair to pick out your favorite ancestry and do all your research and writing on this one line of the eight, or sixteen, or thirty-two lines which one might study. To take genealogy seriously is to try to uncover "the covered up" and to find out why certain lines of the family show evidence of wanting to forget their ancestors. This is not exactly the proud and boastful side of family history but may prove to be the most rewarding of them all. It is here that one runs into ancestors of unrecorded heritage, horse thieves, blockade runners, and soldiers who were not exactly heroes.

In family genealogy and history the whole gamut of human life is held before you, with its sorrows, its tragedies, and its depravation. Of course, the whole story of such things is never very fully recorded or remembered, but the outline of the life of tragedy is there for one to see and behold, and it is held as a mirror to see oneself in it.

Life as it is lived—that is what family history is all about. Not only the lineage, but the character of individuals in the lineage, and the record of their horse-trading through life. Some people think of genealogy and family history only in terms of the bright side of the family story, but the one who digs into the story always finds the truths of eternity standing out while people batter themselves against some of these hard truths. One descendent observed of her great-grandfather that had not proved to be so great, "He lies in an unmarked grave and so far as I know he deserves to be forgotten." He is my great-grandfather, too. While expressing well one side of the truth, the other side need not be overlooked. He deserves to be remembered for his folly and for his unfaithfulness as a reminder to us that, even so, we may prove to do likewise unless we remember.

My intention is not to preach a sermon, but to say that in family history and genealogy, as in any cultured pursuit, honesty and integrity in the search will reveal the true values of the Universe and reveal values and disvalues as our reward. One who is overly proud of a single line of the family should be encouraged to search out as many diverse lines of the “good lineage” as possible as a lesson in humility. With honesty and perseverance in the search, the relationship of lineage and character will become clearer and pride will be tempered with thoughtful reflection of the relative values in life as it was, and is, lived.

# Chapter 1

## Watlingtons in Virginia

The common ancestor of our West Tennessee Watlington, George W. Watlington (*ca.*<sup>1</sup> 1785–1865) was the son of William Watlington (*d.* 1806) of Dinwiddie Co., Virginia. Our search for more details of this William W. of Dinwiddie has confirmed that William and John Watlington of Dinwiddie County were brothers <sup>2</sup>. An Edward Watlington, who was in Dinwiddie Co., Va., prior to 1784, is recorded as “an heir of John” and for this and other reasons we believe him to be a son of John Watlington of Petersburg, Va., who died there in 1785, and who owned land in the county prior to 1761. This would make Edward a nephew of our William, and a cousin of George W. Watlington of West Tennessee.

Court records show that this Edward Watlington and wife Sarah were residents of Gloucester Co., Virginia in 1787, when William Watlington was serving as administrator of John’s estate in Petersburg. The discovery that he went from Dinwiddie Co. to Gloucester Co., Va., north of the York River, gives us an excellent clue to trace him further and perhaps to connect him and our William to the known Paul Watlington families of Gloucester County. It is possible, however, that any relationship in Gloucester Co. might be through his wife Sarah, or his mother’s family rather than the Watlingtons. We believe there is also a connection between John and William to one Francis Wadlington on a tax roll in nearby Prince George Co. in 1782–83.

We have not given up on the “oral tradition” that our Watlington lineage “came through Bermuda.” One of the most confusing parts of this tradition is that many other Watlington lines share that same tradition. While we have presumed that our lineage came through Bermuda in the 18th Century, it is entirely possible that the earlier families also came through Bermuda in

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<sup>1</sup>Throughout this text, the following abbreviations are used: *b.* for born or “born on,” *bp.* for birthplace, *ca.* for circa, *d.* for died or “died on,” *m.* for married, *pb.* for place of burial, and *pd.* for place of death.

<sup>2</sup>Hastings Court Minutes, Dec. 6, 1786

the early 17th Century.

Greater work will need to be done in identifying the early Watlingtons we now know were present in Northumberland, Gloucester, York, Prince George and Accomack Counties of Virginia in the 17th and early 18th centuries. Though we do not have an exact indication of their ages, John Watlington of Dinwiddie owned land there previous to 1761, and William, his brother, would be of a proximate age. George W. (*b. ca. 1785*) may not have been his older child, in fact he may have been the younger son who lived near him until his death *ca. 1806*.

We believe that John S. Watlington of East Tennessee was a son of a brother of George W. We need more documentation of the relationship, but we do have evidence of a blood relationship. Mrs. Polly Phillips <sup>3</sup> has traced the descendents of John S. and his wife Julia Ann York. We also have considerable records of the branch of the family that went to Marengo Co., Alabama about the time that George W. and his wife Catherine Tabler came to West Tennessee with their young family. We encourage you to help us search for our Watlington Connections.

— Feb. 1989

## George W. Watlington

*b.* 1785 Dinwiddie Co., Virginia

*m.* July 14, 1814, Knox Co., to Catherine Tabler (Katherine Dobler in German)

*d.* 1866, Madison Co., Tennessee

*pd.* Farm home, one mile east of Five Points, Pinson, Tenn.

*pb.* Evidently in Old Pioneer Cemetery at Mason Wells.

Dinwiddie County, Virginia, tax rolls (1782–1806) list William Watlington along with George Watlington (1802–1807). William was evidently the father of George, and died in 1806.

George left Dinwiddie County after 1807 and was next recorded as having paid poll tax in 1810 in Knox County, Tennessee. He evidently lived there until after 1828 as he also paid poll tax in that year.

He married Catherine Tabler, (*b.* April 14, 1790) of whom we have learned a great deal, in Knox County in July 1814. She was of German parentage born in Maryland and christened in a Lutheran Church at Fredericksburg, Md. Most of her immediate family came to West Tennessee but some settled in East Tennessee and Northern Alabama.

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<sup>3</sup>222 Lynnview Ave., Knoxville, TN 37918



George and Catherine came to Henderson County before 1830, and about 1831 moved to Madison County. Catherine's brother, a Dr. Alfred N. Tabler, evidently came later but settled in Henderson County, near Jack's Creek, which in 1882 became a part of Chester County, with Henderson as its County seat. Dr. Tabler had a son Ephraim N. Tabler, who later was active in business and politics in the new town of Henderson (*b.* 1840, *d.* 1911). He married Eliza Palmer (*b.* 1854, *d.* 1884) and their daughter Jo (Joanna Kendall) married N. Brodie Hardeman, a Church of Christ preacher, who helped start the Freed-Hardeman College at Henderson. Dr. Tabler died May 30, 1859 and was buried at a crossroads cemetery near Jack's Creek that bears his name. Joanna, his wife is buried with McCorkle relatives in Henderson City Cemetery. E. N. Tabler and his wife Eliza Palmer have impressive markers in the Henderson City Cemetery along with two of their infants.

George and Catherine had a large tract of land on the southern edge of Madison County, Civil District 17, east of Pinson, Big Springs and Five Points. It laid across what is now known as Diamond Grove Road. His oldest son Billie (Wm. Tabler) stayed on the family farm and cared for his parents. Evidently the old folks died (1865 and 1866) and were buried near the farm in an old pioneer cemetery at Mason Wells.

Their children and grandchildren continued to live in southern Madison County and parts of what later became Chester County. Dedicating themselves principally to agriculture, they intermarried with prominent families of the region and their members spread to Henderson, Pinson, Selmer, Jackson, Memphis, Newbern and on to Fulton and Paducah, Kentucky. Several of the relatives have now migrated to California also.

Most of the Watlingtons of West Tennessee are descendents of George and Catherine. Some who use a 'd' instead of a 't', 'Wadlington', are mostly from Kentucky and if related, are more distant cousins, descendents of one Watlington family (Wadlington) of the Revolutionary War Period from western Virginia and found later in South Carolina and Kentucky.

— January 1975, Revised 1995

A Good Name,  
Like Good Will,  
Is Got by Many Actions,  
And Lost by One.

— Lord Francis Jeffrery, Scottish Jurist

## Catherine Tabler Watlington (1790–1865) and Tablers in West Tennessee

When George W. Watlington came to West Tennessee, my grandfather said that he went from Knox Co., Tennessee, first to Alabama, then to West Tennessee where he was during the Henderson Co. census in 1830. His last record in Knox Co., Tenn. was in 1829. Through searching for Catherine Tabler's family we have new clues as to where he may have gone in Alabama.

Families often migrated with relatives or close neighbors for security and community reasons. The Watlingtons, Tablers, Harrises and McCorkles who were early settlers in Henderson and Madison Counties were all related by marriage, though some are believed to have come from South Carolina and others from East Tennessee or Alabama.

Catherine Tabler (Dobler in German) was the daughter of John Michael Tabler (1761–1841) of Berks Co., Penn. and Frederick Co., Maryland, where he married (2) Anna Maria Roberts (*ca.* 1770–*ca.* 1840). Her paternal grandparents were John Melchior Tabler (1725–1804) and Catherine Elizabeth Dorhn (Dorin) of Frederick Co., Maryland. Melchior had accompanied his parents (Lehnhardt and Anna Maria) to America in 1732 on the ship *Samuel* as a minor child. They were Lutherans of a Palatine “Free” state in Germany, and sailed from Rotterdam.

Catherine and George W. Watlington were married in Knox Co., Tenn., July 4, 1814, and lived there until 1828, where several of their children were born. Among her siblings were:

John Tabler, who married Isabell Lowery in 1825 in Alabama, and was in Henderson Co., Tenn., in 1830 census;

Adam Tabler, who is believed to have been in Hardin Co., Tenn. in 1830;

Charlotte Tabler (*b. ca.* 1801) who married Meredith Harris in 1818 in Knox Co., Tenn. and was in Henderson Co., Tenn. in 1840. She is believed to have *m.* (2) Sampson Edwards and had children in both marriages;

Alfred Newton Tabler, M.D., (1806–1859) a younger brother who was born in Jefferson Co., Tenn., Jan. 16, 1806 and died in Henderson Co., Tenn., May 30, 1859. He is remembered as one of the early physicians in Henderson Co., Tenn. He was in Huntsville, Alabama prior to 1830 and in Henderson Co., Tenn. in 1840. In the meantime he found and married Joanna White McCorkle on May 10, 1837. His daughters married Hardeman, McCully, McDougall, and McGee.

Thus we see that of the nine children of John Michael Tabler, five of them came to West Tennessee. They married Harrises, McCorkles, Lowerys and Watlingtons and though there were no male descendents past 1911, the family is still well represented in our West Tennessee population.

We believe that Catherine's father, John Michael, moved to Madison Co., Alabama, near Huntsville in the late 1820's. We know that his son William lived there and that Catherine's father, John Michael, died there at the home of William on May 16th, 1841. William later moved to Marshall Co., Alabama, where he lived in 1870. It is more than likely that these other Tablers may have spent some months if not years in Madison Co., Alabama, on their way to West Tennessee in the newly opened Chickasaw Purchase.

Mrs. Polly Phillips of Knoxville, Tenn. is a Tabler descendent also and has provided us with much of this valuable information.

— Copied Feb. 1989

All these were honored in their generations, and were the pride of their times.

Some of them have left behind a name, so that others declare their praise.

But of others there is no memory, they have perished as though they had never existed; they have become as though they had never been born, they and their children after them.

Sirach 44:7-9

We are the children of many sires, and every drop of blood in us in its turn betrays its ancestor.

— anonymous

## George W. Watlington: Information from U.S. Census

Henderson County, 1830, p. 73

George Waddleton

Males: 2	under 5 yrs.	Females: 3	10–15 yrs.
1	5–10 yrs.	1	30–40 yrs.
1	40–50 yrs.		
1	male slave under 10 yrs.		

Madison County, 1840, p. 111

George W. Waddlington

Males: 1	under 5 yrs.	Females: 1	15–20 yrs.
1	5–10 yrs.	1	20–30 yrs.
2	10–15 yrs.	1	40–50 yrs.
1	15–20 yrs.		
1	50–60 yrs.		
4 of family employed in agriculture.			

Madison County, 1850, #997

	Age		<i>b.</i>	
Geo. W. Waddlington	45	M	Va.	farmer, \$1000 real estate
Catharine	44	F	Md.	
Susan	25	F	Tn.	
Michael	23	M	Tn.	
John R.	20	M	Tn.	
Sterling M.	17	M	Tn.	
Frank	14	M	Tn.	
Robert Mullins	19	M	Tn.	farmer

Madison County, 17th District, Sept. 5, 1860, p. 254, #1825

	Age		<i>b.</i>	
George W. Wadlington	75	M	Va.	farmer, \$2000 real estate
Catherine	65	F	Md.	
Susan	43	F	Tn.	
Sterling	27	M	Tn.	farmer, \$1800 real estate \$600 personal estate
Franklin	23	M	Tn.	carpenter
Joseph	18	M		

## The Watlington Ancestry

One of our discoveries as we examine the Watlington family line is that from this old family name in England there have been several male immigrants to America, and though very likely related through English ancestry, not closely related through our American ancestors. The focal point for early Watlington ancestors in America is in Virginia, around the ports of the York and James Rivers, where sea captains with the Watlington name plied their trade between those ports, the West Indies, and English ports.

Two Watlington brothers left England for America in 1609. The ship on which they sailed wrecked at Bermuda in stress of weather, and at this place some resolved to stay. The brothers were:

Francis Watlington and family

(Wm.) Watlington, his brother, and family

It is probable, since no further record of Francis is found in Bermuda, that Francis and his family came with others to Virginia. Of William we have a public record that on July 17, 1625 he was appointed Provost Marshal. On the July 17, 1628 he was confirmed in the office, but no further mention of him is made in LeFroy's Memorials of Bermuda.

On the 19th of April 1655, Mr. Francis Watlington of Devonshire Tribe, Bermuda, was appointed "Counselor" for that Tribe in lieu of Mr. Richard Norwood. It is quite probable that this Francis was the son of the William Watlington above mentioned.

In Norwood's survey of the lands of the colony of Bermuda (made in 1663), the lands of Francis Watlington of Devonshire Tribe are described, on which is included his dwelling. At his death in 1679, he made provision in his will for his wife Mary and four children: Francis, Mary, William and John. Francis is mentioned as having already received a portion of the inheritance, but is left his "seal ring", a type of family blessing. William, son of Francis, reared a family of four sons and four daughters, although there appears to have been two wives, and we are not sure which wife comes first, or if all children are by the same mother:

Jane	August 16, 1696
William	March 17, 1700
John	May 1, 1703
Francis	February 17, 1705
Joseph	April 27, 1711
Martha	July 1, 1713 ( <i>m.</i> Wm. Cox)
Ruth <sup>4</sup>	
Mary	

---

<sup>4</sup>Ruth was the name of one of his wives, therefore I suppose her to be the second wife. Ruth married Daniel Harriott, and she has living descendents in America.

Although William, son of Francis lived and died in Bermuda, leaving a son William, and daughter Mary and Sarah, the other three sons are thought to have emigrated to other parts. They offer prime suspects for the ancestry of George W. Watlington.

Another untraced Watlington, who might have come to America, is John, the son of Francis and Jehoshebe Albouy, who is reported to have left Bermuda. He would have been born about 1720–50.

There is a strong oral tradition that George W. Watlington's ancestors came from the Bermuda Islands; that two or three sons came and that they came "before receiving their inheritance," that is, not waiting until their father died. The sons of William and Elizabeth Dill (wife by first? marriage) fit this picture most definitely, and the family names nearly parallel the names given the George Watlington children born a century later:

<b>William's children</b>	<b>George's children</b>
Jane	Mary Jane (Mollie)
William	William (Uncle Billie)
John	John Roberts (Dr.)
Francis	Frank W. (grandchild)
Joseph	Joseph (grandchild)
Martha	
Ruth	
Mary	Mary Jane (Mollie)
	Elizabeth (for Elizabeth Dill)

It was John, Francis, and Joseph who were the 3rd, 4th, and 5th children who were characteristically more free to emigrate than the first born or the younger children. One of these three brothers could be the grandfather of George W. Watlington.

Now the problem is to pick up these children or their descendants in the U.S.A., which is complicated by the disastrous burning of files of official papers in the Southern states during the four years of the Civil War, fought most bitterly in Virginia, the homeplace of the Watlingtons. Though Virginia was the door through which most immigrants passed into the southern states, many did not stay long years there. Watlingtons were found in early years in Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, and in the early years of the settlement of Kentucky. Some known lines from Bermuda have also gone to New Jersey, Indiana and Colorado. Some from Virginia settled early in Marengo County, Alabama. Possibly part of this same group migrated into Mississippi in the early 19th century.

In 1830 George W. Watlington and young family were in Henderson County, Tennessee, in that part of the county which became a part of Chester County in 1882. A year or so later George and Catherine were settled on a

large acreage near Five Points or Big Springs Community, 17th Civil District of Madison County, where they remained until death overtook them in the mid 1860's.

George was born in Virginia, and paid personal tax there in 1802–1807. He paid poll tax in Knox County, Tennessee in 1810, and married there in 1814 to Catherine Tabler, whose family had lived in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. Dr. Alfred N. Tabler, and a sister Charlotte Harris accompanied the George Watlingtons to West Tennessee, a land recently (1818) opened for settlement. George's last public record in Knox County was in 1828, so we can presume that he brought his family directly from Knox County to Henderson County, and later shifted about six miles to the George Watlington homestead, in Madison County.

George Watlington lived with a William Watlington of Dinwiddie County, Virginia. Dinwiddie County is to the south of Petersburg and Richmond, with Dinwiddie as the county seat. He is listed by name, as a free white male over sixteen years of age in the Personal Tax Record of 1802 and after, until 1807. In the years of 1804, '05, '06, and '07 he is listed separately from William as if he might be living in separate quarters. This places his birthdate at about 1785 or 1786. From this evidence it is accepted that George W. was the son of William, who died about 1806 [51]<sup>5</sup>.

In the existing records of personal taxes for the period 1782–1807 in Dinwiddie County, one of the general records of the period which was not destroyed during the Civil War, is the record of a John Watlington and an Edward Watlington also. At the apparent death of John in 1785, five slaves are named as being a part of the estate. The estate was settled in nearby Petersburg, the closest port city on the James River. This John could have been a grandson of William of the Bermuda Isles.

The Hastings Court record and property deeds of Petersburg help to clarify the relationships some. A property deed and court records indicate that William is a brother to John (*d.* 1785) and Edward and his wife Sarah are his principal heirs. William served for a time as administrator of John's estate, since Edward and Sarah were at that time in Gloucester Co., Va., where we know there were other Watlingtons, descendents of Paul Watlington, who may have been relatives. John and William of Dinwiddie may have been originally from Gloucester Co. At any rate we know that they shared a Bermuda connection with those of Gloucester.

We therefore have evidence that George was a son of William Watlington with whom he lived for at least two years (1802–1803). After the death of William in 1805–06, George Watlington soon left Dinwiddie County and is next found on public record in Knox County, Tennessee in 1810, among other

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<sup>5</sup>Citations like this one (a number inside brackets) indicate a reference to a publication listed in the Bibliography at the end of this book.

relatives.

This link between John, Francis, and Joseph Watlington of Bermuda is speculative as based on a Dinwiddie County Tax record; but I do not think it is nearly so speculative when related to the oral tradition, the common family names, and the history of the Watlington sailors coming and going on the James River. The family had contacts there and immigration often follows family ties and contacts.

In the adjoining Prince George County a John Watlington arrived *ca.* 1703 with Adam Heath who received land in Prince George and Surrey Counties. There is a reference in a May 1705 land deed of Prince George Co. to a tract of land that bounded on the land of Watling as well as that of Abraham and Adam Heath. This indicates that this John Watlington probably settled on land adjoining Adam Heath in Prince George Co., adjoining the later Dinwiddie Co. In the Prince George tax list for 1782 and 1787 a Francis Watlington is listed. The John Watlington, immigrant of 1703, whose land is mentioned in the deed to Adam Heath of May 1705, may well be the father of the Francis Watlington of Prince George Co. tax list in 1782 and 1787 and also of the brothers John and William of nearby Dinwiddie Co. in the same years. Dinwiddie County was formed in 1752 from a part of older Prince George Co. Adam Heath and the older Watling land adjoining him remained in Prince George County. John Watlington owned land (indicating maturity of age) in 1761 in Dinwiddie Co. The proximity of land holding families of the same surname would indicate that John and the younger Francis of Prince George County were likely related to John and William of nearby Dinwiddie Co.

We are not told where John Watlington of 1703 came from. He may have come from the Bermudas, or from England. We do know that many persons from Bermuda later immigrated to the mainland, and that through the sailors in the family Virginia was well known to the Watlingtons in Bermuda.

The exact connection is not there at this time. We do have the strong oral tradition of the Watlington families being English and coming through Bermuda. From our studies we are quite sure these traditions are true. There is a Bermudian connection, which may be 17th century or may be early 18th century. But our oral tradition is supported by many sea-going connections and 17th century records of sea-faring Watlingtons and land ownership by the sea-faring captains Francis Watlington Sr. and Jr. of Bermuda (1650–87).

The descendents of the William Watlington who was Provost Marshall in early Bermudian history have traced their lineage back to England of the 16th Century and earlier and the lineage has been proven and accepted. (See *Family Heritage*, by Hereward Trott Watlington [4])

There were undoubtedly other Watlington immigrants in the 17th and 18th centuries, some of whom we know came from Bermuda, some from Eng-



land directly. But the strong tradition of the descendents of Paul Watlington (*b.* 1678) who married Elizabeth Reade and the descendents of William Watlington of Dinwiddie County is that their ancestors came through Bermuda, and that they left family in Bermuda.

The research on this has been done over a period of many years by a variety of Watlingtons from Toronto to Oklahoma to Bermuda to Tennessee. I have been using resumes and materials gathered by James L. Watlington and Mary Wolford and graciously shared with me. We have more documentation for the above references than I have indicated. See Ch. 11 for a more detailed attribution.

— Ripley, Tenn., February 1974  
Memphis, Tenn., 1979

## **A Time Line on Watlingtons in West Tennessee**

1761 – John Watlington bought land in Dinwiddie County, Va.

1781 – William Watlington was in Brunswick Co., Va. during Revolutionary War where he was a storekeeper.

1785 – William is mentioned in court records in Dinwiddie, Co., Va.

*ca.* 1785 – George W. Watlington born, Dinwiddie Co., Va.

Dec. 6, 1786 – William Watlington helps settle estate of his brother John in Petersburg, Dinwiddie Co., Va.

1802 – First record of George, (age 16–21), son of William Watlington, in Dinwiddie Co., Va. in personal property tax records of William Watlington.

1802–1803 – George living in home of William Watlington.

1804–1807 – George owns personal property in Dinwiddie and pays taxes as well as William Watlington.

1806 (or earlier) – Evident death of William Watlington of Dinwiddie from tax records.

Dec. 2, 1808 – Will of William Spain, Knox Co., Tenn. names wife Sally and

her sister Frances Watlington.

1810 – 36 acres of land of William Watlington estate sold in Dinwiddie Co., Va.

1810 – George W. Watlington paid poll tax in Knox Co., Tenn. 1810–1828.

1811 – Sally Watlington Spain gave deed of slave woman, Ceala, to sister Frances Watlington. Witnessed by George Watlington, Knox Co., Tenn.

*ca.* 1812 – Court record on Frances Watlington in Knox Co., Tenn.

July 2, 1814 – Marriage of George W. Watlington, Knox Co., to Catherine Tabler (his signature).

1815–1828 – Several children born to George and Catherine in Knox Co., Tenn. Some of them evidently died young (1820 census).

*ca.* 1817 – Federal Court record on George Watlington in Knox Co., Tenn. for operating a “tippling house” without a license.

Oct. 11, 1818 – Chickasaw cession of lands in West Tenn. for settlement. Further modified by the Overton Treaty of 1823.

1820 – John Spain, Administrator for William Watlington’s Estate, transferred 108 acres of land, Dinwiddie Co., Va.

Nov. 7, 1821 – Madison, Henderson, Henry and Carroll counties were created by act of the Tenn. Legislature. Organized in 1822.

Feb. 2, 1826 – Michael C. Watlington born in Knox Co., Tenn. (*d.* Feb. 20, 1887).

Feb. 7, 1830 – John Roberts Watlington born in Henderson Co., Tenn.

1830 – Census record of “Waddleton” family in Henderson Co., Tenn. (Jacks Creek Area) Records of two other Tabler siblings of Catherine Watlington in West Tennessee.

1831 – Fredonia Parchman (Parchment) born, Henderson Co., Tenn.

Dec. 5, 1832 – Birth of Sterling Malachi Watlington born Madison Co.

1832–35 – George and Catherine Watlington settle on land in Madison Co., Tenn., Old 17th Civil District.

1835 – Birth of Frank W. Watlington, Madison Co., Tenn.

May 10, 1837 – Dr. A. N. Tabler married in Knox Co., Tenn. to Joanna White McCorkle.

1838 – George Watlington listed in Madison Co., Tenn. on school census list, with three children of school age.

1840 – Census lists Catherine's brother, Alfred N. Tabler, M.D., in Jack's Creek Area, Henderson Co., Tenn.

May 16, 1841 – John Michael Tabler, father of Catherine T. Watlington, died at home of son William in Huntsville, Ala.

*ca.* 1843 – Mary Emmaline (Mollie) (*b.* 1816, *d.* ?) Watlington married Wilson Houston (Huyston).

1843 – Mariage of Elizabeth A. Watlington to Patrick Sauls, Madison Co., Tenn.

March 22, 1845 – George Watlington purchased land from James Doherty.

Aug. 5, 1845 – Marriage of William Tabler Watlington to Elizabeth Ozier.

1847 – Land grant to George W. Watlington, Madison Co., Tenn. (Indicated residence prior to grant).

1847 – Birth of cousin Billie Houston, son of Mary Emmaline (Mollie) Houston.

1850–51 – Michael C. Watlington married Fredonia Parchman, the daughter of James Parchman and Indian wife Luona.

Aug. 7, 1850 – Mack Harvey born, son of William T. Watlington.

1851 – George sold land to son Michael C. Watlington.

1851 – George sold slave boy to son, Michael C. Watlington.

Oct. 5, 1853 – Michael Roberts Armstrong Watlington, son of Michael C., is born—called “Mack Rob.”

Dec. 10, 1854 – R. W. Daniel married America A. Anderson.

1855 – Dr. John R. Watlington graduated from Memphis Hospital Medical College at 25 yrs. of age. He began practicing medicine (license not required!)

1859 – Death of Dr. A. N. Tabler, buried at Jack’s Creek old cemetery.

Aug. 16, 1859 – Marriage of Dr. John Watlington to Sarah Jane Gravitt.

Sept. 19, 1861 – Eula A. Daniel born to R. W. Daniel and America Anderson Daniel.

April 1861–April 1865 – Disruptions of the Civil War: Servicemen: Sterling M. Watlington, John Parchman, Michael C. Watlington. Billie Houston (alias Tommy Campbell) in same unit as Sterling M. Watlington.

April 6–7, 1862 – Battle of Shiloh, Pittsburgh Landing, Tenn. The riverboat cannons could be heard by family of West Tennessee

1863 – Death of Catherine Tabler Watlington, at home, Madison Co., Tenn.

1865 – Death of George W. Watlington at home, Madison Co., Tenn. William T. Watlington continued to live on and work home farm.

May 24, 1866 – Sterling M. Watlington married Catherine Croom, daughter of Wm. Croom.

May 1, 1867 – Frank W. Watlington married Mary Jane Anderson, daughter of Paulin Anderson.

1867–1869 – Michael C. Watlington family went to Texas for one year, in Ark. for another year.

Jan. 19, 1870 – Euphelia J. Watlington married John F. Price.

1874 – Settlement of James Parchman “Parchment” family estate. Sold to

John R. Watlington; proves children of James and Luona. Both died prior to this date.

*ca.* 1875 – Mack Harvey Watlington married Eliza J. Trice of Jack's Creek.

June 16, 1878 – Susie F. Watlington married Andrew J. Alexander, M.D. Dr. Alexander worked in Madison Co., Dyer Co., and in Mayfield and Fulton, Ky. Joseph Franklin Watlington and William John Watlington moved to live with them at Newbern, Tenn. a few years later.

*ca.* 1878 – Eula Daniel married Mack Rob Watlington.

*ca.* 1878 – Elizabeth Watlington married Josiah C. Winningham.

1881 – Formation of Chester Co. out of the corners of four counties: Henderson, McNairy, Madison and Hardeman. Organized following year.

1882 – Dr. Obe F. Watlington graduated from Louisville School of Medicine at 21 years of age.

Sept. 20, 1883 – O. W. Hammond married Mary Eliza Jameson in their home town, Hanover, Jo Daviess Co., Ill.

*ca.* 1885 – Allen Kent Weir married Virginia G. (Ginny) Watlington, daughter of Wm. T. Watlington.

1885 – O. W. Hammond & wife Mary E. Jameson moved from Texas to Madison Co., Tenn. His brother Charles Hammond owned land on Old Pinson Rd. & Harts Bridge Rd.

June 18, 1885 – Ulrich A. Watlington born near Pinson, Tenn.; died March 3, 1981.

Feb. 20, 1887 – Michael C. Watlington died. Buried at Holly Springs Methodist Cemetery, Chester Co.

Sept. 9, 1887 – Jennie S. Hammond born near Lester's Chapel. (*d.* August 15, 1941)

1889 – Both John R. and Obediah F. Watlington were licensed to practice medicine in Tennessee, under new State law.

Dec. 25, 1890 – Hubert Lee Watlington married Leona Estelle Allen.

1890–91 – Mack Rob Watlington works in Texas two years, near Rodgers relatives in Red River County.

1895 – Joseph Franklin Watlington married Rosa Lee Martin, Newbern, Tenn.

1900 – Halbert D. Watlington married Iva Diamond, Madison Co., Tenn.

1900 – Wm. F. Watlington married Martha Ruby VanTreese, Jackson, Tenn.

1898–1905 – O. W. Hammond built Hammond-Watlington house, on Watlington Road.

1903 – Mable Lee Watlington married W. A. Stephens of Pinson, Tenn. They soon moved to Jackson, Tenn.

1903 – Serena Watlington married Sanders Davis. Serena died 1905 at Pinson, Tenn. Daughter Willie Lee born 1904 in Red River Co., Texas.

July 23, 1903 – Eula Daniel Watlington died, Pinson, Tenn., wife of Mack Rob Watlington. Buried at Big Springs Cemetery.

Spring 1907 – Mack Rob Watlington married widow Ella B. Swink Pacaud, neighbor to O. W. Hammond family.

August 1907 – Ulrich A. Watlington, son of Mack Rob, married Jennie S. Hammond.

1909 – Clara Mai Watlington (King) born in Missouri Bootheel.

1910 – Dr. John Watlington office listed in Pinson, Tenn. in Gen. Store of W. F. Watlington.

May 30, 1910 – Fredonia Parchman Watlington died, Henderson, Tenn.

July 1911 – Frank Wallace Watlington died in Jackson, Tenn.

Nov. 29, 1911 – Clara M. Hammond, sister of Jennie S. married J. Leven Harton.

1912 – John L. Watlington married Velma Needham, of Dyer Co., Tenn. in Delhi, Louisiana, where he worked in Lumber Camp operation with her father. W. A. Stephens was a witness.

Fall 1912 – Mack Rob moved out of marriage and lived with son, Ulrich and Jennie Watlington.

Fall 1912 – Ulrich and Jennie Watlington move to Hammond farm. They built a tenant home on farm in 1913.

June 10, 1917 – Albert Watlington married Antoinette Glover in Jackson, Tenn.

Dec. 1, 1918 – Mrs. Mary E. Jameson Hammond died, buried at Lester's Chapel Cemetery.

Nov. 19, 1921 – Dr. Obediah F. Watlington died, Jackson, Tenn.

1928–29 – Clara Mai attended Union University. Lived with Ms. Sue Haskins, teacher at Malesus School. Began teaching career at Mason Wells School in 1929.

Fall 1928–29 – Dairy barn burned on Hammond farm.

July 9, 1929 – Betty Juanita Watlington born—youngest child of U. A. and Jennie Watlington.

July 1930 – Orson Ward Hammond died. Ulrich Watlington and Jennie Hammond family moved to the Hammond house.

Fall 1932 – Kenneth Watlington attended Lambuth College.

Summer 1935 – Samuel S. Watlington worked at Hanover, Illinois.

Oct. 8, 1937 – Mack Rob Watlington died, buried at Big Springs Cemetery. Andrew J. Harton died this year also. Severe depression years.

April 1938 – William F. Watlington died in Jackson, Tenn.

1930–39 – Years of the Great Depression and social reformation in U.S.A.

Oct. 7, 1939 – Samuel S. Watlington married Mary Rivers, daughter of C. D. Rivers.

Feb. 8, 1941 – Clara Mai Watlington married C. Lloyd King, Malesus, Tenn.

Dec. 7, 1941 – Pearl Harbor—World War II scatters the family.



## Chapter 2

# The Second Generation: Children of George W. and Catherine

The children of George W. and Catherine Tabler Watlington, who lived to adulthood are:

Mary Emmaline, *b.* 1816, *m. ca.* 1837, Wilson Houston

Susan (Sarah Anne), *b.* 1818, *d.* 1891

Elizabeth Arabella, *m.* 1843, Patrick Sauls

William Tabler, *m.* 1845, Elizabeth Ozier

Michael C., *b.* Feb. 2, 1826, *m. ca.* 1851, Fredonia Parchman

John Roberts, *b.* Feb. 7, 1830, *m.* Sarah J. Gravitt

Sterling Malachi, *b.* Dec. 25, 1832, *m.* 1866, Catherine Croom

Frank Wallace, *b.* 1835, *m.* 1867, Mary J. Anderson

Several children indicated by the census records evidently died in childhood. We attempt in this and following chapters to consider the descendants of these representatives of the Second Generation of Watlingtons in West Tennessee.

William Tabler Watlington was the oldest living son who took over the cultivation of the George W. Watlington home farm, and the care of his parents in their later years. The home place became known as the “Billie Watlington Place” and William T. became a permanent fixture in the community. He was known as “Uncle Billie” to many and as “Cousin Billie” by

even more among Oziers and Watlingtons. A portion of the home place was left by him to his daughter Sally who lived on it well into the 20th Century.

The ten children of William T. and Elizabeth Ozier made the presence of the family in the Third generation felt as the community recovered from the Civil War years. It is therefore very fitting that an article concerning his family lead this chapter. Mack Rob, our oral historian, who lived until Nov. 1937 knew well this family and had lived with them and his grandparents for part of his school years. They were cousins that were close kin through proximity as well as blood lines.

## William T. Watlington's Descendants

Uncle Billie Watlington and wife, Elizabeth (Lizzie) Ozier, who stayed and farmed the George Watlington homeplace, take the honors for the most grandchildren of the fourth generation in West Tennessee.

Of their ten children we have no record of childhood deaths among them. Three daughters left no children of record but the other seven gave the grandparents forty-two surviving grandchildren scattered over West Tennessee and other parts. Among them were: seven Prices, five Alexanders, seven Weirs, twenty-one Watlingtons—twelve of those in Dyer Co., Tenn., five in nearby Henderson Co. This one family thus had grandchildren in Jackson, Tenn., and rural Madison Co., Dyer Co., Fulton Co., Ky. and that part of Henderson Co. which became Chester Co. in 1882.

**Euphelia** married John F. Price and raised their seven in Jackson, Tenn. In one place we find him listed as a dairyman on the outskirts of Jackson. Their son Edward L. later served as trustee for the county, an elected office for eight years (1938–1946). John F. and Euphelia are buried in Hollywood Cemetery in Jackson. **Michael Harvey Watlington** farmed nearby for a while, then moved to lands of his wife's Trice family near Jack's Creek, Henderson Co. about 1877. **Joseph Franklin** left the community and lived for a time with Dr. Andrew Alexander and his sister **Susan** in their homes at Newbern, Mayfield and Fulton.

These were all "Illinois Central railroad towns" and **William John's** relationship to Dr. Alexander brought him into a job with the railroad at Newbern and Fulton, Ky. He and **Frank** both found wives at or near Newbern and though they lived at different sites made Newbern their new center of operations. Although there were occasional visits back and forth these three families never returned to make Madison County their home, and in some cases lost connections with their Madison County family heritage.

Mack Rob Watlington (*b.* 1853), son of Michael C., lived in the home of Uncle Billie and/or his grandparents during the short school terms in order to attend the public school. Therefore he knew this family as "closer than

cousins.” He had played, slept, eaten and attended school with them. He was one who after his family was older would drive his horse and buggy to Newbern to visit, and even more often to Jack’s Creek to visit Mack Harvey who was only three years his senior and the two were life-long “brother cousins.” He was old enough to remember George and Catherine, his grandparents, before they died in 1866 and 1865 respectively.

Of **Evaline**, **Sally (Sarah)** and **Portia** (Pocia, on her tombstone) we know very little, but they left no known children. Sally married an Arnold, but in 1898 her father gave her a 90 acre piece of the family farm to help defend her old age as “Sallie E. Watlington.” We presume therefore that family life was frustrated by illness, death or dishonor. She is remembered as continuing on her farm as a widow into the 1910’s, by Mrs. Lois Haltom, a niece. Sarah Arnold died April 17, 1915 in Madison Co., Tenn. Portia died on the farm at a perennial task—gathering summer wild blackberries for the family jams, jellies and cobbles. In so doing she was bitten by a snake and died from it or resultant infection. Evaline must have caught Mack Rob Watlington’s attention as one nearest his own age, for he conserved the name in “Evelyn,” one of Ulrich’s children born while he was making his home with his son Ulrich A. Watlington in 1917. Other forms of the name used in the family were Emmaline, and Everline.

**Susan F.** had married Dr. Andrew J. Alexander (1855–1928) at the age of twenty and a few years later had removed from Madison Co. to Newbern, Tenn. in Dyer Co. Only their first child was born in Madison Co. in 1880, their second was born in Newbern in 1883 and the other three were born in Mayfield, Ky., 1886, ’89, and ’93. Sometime later they established their home and practice in and around Fulton, Ky.

**William John Watlington** worked at various tasks related to the Illinois Central Railroad but mostly in clerking work. He was involved also in some farming and gardening ventures as was the custom in those years around the turn of the century. For some reason he was known in Newbern as **John William Watlington** and so is his grave marked in the Fairview Cemetery in Newbern. His wife was Martha A. Sherrod and they raised two daughters, Anna (Annie) and Icey. Icey married an engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad and lived in Paducah, Ky.

**J. Frank Watlington** married late in life and therefore chose a companion several years younger than himself. Their first child was Avery (b. 1896), and their 13th was born in 1917 when Frank was 56 years of age, but Rosa Lee only 40. The thirteenth was their only girl, unless one of the twins which died as infants were girls. So they had nine sons and one daughter to grow to maturity. Frank owned his home in Newbern in 1910, but farmed rented land. At times his family had moved to the Mississippi River bottoms to work land but Newbern was their preferred home. While in the bottoms

they were related to the Hurricane Hill Presbyterian Church. In their later years they lived near Dyersburg, Tenn.

Of their sons, Avery, married and raised his family in or near Dyersburg. James Otis (*b.* 1900) joined the Navy in his early years and served through World War II. He retired as Chief Petty Officer but his health had been pretty well destroyed by alcohol and military life. His only child, Hewell H., lives in California. His last years were spent in a military hospital at Baton Rouge, La. (*d.* 1962.)

Hewell Harvey (*b.* 1901) migrated to California, along with Clyde Milborn Watlington. They each have only one child. Roy worked with the Mississippi River Engineers and died of injuries received at work on one of their barges at the age of twenty. Lloyd Raymond migrated to Detroit and both parents died there after many years with G. M. Corp. They left one daughter, Sharon. Hubert Nelson worked at farming in Dyer County, and left one son Edward Junior who is still in Dyer County, Tenn.

William Frank (Willie) was married to Beatrice Cunningham and lived and worked in Dyersburg. Their two daughters received educational opportunities and are married to leading professionals in Dyersburg. Homer Dean suffered a work accident and later migrated to Chicago and died there at thirty eight years of age in 1952. He leaves a son, Royce.

Gracie Lee, the youngest child and only daughter was married to Paul M. Hendren and they have spent most of their life in Memphis, Tenn. They have one married daughter, Rosalind Lee Ho, who is a graduate nurse and lives in Los Angeles, Ca.

Though separated from their kindred in Madison Co., these three families of William and Elizabeth have kept in touch with one another. The Illinois Central Railroad helped bring them to Newbern and kept them in touch between Dyersburg, Newbern, Fulton and Paducah. But now their kin is so scattered that it takes telephones and airplanes to keep them in touch with family members scattered across the U.S.A.

**Jennie (Virginia G.) Watlington Weir** and **Hubert Watlington** both settled as farm families near the ancestral home. Jennie married Allen Kent Weir and farmed land not far from Mason Wells, where Hubert had married Leona Estelle Allen and settled on part of the Allen farm land. His son Cecil followed him in this and his granddaughter Lois Watlington married A. V. Haltom and continued on the Allen home place until the death of her husband.

Kent Weir and Jenny raised seven children, all of whom stayed in Madison Co., even though they scattered considerably.

Hubert's wife and one child, Jack, caught tuberculosis and succumbed to its ravages, both dying in West Texas where they had gone for their health. Cecil had stayed on the farm and LaVelle Johnny married and followed the

railroad machinist work at Jackson, Tenn. and Paducah, Ky. In his later years he worked as a metal welder in construction projects which required a lot of traveling. They retired in Jackson, Tenn. and several of their descendants are still there. Hubert's daughter Pauline married Eloy F. Anderson, a Congregational minister whose work took them as far away as California but retirement brought them back to Jackson, Tenn., where he took part in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Hubert worked many years in the M & O Shops in Jackson, Tenn.

Floyd came back from the family's years in El Paso, Texas, as an experienced automobile mechanic and married Marie Bell Walker in Memphis. She had studied Nursing in Memphis and worked 22 years at Methodist Hospital as well as raise two daughters—Virginia Sue and Mary Elaine. Now all of their fourth generation have passed on except LaVelle and Floyd's widows who are accompanied by children and grandchildren.

Floyd also has a son in Sharon, Tenn. by an early marriage to Gussie Doris Sadler, Gerald Eugene Watlington. Gene grew up in Bradford, Gibson Co., Tenn. with his mother who later married Charles H. Scates of Bradford. Gene is a graduate of Bethel College at McKenzie and is retired after 30 years of service with the State Highway Maintenance Division in West Tennessee. He is married to Peggy Ann Judy and they have two children and one grandchild.

## The Ozier Family

William Tabler Watlington, the oldest living son of George and Catherine Watlington found his wife in Madison County, Tennessee in the William Ozier family. Elizabeth K. Ozier and William T. Watlington were united in marriage the 5th of August, 1847. From an 1860 Census and the new Chester County History we have names of children of William Ozier and Mary Smith, but are not sure it is a complete list. William (1804–1879) and Mary (1810–1893) were buried in Henderson City Cemetery where as many as eighteen Oziers have been buried, all believed to be close relatives. The Oziers often used three given names and therefore it becomes difficult to identify positively a child when only one of the names is given. They were quite prominent in the early history of Henderson, and Chester County, Tenn.

There seems to have been four Ozier relatives to have come to West Tennessee: Allen, *b.* 1796, in Carroll Co., 1830 Census; Jeremiah—in 1840 Census in Madison Co.; John (*b.* 1795, S.C.) who died in Fayette Co., Tenn. in 1850; and William and Mary who appear in Madison Co. in the 1860 Census. Elizabeth K. is reported to have been born to them in Carroll Co., Tenn. on August 4th, 1828. From these four early families there are still

Oziers in Carroll, Chester, Madison, Weakley, Fayette and Shelby Counties today. The 1877 Beers Landowners Map shows the homes of J. Ozier and S. M. Ozier near Big Springs, Madison Co.

Mary Watlington Wolford has found out that the Oziers were a proud family of many generations in North America. They are identified as being of French Huguenot (Protestant) ancestry and some branches of the family came early to America. Both William and John's oral tradition is that they are of French descent and they came from South Carolina to the new lands of West Tennessee as they opened for settlement. William had been in West Tennessee several years before settling near Mt. Pinson, as indicated by the birth of Elizabeth K. in Carroll Co. in 1828. The Census indication is that William Ozier was born in North Carolina, not South Carolina.

The descendents of William Ozier have not been studied except those of Elizabeth K. and William T. Watlington. They are known to have extended to many points in West Tennessee. See *Chester Co. History and Families* [22], published in 1995.

## Notes on Houston-Watlington Family

Mary Emmaline (Molly) Watlington married Wilson Houston *ca.* 1837. She evidently died young. Wilson Houston remarried, and Billy Houston's step-mother was called Peggy. Billy Houston ran off and joined the C.S.A. Army at 16 years of age. When he returned from the war he lived with Michael C. Watlington until he married.

William Wilson (Billy) Houston and wife lived west of Pinson. After going to Texas, Mack Rob lived and worked farms near him. He owned land there.

Albert Houston, son of Billy, is the father of Lurline Houston, who was Post Mistress at Pinson, and taught school there; and also of Gaston Houston who lived in Jackson. Gaston had one son.

Billy's daughter Emma married Bruce Mays, M.D., and had two children: Max Mays, and one daughter Vesta who married Lacy Price. Their son Ed Price was Trustee of Madison County for several years in the 1930's and '40's. This was an elected office and Ulrich Watlington was faithful in campaigning some for an "honest county official."

## William W. Houston alias Tommy Campbell

William W. “Billy” Houston, son of Mary Emmaline Watlington and Wilson Houston, had an uncle, Sterling M. Watlington, serving with Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest’s troops in West Tennessee and North Mississippi. Their unit was K Company, 18th Cavalry. At sixteen years of age, in 1864, he joined the same company as his uncle under a false name and age because he did not have the consent of his mother and step-father. He enlisted as **Tommy Campbell**, and served until the end of the war in May 1865.

One of the stories about him is that he was so young that his Uncle Sterlie and other older soldiers assigned him to care for the horses when the company dismounted to engage in combat, as was their custom. Some soldiers had to care for the horses behind the lines, but nearby. Billy always complained because he didn’t get to kill any Yankees while he was taking care of the horses. In fact, care of the horses was a critically dangerous job, and very important. The Yankees tried to frighten and stampede the horses so they could catch them for themselves, and leave the Confederates on foot.

Billy Houston was an older first cousin of my grandfather, Michael Roberts Watlington, and one of his childhood heroes. Their families were close friends in later years. Billy married Mary H. McHaney whose family had large holdings of land on Bear Creek at the railroad. In later years Billy Houston ran a general merchandise store in Pinson. Mack Rob Watlington rented his land in some years, and other years from his in-laws, the McHaney family.

Among Mack Rob Watlington’s favorite cousins were Mack Harvey Watlington at Jack’s Creek, Billy Houston at Pinson, and Obediah F. Watlington at Big Springs. They were “brother-cousins” because he had shared bed and board with them so often. Billie Houston actually lived and worked with Michael C. and Fredonia’s family much of the time from when he got out of the Army in May 1865 until he married in May 1873. This included the two year excursion into Texas and Arkansas with the family. See more in Mack Rob Watlington’s story on page 95.

## The Patrick Sauls-Watlington Family

The Patrick Sauls (*b.* 1812, N.C.) who married Elizabeth Arabella Watlington, Feb. 2, 1843, in Madison Co., Tenn. has long been associated in family stories with the Sauls family at Saulsbury, Hardeman Co., Tenn. Only in recent years has documentation been found to affirm that relationship and the father of **Patrick** and Burrell Sauls. Genealogical research has discov-

ered that they, and at least two sisters were born to **John Sauls** (age 70/80, 1840 Census of N. Carolina) of Scotts Hill, Pender Co., N.C. This county is on the seacoast of N. Carolina, northeast of New Hanover County in which the seaport of Wilmington is located. According to the oral tradition Patrick Sauls migrated to Rowan Co., N.C. and then to West Tennessee. There is also a Calvin Sauls (*b.* 1804, N.C.) in West Tennessee in the 1850 Census who probably was related to this Patrick Sauls also.

This indicates that Patrick Sauls was an early settler in Madison Co. where he settled on land located between Mason Wells and Mt. Pinson where his descendents continue after one hundred fifty years. Patrick and Elizabeth A. Watlington's grave stones were rediscovered recently on the Vercie Haltom farmland which is believed to have been their homeplace and where an "Old Pioneer Cemetery" grew up around the graves of Sauls and Watlingtons. Their son George W. was remembered to have been buried there, also Dr. John R. Watlington's son Kiley and his wife Sarah Gravitt, and the parents of Elizabeth Sauls, George and Catherine Watlington.

At a later time James Murphy, who married their daughter, Arabella Sauls, owned the large Indian Mound now in Pinson Mounds State Park. It was later called "Sauls Mound" as the land passed to a nephew, John Robert Sauls. This Johnnie Sauls was a double cousin to Mack Rob Watlington as his father, Sterling Patrick Sauls (*b.* 1860, Tenn.), had married Jennie Lee Parchman, a cousin on the Parchman side of the family. It was John Roberts Sauls (1886–1984) and his wife who sold the State much of the property now in the Pinson Mounds State Archaeological Park.

Burrell Sauls of Hardeman Co., Tenn., was there before 1829 where he married Jane Mathis on August 5, 1829. After securing land there he also staked a claim for land near Ripley, Mississippi, but returned to live in Tennessee. When the Memphis and Charleston Railroad was built it crossed a part of land he and his son-in-law owned and they gave land on which to build a depot. The station was called Saulsberry at first, then adapted to Saulsbury. Two of his sons, Burrell Jr. and Joseph D., became medical doctors and combined that with farming interests. They graduated from the Kentucky Medical School in Louisville, Ky.

Of the children of Patrick and Elizabeth, George W., Burrell R. and Mary evidently died young. Arabella *m.* James Murphy and they farmed land at Big Springs very successfully, but had no children. Elizabeth married John Steadman. The families of Sterling Patrick and Robert Curtis (Bob) were well known and are still represented among many families in West Tenn. but very few of them bear the Sauls name. This is also true of the large number of Sauls descendents which were in Hardeman Co., Tenn.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>See *Hardeman County Family History Book* [47]



## Michael C. Watlington

*b.* February 2, 1826, Knox Co., Tenn.

*m.* Fredonia Parchman

(*b. ca.* 1831, *d.* May 30, 1910)

whose mother Luona was said to be a Cherokee Indian.

*d.* February 20, 1887, Chester Co., Tenn.

Born to George W. Watlington and Catherine Tabler in Knox County, Tennessee, young Mack came to Henderson County, near Jack's Creek, prior to 1830 and came to the Pinson, Madison County, Tennessee, area about 1831 with his parents. Two maternal relatives, Dr. Alfred N. Tabler and Charlotte Tabler Harris (*m.* Meredith Harris) settled at Jack's Creek. Mack grew up on the family farm one mile east of Five Points and Mason Wells in the southern part of Madison Co., Civil District 17. Not being the eldest son, he was free to leave the farm (though there was land enough for all the children, such as it was) and it appears that he did leave the farm for Fredonia Parchman, and that he worked the Parchman home place southeast of Five points for a few years. The exact location of his farm is still under investigation but it was between Jack's Creek and Five Points.

Having married about 1850–52, he was well settled and had a large farming operation (perhaps partly financed by his father-in-law, James Parchman) with several slaves by the time the Civil War started. His oldest living child, Michael Roberts Armstrong, my grandfather, was nearly nine years of age when the Battle of Shiloh (Pittsburgh Landing) was fought some twenty miles south of their farm. Whether fact or fancy, he reported they could hear the cannon. Since gunboats were used extensively, this is possible to believe.

James Parchman, sometimes written Parchment, was a pioneer settler in southwest Henderson County, Tennessee in the 1830's. He is said to have come into the region with "a bag of gold and a Cherokee wife." The Henderson County Census of 1840 indicates that he was born *ca.* 1807, and that his wife was born about 1811. By 1840 they had two sons and three daughters under fifteen years of age. The eldest that grew to manhood was Jacob; the second was John H., born *ca.* 1838, with Fredonia being the eldest surviving girl. At that time he was farming near Jack's Creek in Henderson County, Civil District #4, with Wm. Latham and Nicolas Tull among his neighbors.

Whether fact or fancy about the bag of gold, James Parchman soon had lots of land and several slaves to work it. Jacob married Mahala \_\_\_\_ and left two children before his early death. His other son, John H., married Mary E. Tull, and Fredonia married Michael C. (Mc) Watlington, son of George W. Watlington, an early settler who had moved to the nearby 17th District of Madison County. There was plenty of land and the new families may have

worked part of the Parchman land. At different times both Michael and John lived on the James Parchman homeplace.

The Census of 1850, Henderson County, reveals the following family:

	Age		Age
James Parchman	49	wife Luona (Liona?)	38
Jacob	20	Fredonia	18
John	12	Saffronia	15
James	9	Elizabeth	11
Jesse	3	Nancy	7

By 1860, Jacob and Fredonia had families of their own but were still in the same area, and farming.

During the Civil War (Spring 1861 until Spring 1865) West Tennessee became a no-man's land with rival Federal and Confederate troops ravaging the land, seeking troops, horses, food for man and a horse, and plunder. John H. Parchman joined the ranks of the Confederates and was in action and a Federal prison, bearing in his body a crippling wound the rest of his life. Jacob may have lost his life in the hostilities at home or with the army. Michael C. Watlington felt little sympathy for the Southern cause in spite of his record as a slave-holder. He was in good company, for Henderson County was the only county in West Tennessee which voted against secession when the referendum election was held. Slaves were held in Henderson County but it was not a place for large cotton plantations and they did not depend heavily on slave labor.

Michael C. Watlington's whereabouts and the story of his activities during the war are not very clear. Most of what we know is through his son Mack Rob (*b.* 1853), who was only eight and a half years of age at the time of the nearby Battle of Shiloh (Pittsburgh Landing). Michael C. seems to have been drafted for service with the Confederate States Army, to have gone "absent without leave" more than once "to return home and check on the wife and kids." For this he spent some of the war years in Confederate stockades. He was not able to farm, and there were no horses or mules left on the place with which to do the plowing. Later in the war years there were no slaves either. The burden of caring for the children and the farm fell upon his wife, Fredonia Parchman, and Mack Rob, the oldest boy.

Fredonia Parchman Watlington became a legend in her own lifetime among friends and relatives who knew and heard of this hardy frontier-swoman in West Tennessee. Stories about her took on a special interest to many because she did not try to hide her Indian parentage on her mother's side, and so represented that hardy strain of mestizos which did so much to expand the frontier and foster understanding among the races.

While other women (and men) were in terror at traveling during these years, she would get the old horse left on the farm and ride day or night to

attend to the business of the farm and family. She was known for her “war-whoops” that could be heard for great distances, and would let her friends know she was on the road. She feared neither Yankees, thieves, nor the Devil, and rode fast and fearlessly into the night. Though it was a tragic time, and fortunes in horses and slaves were lost, Fredonia held things together for her family during some of the most trying years that West Tennessee has ever known.

When the war was over, the family fortune was down though not exhausted. Michael C. sold out and ventured with his young family as far west as Dallas County, Texas (Winter 1867–68; the dates for this trip are not confirmed.) After a bad crop year (1868) he returned to Arkansas and made one crop there (1869), near the White River, probably Prairie County, where Fredonia’s brother James (Jake) Parchman lived. It did not prove to be a good year either, and the third year he was back in the 4th District of Henderson County, bringing with him several Indian ponies purchased in Texas. His resources salvaged from the pre-Civil War years were nearly exhausted by this time and he settled down to farm life near the Holly Springs Methodist Church. The 1870 Census indicates that the family was at that time composed of:

	Age	
M.C. Watlington	44	
Fredonia	39	
Michael (Mack Rob)	16	( <i>m.</i> Eula Daniel)
Friona E. (Betty)	14	( <i>m.</i> J. C. Winningham)
Susan M. (Susie)	11	(never married)
Emma Eula	7	( <i>m.</i> (1) James, (2) Cagle (3) Moody, <i>d.</i> Atlanta, Ga.)
Evaline E. (Eva)	4	(never married)
Mary Houston	1	( <i>m.</i> in Georgia, <i>d.</i> near Atlanta, Ga.)

Their last child, Ora, was born in 1873. Fredonia’s father, James Parchman, presumably died in 1873 for a family farm was sold in January 1874 by the heirs. So far as we know Michael and Fredonia “settled down” there and he was buried in the Holly Springs Methodist Church Cemetery in 1887. Four years later, Ora, his youngest child, was buried there also.

About 1890 or ’91, while Mack Rob was in Red River County, Texas, Fredonia fell and broke her hip. It healed improperly and she used crutches for the rest of her life. She and her daughters Susie and Eva made their home principally with Betty and Joe Winningham in Henderson but often spent the winter months on the farm with Mack Rob and family. She died in the new Chester County seat town of Henderson, May 1910. Her grave is unmarked but is believed to be on the lot beside her husband in Holly Springs Cemetery. Her brother John H. Parchman was an early Sheriff of

the new county, formed in 1882 out of the corners of four adjoining counties, and Joe Winningham was a prominent businessman and Notary Public there at the turn of the century.

— March 1995<sup>2</sup>

## Michael C. Watlington: Information from U.S. Census

Henderson County, 1830, p. 73

George Waddleton

Males: 2	under 5 yrs.	Females: 3	10–15 yrs.
1	5–10 yrs.	1	30–40 yrs.
1	40–50 yrs.		
1	male slave under 10 yrs.		

Madison County, 1840, p. 111

George W. Waddlington

Males: 1	under 5 yrs.	Females: 1	15–20 yrs.
1	5–10 yrs.	1	20–30 yrs.
2	10–15 yrs.	1	40–50 yrs.
1	15–20 yrs.		
1	50–60 yrs.		
4 of family employed in agriculture.			

Madison County, 1850, #997

	Age		<i>b.</i>	
Geo. W. Waddlington	45	M	Va.	farmer, \$1000 real estate
Catharine	44	F	Md.	
Susan	25	F	Tn.	
Michael	23	M	Tn.	
John R.	20	M	Tn.	
Sterling M.	17	M	Tn.	
Frank	14	M	Tn.	
Robert Mullins	19	M	Tn.	farmer

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<sup>2</sup>Prev. pub. in *Family Findings* [7], Jackson, Tenn., Jan. 1991, pp. 8–11.

Henderson County, Civil District 4, June 1860, p. 210, Household #345, Family #359

	Age		<i>b.</i>	
M. Watlington	34	M	Tn.	\$3000 real estate, \$4500 personal estate
Frederica	27	F	Tn.	
M.R.A.	6	M	Tn.	attended school within the year
T.E.	4	F	Tn.	
S.M.	1	F	Tn.	
Green Scott	17	M	S.C.	farm labourer

Henderson County, Civil District 4, August 12, 1870, p. 2, #7

	Age		<i>b.</i>	
M. C. Watlington	44	M	Tn.	farmer, \$1250 real estate, \$900 personal estate
Fredonia	39	F	Tn.	keeping house
Michael	16	M	Tn.	working on farm
Triona E.	14	F	Tn.	
Susan M.	11	F	Tn.	
Emma E.	7	F	Tn.	
Evaline E.	4	F	Tn.	
Mary H.	1	F	Tn.	
Wm. Huyston <sup>3</sup>	25	M	Tn.	attended school within the year

Henderson County, Civil District 4, 1880, #137

	Age		<i>b.</i>	Father	Mother	Occupation
M. C. Watlington	54	M	Tn.	Va.	Md.	farmer
Fredonia	48	F	Tn.	Tn.	Ms.	keeping house
Susie	20	F	Tn.	Tn.	Tn.	dau. at home
Eula	17	F	Tn.	Tn.	Tn.	dau. at home
Eva	14	F	Tn.	Tn.	Tn.	dau. at home
Mary H.	11	F	Tn.	Tn.	Tn.	dau. at home
Ora F.	7	F	Tn.	Tn.	Tn.	illiterate
J. Winningham	30	M	Tn.	Ind.	Tn.	son-in-law, farm
Bettie	24	F	Tn.	Tn.	Tn.	dau. keeping house
James M.	8 m.	M	Tn.	Tn.	Tn.	<i>b.</i> Oct. 1879
Henry Sharp	20	M	Tn.	Tn.	Tn.	black servant, farm
John H. Trice	20	M	Tn.	Tn.	Tn.	hired, wks on farm

— Mary E. Watlington, March 1995

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<sup>3</sup>William was a nephew of Michael C., a son of Mary E. & Wilson Houston

## The Parchman Family in West Tennessee: Descendants of James Parchman

In seeking to search the history of the family of Fredonia Parchman (*b. ca.* 1832), who married Michael C. Watlington, I have had little help from other lines of the family and I have found the written material to be scarce. The oral tradition from Mack Rob Watlington and his son, Ulrich A. Watlington, have been very useful. They are colorful traditions which are difficult to substantiate but may yet check out to be very nearly true.

James Parchman (Parchment) is said to have come into the Jack's Creek area of Henderson County "with a bag of gold and an Indian wife." Some said "squaw" and some said "princess"; some said Cherokee and some thought Choctaw. But the evidence is strong that his wife was of Indian blood, and the 1850 Census for Henderson Co., 4th Civil District, lists her as Luona (Liona?) , born in Mississippi about 1812. James Parchman and his young family were in this district for the 1830 Census, with only one male child under five years of age at that time. The 1840 Census reveals the addition of three girls and one boy to the family, and by 1850 we find this information in the Census report:

District 4, Henderson County, Tenn., 1850, Entry No. 51  
(neighbors were Whitley, Tillman, Fields)

	Age		<i>b.</i>	
James Parchman	49	M	Tn.	Farmer, \$2000 real estate
Luona (Liona?)	38	F	Ms.	
Jacob Parchman	20	M	Tn.	Farmer (Attended school last yr.)
Fredonia Parchman	18	F	Tn.	
Saffronia Parchman	15	F	Tn.	(Sophronia?)
John Parchman	12	M	Tn.	(Attended school)
Elizabeth	11	F	Tn.	
James	9	M	Tn.	
Nancy	7	F	Tn.	
Jesse	3	M	Tn.	

In the Census of 1860 we find both Jacob and Fredonia had established

their homes. Jacob was listed as a neighbor to his father with two children:

	Age		
Jacob Parchman	30	M	\$2000 real estate, \$1300 personal estate
Mahala Parchman	25	F	
N. T. Parchman	2	F	
J. R. Parchman	1	M	

These ages coincide with the ages of Nancy Jane Parchman (*b.* Jan. 6, 1858, *d.* April 10, 1938), who married Alf Criner, and her brother James R. Parchman (*b.* 1859, *d.* 1938) who married Ella Reviere; both of whom lived and died in Lauderdale Co., Tennessee. Jacob Parchman must have moved away from his home neighborhood early, or died early, as the oral tradition did not recall his memory.

The names and story of the other children are relatively unknown also except for Fredonia, John H. and Jake (James). These three were remembered by Johnny Sauls and Ulrich Watlington, and confirmed by a deed selling a part of the James Parchman estate dated Jan. 16, 1874. John H. married Mary E. Tull, served in the Civil War and was wounded in the back, a wound which handicapped him as long as he lived. Ulrich Watlington thought this wound may have been received at Shiloh, or in another battle early in the war, and he spent most of his time in prisoner of war camps, where he may have died had it not been for Masonic connections who helped provide him with food. He had a family of four daughters and two sons that are remembered:

Jennie, married Sterling Patrick Sauls, whose mother was Elizabeth A. Watlington, and lived at Big Springs, Pinson, Tenn.

Mollie, married Bob Criner, a brother of Alf Criner, of Chester County—Chester County being organized in 1882.

Carrie, *m.* Charles M. Levering, Chester Co., Dec. 13, 1904

Ono, died of cancer at an early age

John went to Texas and made good. Died and buried in Oklahoma

James T. (Black Jim) married Cornelia Lane and reared his family in the Friendship Baptist Church community of Chester Co. (*m.* 1899, Chester County)

James (Jake) Parchman (*b. ca.* 1841) married a cousin named Elizabeth and settled in Prairie County, Arkansas, along the White River. In later years Michael C. Watlington and his sister Fredonia lived in the same place and worked a crop with him there. His two known children were:

John H., lived in Arkansas, but returned to Pinson for a while in young manhood

Nancy, who married a Tucker, and has one son, Mack Tucker.

Nothing has been uncovered as yet concerning Saffronia (*b. ca.* 1835), Elizabeth (*b. ca.* 1839), Nancy (*b. ca.* 1843), or Jesse (*b.* 1847). Since other relatives were migrating westward to Arkansas and Texas it is possible that some of these joined the westward movement and did not keep in touch with the Tennessee relatives.

Some Parchman families were early settlers (1790) in Stewart County Tennessee, and some are still found around Clarksville and Dover. There was a John Parchment (son of Nicholas Parchment, of Bedford Co., Penn., 1773; father of James, of Stewart and Henderson Cos., Tenn.) listed in the Stewart County Census of 1830, and a Jess P. Parchment listed in the Carroll County Census of 1830. Since our James Parchman is listed as having been born in Tennessee it is likely that he came from Stewart County. Where he found his Indian bride is another mystery. She was born in Mississippi, and there is a town in Mississippi that is called “Parchman” in Sunflower County, south of Clarksdale. It is possible that the Parchmans in Mississippi at that early date were relatives of his family. An unidentified James Parchman married Milley Jenkins in Madison Co., Tennessee, Oct. 15, 1884, who may be from the Carroll Co. family mentioned above.

## **Parchman Family Roots Discovered: Michael C. Watlington & Fredonia Parchman**

“Mack Rob” Watlington’s mother was a Parchman, daughter of James Parchman (Parchmann, Parchment, Perchment) and his Indian bride, Luona. The Parchman ancestry had escaped Mack Rob’s memory by the time our first notes were made by Clara Mai Watlington in 1928–29. The name was not a common one and the ancestry of the family eluded us. We had been able to trace the descendents into Lauderdale, Haywood and Tipton counties, as well as Arkansas and Texas, but no one had done the basic research to locate the ancestors.

In materials of the Tennessee Genealogical Society in Memphis, I found references to a Dr. Gerald Parchman of Wilmington, Delaware, who had worked extensively on the family history and had filed papers with the Genealogy Society, in Columbia, Tenn., in 1976. Ms. Jill K. Garrett sent me copies of Dr. Parchman’s papers which answer many of our questions. In the meantime, a lady in Alabama answered my query of fourteen years ago, indicating that she was also searching for Parchman data.



Our James Parchman, born in Tennessee *ca.* 1801, is one of several children of John Parchman, an early settler of the Cumberland City area of Stewart County, arriving here 1789–90. John had a brother Phillip who settled in nearby Robertson Co., Tenn., by 1796. They had migrated from Bedford Co., Pennsylvania, while their father and brother Peter had moved west to Allegheny Co., where Pittsburgh now stands. The father of the three Parchman sons, was Nicholas Parchment, or Perchmann, who was in Bedford Co., Pennsylvania, in 1773 and in Allegheny Co. in 1783. His son Peter served with Pennsylvania Militia in the Revolutionary War, and his descendents settled around Pittsburgh, Penn., while John and Phillip migrated south and west. They very likely took wives from the Pennsylvania German communities before leaving the state, although we have little data concerning them.

Phillip is found in Lawrence Co., Tenn., in 1820 and descendents of Phillip went to Monroe County, Mississippi, before the 1820 Census. We might suppose that our James (*b.* 1801) may have lived or visited his cousins there also. It might be a clue as to where he got his Indian bride, who affirmed that she was born in Mississippi about 1812 according to the 1850 Census. Later Jesse, a son of Phillip lived in Carroll County some years also, then moved to Texas where many of the descendents of Phillip settled. One of Fredonia's brothers, James (Jake) settled in Prairie Co., Arkansas, along the White River. Her brother, John H. Parchman, was an early sheriff of Chester County.

The name "Parchman" is not common in Germany nor the U.S.A. It seems that all the known Parchmans here are descendents of Nicholas of Pennsylvania, 1773–83. The name in German relates to "a person from Parchim," a region of Mecklenburg, now in East Germany. Although we do not have proof that Nicholas was the immigrant ancestor, his sons were known as "three brothers from Germany." James and Phillip consistently reported that their father was born in Germany but at times Peter reported him as born in Pennsylvania.

The Dr. Lonnie Gerald Parchman report [40] is now in several regional genealogy societies for those who want to read more. It is always exciting to find the "roots" of another branch of the family. This German ancestry joins our Tabler German ancestors to give more color to our Scotch-Irish, English and American Indian heritage.

## The Parchman Family in West Tennessee: Ancestors and Relatives of James Parchman

As a direct descendent of James and Luona Parchman, for many years I have searched for more knowledge about them and their families. We had been quite certain that he was a member of one of the Stewart County families but did not have a correspondent there to help us substantiate that relationship. In 1974 I recorded what we knew and made inquiries concerning his ancestry. In recent months we have made the connections that evidently give us an immigrant ancestor, Nicholas Parchment, of Bedford County, Pennsylvania, in 1773, and Allegheny County in 1783.

The said Nicholas Parchment (Parchmann, Perchment, Parchman) was from Germany and we know of three of his sons, one or more of whom may have been born in Germany and immigrated with their father. In the oral tradition they were “three brothers from Germany,” Peter, Phillip and John. We are greatly indebted to Dr. Lonnie Gerald Parchman for his comprehensive study of Parchman families in the U.S.A. and his distribution of his study to various historical societies. It is likely that he had access to my work of 1974 for he mentioned the connection of the Lauderdale County, Tenn., families to our James Parchman. I found his materials, entitled *The Parchman Family Tree* [40] through the Columbia, Tenn., Genealogical Society publication, *The River Counties Quarterly*.

I wrote to the author, but my letter was returned. About the same time, I received a letter from Mrs. Mary Holland Lancaster<sup>4</sup>, offering information on other Parchment descendents, and enquiring as to the ancestors of the Stewart Co. family. Some of her materials were from other Parchmans in Texas who seem to be descendents of Nicholas Parchment through Phillip and his children who lived in Tennessee and Monroe County Mississippi before moving to Texas. Their oral tradition had “Aquilla Parchman,” who served in the War of 1812 from Tennessee as the Tennessee ancestor, father of John, Phillip, Peter, James and Jesse. Facts revealed by Dr. Gerald Parchman’s research makes this seem unlikely, and we have virtually no documentation on Aquilla except his military service. It is therefore considered that he was a beloved older brother or kinsman whom the oral tradition, lacking other documentation, assumed to be the father of the above named sons.

Gerald Parchman identifies the above named sons as children of Phillip Parchman, who migrated to Robertson County, Tenn., before 1796. He also owned land in Stewart Co., which he sold some years later to James Fletcher. A booklet on the Parchmans of Texas and Oklahoma, most of whom are descendents of this Phillip (or Aquilla?), has been published by Mrs. Launa

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<sup>4</sup>P.O.Box 2068, Florence, AL 35630

Ragle<sup>5</sup>. Though it was published after 1973, some of the material had been collected and circulated as early as 1912 by W. C. Parchman of Oklahoma City, Okla. From this family came many of the Parchmans of Mississippi in the 1820–40 period, and perhaps the J. M. Parchman who sold land to the State of Mississippi for a penitentiary and for whom the village of Parchman established there was named.

The West Tennessee Parchmans come then through James and his Indian bride, Luona, *b.* in Mississippi *ca.* 1812, and through James's father John (*b.* Germany or Penn., 1770–75), who settled near Cumberland City in what is now Stewart County in 1789 or 90, well before Tennessee became a state. He is recorded in the Stewart Co. history to have been one of the earliest settlers of the county. His brother Phillip settled in nearby Robertson County a bit later, while his father and brother Peter stayed in Pennsylvania. Peter and his children and grandchildren lived in Wilkins Township, Allegheny Co., Penn., which has now become a part of the city of Pittsburgh. There is some oral tradition of the brothers coming through North and/or South Carolina in their migration to Tennessee. According to the travel routes of the time it would seem very likely that they did come through North Carolina; indeed, Tennessee was still North Carolina as far west as Stewart Co. in 1790.

Luona, born in Mississippi *ca.* 1812, is still a mystery. But with first cousins of James living in Monroe Co., Mississippi, as early as 1820, which was then only recently opening to settlers where many Indians had lived for centuries, it is even more likely that she was a Chickasaw or Choctaw than a Cherokee, if indeed she was born in Mississippi. Her daughter, Fredonia, who married Michael C. Watlington, was not ashamed of her ancestry and neither were her descendents, many of whom revealed physical characteristics of Indian heritage.

— Oct. 11, 1988

## Dr. John R. Watlington and Descendents

The birth of John Roberts Watlington on Feb. 7, 1830 in Henderson Co., Tenn. fixed the presence of the George and Catherine Tabler Watlington in West Tennessee earlier than the census taker of the same year. They were registered in the U.S. Census as George Waddleton, being an early farm family, and holding one male slave under 10 years of age (Henderson Co., 1830, Census, p. 73). John R. is listed by name in the Madison Co. 1850 Census, where the family is believed to have moved before another son, Sterling Malachi, was born Dec. 25, 1832.

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<sup>5</sup>Route 1, Ralls, Texas 79357

John R. grew up in a favorable settled environment with three older sisters, two older brothers, and two younger brothers. There was a public school nearby soon after he was old enough to attend. He had an uncle, Alfred N. Tabler, (brother to his mother) a medical doctor who came to live about ten miles away before he was ten years of age. This was not a highly literate community on the frontier of Tennessee but there were relatives with education and skills. Evidently the German-American Tablers were a literate family and promoted education. We also know that his father George was able to read and write.

His Uncle Alfred Tabler lived until 1859 and reared his family at Jack's Creek, a prominent settlement in southwestern Henderson Co. Undoubtedly, it was with the encouragement of Dr. Tabler that John R. was prepared and encouraged to study medicine. He is listed as having studied allopathic medicine at Memphis Hospital Medical College, Memphis, Tenn., graduating in 1855 at twenty-five years of age. He was licensed by the State of Tennessee to practice medicine in 1889, when licensing was first required in Tennessee. He and his son Obediah F. Watlington were both licensed at that time.

John R. Watlington did not marry until Aug. 16, 1859, when he took Miss Sarah Jane Gravitt of Hardeman Co. as his wife. The daughter of John D. Gravitt and his wife Elizabeth, they had lived nearby in Madison Co. but the widowed Elizabeth had moved to be near other Gravitt families after the death of her husband. Sarah Jane had one brother Obediah (*b.* 1834) who may have settled in Madison Co., as he voted in District 17, Madison Co., in 1859 alongside John R. Watlington. When children were born to the young doctor and Sarah Jane, they named one child Obediah F.

There is some confusion about the number and order of birth of their children, but one child, Kiley, believed to be a twin brother of Obediah F., died young and was buried in the old Pioneer Cemetery at Mason Wells. Another child, thought to be a girl, died and was buried there also. Then John's wife, Sarah Jane, died and was buried there before 1880 (date not known.) This left Obediah F. Watlington as the only surviving descendent of Dr. John R. Watlington.

Dr. John R. Watlington tried marriage again in the 1890's when he married a widow, Emily L. Parrish, who was operating a small hotel in the new county seat of Henderson, Chester Co. She had her work, and older children also, and this marriage just never worked out well. There are some legal documents verifying this in the years 1897–1905, Chester Co. Courthouse.

“Obe” grew up among many Watlington and Sauls cousins and was a close friend and playmate to Michael Roberts Watlington, a son of Michael C., older brother to John Roberts. The John R. Watlington farm home was on the road toward Henderson from Five Points, just inside Madison County after Chester Co. was established in 1882. The 1877 DeBeers map of the

county [10] shows the home as a neighbor to the Ralph W. Daniel farm home where Mack Rob Watlington found his bride, Eula Avenant Daniel, about 1878.

Dr. John R. Watlington continued to practice medicine in and around his home for many years after the death of his wife. He kept an office in Pinson, Tenn., until 1910 and had some relatives and friends in Jackson who preferred him as their doctor.

**Obediah Watlington** was born in 1861 to John and Sara Jane Gravitt Watlington in Madison Co., Tenn. He grew up in the Big Springs, Pinson area, Old Civil Dist. 17 of Madison Co., preparing with his father for a career in medicine. He also had a first cousin, Susie F. Watlington, who married a medical doctor, Andrew J. Alexander, in June 1878. There was also a relative on the Tabler side of the family, Dr. Thomas H. McGee, who worked in nearby Henderson, Tenn. So Obe was possibly influenced by any or all of these medical connections. Dr. Alexander (*b.* 1857, *d.* 1928) had studied at Memphis Hospital Medical College, graduating in 1892. Most of his practice had been in Mayfield and Fulton, Ky. though. There was also a young man by the name of Ambrose McCoy, son of Dr. N. A. McCoy (1832–1918) of Pinson and Jackson, Tenn., who was studying medicine at Louisville, Ky. (1880 graduate) who may have influenced Obediah to go there for his studies in the University of Louisville School of Medicine, Louisville, Kentucky, and Hospital Medical College of Louisville, where he graduated in 1882 at 21 years of age.

Dr. Obe supplemented the practice of his father at Pinson and Five Points and also had patients toward Jackson and Bemis in his later years. For many years he lived at his father's homeplace south of Five Points and reared his two daughters there. He married Laura V. Steadman March 3, 1883, when newly out of Medical School, and his mother had died by that time. Laura had a younger brother Charles B. Steadman (1870–1948) who lived in Jackson, Tenn., and offered a base for attending some patients there. Obe and Laura had only two daughters, Zula who died young (*d.* 1905), and Ollie (1884–1946), who in later years lived in Jackson and in Arkansas.

Dr. Obe's years of active practice extended from 1883 through 1920 although in later years his practice declined greatly because he became addicted to morphine. After 1915, he lived in Jackson, Tenn., where he died Nov. 19, 1921 and was buried at Big Springs Cemetery at Five Points where his two daughters and his wife were buried also in later years. Neither of their daughters left children although both are believed to have been married, but both were buried under their maiden names. Mrs. Laura Steadman Watlington was the last to die, living with "Cousin Ulrich" Watlington during her last years. Her brother and Steadman nephews supplied her needs during these last years. She died after World War II, *ca.* 1946–50.

## Sterling Malachi Watlington

*b.* December 25, 1832

*bp.* Henderson Co., Tenn.

*m.* May 24, 1866, Catherine Croom

*d.* August 27, 1921

*pd.* Madison Co., Tenn.

Sterling Malachi was one of the younger children of George and Catharine Watlington and therefore had more opportunity for schooling and health attention. He was a farmer for most of his life and owned land in 1877 near the Sauls, Andersons and Crooms near Pinson Mounds. In many ways his family is better documented than the older children. It was through the documentation of a granddaughter, Mrs. Hildred Watlington Walker of Selmer, Tenn., that the first Daughters of the American Revolution lineage record was filed on William Watlington of Dinwiddie and Brunswick Counties, Virginia. Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Wolford had shared information and research on the Watlingtons.

Sterling Malachi (called Sterlie) served with the forces of General Nathan Bedford Forrest for over a year toward the end of the Civil War. His brother, Michael C. Watlington, had enrolled earlier with the same unit before the reorganization of the unit. A nephew, Billie Houston, son of their oldest sister Mary (Mollie) Emmaline; who married Wilson Houston, enrolled to serve with Uncle Sterlie under the alias of Tommy Campbell. Thus three descendents of George W. Watlington served with the Confederate States Army, evidently in the same unit of Tennessee Cavalry.

This same Billie Houston was, and continued to be, a close cousin and confidant of Mack Roberts Watlington, six years younger, son of Michael C. Watlington. Mack Rob Watlington lived until 1934 and was the author's grandfather and the prime informant for the West Tennessee family genealogy and history. Mack Rob, Mack Harvey (son of William T., *d.* 1933) and cousin Halbert ("Hal," *d.* 1977) were the story tellers of their generation which overlapped the Fifth generation of Watlingtons in West Tennessee by some years.

We go back now to Sterlie's children, documented by a family Bible record, and other public records. Mary W. Wolford obtained good information on this family and included much of it in her book, some pages of which are included herein. Sterling did not marry until relatively late in life. Re-establishing his life after the Civil War he married the 24th of May 1866 at the home of Isaac Croom, father of the bride Catherine Croom. He was 34 years years of age and she was ten years younger. By 1877 they owned

a good farm on the bluff above the south fork of Forked Deer River in the Pinson Mound area.

Sterling and his wife are mentioned as being "charter members" of the Big Springs Methodist Church, which would indicate that the church was organized about the time of their maturity, if not their marriage. A Methodist pastor, Rev. P. J. Kirby, performed their ceremony of marriage, which was witnessed and the certificate signed by Dr. J. R. Watlington, an older brother to Sterling. Their known children were born between 1867 and 1881, four daughters and two sons. Their second daughter, Minnie V. *m.* George Norwood and gave birth to a daughter, Minnie Norinne on Jan. 13, 1903 but died following childbirth, Jan. 26, 1903. Another daughter, Mary Emma, died at thirteen years of age in Dec. 1887. The other four children all have living descendents: Susan Catherine married Thomas C. Stewart; Boneparte Frank *m.* Lessie Pearl Haynes; Lucy Hildred Watlington *m.* Oct. 1929, James Carroll Walker.

Halbert Ditzler Watlington married Iva Stanloud Diamond of the Mount Pleasant/Beech Bluff Community east of Big Springs on Aug. 10, 1900. They had one son, Diamond, and he left three children from two marriages. Mrs. Iva Diamond Watlington died in 1917 and "Cousin Hal" lived sixty more years in widowhood, all of it on the family farm at what became "Diamond Grove" community. They were members of the Mount Pleasant United Methodist Church nearby, and their mail came at times from the Beech Bluff Post Office in Madison Co. The same Beech Bluff Post Office at times served the old Billie Watlington homeplace also.

The younger daughter, Nedda (Nettie) Flowers Watlington was married Sept. 16, 1899 to Leon Allen McGill, of the McGill family which owned land near the Watlington farm. They settled in Pinson, Tenn. and had two sons and one daughter. The older son, Sterling Raymond, and his wife Ann both died in a tragic auto accident in 1965. Nettie Floy McGill married Samuel Fenner Sewell and lived in Jackson, Tenn. where he died in 1936. She continued to operate a furniture store and design interior decorations. Their daughter Peggy Jean Sewell married Frederick Wigel.

Of this distinguished Watlington family there are only two children of the Fifth Generation who bear the Watlington name, but the lineage goes on by other names.

## The Croom Families

The Croom families were early settlers in West Tennessee and evidently were in the Big Springs area very early also, with land near the Chappells, Andersons, and Watlingtons.

The family of **Charles Croom** and Silveal Hines, who married in Wayne Co., N.C., came to Madison Co. in about 1827 and took up land for farming. These were 8 male heirs and 3 females, born between 1821 and 1840. Sons of Charles and Silveal include **Isaac**, William Hines, Major, John, Joseph, Benjamin F., and Jessie. William H. prospered at farming and after the Civil War owned a large farm and built a modern new house in District #1, southwest of Pinson. He married Virginia Anderson as his second wife and is reported to have had five sons and two daughters by his first wife and four sons and two daughters by Virginia Anderson.

Isaac Croom (*b.* 1821, in N.C.) married Elizabeth Sturdivant (*b.* 1822 in N.C.) and their daughter **Catherine Croom** (*b.* 1842) married Sterling Malachi Watlington, on May 14, 1866, in Madison Co., Tenn. They settled on a farm at Big Springs which may have been part of the Croom land previously. This farm was on the bluff east of the Forked Deer River and included a part of what is now the Pinson Mounds State Park in 1877. Frank W. Watlington may have lived here previous to moving into the new village of Pinson to open a store. It is very likely that it was either Anderson or Croom land previously.

Sterling M. and Catherine Croom Watlington moved their family on the farm here, consisting of four daughters and two sons. "Cousin Hal," Halbert Ditzler Watlington (*b.* 1878) was their youngest son and lived until May 1977, overlapping several generations. He married Iva Diamond, whose father had large land holdings to the east, which came to be called "Diamond Grove," where Halbert Watlington and Iva Diamond spent their life on the farm and operated a country store.



## The Anderson-Chappell Families

Mrs. Mary Watlington Wolford has prepared an unpublished booklet on the Anderson-Chappell families in Madison County. Her grandmother was Mary Jane Anderson, wife of Frank Wallace Watlington. Through the marriage of Ralph Whitfield Daniel to America Tabitha Anderson, Ulrich A. Watlington and his siblings had an Anderson grandmother also. America Tabitha and Mary Jane were sisters, and therefore we have a double kinship with William F. Watlington and his descendants, through both Watlington and Anderson lines. This kinship pattern was reinforced by Mack Rob Watlington living close by Pinson for many years, at times share-cropping on the farm land of Squire Frank W. Watlington. Mack Rob and Ulrich A. had a great respect for his Anderson kin as well as the Frank Watlington descendents.

It is also through the Chappell and Anderson families that we have strong early ties with the Methodist Church. The 1877 Beers Map of Landowners in Madison County shows that the early Methodist Church at Big Springs was located near Chappell/Anderson land, on the road toward Henderson from Five Points, in what is now Chester Co. We know that Mary Jane and America's mother was Winnifred Chappell whose family were Methodists in Middle Tennessee, Sumner County, before coming to West Tennessee about 1840.

The latter Pauldin (Paulin) O'Neal Anderson married Winnifred Finney Chappell in Halifax, Va. in 1828, several years before coming to join her Chappell family in the migration to Madison Co., Tenn. It is through the Chappell lineage that we have a Churchill ancestor which is traced all the way back to the Magna Carta of England in 1215 A.D. This lineage is shared by Sir Winston Churchill, World War II Prime Minister of England. The Anderson lineage is traced back to the first settlers in America, Richard Anderson (*b.* 1585 in England) who arrived in Virginia in 1635 with his son Richard, *b.* 1618 in England.

Another of the Anderson-Chappell daughters, Virginia, married William H. Croom of Pinson. Sterling M. Watlington married a sister to William H. Croom which gave another connection by marriage to the Anderson family. So the Andersons and Watlingtons and Crooms were strongly related by marriages in 19th century Madison Co., Tenn.

## Generations: Chappell-Anderson

- I – **Capt. John Chappell** of the *Speedwell* arrived in America, 1635, from England.
  
- II – **Thomas Chappell** arrived in America, August 1635, on the *America*.  
*b.* 1612, England  
*d.* 1658, Charles City Co., Va.  
Wills land etc. to eldest son & estate to wife.  
His widow *m.* Walter Vernham or Warnham
  
- III – **Thomas Chappell II**  
*b.* ca. 1636 Charles City Co., Va.  
*m.* before 1661, to \_\_\_\_\_ **Bannister**  
daughter of Joan & Lt. John Bannister
  
- IV – **Thomas Chappell III**  
*b.* ca. 1660, Charles City Co., Va.  
*m.* **Elizabeth Jones**, daughter of James & Sarah Jones  
(*m.* (2) Thos. Taylor)  
*d.* ca. 1703  
children: Samuel, Thomas, **Robert**, James, dau. name unknown
  
- V – **Robert Chappell**  
*b.* ca. 1680  
*m.* **Sarah** \_\_\_\_\_ (*d.* ca. 1761) *m.* (2) Wm. Crawley (1 son)  
*d.* 1724, Prince George Co.  
children: Robert, Sarah, Mary, **John**, Ann, James
  
- VI – **John Chappell**  
*b.* 1720  
*m.* ca. 1746, to **Prudence** \_\_\_\_\_  
(*d.* April 1775), in Prince George Co., Va.  
*d.* ca. 1778, Amelia Co.  
children: **Robert**, John, James, William <sup>6</sup>, Samuel, Prudence
  
- VII – **Robert Chappell**  
*b.* 1746, Amelia Co., Va.  
*m.* 1774, to **Mary Tucker**, (*b.* 1755, *d.* Aug. 3, 1825, Halifax)  
daughter of Ann & Wm. Tucker  
*d.* 1829, will Halifax, Va., served Rev. War  
children: **Joel**, Robert, John, Nancy, Ursula, Prudence, Martha

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<sup>6</sup>Dr. Clovis Chappell is descendent of this William.

VIII – **Joel Chappell**

*b.* July 25, 1774, Amelia, Va.

*m.* Dec. 5, 1799, Halifax Va. to **Tabitha Light**  
(*b.* July 30, 1775, Va., *d.* July 31, 1843, Tenn.)

dau. of Joanna Diz & John Light

*d.* Dec. 28, 1847, Tennessee

children: Mary Tucker, **Winnifred Finney**, William Stephens,  
John Light, Tabitha S., Joel Robert, Ursula, Martha, Joanna

IX – **Winnifred Finney Chappell**

*b.* Mar. 24, 1805, Halifax Co., Va.

*m.* Nov. 27, 1828, to **Paulin O’Neal Anderson**

*b.* Jan. 27, 1805, Halifax Co., Va.

*d.* Dec. 27, 1876, Big Springs, Tenn.

*d.* Aug. 16, 1887, Big Springs, Tennessee

Both are buried at the old Anderson-Chappell family  
graveyard near Big Springs.

The old home is near by a small two-story frame.

Ten children, including **America Tabitha Anderson**.

Our family is in Chapter XII, *Chappell, Dickie & Other Kindred Families* [36]. See “Boddie” for Chappell, Jones, Tucker family.

— Mary Watlington Wolford from J. L. Watlington, 1972

**William Franklin Watlington**

*b.* May 7, 1868, Son of Frank Wallace Watlington and Mary Jane Anderson.

*m.* February 25, 1900, to Martha (Mattie) Ruby VanTreese  
(*b.* 1880, *d.* 1963)

*d.* April 20, 1938,

*pd.* Jackson, Tenn.

*pb.* Big Springs Cem.

William F. Watlington was born May 7, 1868, one mile east of Pinson, Madison County, Tennessee. On Feb. 25, 1900, he married Mattie Ruby VanTreese, daughter of James and Mary Macon VanTreese. To this union were born six children, two of whom died at birth. Two girls and two boys remain, all of whom were born in Pinson, Tenn.:

Mary Watlington Wolford, *b.* March 5, 1902

Frank Hays Watlington, *b.* Dec. 21, 1900

Margaret Macon Watlington, *b.* Jan. 26, 1912

William F. Watlington, Jr., *b.* June 21, 1916

William F. received his education at Pinson and later the old South Western Baptist University and the Nashville Business College. He was a Pharmacist, Merchant and Banker of Pinson; spending his best years working for the improvement of the community. Many loyal friends are remembered by the family. In 1935 the family moved to Jackson where William F. died in 1938<sup>7</sup>.

### Excerpts from Autobiographical Statement

I think it not amiss to say something about my Father and Mother; as you know we come, by inheritance and environment, to partake largely of their characteristics.

My Father was a well poised and balanced man, talked very little of his business affairs so far as I know. He made up his mind after due deliberation and then would proceed in a methodical way to execute those ideas. He seldom made a mistake, if he did no alibis were offered. He was Methodist in belief, as were both branches of the family. He was exceedingly tolerant of others in their religious beliefs, and just naturally brushed aside the small bickerings over denominational creeds and modes believing these narrow restricted ideas had no bearing on one's eternal welfare. He had the esteem and good will of all.

My Mother was not so well poised, would occasionally fly-off, but carried no venom or grudges, soon forgave a seeming injury and settled back into a happy train of cheerfulness, loved by all, both black and white. She was thoughtful and charitable in her conduct throughout her eighty-four years of life, and her sojourn here was undoubtedly a blessing.

Continuing the narrative of my life. As already stated I was born one mile east of Pinson in 1868. In 1873 Father sold his farm to Sterling Watlington and built a house in Pinson. In 1883 he sold this place (now known as the old Chatman place) to Mr. Houston and moved to a farm he bought just west of Pinson. I began clerking for my cousin Billy Houston in Jan. 1884. My Father, in the fall of 1885, returned to Pinson building the house destroyed by fire after the cyclone in 1923. I continued to work for my cousin except some intervals attending the Southwestern University at Jackson, now Union University, and a course at the Jennings Business College, Nashville, until I went in business for myself in the fall of 1894 at Pinson.

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<sup>7</sup>This paragraph copied from *Watlingtons of Dinwiddie Co., Va., and Madison Co., Tenn.* [2].

Thereafter engaged in active effort, in a successful business, giving much time and thought to civic affairs—succeeding my Father as Justice of the Peace, in 1910, who had filled this office thirty years and held by me for twenty-six years—including schools, two Methodist churches, and the bank. I devoted a large amount of time and energy to the Pinson Savings Bank, especially the task of keeping it afloat. After the People's Savings Bank failed in 1924 our bank gave me many moments of unrest. Prior to this failure everything looked good but after this it seemed that my affairs steadily grew worse, including rental property, then finally the Pinson Savings Bank had to close in 1931 due to no fault of mine but to a general depression in all parts of the country. I was now out of visible means of support, and made two unsuccessful races for county offices. Finally, in 1932, we moved back to Pinson where we had moved from after the burn-out to one of my vacant store buildings in order to rent the farm.

I secured a job at the State Highway Garage in 1934 and we moved to Jackson. I worked there until May 15, 1937, at which time my health broke down. Now if it were not for the best children God ever gave a man and woman, we would be on the mercy of the public. I am so happy to think of their nobleness of character, that the thought of a lost fortune is almost forgotten and I feel that we are exceedingly blessed after all. To be surrounded by sympathetic children and a loving wife, should be as much as any man should want.

— W. F. Watlington, August 26, 1937

## Several Children of George W. and Catherine

The following information on several children of George W. and Catherine Watlington—Sterling M. Watlington, Susan Watlington, and Frank Wallace Watlington—is used as found in Mary Watlington Wolford's booklet: *Watlingtons of Dinwiddie Co., Va., and Madison Co., Tenn.* [2]. These were families she and our cousin Hildred Watlington Walker had researched carefully. Hildred was a granddaughter of Sterling M., and Mary is a granddaughter of Frank Wallace Watlington. Other valuable information on the Watlingtons is also included in her booklet.

Mary Wolford and her sister, Margaret Watlington both live in Oklahoma City, Okla. This material is used with her permission.

- I. Sterling Malachi Watlington, *b.* Dec. 25, 1832, *d.* Aug. 27, 1921,  
*m.* May 24, 1866, Catherine Croom

- (a) Susan Catherine Watlington, *b.* April 6, 1867, *d.* May 30, 1954

- m.* June 1, 1890, Thomas C. Stewart  
*(b.* June 19, 1862, *d.* Jan. 7, 1951)
1. Willie Carl Stewart, *b.* Aug. 31, 1891, *d.* Sept. 3, 1891
  2. Nell Ione Stewart, *b.* Aug. 6, 1893, *d.* April 8, 1974,  
*m.* Dec. 26, 1921, John W. Hasson (*d.* Oct. 11, 1972)
    - i. Anna Kathryn Hasson, *b.* Dec. 7, 1923,  
*m.* Oct. 3, 1942, Paul Davidson Mayo, in Minton, Ala.  
 Kathryn Mayo, *b.* Jan. 24, 1946,  
*m.* Sept. 30, 1967, Ralph Hardy Jr.  
 David Hardy, *b.* April, 1971  
 Stewart Hardy, *b.* Mar. 18, 1973  
 Mary Nell Mayo, *b.* May 24, 1949
  3. Minnie Grace Stewart, *b.* Dec. 21, 1895, *d.* Feb. 24, 1989,  
*m.* Dec. 23, 1914, Ernest Moore, (*d.* July 13, 1962)  
 Living 1988, Selma, Alabama
  4. Thomas C. Stewart, *b.* Jan. 5, 1903,  
*m.* June 14, 1930, Gladys Lucile McKennie  
*(b.* June 14, 1907, *d.* Oct. 30, 1981)
    - i. Mary Llanette Stewart, *b.* Feb. 1, 1943,  
*m.* Apr. 18, 1964, Stephen Paul Minhinnette  
 Stephen Paul, *b.* May 19, 1967  
 Julia Llanette, *b.* April 23, 1969  
 James Stewart, *b.* Nov. 3, 1971
- (b) Minnie V. Watlington, *b.* March 7, 1869, *d.* Jan. 26, 1903,  
*m.* Oct. 8, 1899, George Norwood
1. Minnie Norine Norwood, *b.* Jan. 13, 1903
- (c) Bonaparte Frank Watlington, *b.* Sept. 28, 1871, *d.* 1946  
*m.* July 26, 1903, Lessie Pearl Haynes  
*(b.* Sept. 21, 1888, *d.* Dec. 24, 1974)  
*pd.* Pinson, Tenn., *pb.* Big Springs Cemetery
1. Gladys Lucile Watlington, *b.* Oct. 27, 1904, *d.* Oct. 24, 1974,  
*m.* (1) Mar. 4, 1926, William Frederick Cravens  
*m.* (2) Aug. 4, 1928, George Edward McCaskill
  2. Ruby Catherine Watlington, *b.* July 4, 1907,  
*m.* (1) Mar. 8, 1925, James McCoy Reid
    - i. Al Reid  
*m.* dau. of Annie Lee Collie

- ii. James Reid
    - m.* dau. of May Robbins & Caleb Collie
  - m.* (2) Sept. 21, 1946, Morris Hugh Parish
  - iii. Ann Parish
    - m.* (1) Hansel Peddy
      - Diane Peddy, *b.* Dec. 23, 1968
      - Mark Peddy, *b.* Aug. 10, 1971
      - Brant Peddy, *b.* Jan. 11, 1975
    - m.* (2) June 12, 1988, Harold Maness
- 3. Lucy Hildred Watlington, *b.* July 31, 1910,  
*m.* October 1929, James Carroll Walker  
*(pd.* Selmer, Tenn.)  
 Hildred Watlington Walker established the first DAR membership on William Watlington of Dinwiddie County, Va. He is her great-great-grandfather who served as a Deputy Commissary of Provisions in March, 1781, in Brunswick County, Virginia.
- (d) Mary Emma Watlington, *b.* Dec. 13, 1874, *d.* Dec. 10, 1887
- (e) Halbert Ditzler Watlington, *b.* Nov. 30, 1878, *d. ca.* 1977  
*m.* Aug. 10, 1900, Iva S. Diamond
  - 1. Diamond Watlington
- (f) Nettie Flowers Watlington, *b.* Dec. 6, 1881  
*m.* Sept. 26, 1899, Leon Allen McGill  
*(b.* Dec. 1885, *d.* July 1948)
  - 1. Sterling Raymond McGill, *b.* July 8, 1900,  
*m.* Ann \_\_\_\_\_  
*d.* 1965 (Raymond and Ann killed in a car wreck.)
  - 2. Nettie Floy McGill, *b.* Sept. 19, 1904, *d.* May 6, 1986  
*m. ca.* 1920, Samuel Fenner Sewell  
*(b.* July 18, 1900, *d.* Jan. 13, 1936)
    - i. Peggy Jean Sewell, *b.* May 29, 1930,  
*m.* Frederick Wigel  
*(b.* Dec. 10, 1915, *d.* Aug. 31, 1977)  
 Floy Elizabeth Wigel (Adopted), *b.* May 2, 1957
  - 3. Lowell Manley McGill, *b.* March 3, 1910, *d. ca.* 1987–88  
*m.* Rena Davis
    - i. Charles McGill
    - ii. Bobbie McGill

- II. Sarah Ann (Susan) Watlington,  
*b.* March 8, 1818, Knox County, Tenn., *d.* Dec. 7, 1891,  
*pb.* Big Springs Cemetery on the lot of Frank W. Watlington  
 Susan did not marry and remained at home with her brothers, Sterling and Frank. After her father died and her brothers married, she lived with them.
- III. Francis (Frank, Franklin) Wallace Watlington, *b.* Nov. 9, 1835 Madison Co., Tenn., *d.* July 30, 1910, Madison Co., *pb.* Big Springs Cemetery, *m.* May 1, 1867, Mary Jane Anderson  
*(b.* Nov. 12, 1844, Tenn., *d.* Jan. 4, 1929)

Frank Wallace Watlington, merchant, farmer and postmaster of Pinson, Tenn., was born November 9, 1835 in Madison County. His parents, George Washington Watlington and Catherine Tabler, were natives of Dinwiddie County Virginia, where they were married<sup>8</sup>. They came to Tennessee and located first near Knoxville, Tenn. About 1828 they came to West Tennessee, locating in 1830 near Pinson where they engaged in the agricultural pursuits til their deaths in 1866 and 1865, respectfully.

He remained at home until the death of his parents, and in 1867, he married Mary Jane Anderson, a native of Madison Co. He then followed the carpenter trade a few years, after which he followed farming til 1873—when he moved to Pinson and embarked in the mercantile trade. To Frank W. and Mary Jane one child, a son William Franklin, was born, one of Pinsons most promising young men.

Frank W. has a tract of 300 Acres of land near Pinson and a residence in the village, also half interest in the large brick store. He was a Justice of the Peace and a Notary Public for several years, and a member of the Masons. He and his family are members of the Methodist Church.

— From Goodspeed's *History of Tennessee*[14, p. 911]

- (a) William Frank Watlington *b.* May 7, 1868, Big Springs, *d.* April 20. 1938, Jackson, Tenn., *pb.* Big Springs Cemetery  
*m.* Feb. 25, 1900, Jackson, Tenn., Martha Ruby VanTreese  
*(b.* June 25, 1880, *d.* Feb. 1, 1963, Memphis, Tenn.)

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<sup>8</sup>Correction: Catherine Tabler was born in Maryland and came to Knox County, Tenn. about 1800 with her family. George Watlington and Catherine Tabler were married July 2, 1814, Knox County, Tenn.



1. Mary Watlington, *b.* Mar. 5, 1902, Pinson, Tenn.  
*m.* Feb. 15, 1923, Russell Smith Wolford<sup>9</sup>  
*(b.* July 3, 1897, Chapin, Ill., *d.* Sept. 20, 1980, Oklahoma City, *pb.* Memorial Park Cemetery)  
 Mary Watlington Wolford attended school at Pinson, Memphis Conference Female Institute (precursor of Lambuth University) in Jackson, and later Middle Tennessee State Normal at Murfreesboro, Tenn.
  - i. Thomas Macon Wolford, *b.* Nov. 11, 1928, Okla. City, *d.* Aug. 12, 1936, Okla. City
  - ii. Lynnda Lee Wolford, *b.* April 16, 1938, Okla. City, *d.* Jan. 31, 1994,  
*m.* Feb. 20, 1960, Stanley Edward Porch  
*(b.* Sept. 23, 1935, Okla. City, *d.* Nov. 8, 1993)  
 Lynnda graduated from Okla. City Classen High School and Oklahoma University with FBI in Painting. After receiving a Teachers Certificate she taught in Westminster Private School.  
 Lynn Chappell Porch *b.* Nov. 22, 1960, Okla. City  
*m.* Oct. 25, 1986, James David Hardaway  
*(b.* May 30, 1957, Dallas Texas)  
 Edward Theodore Porch, *b.* June 29, 1968, Okla. City
2. Frank Hays Watlington, *b.* Dec. 21, 1908, Pinson, Tenn., *d.* Nov. 7, 1975, Venice, Fla.  
*m.* Oct. 26, 1946, Leila Hyde, in Memphis, Tenn.  
*(b.* April 2, 1908, West Bend, Ind., *d.* Mar. 28, 1988, Venice, Fla.)  
 Hays and Leila are buried on the family lot at Big Springs. After High School, Hays attended Lambuth College at Jackson, Tenn. About 1955, Hays and Leila moved to Venice, Fla., where he established a real estate business. She was an artist and accomplished pianist.
3. Margaret Macon Watlington<sup>10</sup>,  
*b.* Jan. 26, 1912, Pinson, Tenn.

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<sup>9</sup>Russell was the son of:  
 John Elmer Wolford *b.* Jan. 4, 1869, Cumberland, Md.  
*d.* Feb. 20, 1958, Bluffs, Ill.  
*m.* Apr. 14, 1893, Scott Co., Ill.  
 Dovie Bell Smith *b.* Oct. 14, 1872, Exeter, Ill.  
*d.* Nov. 29, 1913, Bluff, Ill.

Russell Wolford grew up in Illinois and soon after the War came to Okmulgee, OK with the first Caterpillar Machinery Company.

<sup>10</sup>5200 Hales Drive, #115, Oklahoma City, OK 73112

Soon after graduating from Jackson High School, Margaret entered St. Joseph's Hospital School of Nursing in Memphis, Tenn. She graduated with an R.N. degree and later from Vanderbilt University in Nashville with a B.S. degree in Public Health.

Starting as a Red Cross nurse, Margaret was later inducted into the U.S. Army. She served at Fort Blanding, Hawaii and Guam for the duration of the war. After the war she entered Virginia Medical College School of Physical Therapy, with special training at Mass. General Hospital and Warm Springs, Georgia. Margaret received a degree from Virginia Medical College. In 1966, Margaret moved to Oklahoma City, Okla. and was appointed to the staff of the Physical Therapy Department of the Veterans Adm. Hospital.

4. William Francis Watlington,
  - b.* June 21, 1916, in Pinson, Tenn.
  - m.* April 26, 1958, Mildred Southward, in Brooklyn, N.Y.  
(*b.* Aug. 2, 1926, Brooklyn, N.Y., *d.* Feb. 25, 1989, Atlanta, Ga.)
  - i. Jody Ann Watlington (Adopted),
    - b.* Jan. 30, 1963, Miami, Fla.,
    - m.* Feb. 7, 1987, Phillip Preston Wood  
(*b.* Oct. 18, 1962, Marietta, Ga.)

## Chapter 3

# Relationships and the Third Generation in West Tennessee

The life of the first three generations of Watlingtons in West Tennessee was severely altered by the tumultuous events of the 1861–65 Civil War, or War Between the States. In nearby Henderson Co. a plebiscite on whether or not Tennessee should secede from the Union was defeated solidly, but secession came and the resulting War Years brought conflict and tragedy. There are many references to the participants and events during the War, but an additional word concerning the effects of the War years on the family should be mentioned.

Most directly, the abolition of slavery affected severely the economy of slave-holding families such as the Watlington-Parchman family. Michael and Fredonia Watlington were a prosperous family with several slaves and much of their prosperity was destroyed by his involvement in the Confederate States Army and the reconstruction years. Because of the social disruption of the War Years young Michael Roberts (*b.* 1853), their son, received a very meager formal education which ill prepared him for family and the future.

After the Northern Army's victory at Shiloh on April 6–7, 1862, most of West Tennessee was occupied by Federal troops and West Tennessee became a war zone for the Confederates under the leadership of General Nathan B. Forrest who persisted in invading the area to disrupt the transportation system and to recruit more soldiers for the Confederacy. Both armies' military needs stripped the country of men, mounts and material goods for war purposes. The Jesse Swink cotton gin in the Mt. Pisgah community was burned to prevent the cotton from falling into Federal hands, with a great loss to the farming interests.

Fire became a great enemy as both sides destroyed bridges and railways and public buildings to keep the economy disrupted from Summer 1862 thru April 1865. The loss of life was not as great as the disruption of civil life and

economic production. Virtually all the good horses and mules were taken by the armies for their use and only the poorest left for farm use.

Paper was a scarce and expensive item during these years and fires and the shortage of shelter from the elements made paper even more scarce. It is pathetic how little paper of any kind survived these years of intensive warfare in the lower West Tennessee counties. Survival was the order of the day and for three years even that was difficult. Great bitterness toward the Federal forces developed among the Watlingtons and persisted into the Twentieth Century. The catastrophic economic and social effects of the Civil War years dominated politics and social thought patterns well past the relatively mild demands of World War I. The regional conflict can be said to have affected adversely the local economy for the following fifty years, with racial and social attitudes that linger through another fifty years. "The Wah" is still the Civil War for some of the older generation.

In the story of our Third Generation of Watlingtons in West Tennessee the long term effects of this devastating conflict must be assumed with its resultant impoverishment of the social, educational and community life of the region.

One advantage a Southerner has in understanding the other peoples of the world today is "that we know what it is to lose a War." Many North Americans lack that understanding.

## **Church Relationships of Early Watlingtons**

Sterlie M. Watlington, son of George, and his wife Catherine Croom are mentioned as charter members of the Big Springs Methodist Church. They were married at the bride's home, May 14, 1866, by the local pastor, Rev. Peter J. Kelsey. Catherine Tabler and her siblings were baptized in a Lutheran Church in Frederick Co., Maryland. Hubert Lee Watlington and wife were Cumberland Presbyterian at Mason Wells and Cecil Watlington's sister Pauline married Elof L. Anderson, a Congregational Minister who studied in Chicago and who served twenty years as pastor in the Los Angeles, Cal., area and retired in Jackson, Tenn. Another member of the third generation in West Tennessee, Joanna Kendall Tabler married N. Brodie Hardeman, a founding minister of the Church of Christ in the area and a founder of Freed-Hardeman College in Henderson, Tenn.

Cousin Halbert Watlington and cousin Wm. F. Watlington were active Methodists of the third generation, at East Union Methodist and Pinson Methodist respectively. Many of the kinfolks around Big Springs including Watlingtons, Andersons, Daniels and Sauls were participants at Big Springs Methodist Church from its beginning near the Anderson-Chappell homes south of its present location. We know that the Chappell family had strong

Methodist ties in Middle Tennessee before W. Tenn. was opened for settlement in 1819. However there is no report of a minister in the Watlington family until the fifth generation.

By marriages N. Brodie Hardeman represented the third generation, and Elof L. Anderson, the fourth generation. Humbert Weir of Big Springs Church, and Elton Watlington became Methodist ministers in the fourth and fifth generations respectively in West Tennessee. The Michael C. Watlington and Parchman families lived near the Holly Springs Methodist Church in Henderson (now Chester) Co. and worshipped and were buried there. Members of three and possibly four generations of the Michael Watlington family are buried at the Holly Springs Methodist Cemetery. Some of the family members were thus related to the following churches in nearby communities:

Church of Christ	Henderson, Unity, Jack's Creek
Methodist	Pinson, Big Springs, Holly Springs, Malesus, East Union, Lester's Chapel, Jack's Creek, Henderson, Mt. Pisgah, Bear Creek Mt. Pleasant
Cumberland Presbyterian	Mason Wells
Baptist	New Friendship, Middlefork

In Virginia, all residents and immigrants were expected to be loyal to the Church and King and therefore in Colonial times were considered to be "Church of England." The lack of adequate priests and congregations was evident and therefore churchly relations were connected largely to ports, capitals and major cities. This left many families without any religious instruction. As the revolution ended some loyalist Anglican priests returned to England and the compelling relationship of church and state ceased to be. This left much opportunity for the non-conformist churches in frontier America, 1776-1860. Baptists, Methodists, Friends, Congregationalists and many new groups became common in different parts of America.

Many German language settlers brought pastors to their communities in America and the Tablers were a part of that movement and thus they early had Lutheran churches in Fredericksburg, Maryland, where the Tablers had lived. On moving to Tennessee we have no record of them having any Lutheran pastoral guidance in this state; therefore, they too would have taken part in a religious society that offered leaders, which in West Tennessee were usually Methodist, Presbyterian, or Baptist.

One of the earliest organized churches in this part was the Mt. Pleasant Methodist Church on the Mifflin-Jackson Rd., in Madison Co. at the Chester Co. line. This church was organized as "Shiloh Community Church" in 1823 and William Latham and Paulin Anderson were among the early members. This was used by all denominations in the early years and later it became a

Methodist Church. The cemetery there is an old pioneer cemetery. At Big Springs there seems not to have been a strong older congregation although the Joel Chappell family which was, one of the earliest settlers, was known to be Methodist. The earliest church seems to have been built on what was part of the old Chappell-Anderson farm land near what is now known as “Sauls Mound” in the Pinson State Archeological Park. There was another, perhaps older church, at Mt. Pisgah south of Pinson, and one at Holly Springs to the east. Another early religious establishment was the Mason Wells Cumberland Presbyterian Church where there was an old pioneer cemetery nearby and an early school. We do know that Methodist Circuit riders who served the Henderson County Circuit and Forked Deer Circuit visited these settlers from the early 1820’s, and that Big Springs at Mt. Pinson later became a place to hold camp meetings.

But from what we have been able to find on the Watlingtons, they were Church of England in Gloucester Co. and Halifax Co., Va. but had no identification with any organized religion in Tennessee until Sterling Malachi Watlington and his wife are mentioned as charter member of the Big Springs Methodist Church. They married on May 10, 1866 and owned a farm between Five Points and Pinson along the bluff. We do know that through the influential Chappell and Anderson families there were Methodists in our heritage even among the earliest settlers<sup>1</sup>.

More recent studies of the related McCorkle family indicates that Joanna White McCorkle’s Huguenot mother was Mary D. Crockett of French Huguenot (Protestant) ancestry. Robert H. McCorkle (1870–1957) of the second or third generation in West Tennessee who lived and died as a neighbor to Michael Harvey Watlington at Jack’s Creek is known to have been a Methodist preacher, though probably a local preacher. The McCorkle-Crockett heritage is therefore one of Protestants seeking religious freedom in the New World. It was thus Joanna Kendall Tabler, granddaughter of Dr. A. N. and Joanna McCorkle Tabler, who showed this religious inclination in marrying N. Brodie Hardeman of the Church of Christ in 1901, Henderson, Tenn. “God has not left his people without witnesses.”

One odd comment—in Dinwiddie Co., Va., at Petersburg we found a deed for a city lot made out to Rev. Francis Asbury, for the location of a place of worship for the people called Methodists. So Francis Asbury was trying to get to the Watlingtons even in Eighteenth Century Virginia. Petersburg was where George W. Watlington’s Uncle John Watlington died, and where John Watlington had operated a general store before 1785.

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<sup>1</sup>See related article on Mt. Pleasant U.M.C. on page 59

## The Medical Connection of the Watlingtons

**Dr. Alfred Newton Tabler** married Joanna White McCorkle in 1837, and moved to Henderson County sometime before 1840. Several McCorkle—a French Huguenot family—came early to W. Tenn. In a sense, the McCorkles and Tablers led Catherine and George Watlington, who arrived before 1830. There is good reason to believe that John Tabler was here a year or more before the Watlingtons arrived. McCorkles were very much present among early settlers, with as many as five or six siblings coming before 1840. At least five Tabler siblings settled in West Tennessee also.

**Dr. John Roberts Watlington** (b. 1830, Henderson Co., Tenn.) got into medicine early and by 1855 was practicing medicine. We have little direct evidence other than the oral tradition that John Roberts studied medicine with Dr. Tabler in the 1840's and early 50's. Later both Obediah Watlington and Mack Roberts Watlington were encouraged by Dr. John to study medicine.

“Mack Rob” was too much interested in the outdoor life and horses to continue in his studies, but Dr. John helped his son Obediah in his studies and he was licensed to practice in the 1880's. Dr. John's first wife died early and his second marriage, to widow Emily L. Parrish of Henderson, did not work out well. Dr. John continued to practice until his death (sometime after 1898, according to a legal document in Chester Co.) He lived with his son Obe the last years of his life and shared an office in Pinson.

**Dr. Obe Watlington** and his wife Laura Steadman lived in the “John Watlington home” at the Chester County line, just south of Five Points (Big Springs). He continued to practice until his premature death Nov. 19, 1921. He is remembered to have treated Mrs. Mary E. Hammond in the year 1916.

Dr. Obe Watlington, like his father, was unfortunate where family was concerned and Laura Steadman had only two daughters and neither of them had living children. Both died relatively young, and Dr. Obe is said to have “worked himself to death” as a visiting country doctor. He became dependent on strong drugs and morphine helped cut his life short. Dr. Kelly Smythe at Bemis Cotton Mill knew Dr. Obe well and once confided to Ulrich Mack Watlington that Dr. Obe had discussed his problem with him but at that point there seemed to be no available treatment to help him break his habit. According to Mack Watlington, Dr. Smythe described it as a tragic shame because he considered Dr. Obe to be a very fine “diagnostician” in a time when diagnosing the illness was not helped much by laboratory tests.

**William F. Watlington** studied pharmacy and practiced it in the family store in Pinson, 1894–1930.

In the meantime, **Susie F. Watlington**, b. 1858 to William Tabler and Elizabeth K. Ozier Watlington, had married in 1878 a young medical student,

Andrew J. Alexander, who was working in relation to nearby doctors, perhaps even with Dr. John R. Watlington. He continued his studies for the next two years around Jackson, Tenn. and practiced at Newbern, Tenn., and Mayfield, Ky., before settling down to a practice on the Tennessee-Kentucky state line at Fulton, Ky. They reared a family (*b.* 1880–1893) of three daughters and two sons, one of whom became a M.D. and was associated with his father in his practice in Fulton. The other son became a school teacher. Dr. Alexander and Susie F. Watlington were buried in a cemetery in Fulton, Ky., and descendents still live in that area.

Emma Mai Hammond, sister to Jennie and Clara Hammond, was encouraged to become a nurse and was accepted for nurses training in a hospital in Nashville (1916). But when she saw the books they were expected to study, she decided her abilities as a student wouldn't be enough for that so she came home within a week. Clara Hammond Harton's daughter, Mabel, a generation later, became the first nurse of record in the family. About the same time Margaret Macon Watlington, daughter of William F. Watlington of Pinson, Tenn. was doing her professional studies for Nursing at St. Joseph Hospital in Memphis and later secured her B.S. degree in Public Health at Vanderbilt University in Nashville.

But nursing had been a practical skill within families, and the survival of children in the rustic rural environment was often due to the skill of the mothers and grandmothers. Elizabeth K. Ozier, who married William T. Watlington, Rosa Lee Martin who married J. Frank Watlington in Dyer county, and Jennie S. Hammond who married Ulrich A. Watlington could claim honors for the survival rate of their children.

These lines are written to pay homage to the country doctors who helped make life possible in the first century of settlement in West Tennessee. In order to have "medicine men" the families needed to rear their own, and the survival of our Watlington tribe may owe more than we realize to this continuing line of medical doctors related to the family from 1830 to the 1930's. Dr. J. T. Raines, who established practice in Malesus in 1884, also grew up in nearby Bear Creek Community and married Ida McHaney who had relatives in and around Pinson, Tenn.

As the medical profession became better organized and required more education there was a period in which there were few relatives in medical professions, but by the 1960's relatives were preparing for dentistry, medical technology, nursing and practicing medicine. The time of the country doctor had changed, but the need for medical skills is ever present and we give thanks for those who have been, those who are, and those who will be there for us.



Margaret Macon Watlington, R.N., B.S. in Public Health  
Martha Morris, R.N., B.S. in Nursing  
Joe T. Watlington, M.D.  
Ellen Williams, Pharmacist D.  
Mack Rob Watlington, D.D.S.  
Serena Williams Jackson, Med. Technologist  
Kimberly Watlington Kollmeyer, B.S. in Nursing  
Rosalind Lee Hendren Ho, Graduate Nurse

By Marriage:

John H. Meriwether, III, Surgeon M.D.  
Lee Calvin Sheppard, Jr., Pathologist M.D.  
Tom Milton, Radiologist, M.D.  
Karen Kinsey Watlington, R.N.  
Debra Wise Watlington, R.N.  
Debbie Elkins Watlington, Dental Technologist  
Marsha Orner Watlington, R.N., B.S.  
Marie Walker Watlington, R.N.

## Mount Pleasant Methodist Church

Beech Bluff Circuit, Jackson District

Chester Co. (Since 1882—formerly Madison Co.) Tenn.

Shiloh Community Church, the forerunner of Mt. Pleasant United Methodist Church, was probably the earliest church of any denomination in the old 17th District of Madison County, Tenn. **William Latham** was from near New Friendship Church, and is an ancestor of the Ace H. Latham family that lived at Big Springs in the 1920's, grandparents of Janice Threadgill Watlington. **Pauldin (Paulin) Anderson**, who came to West Tennessee after 1838, lived south of Big Springs where a Methodist Church was located in 1877 near Sauls Mound. He was father of America T. Anderson who married Ralph Daniel and Mary Jane Anderson who married Frank W. Watlington. Yet they were among the organizers or early members of Shiloh Community Church about three miles away.

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This bit of history of the early church known as the Mt. Pleasant M. E. Church is written in honor of the pioneers who built the first community church in 1823. It is also to honor the memory of Mr. Malcolm

Russell who, the first year after his return from the war in 1865 held a song service at the church, and requested that the last Sunday in June be set aside for an all day of singing of the old gospel songs they loved so dearly. It has been observed up to the present time, with the exception of one or two times, then because of rain.

My grandfather, Edmund Scarborough, came to that part of Tennessee and “squatted” on land near the place where the church now stands. He lived there a year before he built a home about three miles away, and it was during that first year that he, with **William Latham**, William Collier, Keyton Jones, **Paulin Anderson**, Battle Robertson, George Mack Russell (father of Malcolm Russell), James Bain, Dr. Nathan Haltom, and Thomas Ward built the first church known as **Shiloh Community Church**.

The church was built of lumber sawed with a whip saw, had a dirt floor and the seats were made of logs split in half, with legs set at ends. These seats did not have seat backs. My first recollection of going to that church was at night with my father. The church was lighted with tallow candles brought by members and placed in wooden holders, which hung on the wall.

My father (the late C. R. Scarborough) was recording secretary of the church from 1870 to 1896. The first quarterly conference was held at Pinson, February 12, 1870. The second one was held at Mt. Pleasant April 30, 1870 with fourteen members present. A yearly assessment of \$25.00 was drawn up. We have the book of minutes in my possession and at my death, this book is to be given to Mrs. Florence Harris Scott.

I am the only person now living who attended the church service the day the Battle of Shiloh (April 6–7, 1862) was fought. I went with Lou Wilson, daughter of Mr. Hugh Wilson, who later gave the land where the church now stands. We could hear the roaring of the cannons<sup>2</sup>, but we didn’t know where it was at the time and we were frightened. Early Monday morning my father started on horseback to go as far as he could to see what had taken place, and heard of the battle being fought, and some time later, he learned that he had lost a brother in that battle.

It was my very great pleasure to have known intimately most all of the older members of the families whose bodies are buried in the cemetery. My grandfather, my parents and many members of my family are buried in the cemetery there, but my body will rest by the side of my husband in Hollywood Cemetery, Jackson.

I have looked forward to attending another June singing (as it has always been called). I have gone so many times in the past, and enjoyed it very much, but I may not have that pleasure again, because my health is not very good. I am in my 95th year. I have so much to be thankful for. My mind

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<sup>2</sup>Mack Rob Watlington, who had lived near Holly Springs, on the farm, also reported that they heard the cannons at Shiloh Battlefield. See page 27

is still very clear, eyesight good, and I am very heppy when I think of all the dear good people up there that I have known so long, and have loved so dearly. I could call all by name, but there are too many, but to one and all I still think of you , as if I should not see you here, I'm looking forward to the time when I will see you again, and where no good byes are said. Ask Mr. P. Talbott to sing Mr. Malcolm Russell's favorite song, "In the Morning."

— Mrs. Mary Scarborough Wheeler  
Read by Mrs. Florence Harris Scott to those  
assembled for the "June Singing," 1954

## Mack Harvey Watlington

Michael (Mack) Harvey Watlington, oldest son of William T. and Elizabeth Ozier, married (*ca.* 1875) **Eliza J. Trice** (*b.* 1845), a member of a prominent Jack's Creek family. After the settlement of his father-in-laws estate they moved to lands of the family near the old village of Jack's Creek. In 1877 the Landowner's map[10] shows that he still owned land adjoining his father from the old George W. Watlington farm, to the north east of the homestead. G. H. Trice, father of Eliza J., left 109 acres of land in Civil Dist. #5, Henderson Co., Tenn. to her in his will of 1875. (This is in Chester County, before formation of that county.) There were five children who each received land from their father.

Mack Harvey and Eliza J. Watlington's home became a landmark for the Watlington Tabler family which had earlier ties to the Jack's Creek Community and Dr. A. N. Tabler and family who lived there. They raised three sons and two daughters who were widely known in Chester County. Their daughter Lyde married James Manley Tignor whose descendents still live in that vicinity. Edna Homer Watlington was school teacher to two generations in the public schools of Chester County. Roy and Claude raised families nearby. Jim Hugh Watlington never married but farmed nearby and willed his farm to a Tignor relative at his death.

Mack Harvey Watlington was only three years older than his first cousin, Mack Rob Watlington. Mack Rob was sent to live with "Uncle Billie" during the school terms so he could study, and thus Mack Rob and Mack Harvey formed a friendship which endured through their long lives. Both lived more than 80 years and became the "oral historians" for the family. As long as they lived they enjoyed being together and Mack Rob often spent a few days at Jack's Creek with his cousin. Both left many descendents who are still around but very few of Mack Harvey's descendents bear the Watlington name now.

## The Trice Families

Three Trice brothers were early settlers in Jack's Creek Community when it was in Henderson Co., alongside McCorkles, Tablers and Watlingtons. The Watlingtons moved shortly after 1830 to Madison County, near the Mason Wells Community. The Trices continued near Jack's Creek in what later became Chester County. The three Trice brothers were John Calvin, Verbon H. and **Gray Harrison**. All three, along with members of their families, are buried in the Hamlett-Trice Cemetery near Jack's Creek. Their parents, Harrison Trice and Gillie Barbee from Orange Co., N.C., settled in Henderson Co., Tenn., and were buried at Timberlake Cemetery, north of Lexington, Tenn.

Gray Harrison Trice (1808–1875) married Sarah Adeline Wheatley (1822–1880) and they had five daughters and two sons. Their third daughter, **Eliza Jane** married (*ca.* 1875) Mack Harvey Watlington (1850–1933), the oldest son of William T. Watlington and Elizabeth Ozier. At the death of G. H. Trice, they inherited a good farm at Jack's Creek and made it their family home. Mack Harvey Watlington also owned a part of the old George Watlington farm near Diamond Grove Community. They became a prosperous farm family with five children. One of them, Edna Homer Watlington became a well known school teacher in Chester Co.

The Trice family has many descendents and several of them still live nearby in Chester, Madison and Henderson counties. The Hamlett-Trice Cemetery is a well groomed cemetery and noted for its fine stones. Home sites of Trice, Hamlett and Watlington families have become well known historical sites in the Jack's Creek area.

## The Watlington-Allen Connection

The Andrew J. Allen family seemed not to be one of the earlier families in old Civil Dist. #17 of Madison Co., but by 1877 there was one land owning family in or near the Mason Wells Community, quite near the William T. Watlington properties to the east, on more hilly ground. This was Andrew J. Allen with his wife Mary A. Russell and two children, Leona Estelle (*b.* 1870) and Lee E. (*b.* 1873). By 1900 their daughter and son had both married; Lee E. and wife Ludie lived nearby with a daughter Ruth (age 3). And sharing the Allen home was Hubert Lee Watlington (*b.* 1869) and their daughter Leona Estelle (Leonie) and children. Hubert had grown up within a mile of the Allen farm and very likely had shared a school room with the Allen children for several years.

The Allen place was known to be good farm land but the well water had various flavors of minerals. Dr. J. D. Mason was already advertising it as

being of medicinal value, inviting guests to come to drink and bathe in the mineral waters. Local people believed the various tastes and odors were a problem, but the good doctor planned to take advantage of the natural curiosity of people. From his hotel and other projects there the place became known as "Mason Wells." The nearby Indian Mounds and good spring water near the mounds already attracted visitors and the campground at the "Big Springs" near the largest mound was attracting good crowds for camp meetings each summer and fall. In fact, the constant fast flowing spring water with the nearby forested river bottom had probably brought the ancient Indian "Mound Builders" to this site centuries previously. Now the "bad water" from man-made wells were attracting visitors also.

Hubert and Leona continued to depend on the good earth and farmed the land until the oldest son Cecil was able to carry on for them. By 1923 they were living in nearby Jackson where Hubert was working in the Mobile and Ohio Railroad repair shops. Later Hubert and the family went to West Texas, apparently for a change of climate which could be beneficial for Leona who had contracted tuberculosis. They ended up in El Paso, Texas, where they stayed several years, for it was there that Leona died in 1929 and their son Jack A. (*b.* 1897) died in 1933.

Leona had one known brother, Lee E., who appropriately enough had learned to dig wells and made this his life's work. According to family sources, they later had a daughter Lorene, and a son Tom.

There were other Allen families in old Civil District #1, in the town of Pinson, but a relationship with Andrew J. and Mary A. Russell has not been established. One Daniel Allen (*b.* 1853) and wife Elmira with sons John and Oscar are possibly related (1880 Census, Dist. #1, Madison Co.). More research is also needed to discover the parents of Andrew J. and Mary Russell Allen. Thru the Hubert Watlington family there are many descendents scattered among several counties in West Tennessee and other states.

## The Allen Kent Weir Family

Virginia G. (Jennie) Watlington (*b.* 1866), daughter of Elizabeth Ozier and William T. Watlington of the Mt. Pinson community married Allen Kent Weir (*b.* 1862), son of David M. and Martha J. Cain Weir, who were in nearby Civil Dist. #1 west of the Forked Deer River in 1880 Census. Samuel L. Weir had settled land on Bear Creek west of Pinson before 1850 census and had a family of 6 boys and 2 girls, of whom David M. was the oldest son. D. M. and William R. Weir are shown as land owners on the 1877 Beers Map of Madison Co. southwest of Pinson along the headwaters of Bear Creek. In the 1860 Census David M. was in nearby Hardeman Co. with his family but is back in Civil Dist. 1, Madison Co. in 1880. Therefore Allen Kent Weir

may have been born in nearby Hardeman Co. in 1880.

Rufus T. Weir, a younger brother of David served with Polk's Light Artillery Battery for a year or more in the Civil War. In the 1880 Census he is living with his mother Mary, sister Sarah and four children. Evidently his wife had died after the birth of James, *b.* in 1874. He is listed as a railroad worker, though he is living on a farm near his brothers William A. and David M. Weir. David and Martha's family consisted of at least five sons born between 1855 and 1865, of which Allen Kent was the fourth.

Jennie and **Allen Kent** settled on a farm in old Dist. 17 of Madison Co., and reared a family of six boys and three girls who lived to maturity. Some of them stayed with the family farm but others prepared themselves for other tasks. Raymond learned accounting and served as a State of Tennessee tax auditor and collector. Landon worked for many years as a car repairman in the Mobile and Ohio Railroad Shops in Jackson. Bob Taylor married Minnie Mae Parker and worked with the Robert Bryant Parker family in cutting, hauling and marketing timber for many years. They lived at Beech Bluff, Jackson, and in later years bought a home in the Malesus community where Weir met Watlington again two generations later. Bob Taylor's daughter Rachel R. waited three long years of World War II for Paul H. Watlington to get home from the Pacific Theatre of War. Their paternal parents were distant cousins and had known one another's families across the years. Kent Weir is reported to have said there were "only three Watlingtons you could trust: his wife Jennie, Dr. Obe, and Mack Rob Watlington." Perhaps Rachel Weir found another one, and then they produced some more you could trust.

## The Alexander-Watlington Family

Susan F. Watlington (*b.* June 9, 1858, on the Watlington farm near Big Springs) was the fifth daughter of William T. and Lizzie Ozier Watlington. In 1878 she married a young medical doctor who was working in Madison County at the time, Andrew J. Alexander, (*b.* Dec. 23, 1955, near Savannah, Hardin Co., Tenn.). Her marriage near Pinson was carefully recorded in her family Bible along with births, and marriages of their five children. In 1966, this Bible was in possession of Mrs. Gene Baker of Fulton.

Since the Alexanders moved to Jackson, Newbern, Mayfield and Fulton, Kentucky, the Watlington relatives of the next generation had little knowledge of them except Susie's two brothers who also moved to Dyer Co., Tenn. about this time. Both William John (also known as John William) and Joseph Franklin probably moved to Newbern because their sister lived there. William John found work with the railroad and may have lived near them at Fulton later. The Alexanders had not disappeared, they simply had relocated and distances had disconnected them from the relatives around Pinson.

Dr. Alexander was practicing before his marriage in 1878 but is reported to have studied and graduated from Memphis Hospital Medical College in 1892. Of their five children the two sons are remembered to have become a teacher and a medical doctor but not by name. Evidently the family was quite prominent around Mayfield and Fulton but no research has been done there. Dr. Alexander died April 6, 1928. Their children were:

Josie Elizabeth Alexander, *b.* Sept. 20, 1880, near Jackson, Tenn. (Note that her grandmother was Elizabeth.) Josie married Pryor D. Sanford at Mayfield, Ky., Jan. 19, 1899.

Hillary Davidson Alexander, *b.* Jan. 18, 1883, Newbern, Dyer Co., Tenn.

Nellie Charlotte Alexander, *b.* Oct. 23, 1886 in Mayfield, Ky. She married J. E. Fall and they lived on Vine St. in Fulton, Ky., prior to 1966.

Henry Gablon Alexander, *b.* Sept. 19, 1889, in Mayfield Ky.

Harvey Johnson Alexander, *b.* April 2, 1893 in Mayfield, Ky.

This data was secured through the kindness of  
Mrs. C. C. Jones<sup>3</sup>, August, 1975.

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<sup>3</sup>Route 2, Humboldt, TN, 38343





## Chapter 4

# Remembering the Mother's Lineage: Allied Families

We live in a paternalistic, patriarchal society in which the male of the family dominates the scene, whether in politics, war or genealogy. Despite valued attempts to rectify the order of things we must acknowledge here that information on the wife and mother's side of each family is often harder to "uncover" and record. In these pages we want to help open up these allied lines—which are genetically and socially just as important as the "name giving" lineage of the husband-father.

The neglect of the maternal lineage is partly because of the "lost connections" in patriarchal name usage. In Spanish and Portugese the use of *double last names* helps identify persons by the mother's family name as well as the father's. My name would thus be Elton Watlington Hammond in Spanish and Elton Hammond Watlington in Portuguese. Note that the order places the mother's name in the preferential (for filing) position. When speaking of the specific family the family names of both are used, as "Watlington-Hammond" family in Spanish.

Whatever the problems, we must seek to learn about the maternal lineage and their history as it interweaves itself with the paternal lineage in each successive generation.

## East Tennessee Descendants of William Watlington

This is an incomplete list<sup>1</sup> of descendants, located in or near Knox Co., Tenn., of James William Watlington (brother of George Watlington) *b.* 1780's, *m.* Nancy Ann.

- I. John S. Watlington, 1820–*ca.* 1864 (Civil War), *m.* May 29, 1845, Julia Ann York (*b.* 1826), daughter of John N. York Sr. and wife Jane Overton, both *b.* Va. John S. and Julia both *b.* in Tenn. They had six known children<sup>2</sup>:

- (a) William H., *b.* Jan. 18, 1848, *d.* Mar. 12, 1930, Baptist Minister, *m.* (1) Mar. 10, 1870, Sarah C. McCall (*b.* 1846). No children.  
*m.* (2) Nov. 20, 1879, Sarah M. Roe, (*b.* 1859).

Seven known children:

1. Theodore A. (1880–1930's)  
*m.* Sept. 6, 1903, Margaret E. Grubb<sup>3</sup>, (1869–?) No children.
2. Lula *m.* \_\_\_\_\_, dau. Elva lived in Kansas City, Ca.
3. Bessie M.
4. Homer J. (1888–1914)
5. Judson H. (1891–Aug. 31, 1920)  
*m.* Oct. 4, 1918, Maude Murphy (Apr. 29, 1900–Dec. 7, 1936)  
Vernon Harry, (Apr. 30, 1920–Oct. 28, 1979)  
*m.* (1) Sarah York  
Robert Nelson, *b.* July 7, 1948,  
*m.* Sept. 1972, Shirley Jean Thomas (*b.* 1956)  
Teena Marie  
Harriett  
*m.* (2) Shelley  
*m.* (3) Velma Harp, *b.* 1915  
*m.* (4) Sarah Johnson

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<sup>1</sup>Since this list was prepared new information has been received from Faust, Johnson, and Kauffman descendents in Bloomington and Decatur, Illinois. —E.A.W.

<sup>2</sup>John S. Watlington Estate Book, 1839–70, p. 383, Settlement Nov. 2, 1867. John S. would be a nephew of George W. Watlington of West Tenn.

<sup>3</sup>She was my mother's cousin as Mama was a Grubb. I saw them one time as they were living in Fountain City when we moved here in 1929. —Polly Phillips

Judson H. buried in the National Cemetery, Pvt. 80 Tenn.  
Field Artillery, 7th Div.

6. Frank Watlington

7. Bonnie, *b.* 1898, *m.* July 7, 1923, William Moore (*b.* 1876)

II. Martha L. Watlington, *b.* 1849,

*m.* Feb. 5, 1872, Daniel Wampler (July 25, 1849–June 3, 1909)

*pb.* Valley View Methodist Ch. Cem.

(a) Mose S. Wampler (Dec. 13, 1887–Jan. 2, 1959)

*m.* (1) Oct. 25, 1910, Emma Edmunds

*m.* (2) Cora Mae Magness (1893–Jan. 15, 1969)

1. Franklin Delano *b.* Mar. 2, 1933, Roane Co.,

*m.* May 30, 1964, Bobby Lou Green (*b.* June 1, 1941), living  
S.C.

2. Wilma, *m.* Clark, living Va.

3. Earlene *m.* Lloyd Cabbage, son Herbert.

4. J. B., *m.* \_\_\_\_\_

i. J. B. Jr., *b.* 1948, *m.* (1) Brenda Diane \_\_\_\_\_

*m.* (2) Teresa Gayle Brewer, *b.* 1948

Brian Keith, *b.* Aug. 1971

5. George Charles, (1931–Oct. 24, 1982)

*m.* Dorothy Neff

i. George Charles, *b.* 1951,

*m.* Nov. 1969, Edna Diane Seaton, *b.* 1951.

Stephen Derick, *b.* April 1971

Michael Sean

ii. Vicki, *m.* Edgar H. Gee, Jr.,

Christopher

Latisha

Heather

Ingrid

III. John W. S. Watlington, *b.* 1851,

*m.* Martha M. Conner, (*b.* 1851)

They had six known children:

(a) John Samuel Watlington, *b.* 1875 in Ill.,

*m.* Dec. 17, 1903, Ella Farmer

1. Lee

2. One source lists a daughter, Ruby.

(b) James Samuel, (Dec. 9, 1876–Nov. 14, 1957)

*m.* (1) Dec. 18, 1904, Minnie Cooper (1884–1917)

1. Dossie Bell, *b. ca.* 1905–*d.* June 12, 1986,

*m.* July 19, 1931, Charles F. Glandon

i. Emil Lee,

*m.* Shirley, living in Clinton, Tenn.

Son, *b.* Nov. 10, 1965

ii. Max, *m.* Gloria

iii. Tony

iv. Danny Reed,

*m.* Ann

Lisa Michelle, *b.* Aug. 1969

Darren Eugene, *b.* Feb. 1972

v. Gary A., *b.* Apr. 17, 1940,

*d.* Mar. 26, 1966 (Military Service), unmarried.

vi. Kenneth Eugene, *b.* 1941,

*m.* (1) Mabel Jean Smelser, *b.* 1941,

*m.* (2) Dorothy

2. Martha Matilda, *b.* 1907,

*m.* Dec. 24, 1932, Datis K. Ealy (1909–Feb. 14, 1974)

i. Ronald

*m.* (1) \_\_\_\_\_

*m.* (2) \_\_\_\_\_

ii. Dwain C. (Mayor of Athens, Tenn. 1970)

3. Otis T. (1910–Oct. 26, 1978)

*m.* June 1, 1935, Agnes Kirkpatrick, (*b.* 1914)

i. William Franklin *b.* 1945,

*m.* July 1, 1967, Frances Lorene Brock

Gary, *b.* Sept. 1973.

4. John Franklin, (Sept. 23, 1913–Oct. 18, 1965<sup>4</sup>),

*m.* Oct. 19, 1945, Bomia Marie Reynolds,

(*b.* April 29, 1917–*d.* Oct. 27, 1974)

i. John Franklin, Jr., July 29, 194?,

*m.* Nancy Ward

John F., III, Dec. 1975

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<sup>4</sup>These dates from John, the grave marker says *b.* Sept. 25, 1915

5. Clara, *b.* & *d.* 1917.

*m.* (2) Jan. 1, 1922, Delia (Della) Cooper, (1884–Nov. 30, 1973)

1. J. C. *b.* & *d.* 1925.

(c) Mathida J., *b.* 1878 in Decatur, Ill.,  
*m.* May 27, 1900, Joseph M. Johnson,

(d) Drusalia E., *b.* Aug. 29, 1886, in Anderson Co., Tenn. (Clinton)  
*m.* Sept. 27, 1905, George W. Faust,  
moved to Rossville, Ga., and descendents to Bloomington, Ill.

(e) Calvin, unmarried.

(f) Elitha, unmarried.

IV. Louisa A. Watlington, *b.* 1854.

V. Elbert L. W. Watlington, *b.* 1857.

VI. George W. Watlington, (Dec. 4, 1859–Jan. 10, 1929),  
(School teacher, Mathematician)  
*m.* June 5, 1911, Mary Jane Kennedy, (Sept. 22, 1859–1931),  
No children.

— Researched and written by Mrs. Polly Phillips  
Edited by EAW

## Notes and Sources:

**Baptist & Reflector—August 1926** A feature was written on the ministry of M. H. Wattlington (*sic*) of Fountain City. At eighty years of age, he had been in the ministry fifty-six years and was still preaching. He had been a subscriber to the Baptist State paper since it was the “Tennessee Baptist,” edited by J. R. Graves.<sup>5</sup>

**Clinton Courier News, Dec. 12, 1973** Ten Years Ago, December 12, 1963—A Clinton High School student J. F. Watlington, Jr., appointed as a page for the U.S. Senate by Sen. Albert Gore.

**Knoxville Journal, June 1, 1966** Lt. Gary A. Glandon, son of Mr. & Mrs. Chas. Glandon, killed in Vietnam in a bombing mission. Grad. U.T. 1964. Was twenty-six on April 17, one of six sons, five of whom having served in the military. The others—Max, Tony, Dan, Emil and Kenneth.

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<sup>5</sup>This section was written Aug. 12, 1976, exactly fifty years later.

## The William Daniel Family of Bear Creek

Michael Roberts Armstrong Watlington (1853–1937) married Eula Avenant Daniel (1861–1903), daughter of Ralph Whitfield Daniel and America Tabitha Anderson. Ralph Whitfield Daniel was living on a farm purchased in 1871 from Robert Arnold, which may have been part of the Anderson farmland, on what is now the Chester County line just south of Five Points, in the Pinson Mounds area. John R. Watlington purchased nearby land from Paulin Anderson, and the Arnolds owned land on the south and east of the Daniel place. These Arnolds were the ancestors of the singer-artist Eddie Arnold of the present era.

Ralph Whitfield Daniel was a leather worker and shoemaker by trade, and at the time of the Civil War that was such an indispensable work that he was excused from military service so that he could continue in it. However, since leatherworkers had at times to work at the curing of the leather, it was not by any means a prestige occupation. According to an often expressed opinion of Paulin Anderson, his daughter merited greater honor than to be the wife of a shoemaker. Evidently they tolerated one another very well though, for Ralph (called Rafe) and America lived as neighbors after 1871.

Ralph W. was the youngest son of a family that included seven known children, most of whom left descendents who scattered across West Tenn. and several of whom moved further west. There are considerable records on the families of Greenberry B., James Wm. Jr., Mahala (*b. ca.* 1821) who married William Johnson in Madison Co., Tenn., and Ralph Whitfield Daniel.

Descendents of the family are now identified in Madison, Crockett, Lauderdale, Haywood and Shelby Counties of Tennessee and several points in Texas, Arkansas and Mississippi.

William Daniel, Obadiah Butler and David Butler had married Williams sisters in Rowan Co., N.C., and evidently migrated together to Madison Co. before 1830. The sisters were Mary Mahala (Polly) Daniel, Nancy Butler, and Judith Butler (David). William Daniel and Obadiah Butler held land in the Bear Creek Community, old Civil Dist. #1 and David Butler nearer Parksburg. The kinship pattern was remembered by some of the Butler and Johnsons and was documented by Howard E. Johnson<sup>6</sup> by 1974. We have not determined the parents of Mary Mahala Williams as yet, but now have documentation that the father of William Daniel of Rowan Co., N.C., and Madison Co., Tenn. was Josiah Daniel, Sr., who was born in Virginia and lived in Rowan Co., N.C. His wife and the mother of William was Orpha Wilson.

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<sup>6</sup>457 Parkburg Road, Jackson, TN 38301

## Descendants of Ralph W. Daniel and America T. Anderson

Apart from my family interest as a descendent, I have been drawn into quite an investigation of the kinship pattern of the William Daniel-Polly Williams family thru contacts in many parts of West Tennessee. The family has been prolific and has not had a good family historian to help delineate the lineage in West Tennessee, nor to reconstruct the ancestry in North Carolina and Virginia. As it is a principal allied family of my immediate family I will try to share what I have discovered thus far.

Of the ten known children born to Ralph and America Daniel, nine lived to adulthood, and produced children. There seems to have been at least thirty-six grandchildren and a much greater number of great grandchildren who have scattered into Mississippi, Arkansas and Texas, as well as many counties in West Tennessee

The first born son, William Paulin, died at the age of two, and in the census of 1860 the family was living near Medon in Madison Co., where Ralph's sister Judy Farrell also lived. Her husband was listed as a shoemaker and Ralph was listed in the census as an overseer, and Ada as the only child. There was a near neighbor Dunaway in the census list with considerable wealth for that time in both real estate and personal property which would include horses, cattle and slaves. Ralph was thirty years of age in 1860 and his sister and husband were ten years his senior. It is very likely that he already had experience in farming at home and in leather working and shoemaking with his brother-in-law Herbert Farrell which would make him a valuable asset to a large farming operation. Evidently he migrated back closer to his and America's families in the Civil War years as the children are all reported to have been born "near Pinson" in Madison Co., Tenn.

Ada Cordelia, the oldest daughter, married James Strawn whose family had settled near Bells, Tenn. and this may have been the attraction of the other children toward Crockett Co., Tenn. James and Ada Strawn are reported to have had five sons and three daughters, most of whom migrated toward Memphis to rear their families but some stayed near Bells. Ulrich Watlington reported that one of his Daniel aunts had died accidentally when severely burned while tending the wash-pot fire while washing clothes. He believed this to have been Ada Strawn. Later, Charlie Lee Daniel lived in Crockett Co. with his first wife Betty Lowery and took part in the Cypress Methodist Church. The Strawns would have been near that vicinity also.

It was while visiting or living with one of the Crockett County families that America Tabitha Daniel died April 21, 1888 and was buried at the Cypress Methodist Church Cemetery near Bells, Tenn. Charlie's first wife and a child or so were also buried at the same cemetery. Charlie Daniel

carried the mail for some years from Bells to Friendship and return and later settled nearer Friendship. He had four children by Betty Lowery and later three more by Elizabeth (Lizzie) Powell.

The youngest Daniel daughter, Ludie Emma, was only nine years old when her mother died. She then spent several years living with her sister Pearl Dildy and family in Nashville, Arkansas, then a few years with her sister Allie Jones in Greenville, Mississippi. When Charlie's wife Betty Lowery died in 1900, she was out of school and unmarried and so was called upon to help Charlie with his five children under twelve years of age in Crockett Co. While working there she met her future husband, Luther Williams, and settled into farm life in Crockett Co.

Because of these relatives in Crockett Co., Ulrich A. Watlington, a nephew to Ludie Daniel, though only six years younger, was attracted to that region as he married and started his family. Through family contacts there he found work in nearby Dyer County in 1907 and 1908, and then in 1911 and 1912 made two good crops among kinfolk there in Crockett County again.

Mention has been made of a Daniel daughter in Arkansas and one in Greenville, Mississippi in the 1880's and 90's. Wynona May and Dudley Rodgers also went west and at times lived near Nashville, Arkansas and at other times near Clarksville, Texas. In January or February 1890 Eula Avenant Daniel and Mack Rob Watlington took their young family to try out Texas also. They went to Clarksville by train where Wynona and Dudley Rodgers met them and helped them get settled into a share-cropping farm home for 1890. The next year Wynona and Dudley Rodgers asked them to live in their house and farm their land for them while they returned to Tennessee for a crop season. This they did also, and reported two good crops in Red River County, Texas. But Eula wanted to get back closer to kinfolds at Big Springs so 1892 found them farming again in Tennessee west of Pinson.

In the fall of 1903, Ulrich A. Watlington got involved in a neighborhood quarrel and injured a young neighbor so badly that the family thought he would die. To avoid any further agitations he went to help his "Aunt Nona" Rodgers harvest their crop in Red River Co., Texas. He stayed over the following crop year, 1904, working as a farm laborer for Rodgers and neighbors. In later years the Rodgers were reported to be living back in Arkansas near Pearl Daniel Dildy at Nashville. The Rodgers had one son and the Dildys had one daughter.

Another Daniel son, Robert Oneal (Bob) migrated to Texas also, and died at Lubbock, Texas, Nov. 26, 1956. Just recently we heard that his widow, Elizabeth (Bessie) Holmes was still living at the age of 105. One of their daughters, Elizabeth Daniel Spears, who now lives in Austin, Texas, has helped the family keep in touch through her correspondence and genealogical interest. Another helper has been a granddaughter of Charlie Lee Daniel,



Mrs. Grace Peal Foy who has lived in Memphis most of her life. She and her sister, Esther Peal Woodward, still live in Memphis and helped get this information together. Both Esther and Grace attended Freed-Hardeman College in Henderson as young ladies and met their husbands through the college experience. Grace has a daughter living in Memphis also. Grace, Esther, Thelma and Bertha Lee are all descendents of Edna Daniel who married Grover C. Peal.

Of the Daniel-Anderson children only Ora Anderson and Eula Avenant married and reared their families in Madison Co., Tenn. Ora married William (Will) Wooley and they raised four sons that are remembered: Terrell (Terry), Ramsey, William and Thomas. Mack Rob Watlington, who married Eula Daniel kept in touch with this family for thirty years after the death of Eula in 1903. Some of their descendents are still around Jackson, Tenn.

The youngest daughter, Ludie Daniel Williams, reared one son and one daughter on the edge of Dyer and Crockett counties, at Tigrett, Tennessee where her husband was a farmer. Their son Ivory continued farming there as long as his health permitted but never married. Their daughter, Ludie Virginia, married D. Franklin Webster, a prosperous farmer at Friendship, Tenn., and they have two sons, Don and Kenny, who continue to live on the farm though one is a teacher and one is a banker in Friendship.

Ludie Daniel Williams and Ulrich A. Watlington helped serve as a “bridge between generations.” She was the youngest of the Daniel-Anderson children and Ulrich was the oldest son of the Watlington-Daniel children. Ulrich also had the advantage of having his widowed father living with his family for the last twenty-five years of his life, 1912–1937. As long as they lived, many of the family stories lived with them, and the knowledge of the extended family. But with their passing, many stories have been lost. Alex Haley, author of *Roots* has said that when an alert elderly person dies it is like “losing a library in a fire.” Information, stories, relationship all are lost—much of which can never be replaced.

Their death dates are therefore worth noting:

Mack Rob Watlington, October 9, 1937 (84 years of age)

Ludie Emma Daniel Williams, November 9, 1967 (87 years of age)

Ulrich A. Watlington, March 3, 1981 (95 years of age)

Their deaths make our scribbling more necessary and therefore more important. Lest we forget, Lest we forget . . .

## Ralph (Rafe) Whitfield Daniel and Family

Ralph Whitfield Daniel was the youngest son of William Daniel Sr. and Mary (Polly) Williams who came to the Bear Creek area of Madison County before 1830, probably about 1826, from Rowan County, North Carolina. Being a younger son, he was born near Bear Creek on the family farm there with the Obadiah Butlers and the William H. Johnsons as neighbors. His parents lived, died, and were buried in a neighborhood cemetery used by some Johnsons, Butlers and Daniels which has since been included in a pasture. As of 1974 it was included in the Robert Caldwell farm in this community.

Ralph Daniel was a leather worker and shoemaker by trade, and like most men of his time, he was a farmer as well as a cobbler, since producing the basic necessities of life at home was so important. On Sept. 7, 1871, at age forty-one, he purchased a seventy-one acre farm from Robert Arnold which lay near the Dr. John R. Watlington home and near the relatives of America Anderson. It was probably here that Mack Rob got to know Eula Daniel as she participated in community activities or as he bargained with Rafe Daniel for a new pair of boots.

America Tabitha Anderson, eight years younger than Rafe, was born and reared within a mile of the Big Springs Methodist Church in what is now Chester County. Her maternal ancestors, Joel Chappell, had been an early settler on the land that lay between the Pinson Mounds and the Forked Deer River to the South. His daughter Winifred Finney Chappell married Paulin O'Neal Anderson and they enlarged the family holdings there to several hundred acres. America was the fifth child of Paulin O. and Winifred Chappell Anderson. Both the Chappell and Anderson families were old families of Tidewater Virginia and of strong English heritage.

"Rafe" Daniel was an humble shoemaker, had some Indian blood, and was considered unworthy of an Anderson daughter but there were daughters to spare at the time. Another daughter, Mary Jane, married Frank Wallace Watlington. Paulin Anderson is quoted as once saying that "the devil owed him a debt and paid him off in sons-in-law."

Eula Avenant Daniel lived close enough to both sets of grandparents to learn from them. She and her nine brothers and sisters must have had many difficult times growing up in the Reconstruction Period of West Tennessee. Since she died relatively young<sup>7</sup> little record of her childhood and youth has been preserved. About 1878, at seventeen years of age, she married Mack Rob Watlington who was eight years her senior, and her first child, Mable, was born in 1879. During the twenty-four years of her married life she gave live birth to at least ten children, five of whom lived to adulthood. From her oldest daughter Mable we know that for several years before her death she

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<sup>7</sup>See article on Mack Rob Watlington, on page 95

was not strong and many kitchen and household tasks fell upon Mable.

America Tabitha Anderson died in Crockett County, near Bells, in February 1888 or 1889 and was buried in the cemetery of the Cypress Methodist Church between Bells and Gadsden, Tenn. Her son Charlie Daniel's first wife, Betty Lowery was also buried there. Ludie Daniel thought they had moved to Crockett County before the death of her mother, then moved back to the farm at Big Springs. Ulrich Watlington thought America was visiting her children who lived in Crockett County and was taken ill with pneumonia, dying suddenly.

Ralph W. Daniel died at age fifty-nine in Feb. 1891 and was buried in the Big Springs Methodist Cemetery only a short distance from the farm he had purchased twenty years earlier. The children of Ralph and America scattered widely, with some settling in Madison and Crockett Counties Tennessee and others going to Mississippi or Texas. Eula and Mack Rob migrated to Texas but returned to make their home on the farm near Pinson, Tenn. where the hardship of farm life and child bearing drained the strength from Eula while still a young woman. She died on the Davis farm in the Bear Creek Community at forty-one years of age, and was laid to rest in the Big Springs Cemetery beside three of her children.

## Ivory Lee Williams

Ivory Lee Williams, son of Ivory Luther and Ludie Emma Daniel Williams, was born in Friendship, Tenn., on Feb. 26, 1911. Ivory was a first cousin to Ulrich Watlington and a brother to Ludie Virginia Williams Webster. Aunt Ludie was the youngest child of Ralph Whitfield Daniel and America Tabitha Anderson, and less than seven years older than Ulrich A. Watlington, her nephew.

Ivory grew up in Crockett Co. where he farmed with his father and he and Uncle Luther enjoyed hunting and fishing along the Forked Deer River there. The home was near Tigrett, a station on the old railroad there.

Ivory Lee never married and made his home with his parents, as long as possible. His sister, Ludie Virginia Williams, married David Franklin Webster and has two sons who continue to live in Crockett Co. He died at his home in Tiptonville, Tenn., on Sept. 26, 1993, and was buried in the Friendship Cemetery on Old Bells Rd., Crockett Co., Tenn.

## The Hammond Ancestry

My mother was a Hammond: Jennie Sophronia Hammond, born Sept. 9, 1887 in a small frame house that her father, Orson Ward Hammond had built on the southeast end of his brother's farm along the Hart's Bridge Road, Madison Co., Tenn. Her Uncle Charlie Hamond had come to Tennessee some years before and had purchased a large acreage of low lying lands on the south bank of the Forked Deer River, South Fork, opposite Jackson, Tenn., and some four miles outside the city limits. He was engaged with farming, clearing, and lumbering on the property along with his young sons and his wife, Edna Dean. They had all come from Jo Daviess County, Illinois, where they had grown to manhood and married.

Charles N. Hammond was born in 1835, had farmed with his father, Ward Kingsbury Hammond, and had inherited the family farm near Hanover, Ill., or rather the homestead. He had a total of 224 acres of land in his name on the District Platte map of 1873 for Hanover township. On the 14 of Nov. 1866 he had married a neighbor's daughter, Edna C. Dean, daughter of Walter Dean. His first three children were born to them in Illinois.

But Charles had served in a warmer climate during the "War of the Rebellion" as he put it; the Civil War as we know it. He had served with two different Illinois outfits in Tennessee and Kentucky, before being chosen for the U.S. Army's 1st U.S. V.V. Engineers, organized in Chattanooga, Tenn. in mid-1864. With this group he served until the end of the conflict, most of the time with the Quartermaster Department of the Unit. After three winters in the South, the winters in Illinois seemed long, and he got the itch to move on, as his ancestors before him.

Orson Ward Hammond, the youngest son of the union between Ward Kingsbury Hammond and Sophronia Hale, and the only child born to them in Illinois, tenth of their children, was too young for the War. He was born June 6, 1846 and stayed with his parents until after the death of his mother in 1872 or 73. Then he left his school teaching in the district schools and went to Texas to follow the carpenter and building trade, of which he was a master. In Texas he lived and worked as a bachelor following the building trade for more than ten years, 1873–1883, a part of this time working to build bridges, section houses and depots along the new railways of Texas. He wrote in 1883 that he had worked in thirty different counties in Texas and had come to choose it for his future home, preferably in west central Texas where the winters were mild and the sheep herding business seemed to prosper.

He established a correspondence with the daughter of a neighbor in Jo Daviess Co., Mary Eliza Jameson, daughter of Samuel Jameson and Matilda Craig, his third wife. Mary had been one of his pupils in the school at

Hanover, and he remembered her as a fourteen year old girl, but ten years had passed. They courted by letter, and she kept some of the letters for the family. They were married on September 20, 1883 in the Hanover Methodist Church, the place of worship for Deans, Jamesons, and Hammonds for a generation. Then they returned to Texas and tried the sheep business. Evidently they weren't content; the details we don't know. We do know that Charles N. wanted Orson W. to come join forces with him in Tennessee. Mary Eliza went back to Illinois for a few months until a house could be prepared in Tennessee, and then she was brought to the farm home on the Hart's Bridge Road, across the road from where Charles D. Rivers owned a farm in the 1940's, on the high ground near the sand branch which may have been the eastern border of Charles Hammond's land. As we understand, Orson did not buy the land, but built the home as a tenant home until he should decide what to do for himself.

Charles was evidently running a big operation, and needed Orson, "Ortie," to help with it. But Charles may have over-extended—he was attempting big things and needed credit, money, and operators for the farm, saw mill, and lumbering. Orson W. did not have capital to invest, and soon decided to go it alone on a place he could afford to buy. He was a carpenter by trade but wanted to try his hand at other things also. After about a year or so on the Hammond farm, he purchased the O. W. Hamond farm, now cut across by the U.S. Hwy. 45, south of Jackson, and used by the Watlington Brothers as headquarters for their construction and lumber business in recent years. Jennie S. was born on the Charles Hammond place but Clara Matilda was born Jan. 7, 1890 in a two room log cabin beside a branch stream of Meridian Creek in the center of the little 60 acre farm.

O. W. Hammond piddled at farming, fruit growing, vegetable growing for the city, and ended up with a sizable dairy operation on the farm. After 1913 he had the help of his son-in-law, Ulrich A. Watlington, and Jennie. He continued to carpenter, building a box house for Ulrich and Jennie on the farm, a large frame house for his family on a rise of ground to the east of the old log house. (This frame house still stands in 1997), and he was the master carpenter and cabinet maker on the little Lester's Chapel Methodist Church. He and James Wm. Pacaud, his neighbor up the hill, were instrumental in helping to get the congregation organized there and in raising funds through a community barbecue for the materials to build the little chapel. Grandpa Hammond built the pews, the chancel rail and the pulpit for the Chapel, as well as helping with the raising of the walls and roof.

O. W. buried his wife at the entrance of the Lesters Chapel Cemetery in 1918, and reserved a spot for himself. His daughter, Emma Mai (*b.* Dec. 27, 1892) continued to make a comfortable home for him in the "big house" on the hill until his death in 1930. For some time before that though, he had

depended on Ulrich and Jennie for the major tasks of managing the farm and dairy, with the help of Grandpa Watlington also. His daughter Clara Matilda had married a neighboring farmer, James Leven Harton, and had established on the Harton farm about a mile distant.

We know very little about Ward K. Hammond, father of O. W. and Charles. We know from the census records that he was born in Vermont; his wife in Glastonbury, Conn. Sophronia Hale's ancestry is a matter of record on the Hale line back to 1615; and two of her ancestors were Revolutionary War soldiers, Talcott and Piper families. Ward K. Hammond is the son of Calvin Hammond, who was the son of Nathaniel Hammond, (baptized Sept. 16, 1733) and Dorthy Tucker. We are able to link Calvin to five generations of Hammonds in New England, going back to one Thomas of Lavenham, England, who died in 1589, and whose son Thomas came to Hingham, then Newton, Mass., before 1636, dying in 1675.

**Sophronia Hale**, mother of Orson Ward Hammond, was from an old New England family that traces its ancestry back to one Samuel Hale, who in 1615 married Mary Welles. From this second marriage of Samuel came four sons: **Jonathan**, David, Joseph, Benjamin. In 1717 Samuel's son Jonathan married Sarah H. Talcott and they gave birth to three daughters and five sons: Sarah, Jonathan, David, Elizur, David, Penelope, **Theodore**, Prudence.

Theodore Hale married Rachel Talcott, whose father was Elizur Talcott, a Revolutionary War soldier, in 1758. One of their children was Rachel, who married Jason Hammond, the eldest brother of Calvin Hammond, in 1788. By 1812 they were early settlers in Summit Co., Illinois where Jonathan Hale had gone also, and served in the War of 1812. Other children were Lucy, Jehiel, Ruth, Jehiel, Theodore, Sarah, Samuel, Solomon, and **Jonathan**.

Jonathan was born in 1777, in Glastonbury, Conn., just south of Hartford, and on the banks of the Connecticut River. In 1802, he married Mercy S. Piper in Glastonbury, Conn. Her father was Sergeant Samuel Piper in the Revolutionary forces. He left Glastonbury, home of his father, with his young family in 1810 for Ohio. Evidently Jason Hammond and his sister Rachel had already emigrated to Ohio, and they went to settle near them. Jonathan was the tenth child born to Theodore and Rachel Talcott; their last child of record was Abigail.

Sophronia Hale was born in the same house in which her father Jonathan was born, on a large farm along the east bank of the Connecticut River at Glastonbury, Conn. The home was built by her grandfather Theodore about 1775, and was a three story, large frame house, made for New England winter living. Since she was born about 1803, she must have been a child of six or seven when the long trek to Ohio was made. Jonathan and Sophronia prospered there, but Mercy S. Piper died after giving birth to three girls and three boys:

Sophronia    *m.* Ward K. Hammond  
 William      *m.* (1) Sally C. Upson (no issue),  
                  *m.* (2) Harriet Carlton,  
                  *m.* (3) Adaline R. Thompson  
 Pamela      *m.* William C. Oviatt  
 Andrew      *m.* Jane Mather  
 Abigail      evidently died young  
 James M.    *m.* (1) Sarah Allen, and (2) Maria J. Allen.

By his second wife, widow Sarah Cozad Mather, Jonathan had the following children: Jonathan D., Mercy Ann, and Samuel, (*b.* March 9, 1838) *m.* Sept. 22, 1867 to Vira Gould.

The Hale family grew and prospered around the portage town of Akron, and the Jonathan Hale homestead, built in 1826–27, became a place of local interest by 1906 when Charles O. Hale was entertaining summer guests in the old home. Othello W. Hale and relatives were planning a centennial for the Hale tribe in Akron in 1910. One of the daughters of Andrew Hale, Sophronia J. Hale, married Samuel J. Ritchie, and built a \$100,000 palatial home in old Akron about the turn of the century. Some of these wealthier families helped gather and disseminate the family history.

## The Jameson-Craig Ancestry of the Watlington-Hammond Family

In September 1883 **Orson Ward Hammond** was united in marriage to **Mary Eliza Jameson**, daughter of Samuel Jameson and his third wife, Matilda Craig. Orson Ward Hammond had for ten years been doing carpentry work in Texas. He had become attached to the southwest, and planned to settle with his bride in Texas.

Mary Eliza Jameson (*b.* Nov. 2, 1858) was the third child of Matilda and Samuel. The children, in order of their birth were: Jennie (may have been a child of Matilda by a former union, if so she was adopted by Samuel and bore his name), Samuel C., Mary Eliza, and William A.

Matilda and Samuel were married in 1854; and at the time were living on neighboring farms in the Hanover township of Jo Daviess County, Illinois. Matilda Craig was born in county Donegal, Ireland, in 1826, and accompanied her brothers to America and to the farm in Jo Daviess County, Illinois. Their family farm was listed in the name of J. Craig in 1873, and she was the third child of her parents. She, her mother and siblings arrived in the Port of New York July 3, 1849, on the S.S. *Chenango*, from Belfast, Ireland. Older brothers were already settled in the U.S., and their father is said to have been refused a visa to come to the U.S. because of a severe back injury.

Nancy, the mother, who came in 1849 is thought to be the mother of only the younger children. The mother of Seth, born 1836, is known to have been Mary Wilson, who had died previous to 1849.

The William Craig children were:

Alexander, *b.* 1820, *m.* Martha Gallagher. Raised a family at Pawnee City, Nebraska. Both Alexander and Seth are buried at Pawnee City Cemetery.

John, *b. ca.* 1827, never married.

Matilda, *b. ca.* 1828, *m.* 1854, Samuel Jameson, in Hanover, Illinois.

Samuel, killed in the Civil War, a Union soldier

William, *b. ca.* 1839, *m.* Lizzie \_\_\_\_\_, several children.

Sarah Jane, *m.* Alex Moore; one son, John Moore.

Seth, *b.* 1836, (Union soldier, Co. I, 27 Regiment, Iowa Infantry. Oct. 3, 1862–Aug. 8, 1865), *m.* Eliza Gallagher. Settled in Summerfield, Kansas, near Pawnee City, Neb. Their children were:

William James (*b.* Jan 1861, Waterville, Iowa)

Martha and Mary (twins *b.* Jan 1863, Waterville, Iowa)

Lizzie (Eliza) *m.* Van Lew, (*b.* 1869, Iowa)

Seth Dugry (called "D"), (*b.* 1871, Hanover, Illinois)

Matilda (Tillie), *b.* 1873, Hanover, Illinois, *m.* William M. Hood

This Uncle Seth visited the O. W. Hammond family in Tennessee. He had homesteaded land in Kansas, on the Nebraska border.

James, *m.* Margaret (Shanks) Irwin: four children John, Mary, Matie and Agnes

David, (Union soldier), missing in Civil War, and believed to have died in that conflict.

Robert, died in childhood.

Nancy, *b. ca.* 1842, arrived in U.S. with family July 3, 1849.

Samuel Jameson had three children by his earlier marriages, Julia, John and Ann. Ann married a man by name of Dunn; in 1889 both John and Ann Dunn were living in California.



**Samuel Jameson**, son of Hugh, was born May 22, 1789 in Canandaigua, N. Y. He is from an old New England family, and came to Northern Illinois prior to the Black Hawk War (1830–33). He served as a Federal officer during the conflict with the famous Indian chief and his warriors. He had located his land before its outbreak but returned to it after laying aside his musket. He secured it from the government, and there had not been turned a furrow upon it when he settled thereon. This land remained in the family until the 1970's when Paul Jameson, son of Samuel C. Jameson died. Samuel C. Jameson, son of Samuel and Matilda and known by our family as "Uncle Sam" farmed the land as long as he lived. The family farm lay to the west of Hanover about one and a half miles, and the railroad passed very near it. On the Platte Map of the township in 1873 Mrs. Jameson's land is shown as  $126\frac{1}{4}$  acres, laying to the east of W. Dean and J. Craig, southwest of Hanover, between the Mississippi River bottoms and the Apple River.

With the migration of Mary Eliza Jameson Hammond to Tennessee, rather than Texas as O. W. Hammond proposed, the Jamesons continued their long itinerary of travels across the world. According to information from a book published about the Jamesons[23]<sup>8</sup> the itinerary seems to be the following:

The Jamesons were of Scottish parentage migrating to Ireland in 1619, but the first of our line to come to America was: **Hugh** who sailed from Londonderry, county Ulster, Ireland, on August 4, 1746 for Boston, Mass. He married Jane Barr (*ca.* 1753) and settled in Dunbarton, (then called Starkstown) New Hampshire. Their son **Hugh** was born in N.H. in 1764, and married Janet Brocklebank (*b.* N.H.) and reared their family there and in Canandaigua, New York, where their son **Samuel** was born.

Samuel, *b.* 1789, as a grown man migrated from New York to Jo Daviess County, Illinois in time to get free land and participate in the Black Hawk War (1832) with the Indians. In 1854 he married (for the third time) to Matilda Craig.

Their daughter, **Mary Eliza Jameson** (*b.* Nov. 2, 1858) married on Sept. 20, 1883, Orson Ward Hammond. He promptly took her with him to Texas, and later (1886) to Madison Co., Tennessee. There she bore three daughters:

Jennie Sophronia (*b.* Sept. 9, 1887), *m.* 1907, Ulrich A. Watlington, son of Mack Rob Watlington

Clara Matilda, *b.* Jan. 7, 1890) who married James Leven Harton, son of Andrew Jackson Harton

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<sup>8</sup>Also see *Famine Immigrants* [24, p. 377]

Emma May (*b.* Dec. 26, 1892) who stayed with the family farm until her death in Aug. 1986. According to her own statement, her parents spelled her name with a 'y' until she changed it herself to an 'i'.

It is Clara Matilda and James Leven Harton, who in later years followed their son James to California, who kept the traveling Jameson reputation. They moved about 1942 to Los Angeles, Calif., where James Lev and Clara M. died and some of their children live yet: but some are still on the move and have doubled back to Wichita, Kansas!

## Emma Mai Hammond

*b.* December 26, 1892

*d.* August 22, 1986

*pb.* Lester's Chapel Cem.

"Aunt Mai," younger sister to Jennie H. Watlington and Clara H. Harton, and a "second Mother" to Watlington children and grandchildren through her careful home-making ministry over a long lifetime, died peacefully in the early evening of August 22, 1986.

Aunt Mai gave up an opportunity for further studies and stayed with her parents on the family farm. She nursed her mother through her final illness and death in 1918 and then kept house and garden and cared for her father, O. W. Hammond, until his death on July 16, 1930.

At that time the Watlington and Hammond households were united at the "big house" and Aunt Mai shared duties of house, garden, dairy farm and family with Jennie and Ulrich's family, continuing on until breaking a hip in November 1980. From that time until her death she was in a nursing home, though alert and able to enjoy reading but increasingly handicapped by deafness and arthritis. She went to the dining room in her wheel chair to eat supper before expiring as she was put to bed.

Aunt Mai was laid to rest in the lovely little Lester's Chapel Cemetery beside her parents who had come from Illinois and Texas to that community in 1885, and had helped to start and build the Lester's Chapel Methodist Church nearby.

Aunt Mai wrote, at our request, a resume of her life a few years ago, which follows, giving details of the home which our mother shared.

## Life Resume of Miss Emma Mai Hammond

My nephew Elton has asked me to write the story of my life so I will attempt the job.

My father and mother were married at her home near Hanover, Ill. in 1883. That was a few months after her mother died. Her father died several years before. Mother and Father went back to Texas to live where he had been working for several years.

They lived there about three years, then moved to Madison Co., Tennessee to live on his brother Charley's farm for a while. That is where my sister Jennie was born Sept. 9, 1887. Papa didn't like it there so he bought a small farm on a road between the old Pinson Road and the old Mill Road [a water mill on Meridian Creek—it is now called Watlington Road.] Ulrich's nephew, Eugene Watlington, was working for the county, helping to name the different roads so he named this one Watlington Road.

There was a good two-room log house with a side room and good out-buildings that was on low ground. He wanted a new house up on the hill. This log house is where my sister Clara was born in 1889 and I was born in 1892. While my parents were living in the Lester Chapel Community he helped to build the church and made a lot of the furniture for it. He learned to be a good cabinet maker while living in Hanover before going to Texas.

Papa helped to organize a Sunday School and was Superintendent for a long while. That was where I first went to Sunday School.

My best girl friend at that time was Noi Young. Her family was living in the same house that Pearl Kirby is living in now in 1975 next to Walton Peter's home.

Mr. Young took his family to Lester Chapel Church. There were four children. Noi was the youngest. He sold out and moved to Jackson but Noi and I were good friends for a long time. We would visit each other for a few days at a time when school was out.

When Papa started the Lester Chapel Church he wanted to have Nazarene or Holiness preachers but most of the members wanted to join the Methodist Conference so he went in with them for a while but soon fell out with a lot of the ministers. Then his family and several others left. They built a tabernacle a little past where Samuel lives on the Old Pinson Road (near Azbill home). One of the men owned a lot of timber and gave the wood for the lumber and shingles for the roof and with all working at odd times they soon had a nice large shed and had Sunday School every Sunday with preaching once a month.

A lady preacher from Milan rode the train to Malesus and Mama or Papa would drive over for her on Saturday. She would spend the night here, preach the next morning and then go back home that afternoon. She would bring her autoharp to play and they had good singing. There was sixty members.

They would have a week of revival services. The first year Mrs. Mitchum got a man by the name of George Hammond to hold the meeting. He was a good evangelist and drew large crowds at night. Some kinds of torches were hung down the center to light the building.

The next year she brought her family to help her. Her husband and four children—two teenage girls and two younger boys. They could all play some kind of instrument. Papa would take our organ there for the week. The oldest girl played that, the other played the violin, the boys some kind of a horn, Mr. Mitchum the guitar and she her harp. That drew a large crowd to hear the music. They pitched a tent there on the church ground to live in. There was a good spring near there so they had good cool water. Of course the members brought them vegetables.

Our house was built here by that time so we could live in it and had a room for a guest. Brother Hammond was here with us several times. He brought his wife and little girl.

Some of the members died and the main helper, Mr. Henry Wells, sold his farm and moved to Jackson. About that time the Adee School house was built and the people around there who had been coming to the Tabernacle had Sunday School and preaching there. They were Baptist. So the Tabernacle was sold for \$10 which was sent to a missionary in Korea. Those were happy days for all.

We girls were in school and wanted to attend church at the Malesus Church. Papa bought a surrey and we all went to church there. Mama taught a class. Jennie was organist for a while, then Clara. A lot of the Harton boys and girls were in the choir.

My best girl friend at school was Lois Raines, a niece of Dr. Raines. Then her father soon moved to Bemis and Annie Pearson was my chum. She was a granddaughter of Bro. J. B. Pearson. We were friends for as long as she lived. She moved to different cities but would always come to see me.

I go back now to the farm—Papa built a large one-room with a side-shed upon the hill where he wanted to build our new house. He had a family of negroes live in it. The man and boy helped with the farming. His wife helped Mama when we girls were babies.

Papa had cows and sold butter, milk and vegetables he could raise in the garden. He went to Jackson to sell the produce.

Papa started the new house whenever he had time to work and could get some help. When he got the roof on and enough flooring so he could move our furniture up there he had the negro move out and we moved in that one room. We lived there all one winter and spring with just the cook stove for heat. I was seven years old in Dec. that winter and didn't start to school until a few months in the spring (1899). Mama taught me to read. I had read thru the primer and one time thru the first reader and was ready for

the second grade when school started that fall [1900].

Miss Mary Woodson was my teacher for four years. Then I went in the large room and my teachers there were Fred Temple (1 year), H. C. Neville (2 years). That is when Jennie and Clara graduated from the 8th grade [1905–06]. There wasn't a high school then no nearer than Jackson but they studied several books that was used in high school. Then came Ben Tyson one year and Mrs. Eula Taylor the rest of the years I was in school. She was the one that helped to get the high school in Malesus.

I never made good grades in school but did pass every year until [Fall 1909–Spring 1910] the third year in high school. I failed and didn't go back another year. I was so tired walking over there. There wasn't a levee down in the bottom then and if it rained that day we couldn't walk home. Papa would have to come over in his milk hack and get us home. There were several children from around here that would ride.

After Jennie and Clara finished school I would stay all night with some of the girls.

I had all those children's diseases before I started to school. I was a healthy girl but had the kneeache and toothache a lot. Later on I had the flu and pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Wells were neighbors. We visited often. When she died he sold the farm and boarded with Mr. Wooten in Hicksville (Jackson) where his son Charlie was staying. He was a clerk in the Jackson postoffice. He rode the streetcar back and forth to work. He then bought a car and thought he had better get married and make a home for his father but his father married again before Charlie did.

Charlie took me out riding a few times but he soon found a girl more talkative and anxious to marry than I was. A neighbor Frank Witherspoon like to talk to me. He gave me one of the flower stands I have now, but I didn't care for him.

Mama encouraged me to try to be a nurse. I got in one of the hospitals in Nashville but when I saw the books I would have to study, not being any better student than I was in school, I knew I couldn't ever pass and was not willing to stay so was back home in one week [1916].

In about three weeks Mama hurt her foot and blood poison set in. She couldn't walk for two weeks so I had plenty of work and nursing at home. We had Dr. Obe Watlington and Dr. Raines with her but the poison was in her system and she died two years later [Dec. 1, 1918].

Papa was still running a dairy. I kept house and helped with that until he had to give it up. He lived twelve years after Mama's death [July 16, 1930].

When Papa was still able to plow he bought a blind horse but couldn't plow her without help. He would put the saddle on and have me ride her to guide her. That was a hot job for me but we plowed the corn. I hoed

and picked cotton and picked strawberries for him to sell on his milk route. I milked cows from the time I learned how as long as there was a cow on the place [till about 1958–60].

I helped Jennie with the sewing, made the boys' school shirts until they got in high school. I made all of Clara Mae's dresses, even her banquet dress. It was pink and pretty. Then she made her own and sewed for Evelyn and Betty.

Long before this I became a Christian and joined the Malesus Methodist Church [in 1908].

With all this work I took time for several trips; two to visit the folks in Illinois, one to visit Mama's cousins in Nebraska and two visits to California and met she [sister Clara Harton] and Mabel for a three days' visit in Oklahoma at Clara's granddaughter Lyndal Williams Manuel.

Papa had family worship and taught us a lot in the Bible.

After Mama and Papa quit going to church I went every Sunday and helped to take Jennie and Ulrich's children. I taught a class of juniors several years and was Sunday School treasurer. Clara Mai was secretary. I taught the ladies class a short while. I was a member of the Missionary Society from the time it was organized until my hearing was so bad I had to stop going. Mr. Andrew Harton was Supt. of Sunday School and then Mr. John Mays.

I enjoyed being in the ladies class when Mrs. Kate Martin was teacher.

Our dear mother died in 1918 [on Dec. 1] and was buried in Lester Chapel Cemetery.

Back to the farm again—one year the man Papa had to help farm quit in the summer. Then Papa had to get someone to gather the crop. A widower wanted work. He had a little four year old girl and asked if we would take care of her. We did; that was June Clopton. She was a sweet child. We all loved her. She said "Mama" just like I did.

After the cotton was picked Mr. Clopton got work in the Bemis Cotton Mill and left here. We kept June. He paid Mama \$5 a month and paid for her clothes. Clara and Mama would make her dresses. When she was eight years old her papa married and took her away.

About that time there was a boy who needed a home. That was Clifford Carlson. He was eight. We took him and he lived here, went to school, and helped with the work for ten years. He wasn't doing so well in high school. We talked to Mrs. A. V. [Florence] Patton about him so she took him, put him through high school and college at Union University.

Papa needed help about the farm, night and morning, so Ulrich let one of his boys stay here, Mack first for one year, then Samuel one year and Kenneth next who stayed until Papa's death in 1930. Then all the family moved in to live with me.

— Written by Miss Hammond, Feb. 19, 1975<sup>9</sup>

## Addenda

Our "Aunt Mai" continued to live in the homeplace and was active and alert, helping to care for Ulrich A. Watlington, until Thanksgiving 1980, when she was in her 88th year. The day after Thanksgiving she broke a hip and was hospitalized for about 8 weeks, complicated by influenza. She had returned home for about ten days when the family determined that she and Papa Watlington both needed better nursing care.

They were admitted to a nursing home in East Jackson where Papa died the following March, 1981. Aunt Mai recovered her ability to walk and remained alert and active though increasingly deaf. She was later transferred to the Forest Cove Nursing Home where she remained until her death on August 22, 1986. She retained her ability to read until the last weeks of her life, though she ceased to write in the latter years because of arthritic pain. She never complained about the nursing home and was ever grateful for the care she received.

So far as we know she was never hospitalized until she broke her hip. Until that time she had never had any other permanent home other than the farm home in which she was born in 1892. She was a loving and faithful witness ever.

— September 1986

## The Hartons of Malesus

While working on the early church history of the Malesus "Ebenezer" Methodist Church we encountered the names of many Harton, Shelton, and McKnight families. In trying to identify the various persons we needed some genealogical study. Mr. Malone McDaniel worked on genealogy so we asked him to help us, which he very kindly did. The result is that we now have some data on the early settlers with these names, and we have a relatively complete list of the early Hartons associated with the church.

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<sup>9</sup>Corrections have been limited to dates and some clarifications by EAW.

One John Peter Harton, (*ca.* 1790–1836) and his family were early settlers here and secured land along both sides of the Meridian Creek, east of Malesus. One of his sons, John L. Harton (1822–1898), married Christina B. McKnight and reared a family on what is known as the Robley Place, where Steve and Jane Watlington have built their new home. He had about a thousand acres of land and in his will distributed it to his children, one of whom was Andrew Jackson Harton (1854–1937), a long-time Sunday School Superintendent at the Malesus Church.

John L. Harton had been a trustee at the time of the purchase of the first property where the cemetery is now located. John Peter Harton was known as a “Methodist Preacher” when he came into Madison Co. about 1830. He evidently performed a marriage in 1815 in Robertson Co., Tennessee, and was in the 1820 Census in Sumner Co., Tenn., before coming to Madison County. Therefore, the Peter Harton family was connected with Methodism before coming to the county as an early settler.

John Peter Harton was in the 1830 census in Madison Co., along with another Thomas Harton that settled near Medon, which could have been an older son or a brother to Peter. He also had family in Alabama and near Richmond, Va. Peter's wife died in Madison Co., Aug. 31, 1830. He died about 1836 and they are presumed to have been buried in an unmarked grave in the Harton Cemetery on the Parksburg Road. It is likely that his home was not far from this early family cemetery. His son John L. married Christina B. McKnight, whose brother, Richard T. McKnight, was an important landowner nearby.

John L. later married the widow of George T. Shelton, a Mrs. Sara Wiggs Shelton. John L's son, Andrew Jackson, (A.J.—Uncle Andrew) married a Miss Lucy F. Shelton, thus we see bonds of marriage as well as religion in these early families.

Thus the known lineage for the Hartons at Malesus U.M.C. is:

John Peter Harton (*ca.* 1790–1836) *m.* Mary Harris (Powell)  
 John L. Harton, (1822–1898) *m.* Christina B. McKnight  
 Andrew J. Harton, (1854–1937) *m.* Lucy F. Shelton  
 James Leven Harton *m.* Clara Matilda Hammond  
 Leland Wesley Harton *m.* Elizabeth Harton

This represents five generations of Hartons associated with the Methodist faith at Malesus.



## Robert A. Glover and Frances L. Morris : Parents of Antoinette Glover

Antoinette Anthony Glover (*b.* Feb. 12, 1899, *d.* Sept. 25, 1997) was married on June 10, 1917, to Albert Eugene Watlington in Jackson, Tenn. Although her parents lived in Jackson at the time, they were from the Whiteville area, where they had operated a store before moving to Jackson. Their farm and apple orchard seemed to be across the county line in Fayette County, where several Glover and Morris families lived. They moved to Jackson in the winter of 1904–5 before Lucille was born July 6, 1905, and their fifth son Edward was also born in 1910. At that time they are listed in the City Directory at 148 Pearl Street with Robert listed as a carpenter. Other Glover families were listed in Jackson in 1910 also.

**Robert Alexander** Glover was a son of Wylie A. and Olivia (Bea) Southall Glover. Wylie was born Nov. 1839, in South Carolina, and was listed in the 1870 Census index in Fayette Co., Tenn. W. A. Glover was listed in Jackson, Tenn., in 1910 with wife Olivia and other Glovers. The family had connections in Hardeman, Fayette, Madison and Shelby Counties. The 1850 Census of Fayette Co. includes Wiley Glover (age 22) and Alex Glover (age 25) as single men, with the Stephen G. Carnes family. Wiley A. married Lee G. Southall on Dec. 13, 1863.

The family of Frances L. Morris was mostly in Fayette Co., Tenn., and migrated toward Somerville and Memphis. Mary Carraway Morris resided in Memphis with her sons Ware and Gussie Morris during her latter years. Sons Johnny and Will lived in Somerville, Fayette Co. Dr. John W. Morris (*b.* 1885, *d.* Jan. 1986, Somerville, Tenn.) was a doctor in Fayette County for many years. He was the founder of Morris Medical Clinic in Somerville and held extensive land interests in West Tennessee. He enjoyed bird hunting and was a leader in the bird dog field trials at Ames Plantation near Grand Junction, Tenn. for many years. Evidence indicates that he was a first cousin of Frances L. Morris, *b.* 1866. Other Morris families were in Fayette Co. also.

Recent research in Fayette Co. indicate that the parents of Frances L. Morris are David Grey Morris (about 1840–1875), who married Mary A. Carraway, Fayette Co., Tenn. The Fayette Co. Historical Society has helped research these two families for us.

## The Watlington-Powers Connection

Albert Edwin Watlington married Victoria Eugenia Powers on October 7, 1939 and they shared their lives and fortunes together for over fifty-eight years. During this time their work took them to Panama City and Plant

City, Fla., and New Orleans, Plaquemine, Morgan City and Baton Rouge, La. Baton Rouge was the center for their work in the later years and for their children, also.

Victoria Eugenia Powers was the first born (Sept. 19, 1911, Pine Grove, St. Helena Parish) of Lawson Dallis Powers and Victoria Eugenia Morgan, of St. Helena Parish, La. A sister, Hilda Bell, was born Nov. 15, 1913, and the following July, 1914, their mother died, leaving two infant daughters. As often happened in such tragic cases, the mother's sister came to the rescue of the children and on Dec. 25, 1915, Minnie Lou Morgan (*b.* May 3, 1892, *d.* Oct. 23, 1978) became the second "Morgan Mother" to Victoria Eugenia and Hilda Bell Powers.

In the following years two sons were born to this marriage, L. D. Powers, Jr., (*b.* Feb. 3, 1917, *d.* Aug. 9, 1961) and Eldon Morgan Powers (*b.* August 23, 1918). Thus Minnie Lou Morgan became the dear caring mother of four year old Genie and was honored by the family. The Morgans had been a part of St. Helena Parish since before Civil War days, when John Elijah Morgan married Ann Whitehead. Their son Samuel Ratliff Morgan, *b.* April 8, 1850, married Aug. 1, 1879 in St. Helena Parish, Arminda Matilda Morgan (1859–1945), and became parents to Victoria Eugenia and Minnie Lou Morgan. It seems that Samuel R. Morgan lived in St. Helena Parish until he died Aug. 23, 1918.

Lawson Dallis Powers (*b.* 1887, Gilead, LA) was a son of John B. Powers (1872–1922) and his grandparents were Elijah Monroe Powers and Sarah A. Brown. Though he grew up on the farm he was inclined to seek inside work because of bad health. He worked as a railroad station agent, then with a Lumber Company Commissary, and as a Constable in Clinton, La. He also worked in various city and state offices in St. Helena Parish. Genie Powers Watlington had worked with family members in St. Helena Parish to conserve the records of the family there, and encouraged Edwin to do the same for the Watlingtons.

Other than her siblings, Genie kept in touch with her niece Vickie Sandra Kelly, who married Troy Cothorn, Jr., and also their children, David Allen (*b.* 1958) and Darren Troy (*b.* 1960). Margaret Ann Powers, daughter of L. D. Jr., married Claude Underwood and their children are Charles (*b.* 1959) and Debra Ann (*b.* 1962).

Genie appreciated her own family and worked to give them a good life at home, and in church, community and school. She saw that her grandchildren had an opportunity to continue their education at college, and the tradition continues for the great grandchildren. She also appreciated her ancestors and sought to know more about them. She was a companion to her husband in his work and was acquainted with business and accounting procedures and helped in the family business. She died Oct. 26, 1994.

In their later years, Genie and Edwin made several tours in Europe and twice visited the town of Watlington, Oxfordshire, England where they bought historical booklets and souvenirs for the family. They have encouraged the collection of Watlington information and the publishing of the family genealogy and history.

## The Watlington-VanTreese Connection

William Frank Watlington (*b.* 1868), the only son of Frank W. Watlington and Mary Jane Anderson, grew up in the new railroad village of Pinson, Tenn., where his father owned farm land and had a General Store at the station on the Mobile and Ohio R.R., about 1873. Pinson was a junction of the road for the older route from Jack's Creek to the east and Bear Creek to the west. This served as a ridge road, or wet weather trail, which later became a road leading westward to Harrisburg, Huntersville, and on to Brownsville, Durhamville and Fulton (a port on the Mississippi River at the confluence of the Hatchie River and Mississippi.) This had been an old Indian "high water" trail across West Tennessee that became a road for horses and wagons as the farmers needed to get their cotton to a Mississippi River port. The road in Madison Co. became known as the Mt. Pinson Road, a name that it still bears in a few places. Of course, by 1873, the cotton moved by rail, but the presence of the old road made Pinson a village on the railroad.

In that District #1 of Madison Co., William F. grew up and took advantage of the school opportunities that were available. He studied in the school at Pinson and then in the Southwestern Baptist University in Jackson, Tenn., (now Union University) and the Nashville Business College. He became a pharmacist, merchant and banker in Pinson, spending the best years of his life building on the foundation of his parents farm and trade connections.

Martha Ruby VanTreese (*b.* 1880, Pinson, Tenn.) was born on a nearby farm and attended elementary school in Pinson but went to higher studies in Pine Bluff, Arkansas and the old College Street High School at Jackson, Tenn. She was the daughter of James Valentine VanTreese (*b.* Feb. 3, 1848, in Pinson, Tenn., *d.* Dec. 27, 1891, *pb.* VanTreese family cemetery in Pinson), who died when she was only eleven years of age. Her mother was Mary Isabell Macon, (*b.* Jan. 20, 1844, *d.* Mar. 28, 1935, in Jackson Tenn., *pb.* Hollywood Cem.) of the Hardeman County Macon families. The VanTreese family was of Dutch lineage and has been traced back to the first immigrant to America. The early death of Mr. VanTreese frustrated their family plans. Ruby's parents were from educated families, well respected in Pinson and Jackson. Their second daughter, Margaret Macon Watlington, bears the Macon family name.

As William F. returned from studies to his work in Pinson, he sought out Martha Ruby VanTreese for his life companion. Though both had many experiences away from the village, they found their future home to be back near their place of birth. They were married Feb. 25, 1900, at Jackson, Tenn. and made their home in Pinson where they reared two sons and two daughters.

In addition to his mercantile business, William F. established a small State Bank in Pinson, Tenn. The depression years of the 1930's, along with the Federal Banking regulations of 1933, forced the closure of the bank, along with many others in the U.S. A story told and retold around Pinson is that the Watlington-VanTreese family stood behind every investor in that small bank, and in the years to follow the farm and store served to repay every family account in the Bank of Pinson, though not obligated by law to do so. This was not true of the bank in Jackson, Tenn., where Ulrich A. Watlington lost the little savings he had in it. This gracious act on the part of William F. and Ruby Watlington left the family broke but gave a very good boost to the Watlington name. They believed that a "good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

This difficult experience along with the hard times of the Depression Years overtaxed the strength of William F. Watlington and in 1935 he sold what was left of the business and farm and moved with his family to Jackson, Tenn., where there were more opportunities for the children. Mary, the older, was already married to Russell Smith Wolford and living in Oklahoma. Hays, Margaret Macon and William F. Jr., pursued their studies and vocations. William F., Jr. stayed closer with his mother in her widowhood and when he settled in Memphis after World War II she resided with him there. He did not marry until some years after her death in 1963 in Memphis.

Mary W. Wolford thus lived away from her Pinson home the rest of her life, rearing her family in Oklahoma City. Perhaps it was being away from her ancestral roots that stimulated her to write down more of the history she remembered and research diligently the earlier history of the family. Thus she has copious notes on the various allied families as well as the Watlingtons of Madison Co., Tenn. [2][37][38]. She and her sister Margaret still live in Oklahoma City, where they are active members of St. Luke's United Methodist Church. In recent years Mary has been nearly blind but her interest in promoting the search for and preservation of the family genealogy and history continues.

## Chapter 5

# Watlington-Daniel Family and Relationships

Having identified the children and many of the marriages of the first four generations of the Watlingtons of West Tennessee, the following chapters will focus more narrowly on the Watlington-Daniel families and descendents, including stories of the depression years on the farm and stories of the dispersion of the family in the World War II years. We hope that these memories and stories will encourage others to write their story. After reading Dr. Robert Tucker's stories about growing up with his family in nearby Crockett County a friend said, "If Bob Tucker can do that, I can do it." And she did. Thus we focus on the story we know best, our story and our families. It has been a joy to remember, to laugh together and to recall the hard times as well as the good times.

### Michael Roberts 'Mack Rob' Watlington

*b.* October 5, 1853

*m. ca.* 1878, Eula Avenant Daniel

(*b.* September 19, 1861, *d.* July 13, 1903)

*d.* October 9, 1937

*pb.* Big Springs Cemetery, Madison Co., Tenn.

Michael Roberts was the eldest child and only son born to Fredonia Parchman and Michael C. Watlington, who lived at the time on a part of the George W. Watlington farm in the 17th Civil District of Madison County which George had sold to Michael C. on January 9, 1851. About the same time his father George had sold him a Negro woman named Silvy, which sale was recorded along with the deed for the property. Michael and Fredonia Parchman (*b. ca.* 1831), daughter of another pioneer settler of the region,

James Parchman, were married about 1851. Though Mack Rob was probably born in Madison County, Michael C. and Fredonia were in Henderson County in the 1860 census, and in later years lived in that part of Henderson County which became a part of the new county of Chester in 1882.

As Mack Rob came of school age it was necessary for his parents to leave him with his grandparents and "Uncle Billie" Watlington in order to attend school. Uncle Billie, (William Tabler W.) was the oldest son of George and Catherine and lived on the home place in Madison County, 17th Civil District. Schools had been available there for many years even at this early time. One of Uncle Billie's ten children was Mack Harvey, who was only three years older than Mack Rob, and the two became great friends and buddies, a relationship which lasted until their death. But school days were limited as Mack Rob was only eight-and-a-half years of age as the Civil War reached the region with the bloody battle of Shiloh (Pittsburgh Landing) in April 1862. Schools were sporadic, if held at all, after this time for the next three years.

Mack Rob remembered hearing the big guns at Shiloh, which was only about twenty miles away to the southeast. Neighbors, and possibly one uncle, John H. Parchman, were quite surely engaged in battle there and the stories of the battle would have been told and retold during the ensuing years. From that time forward West Tennessee became a virtual battleground, with both Federal and Confederate troops ranging over it intermittently, searching for stragglers, deserters, food for man and beast, and supplies for the war machines on both sides. Michael C. was drafted for service with the Confederates although his sympathies were with the Union. So far as we know he never served effectively with either the Confederates or the Federals but spent time in jail for refusal to do so. Family life, and plantation life was disrupted, horses and slaves were lost, and Mack Rob grew up amid the violence of war and talk of war with its very real privations.

The Yankees had come through the country and conscripted all the able-bodied horses for their service. Of course some horses were hidden and escaped so they were constantly on the lookout for another good horse. As Mack Rob was returning from the grist mill on an old blind mare one afternoon, some Yankee troopers spotted him and speeded up to catch him. He knew they wouldn't take his blind mare, but he gave them a chase anyway. When they caught up with him they were so mad at him for trying to escape that one of them took his new straw hat. Unauthorized agents also molested the population during this time and many were the stories of violence which Mack Rob could tell of this period in his young life. Later in the War, his Uncle Sterling Watlington and his cousin Billie Houston joined the Confederates and fought under General Nathan Bedford Forrest in Tennessee and Mississippi.

With the end of the War years the end of the struggle did not come to West Tennessee. Many barns, houses, horses, men and other signs of a prosperous economy had been destroyed. Horses were not available in sufficient quantity to do the necessary amount of plowing. Mack Rob was a horse dealer in later years, and always appreciated horses. For him one of the great tragedies of the War was the loss of the fine horses of the region, both riding stock and work stock. It is no wonder that horse thieving rings soon developed after the war ended because horses represented a great source of wealth and were desperately needed, and horse thieves were dealt with promptly and drastically. One man was hung for horse thieving in that section, and one of Mack Rob's cousins who was thought to have aided the thieves had to leave the community for his health.

After the family was united following the Civil War, Michael C. and Fredonia still had property and some funds. Before the war they had many horses and slaves and were very well established, as Census records for 1860 reveal. Since things were not going well in West Tennessee with its partisan animosities still very evident, Michael C. got his property in shape and started with his young family to Texas in two covered wagons, with one hired hand accompanying them. The young hired hand stayed with them during the entire trip and two years later returned to the community with them. This trip was made during the Fall or Winter of 1867-68, and they were in Dallas County, Texas, for the crop year 1868. Their crop that year was a failure, and being discouraged with the prospects they returned to Prairie County, Arkansas, the next winter, and made a crop there with Jake Parchman, a brother of Fredonia, during 1869. Their lands there were in the White River Valley, and according to reports this crop year was also a bad one.

The family had traded for a lot of Indian ponies in Texas, and were bringing them back to Tennessee where horses were in great demand. Mack Rob had an especially pretty and fine riding horse, which was mistakenly shot for a deer. This was a great disappointment to the young (sixteen years old) horseman, as well as another financial loss to the family. As Winter came on, the family returned to West Tennessee as they had left it, in a two wagon caravan, accompanied this time by extra horses.

This trip to Texas with its adventure and its possibilities was very influential on Mack Rob. His father had helped his own brother John Roberts Watlington to further his studies and become a physician, and had hopes for Mack Rob following this profession. The financial possibilities were still there, but Mack Rob had tasted too much freedom from the classroom by 1870 to want to return to any studies. Horses, riding, trading, and farming had become his way of life and he found enough freedom and meaning there to stay with it. A cousin, Obediah F. (Obe), the son of Dr. John, did continue his studies and became a community physician following the death of

Dr. John Watlington.

## Marriage and the Young Family

Following the pattern of his father and of the hard times in which he lived, Mack Rob did not marry until he was about twenty-five years of age (*ca.* 1879). He chose Eula Avenant Daniel, who lived at the time on a farm adjoining Dr. John Watlington at the line of Madison and Chester counties. Eula Daniel was the daughter of a shoemaker and farmer, Ralph Whitfield (Rafe) Daniel and America Tabitha Anderson. They were living very near the home and relatives of America T., whose Chappell and Anderson parentage had come as pioneers into this section from a rich heritage in Tidewater Virginia. They had hundreds of acres of land between Big Springs and the Forked Deer River in what is now Chester County. Rafe's parents had come from Rowan County, North Carolina, into the Bear Creek Community in the 1820's, and later the Daniel family scattered to Hardeman, Crockett, and Lauderdale counties in Tennessee and westward into Arkansas and Texas.

Mack and Eula married about 1878, their first child, Mable, being born in 1879. Mack Rob did not settle down and buy land so far as we know. He worked as a hired hand or sharecropper among relatives and friends of the Pinson-Big Springs community where he and Eula had many relatives. In the 1880 Census he was in District #1 of Madison County which lay mostly to the southwest of Pinson near John H. Parchman, his mother's brother. Ulrich Armstrong later recalled that Mack Rob had worked the lands of his cousin Billie Houston to the west of Pinson for many years. However, his early memories of the family indicated that they lived more to the south of Big Springs where the Andersons had land and where the Ralph Daniel farm was located.

In the Fall and Winter of 1889-90, Mack Rob gathered his young family and possessions for his venture into the great West, to Texas again. Eula Daniel had at least one sister living there (Wynona Daniel Rodgers) and plans were made by them for Mack Rob and Eula to come work on their place while they returned to Tennessee for a year. The couple, with their young children ages one to ten years, went by wagon to Jackson and from there to Memphis, then to Clarksville, Red River County, Texas, where Wynona and Dudley Rodgers met them. Their Texas experience was a happier one than that of the former generation, and they made two good crops there in successive years. But during this time, on February 4, 1891, Rafe Daniel died and Eula grew too homesick for her dear relatives to remain in Texas. The return trip was made by train also, and the family settled again on lands of Mack Rob's cousin, Billie Houston, west of Pinson, for the next two years.

The next years in Tennessee as a sharecropper must have been years of



frustration and trial for the young family. Ulrich A., the older son, states that he never went to school for more than a few weeks at a time and even that for not more than three years. The girls may have done better, for all learned to read and write. But Ulrich was behind the plow as soon as he could reach the handles and didn't learn to read well until after he married. They lived on a succession of farms west of Pinson from 1892 until 1906, the succession being remembered as the following by Ulrich years later:

**1892–1893** They lived with cousin Billie Houston. Billie had gone with the M. C. Watlingtons to Texas and Arkansas and was more like a brother than a cousin to Mack Rob.

**1894–1895** They lived on the McHaney place, toward Bear Creek from Pinson. An infant, older than Albert, was born and died on this place in 1895.

**1896–1901** They lived on the gravel road on Squire Frank W. Watlington's place, near the Negro church, northwest of Pinson. The land was low and there was a typhoid epidemic there with two children, James Paulin and Nona Ethel, dying because of it. The health of both Mack Rob and Eula was broken by the fever also. Mack Rob wanted to move to higher ground and better water, and thus later moved up the Bear Creek stream. Albert was born here June 18, 1896. Paulin died July 12, 1897 and Ethel twelve days later.

**1902** They lived on Bear Creek, about a half mile from the Methodist Church, on Richard (Dick) Davis place for one year.

**1903** <sup>1</sup> They lived further up Bear Creek valley, on Sam Davis place one year. Eula Daniel died July 23, 1903 while the family lived here. She had been sickly for two years or more, and is thought to have been a victim of typhoid fever. Mable, the eldest girl, was the principal cook and housekeeper, responsibilities she had shared for several years because of the illness of her mother. Mable Lee married May 10 and Serena married in August, 1903. This left only Ulrich, John L. and Albert at home with Mack Rob.

**1904** The family moved to the Hubert Mays place for one crop, and then to the McHaney place for another year. Serena W. Davis died in July 1905 after spending more than a year in Texas. Their child, Willie Lee Davis, was adopted by Dave McAdoo.

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<sup>1</sup>This date is firm.

**1906** From the McHaney place the family moved to a new community closer to Jackson, which was the farm of widow Ellen B. Swink Pacaud, a sister of Mrs. Hubert (Sallie) Mays with whom they had worked in 1904. She was the widow of James W. Pacaud and had a family of five children on a farm adjoining the farm of Orson W. Hammond between the Lester's Grove and Malesus communities, five miles south of Jackson, and eight miles north of Pinson, near the Old Pinson Stage Road between the two.

### **A Strange Interlude: 1907–1912**

Mack Rob probably accepted the invitation to farm the Pacaud place with courtship and marriage in the prospect, for he needed to re-reestablish his home and fortunes. He had to have some good reasons for leaving the relatively friendly neighborhood of Pinson, Bear Creek and Big Springs to take his family into a new community where he had no relatives nearby. Albert was the youngest, only eight years of age at the time of the move. Mable would have been twenty-seven, and had a home of her own and Ulrich took Miss Jennie S. Hammond for a bride during their second year on the Pacaud place, in August, 1907.

James William Pacaud had lived several years as neighbor to the O. W. Hammonds and was among the leaders in the founding of the Lester's Chapel Methodist Church nearby. Participating in the same church and sharing the same faith brought the families closer than physical proximity might indicate. Mr. Pacaud died in February, 1899, and the widow and children went it alone for the next several years until Mack Rob appeared on the scene. Mack Rob had only two minor children in 1907, John L. and Albert; but Mrs. Pacaud had five children living at home: Florence, who later married A. V. Patton; Bess, who married Walter Bell; Howard, who married LaRie Smith, and lived in Texas; Joe Albert, who died in an auto accident; Rosa Lee, who married (1) Billy Cheatham, (2) \_\_\_\_\_ Jordan.

Mack Rob and Ellen were married at the Pacaud home in early 1907 by Brother J. B. Pearson, the Methodist pastor at Malesus. Jennie S. and Emma Mai Hammond were guests at the home wedding.

The difficulties of blending these families into one home can be imagined, but the trial was made and the marriage weathered the storms from 1907 until the Autumn of 1912. During this time the family continued on the farm for one year, then moved to Jackson where they operated a store for a time. Ulrich remembers this store as being in East Jackson, perhaps on Chester Street. Mack Rob had a team of horses and worked out with them also. Later he had a delivery hack and helped in deliveries to the homes of customers. Though it was a family business, Mrs. Pacaud and her children largely cared for the store. The children were getting older and more independent, and

soon John L. was on his own, and Albert had gone to live with his sister Mable and her husband, Will A. Stephens, who had grown up just north of Pinson.

In the Autumn of 1912 Mack Rob went from Jackson to Sorrell's Chapel, near Dyersburg, in Dyer County, where Ulrich A. was living and helped him gather his crop. At that time he indicated that he was giving up on his marriage to Ella Swink Pacaud. They seemed to get along very well but the near grown, yet dependent, children that each had, made the union very difficult. From that time until his death in 1937 Mack Rob made his home with Ulrich and Jennie, except for weeks spent in "off seasons" with his other children.

## Grandpa Watlington during the later years

At 59 years of age Grandpa gave up on his second marriage, although there is no record that the marriage was formally dissolved in divorce. From this time forward he took the role of "Grandfather" to a growing list of children, totalling twenty-two grandchildren in the families of four of his children. In these twenty-five years he worked with Ulrich on all types of farm related jobs, but was best known for his delivery hack in which he delivered milk, butter and vegetables from the farm to customers in Jackson and along the road. He made three trips a week, and ran regular delivery routes to stores and homes with fresh produce from the farm. Such a service made the dairy herd of the Hammond farm more profitable, as well as opening a market for surplus berries, fruits, vegetables and poultry produced on the little farm. When more hands were available firewood was sometimes sold also.

Besides his hack for deliveries, Grandpa Watlington always kept a buggy in good repair for his social visits and taking the children to church or other special activities. His riding horse or buggy provided him with the means to keep in close contact with his relatives and friends in Jack's Creek, Henderson, Pinson, Big Springs, and Crockett County. He was a man of the open road, and always identified living with traveling on. His wide associations and friendships revealed his interest in people and his qualities as a good friend and host. "Miss Jennie" always welcomed his guests at home in a way to reciprocate well the hospitality he received elsewhere. As long as he had his own home he was known as "one who set a good table" for guests who appeared, and his son and daughter-in-law kept up the tradition.

Grandpa Watlington knew his kindred and the kinship pattern of his ancestors. He had lived in the house with his own Grandfather and Grandmother George and Catherine Watlington while attending school as a lad before the Civil War, and he knew the good, bad and indifferent about his folks during the intervening years. These more leisurely sunset years gave

him the freedom to keep alive the memory of them and to get to know the younger generations. Through his good memory and interest in the family we have received the oral tradition and the kinship pattern outline of the Watlingtons of West Tennessee. His granddaughter, Clara Mai, wrote these down as he described them about 1929–30 and passed them on to the writer years later.

Mack Rob proved to be strong in health and was able to be active into his 83rd year. He was still able to shuck corn, feed the hogs, and work in the garden, as well as to hitch up the mare for a buggy ride. During the Summer of 1937 he grew weaker and less venturesome, but was still alert in mind and body. He dreaded to be a bed patient, or to have anyone wait on him, and forced himself to care for himself until the last days of his life. He died at home on October 9, 1937, while the family was busy with the annual sorghum making in a nearby meadow. His funeral was held at the Big Springs Methodist Church around which so much of his life had been centered. He was laid to rest in the adjoining cemetery near Aunt Susie, his wife Eula, children Paulin and Ethel, and many other relatives and friends.

## Michael Roberts Armstrong Watlington Information from U.S. Census

Henderson County, Civil District 4, June 1860, p. 210

Household #345, Family #359

	Age		b.	
M. Watlington	34	M	Tn.	farmer, \$3000 real estate \$4500 personal estate
Frederica	27	F	Tn.	
M.R.A.	6	M	Tn.	attended school within the year
T.E.	4	F	Tn.	
S.M.	1	F	Tn.	
Green Scott	17	M	S.C.	farm labourer

Henderson County, Civil District 4, August 12, 1870, p. 2, #7

	Age	b.		
M. C. Watlington	44	M	Tn.	farmer, \$1250 real estate \$900 personal estate
Fredonia	39	F	Tn.	keeping house
Michael	16	M	Tn.	working on farm
Triona E.	14	F	Tn.	
Susan M.	11	F	Tn.	
Emma E.	7	F	Tn.	
Evaline E.	4	F	Tn.	
Mary H.	1	F	Tn.	
Huyston, Wm.	25	M	Tn.	attended school within the year

Madison County, Civil District 1, 8 June 1880, p. 15, #109

	Age	b.	Father	Mother	
Michael Wadlington	26	M	Tn.	Tn.	farmer
Eula	18	F	Tn.	Va.	keeping house
Mable	9 mo	F	Tn.	Tn.	daughter

— Mary E. Watlington, 1975

## Stephens-Watlington Family

William A. Stephen's family had a farm a few miles north of Pinson on the Old Pinson-Jackson Road. He stayed on the family farm through his early marriage to a Miss Mary S. Hamlett, whose family connections were at Lester's Chapel Methodist Church, in the Hart's Bridge/Liberty Grove Community. Mary and two or more of their children are buried at the Lester's Chapel Cemetery near other Hamlett graves and graves of Will's parents, William R. and Annie B. Stephens.

Continuing as a farmer, W. A. Stephens established an early store in nearby Pinson, Tenn., about 1900. On May 10, 1903 he married Mable Lee Watlington, the oldest child of Mack Rob and Eula Daniel Watlington. The Watlingtons had lived north of Pinson for several years in the 1890's and in 1903 were living about two miles west of Pinson at Bear Creek Community. The families would have known one another for some years. Mable knew him as "Mr. Stephens"—a land owner, store keeper, and old friend of the family. In all her years of marriage she usually spoke of him, and to him as "Mr. Stephens."

Eula Daniel Watlington, Mable's mother, had typhoid fever in the 1890's and lost two young children to typhoid fever in July, 1897. She was so weakened by illness, childbearing, and the work of a farmer's wife that she never fully recovered and died during the Summer of 1903. During those

years Mable Lee bore a lot of the burden of caring for her younger siblings, and her oldest brother, Ulrich A., had to take on more farming duties at an early age. Albert was the youngest child and in a very real sense, Mable was a “second mother” to Albert even while his mother lived.

When Mable married Mr. Stephens, she went to live in the nice two story house on his farm north of Pinson. The house was on the Old Pinson Road, but close to the new Highway 45, which in 1930 cut across the old Stephens farm. Mr. Stephens was operating the store in Pinson and all seemed to be going well until the house burned. About the time this happened *ca.* 1906, Stephens decided to sell his store and farm land and seek his fortune in the county seat town of Jackson. In the 1910 Jackson City Directory he is listed as a clerk at the Post Office. They located on South Royal Street where they later operated a grocery store and/or a restaurant with Albert and Annette Watlington near the N.C. & St.L. railway station. About 1907, at the age of ten years, Albert went to live with them.

Uncle Will and Aunt Mable never avoided long hours of work and he seemed able to make money in business. He was a good gardener and enjoyed caring for his roses and growing vegetables to eat and sell. Uncle Will could not stand prosperity though, so every time he accumulated some extra funds he would sell out, live off his earnings and travel. They “set a good table” and always welcomed family and friends. He loved to play the fiddle and could find a few friends to join with him for weekly musical sessions at store or home. He had a camera, an early “Victrola” to play 78 RPM records, one of the early “double image” stereoscope viewers, and a piano in the house. Living in the city of Jackson he could have gas to cook with, electric lights, a radio and indoor plumbing when such things were still luxuries to country folk.

For the Ulrich Watlington family, “Uncle Will” was our “rich uncle” and going to Jackson meant going by his house or store. As a youngster it was one of the few places we could go for a few days “summer visit,” and learn a bit about city life. My basis for knowing that Uncle Will was rich was that he had three kinds of jelly or preserves on his breakfast table at the same time. You could choose which kind to eat, and it wasn’t all eaten up the same day. With from ten to fifteen people eating at our table each meal, preserves didn’t last more than one day—or one meal.

However, Uncle Will miscalculated on how much savings he needed to take him through his later years. It could be that the New Deal concept that two to three percent annual inflation could help stimulate the economy wasn’t considered. Or that he and Aunt Mable just lived longer than he calculated. By the time World War II had come and gone his savings had also gone and so his latter years were simpler and more economical. Albert and Annette’s family stood by them in their last years, which they spent in

a small house at 522 East Deaderick St.

Uncle Will suffered from asthma and felt sure an attack would kill him at anytime. Aunt Mable, calmly caring for him in an attack would hear him coughing and calling, "Mable, help me, I'm going to die; I can't get my breath." After hearing this many, many times, she was able to say, "Then Mr. Stephens, you'll just have to die, for I can't do anything else for you." The first time I heard her say that I thought it was cruel. But I have come to realize that as we face up to life and death, she was way ahead of the game. She knew that he was going to die, and she also. But there wasn't a lot of reason to be frightened by it.

### **William A. Stephens and Mable Lee Watlington**

On October 28, 1953, Uncle Will Stephens started to write an article about his wife's family, the Watlingtons. Mable Watlington Stephens had the Mack Rob Watlington family bible with dates of births, marriages and deaths. She also had a good mind, and they prepared an early effort at recording the descendents of Mack Rob and Eula Daniel Watlington. Uncle Will's document was intended to be a testimonial of appreciation of his wife and of her family, who had been close to him across the years. Uncle Will and Mable had celebrated fifty years of marriage on May 3, 1953.

His opening statement concerning the origin of the Watlingtons in West Tennessee revealed how little was known of the early history of the Watlington family. For this reason, it is entered here, as he remembered it:

Our story begins back in the early part of the 18th Century, when two brothers, one not yet of age, at different times left the town of Watlington, England, or near the town of Watlington, and came to America. One George Watlington settled in Texas. Was married there, and there is a lot of Watlingtons in Texas. The other brother, Robert, settled in the Carolinas for a while. Was married in the Carolinas. Moved to Tennessee. Settled at or near Mason Wells, Madison Co., to this union several children were born. And down to this time the Watlingtons have multiplied until there are a lot of Watlingtons in this state and county and all the Watlingtons in this country are kinfolks.

By this time (1953) Clara Mai Watlington King had dug out the notes from Mack Rob Watlington which she had made *ca.* 1930 and shared them with Elton Watlington concerning the Watlington origins. Few details were available but Mack Rob Watlington had remembered George and Catherine Tabler Watlington as being the first ones in Madison Co., Tenn., and had lived in the house with them and the William T. Watlington-Elizabeth Ozier

family. The record written down by Clara Mai Watlington King from Michael Roberts Watlington thus gave us the base for later contacts in Knox Co., Tenn., and Dinwiddie Co., Va. These were established in the late 1950's and 1960's by James L. Watlington, Sr., Mary Watlington Wolford, and Polly Phillips.

Will Stephens' desire to record and give witness to his wife's family served to add details to the fourth and fifth generation of Watlington's in West Tennessee, using the Watlington-Daniel family bible.

### Notes on William A. Stephens

W. A. Stephens is listed in a Tenn. State Business Directory as having a grocery store in Pinson in 1906–1907. At about this time they seem to have moved to Jackson where he and Aunt Mable operated a restaurant on South Royal for a time and later a grocery store on South Royal. Albert helped with this restaurant.

One City Directory (1910) lists W. A. Stephens as a clerk at the Post Office in Jackson.

Later he operated a store at the opposite end of Royal Avenue, where the Royal St. electric car made its last stop on North Royal. Then in the late thirties he moved out to Christmasville Road where he built a house and store at what he called "Royal Heights." He operated this store until his health forced him to retire. He sold the store and purchased a house across town at Westover on the lower Brownsville Road.

From Westover they moved to 522 E. Deaderick St., closer to Uncle Albert's family, near Whitehall and Lexington. They lived here until Uncle Will died.

### Serena Avenant Davis Watlington

*b.* February 24, 1881

*m.* August 8, 1903, B. Sanders Davis of Pinson Bear Creek  
son of Tom Davis of Deanburg, Madison Co., Tenn., who later  
married a second time and reared a family at Henderson, Tenn.

*d.* July 1905

*pb.* Big Springs Methodist Cemetery

A daughter, Willie Lee Davis, was born to Serena and Sanders Davis on July 1, 1904. After the death of Serena in July 1905 the baby girl was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Dave McAdoo who lived at Malesus, Tenn., and were active in the Methodist Church there. The McAdoo's were not able to



have children of their own and later adopted a son, Bobby Lawrence, who was the same age as John William Watlington and was in his class at Malesus High School. We do not have any record of a kinship pattern between the McAdoos and the Watlington or Davis families.

Mack Rob Watlington was living on the farm of Frank Davis, son of Richard Davis in 1903 when Serena married Sanders Davis.

Willie Lee Davis married Otis Simms who worked with Ford Motor Company in Detroit most of his life and visited Tennessee each summer, driving a new Ford car. After Otis retired, they moved to California and the family lost track of them.

According to Papa's memory Sanders Davis and Serena spent one crop year in Texas in 1904. He made a crop there and Papa worked some for him. Papa hired out to several different farmers during that year. Willie Lee Davis was born in Texas during that year. Sanders Davis and Papa lived near Bonicord, Red River County, where Clarksville was the county seat. In 1975, Durward Baker of Madison County lived in the same community.

## Ulrich Armstrong Watlington

*b.* June 18, 1885

*bp.* near Pinson, Tenn.

*m.* August 28, 1907, Jennie Sophronia Hammond,  
(*b.* September 9, 1887, *d.* August 13, 1941)

*d.* March, 1981

*pb.* Ebenezer Cem., Malesus, Tenn.

After their marriage, Mack Rob and Eula Watlington evidently farmed near relatives of Pinson. Eula's father, Ralph (Rafe) Daniel, had a farm there adjoining the larger holdings of Paulin Anderson and his children. Mack Rob had many relatives on that side of Pinson, extending to near Jack's Creek, but he probably began his farming on his cousin Billy Houston's place in District 1, west of Pinson, known as the McHaney Place, where he was at the time of the 1880 U.S. Census. The census taker found the young couple with a nine month old baby girl, Mable Lee. Papa—Ulrich Armstrong Watlington—was born five years later, on June 18, 1885.

## Papa's Itinerary, 1885–1974

Papa's earliest memories are that as they traveled from their farm home, they "traveled the road by cousin Obe's house," south of Five Points. The Rafe Daniel Place adjoined cousin Obe's Place. Papa does not remember seeing

his grandfather M. C. Watlington (*d.* 1887), or his grandmother America Daniel (*d.* 1888). His memory of his grandfather “Rafe” Daniel was of a rheumatic old man sitting in his rocking chair. He believes that they visited “Rafe” Daniel at his home before they went to Texas in 1889 or 1890. Some dates in the following are tentative, but the order is believed to be correct. In most cases it is from memory with little documentation.

**1889** Mack Rob and Eula lived for some months on the Murphy Place, near Murphy’s Mound, behind the Saul home where Johnny Sauls now lives, while preparing to go to Texas. Sterling Sauls was a double cousin of Mack Rob. John L. was born here Jan. 5, 1889.

**1890–1892** Ulrich accompanied his family to Red River County in Texas and continued his farming experience when they returned to Tennessee and farmed near Pinson. Some of his early experiences at school were in the Bear Creek Community west of Pinson during the 1890’s. By the time he was eleven years of age he was expected to do plowing in the farming operation as he was the oldest son of the family.

**1903** Special events mark this year on the Frank Davis Place. Frank, a son of Richard (Dick) Davis, had gone to Texas so Mack Rob moved to his place for a crop. Mable, the oldest girl married William A. Stephens, a farmer and merchant of Pinson. On July 23, 1903, Eula Daniel died and was buried at Big Springs Cemetery.

Ulrich A. Watlington left for Red River Co., Texas in the Autumn of 1903 to visit Aunt Wynona Daniel Rodgers, because of trouble with a neighbor. (See page 187.) He went by train, and stayed through the Fall of 1904, working as a farm laborer.

Serena Avenant Watlington was married to B. Sanders Davis on August 8, 1903 and at the end of the year went to Red River County, Texas, where they made a crop in 1904. In the Fall of 1904, they returned to Tennessee where they lived and farmed on the McHaney Place where Mack Rob was until Serena died July 1905. A girl, Willie Lee Davis, was born to them in Texas, July 1, 1904.

**1904–1905** From Bear Creek, M. R. Watlington moved to the Hubert Mays Place for one crop, then to the McHaney Place for a year. Hubert Mays’ wife was Sallie Swink, a sister of Ella Swink Pacaud. Grandmother Fredonia Watlington came to live with them some months at the McHaney Place.

**1906** After the McHaney Place the family moved to the Pacaud Place, adjoining the Orson Ward Hammond Place, about eight miles north of Pinson

and five miles south of Jackson. Mrs. James W. Pacaud was the former Ella (Ellen) Britton Swink from south of Pinson (Mt. Pisgah), and a sister of Mrs. Hubert Mays. Papa thinks that Mack Rob and Mrs. Pacaud came to know one another while they worked the Mays farm. They made one crop here, and Mack Rob married the Widow Pacaud at the end of 1906 or early 1907.

This move to the Pacaud place made them neighbors to O. W. Hammond, good friends of the Pacauds, and Ulrich came to know the three Hammond daughters, the eldest of whom was Jennie Sophronia. Ulrich hired out at times to help Mr. Hammond on the farm. After Mack Rob married the Widow Pacaud and moved in with her, Ulrich moved to the Hammond farm and boarded and worked there.

**1907** On August 28, before the crops were harvested, Ulrich Armstrong and Jennie Sophronia were united in marriage by the Rev. J. B. Pearson, and left for Crockett and Dyer County where the Daniel kinfolk helped them get acquainted with the country and neighbors. Uncle Charlie Daniel came in a wagon to move them to their new home in Dyer County. Papa went to work in the harvest season with Mr. Seth Sorrell, who had land on both sides of the Forked Deer River, making it in both Dyer and Crockett counties. Papa worked that fall in Dyer County and lived in the outskirts of Dyersburg. In the winter months they moved into Dyersburg and made plans to farm the next year with a Mr. Hilliard on Mr. Lauderdale's farm. Money was very scarce that winter and Papa remembers that the Dyersburg merchants were using "script" for exchange purposes.

**1908** During the winter months Papa and Jennie lived about three hundred yards from the Lauderdale's, and Papa milked his cow for them, and did other chores, taking milk as a part of his pay. While still living in the town, Jennie gave birth to twin girls whom they named Mary Frances and Mable Lee. Though apparently healthy, they survived only a few weeks and were buried in a church cemetery to the north of Dyersburg, where the Lauderdale's attended. This may have been the old Neely's Chapel Methodist Cemetery, which is still in use, but the church building burned and was never replaced. During the crop year they moved to the farm which was adjoining the city limits on the north side, and made a share crop with Mr. Hilliard. Papa also worked sometimes for a Mr. Chandler inside the city limits.

**1909** Ulrich moved in the Fall of 1908 to Covington, Pemiscot County, Missouri. There he worked a crop year with Sam Cross, who ran the post office, store and gin, and had many families working for him. Clara Mai was born there on May 30, 1909. Mrs. Cross had relatives in Dyersburg and while

visiting there invited Papa to go see the farm and work for them. He drove the Cross family horse and buggy to Covington to see the place, crossing the Mississippi River by ferry at Cottonwood Point. Howard Pacaud was visiting in Dyersburg and accompanied him.

Papa has always considered this year with Sam Cross as a time of great opportunity for him. Mr. Cross needed cotton farmers capable of leadership—and wanted Papa to continue with him to help run the plantation. But living conditions in the low-lands of the Mississippi River were tedious and even dangerous in 1909, and Mrs. Hammond wanted her daughter back closer to her. Though less than a hundred miles from the Hammond farm, Covington, Missouri was a long way off psychologically and there was no ready, fast, transportation between the two. The young family turned again home, traveling by train to Memphis, then by another railway to Jackson.

**1910** The next year Papa worked with the West Tennessee Experimental Station at Jackson, Tennessee. This was as a hired hand, not share-cropping this time. Without much formal education, Papa learned much in such a practical situation, and the experience opened him up to changing concepts of farming.

**1911** Papa returned to Crockett County, where Charlie Lee Daniel and Luther Williams, who had married Ludie Emma Daniel, lived. These were his mother's people, brother and sister to Aunt Wynona Daniel Rodgers with whom he had lived in Texas. He worked a crop near Uncle Luther Williams near Friendship, Tennessee. He just raised one crop there, but it was a good one. Mack was born here December 24, 1911, in their house very near the Friendship School of that time.

**1912** He moved to nearby Sorrell's Chapel in Dyer Co., to work again for Mr. Seth Sorrell. This time the work was on the south side of the Forked Deer River. He recalls that the farm north of the river was just three miles from the Railroad Depot in Dyersburg; so the south end of it would have been closer to Dyersburg also. During the spring flood season they rafted some corn across the river from one end of the farm to the other to avoid the long haul around the roads. Grandpa Watlington helped him harvest his crop on the Sorrell place this year, and then helped him move by wagon back to the Hammond farm near Malesus. They moved in cold winter weather in two wagons, one of them loaded with corn. It took them more than a day, stopping overnight at one place. In the winter of 1912–13 they cut logs and hauled them to the saw mill, where they were prepared for building. By spring there was enough lumber to build the first two rooms of their new

home on the Hammond place and by fall they moved into the new house and Grandpa Watlington came to live with them.

**1913** Mrs. Mary E. Hammond was declining in health. Mr. Hammond, who had married late in life, was now sixty-six years of age, and the farm needed to be worked. Papa said that so little of it was cleared and drained that in those first years “you couldn’t grow a flat grain of corn on it.” Papa was willing to return to the farm provided they could live in separate housing, therefore the rush to build the little house across the creek from the Hammond home. Though the farming was done cooperatively, Papa and his growing family never moved in with Mr. Hammond. They continued working the farm and dairying on a small scale until after the death of Mr. O. W. Hammond, July 16, 1930, at eighty-four years of age. Kenneth was the first child born to them in the new house, December 27, 1913, and before moving to the “big house” in the fall of 1930, Betty Juanita, the last of thirteen children was born. Eleven of the thirteen lived to adulthood, and eight were still alive in 1989. Papa continued to live and farm on the Hammond Place until ill health forced his retirement in the 1960’s. After Jennie died in 1941, her sister, Emma Mai Hammond, continued to keep the family and home together as housekeeper and foster mother to the younger children.

## Rotary Honors U. A. Watlington

Ulrich A. Watlington of Pinson, “civic leader and devoted father of an outstanding family,” was presented a certificate of recognition by the Jackson Rotary Club during the group’s regular noon meeting today.

The award came as a complete surprise to Watlington and his nine children, who were attending the meeting as guests of the club during a program entitled “What makes America Great.”

The program began with a brief talk by George Foster, 4-H Club leader from Knoxville, on the American home. He explained that the home is the foundation stone on which America’s greatness has been built.

At the conclusion of his talk, Madison County Agent Tom Hillsman, a member of the Rotary, presented Watlington and his family as an outstanding example of the typical American home.

At that point the surprise “Certificate of Recognition” was presented to him by William Nixon, club president. The certificate reads as follows:

This is to certify that Ulrich A. Watlington, civic leader and devoted father of an outstanding family. . . all leaders in their communities and in their walks of life—is hereby honored by the Jackson Rotary Club.

His contributions as a father, a civic worker in his community, and his faith in God and the American way of life merit this recognition.

The certificate is signed by William Nixon, club president, and Hugh Harvey, club secretary. U. A. Watlington was recommended for the honor by Hillsman and Shelby Roberts, both long term acquaintances. Roberts had charge of the program, which was sponsored by the International Service Committee of the Rotary Club. George Axelrad is chairman of the committee.

U. A. Watlington and the late Mrs. Jennie Sophronia Hammond Watlington were the parents of eight sons and three daughters. Ten of the children are still living. They are:

Mrs. Clarence Loyd (Clara Mai) King, teacher in the fifth grade of the Bemis Elementary School.

Mack Watlington, a member of the Watlington Brothers Construction Co.

Kenneth Watlington, principal of the Alexander Elementary School in Jackson.

Samuel (Sam) Watlington, another member of the Watlington Brothers Construction Company.

Mrs. Lon (Evelyn) Black, telegraph operator for Western Union.

Herman Watlington, television repairman.

John Watlington, killed in action Nov. 1950, in the Chosin Reservation area of North Korea while serving with the U. S. Army.

Paul Watlington, an employee at Piggly Wiggly factory in Jackson.

Elton Watlington, a Methodist missionary in Lima, Perú.

Joe Watlington, a science teacher and coach at Ripley High School.

Mrs. Hubert (Betty) Williams, former teacher and now a homemaker in Brownsville.

## Jennie Sophronia Hammond Watlington

*b.* September 9, 1887

*bp.* Lester's Grove, Madison Co., Tenn.

*m.* August 28, 1907, Ulrich Armstrong Watlington

*d.* August 13, 1941

*pd.* Webb Williamson Hospital, Jackson, Tenn.

Mama died when I was hardly sixteen years of age, in the late summer when hot days and nights put pressure on parents and frayed nerves. My memory of her, and events of her illness and death is not clear after thirty years. But lest they be less clear in later years I am resolved to write down some memories and impressions, with the hope of checking them against recorded facts and memories of others.

Grandpa Hammond, (Orson Ward Hammond) and Grandma Hammond (Mary Eliza[beth] Jameson) were born and reared in Jo Daviess County, Illinois, near Hanover. Grandpa was too young to go south with his brother Charles N. in the War between the States, but his brother who fought at Chattanooga brought back glowing tales of the south that caused his younger brother to eventually settle in Madison County, Tennessee. Before settling there, he spent a time in Texas, working as a carpenter, and it was while there that he wrote his friend and sweetheart to ask her, "Will you be my wife?" The answer was yes. The letter was saved through the years, and as a boy I remember reading it and admiring the fine handwriting and the fine quality paper with the ribbon around it that made it seem like a legal document.

After some years in Texas, Grandpa returned to Illinois, and was married on September 20, 1883. After a few more years in Texas, the couple migrated to Madison County, where Grandpa's brother Charles had already settled. Working as both carpenter and farmer he made his home and began his family. Mama was born on Harts Bridge Road, near Lester's Grove, where they then lived, but soon afterward they purchased a farm—or rather sixty acres of undesirable land bordering on the east of Meridian Creek and stretching back into the sand hills. A little two-room log house stood in the meadow that was cleared for plantings and the two other children, Clara M. (*b.* Jan. 7, 1890) and Emma Mai (*b.* Dec. 26, 1892), were born there. The homeplace is now a cultivated field, but the home built in later years by Grandpa's hands is still standing beside Watlington Road, just off U.S. Highway 45, south of Jackson. Being a master carpenter, Grandpa never lacked for something to do, and he tried a bit of everything—vegetable gardening, dairying and fruit growing. The Hammonds and Jamesons were of Methodist background, and Grandpa and Grandma helped establish Lester's Chapel on the Harts Bridge

Road. Their graves are found near the gate of the little graveyard nearby. Grandpa Hammond served as carpenter in building the chapel and for some years as Sunday School Superintendent.

In this environment Jennie Sophronia grew to young womanhood. She attended the Malesus Grammar School for about nine years, and had one year of studies in the forerunner of the West Tennessee Business College in Jackson. She also learned to play the organ which was the pride of her parents' home. While still a young girl she found her future husband in a young man from Pinson, Tennessee, Ulrich Armstrong Watlington, who had been hired to help with the farm and dairy chores. This was not exactly to the liking of her parents, but love had its way. According to Papa's description, the ceremony took place in their buggy. As they were on their way to see the Methodist preacher in Malesus, Brother J. B. Pearson, he met them in the road at the foot of the hill of what is now Watlington Road, a quarter-mile from the Meridian Creek. "Just about right along here," Papa would say as we rode the wagon along that way in later years.

Papa wasn't fooled; he knew a good woman when he saw one. He took his new bride to Dyersburg, Tennessee, where there was work for cotton farmers, which was Papa's experience. While there Mama gave birth to twin girls, which they named Mary and Mable. Papa says the birth was normal, and the girls also, but for lack of adequate medical care they died a few weeks later, and were buried there. Later they moved to the Sam Cross plantation at Covington, Missouri where Mama gave birth to Clara Mai in May 1909, and successively brought ten other squalling little Watlingtons into Tennessee on the odd years until 1929. The first son, Ulrich Mack, was born at Friendship, Crockett County, and then Grandma Hammond insisted that the family move back to the farm where she could be a grandmother to the little ones.

Logs were cut off the farm and hauled to the mill near Lester's Grove. The rough sawed lumber was hauled back to the farm, and on a little rise of land across the spring branch, a small box house was built, and this rough, framed building with a tin roof served as shelter, home and maternity ward for the rest of the family.

Papa worked at everything to earn bread for the family. He cleared and cultivated land that had never been plowed before. He worked out as teamster, plowhand, and blacksmith. He learned some carpentry, but never the fine cabinet making that Grandpa Hammond knew so well. He helped with the dairy and delivered milk in a horse-drawn hack to Jackson, five miles away. Everyone worked. Mama was an excellent gardener. She loved the plants and trees, and knew how to can and cure the fruits and vegetables, wasting nothing. She saw that the hogs were cared for and petted the chickens and ducks as treasures for the table when company came.



And when company did come, she could sacrifice a couple of fryers the fastest of anyone. They were already in the skillet before the flesh got cold—and biscuits, “light bread,” with “thickening gravy” were made. Aunt Clara (Harton) brought back from Oklahoma some special yeast for loaf bread, which would keep for a week in the winter between bakings, but in summer new bread must be made twice a week to preserve the yeast. Between Mama, Aunt Clara and Aunt Mai the yeast was “kept alive” and delicious for forty years. The only reason for letting it go was that the family was smaller, and fresh yeast was being sold in the city of equivalent quality, but no better.

Mama sewed. She made shirts and pants and mended. There weren’t any of our school mates who had neater patches on their pants than the Watlington boys. She mended at odd times of the day and night when she was resting. It was a relaxation for her to get to sit and sew.

For her time Mama was an educated person. She had studied home medical books, and she read widely. In spite of the relative poverty of our home, we had a small library, and received some farm and home magazines. I remember a time in the depression when she paid for the *Progressive Farmer* magazine with chickens caught right out of the yard and hauled away in the crate of the salesman which he had especially for that purpose. She enjoyed conversing with those who visited in the home and could keep the conversation flowing. As the children studied she could help them and encourage them in their tasks.

Mama saw that we had grace before meals and taught the children to be reverent and respectful. Though she could not often go to church she saw that the others had clean clothes for Sunday school and church. Those that begged off were put to work in the kitchen to help prepare the special Sunday dinner that awaited us on our return from services. And we always felt free to bring home one or more guests, because when you are cooking for twelve or more, one more doesn’t make much difference—you just “divide.” In later years, on Sunday afternoon or evening, we found time to gather with Mama for some hymn singing around the organ.

A woman who valued greatly her time, Mama taught the children to be occupied also. From early to late she was about her tasks. Never hurried or nervously, but with a great sense of the value of time and the need to work, she kept things moving. She was seldom sick, and never one to complain but she would vary her tasks to rest her feet. She was overweight and suffered from being on duty so many hours a day, attending children and housework. We seldom had any hired help with the washing or housecleaning, but after a few years the children helped, boys as well as girls. When the time approached for childbirth there was some help around, usually a Negro woman by the name of Nelly Jones. Nelly was always available when “Miss Jennie” needed help. Help usually came in also at hog-killing time in the fall or early

winter. Nelly or others would come to help clean and cut meat and make sausages and lard. Usually their work was paid for by part of the meat and lard.

About 1929 the big cow barn burned to the ground, with loss of some cows and lots of feed. Shortly afterward Grandpa Hammond died, leaving only Aunt Mai in the large house he had built. In 1930 a new horse barn was built, but not for the dairy herd which was dwindling. The family moved into the “white house” with Aunt Mai who from that time has been very much a part of our life and family. She and Mama shared the household duties, gardening, and canning. It was difficult to convince the teachers at school, but we children told them quite convincingly that we had “two mothers” at home.

Life in the thirties was difficult, but we made out. The older children worked and shared their earnings with the family, and the farm produced most of what we ate. As recently as 1947 we were still refusing to buy corn meal—we hauled corn to the mill to have them grind it for us, taking their pay in corn. We chased rabbits in the fall, and picked plums and wild blackberries in the Summer to have food on the table. Clothing got thin, and sometimes we ate more than our share of sweet potatoes and cow peas, but we didn’t go to bed hungry. Mama kept us going, and kept us in school. We helped with the farming after school, on Saturdays and during vacations. If we didn’t like school we could work at home so the others could study. She and Papa helped us to know it was a privilege to go to school. Of the eleven children only the oldest boy, Mack, was kept out of school to help the family and thus lacked two years finishing high school. The others were all helped through public high school, and some through college.

In the fall of 1940, John and Herman went with the Tennessee National Guard 117th Inf. Regt. into full-time training at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. Herman had only enlisted for a year so he returned in 1941, while John served throughout the war with the 117th Inf. Regt., 30th Inf. Div. Later all eight sons and one son-in-law, C. Lloyd King, would be in service. As Papa said often during the war years, it was good that Mama was spared by her early death the worry of having her boys scattered about the world in the War zones.

Mama became sick with a high fever in midsummer 1941. She didn’t know what ailed her and tried resting it out. When we called on a young doctor to attend her, he missed the diagnosis and gave little relief. Old Doctor Jack Smythe came out after Mama had been sick nearly three weeks and immediately ordered her to be taken to the Clinic. She was suffering from advanced meningitis, and even then it was too far along to control. She died a few days later, August 13, 1941, at the Webb-Williamson Hospital in Jackson.

The funeral was held from the Methodist Church in Malesus, with burial in the Ebenezer Cemetery there. The youngest child, Betty, was only twelve years of age at that time. Brother Robert F. Wiley was our pastor and a real comfort to the family. We have all felt sorry that one who worked so hard to rear eleven children should not have lived to enjoy them in more relaxed years. We are grateful for a loving and devoted mother, but regret her sudden illness and death in the fullness of a busy life.

— Chimbote, Perú, 1971

### **In memory of Jennie Sophronia Hammond Watlington**

Today is my Mother's birthday. She died fifty years ago this past August 13th... She was a strong formative influence on eleven of her own children and on many others who sat at her table and shared her hospitality, whether relative, friend or stranger be-friended.

Mama was a gracious, kindly spirit until riled up, but she knew when to set her foot down and set things right. She was a mild woman but a strong one. I saw her even after her death in her sister Clara Matilda who married Lev Harton. Like her sister, Aunt Clara was a charming hostess. I visited her in Los Angeles in September 1945, and she carried on an extensive correspondence with me while I was in service, college, seminary (in Wisconsin) and on the mission field.

Mama and Aunt Clara's minds roamed the universe. I can still remember Mama sitting with her sewing close enough to hear the men's conversation, and interrupting with pertinent questions concerning a wide field of interest. She was alert to what was going on in the world and wanted to get more details. It was she and Aunt Mai who encouraged me to read magazines and not just the funny papers and "Big Little Funnybooks" that were available.

Mama was nearly fifty-four years of age when she died. She had seen her first born children, twins, die in her early years. In 1918 her mother died; in 1930 her father. In 1937 she had helped care for Mack Rob Watlington, her father-in-law, who died in October of that year. She was no stranger to life or death but was so busy caring for others that it seemed an anomaly that she should be sick at all. The only other time I remember her being bedridden was at the birth of my sister Betty Juanita, in 1929. Gone but not forgotten.

— September 9, 1991

## John Leonard Watlington

- b.* January 5, 1889  
*bp.* Madison Co., Tenn.
- m.* February 11, 1912, Velma Idell Needham, in Delhi, La.  
*b. ca.* 1897, *d.* August 3, 1990)
- d.* December 5, 1955  
*pb.* Forest Park Cem., Shreveport, La.

John L. Watlington was the fifth child, second son of Mack Rob and Eula Daniel Watlington. Three younger children were born to his parents but only Albert Edwin grew to adulthood. At an early age he was introduced to the tragedies of life as he was old enough to know and love his sister Nona Ethel (*b.* 1883) and brother James Paulin (*b.* 1890) who both died of typhoid fever in July 1897. The same epidemic greatly weakened his mother and father, and may have contributed to the death of a new born infant of his parents.

At fourteen years of age he shared in the joy of the marriage of his two surviving sisters and witnessed the death of his mother as the family struggled to earn a living and survive in rural Madison Co., Tennessee at the turn of the century. A little later in 1903 his brother Ulrich got into a scrap with some neighbor boys and took off to visit his Aunt Wynona Rodgers in Texas to let tempers cool and injuries heal. This meant that John L. was the principal farm help in harvesting the crop in 1903 and raising a crop with his father in 1904.

Being a younger brother, John L. had some advantages in his primary schooling, but rural schools were scarce at best. There was a school at Pinson and Bear Creek during these years but Mack Rob and Eula were not in shape financially to place their children in boarding schools. They had to help on the farm and then walk to the nearby schools as they were free to do so. Their parents were literate and so were Mable, Serena and Nona. This gave the younger sons some help at home with their studies, but not much formal studies. The family was of the Methodist persuasion, sparked by the Anderson-Chappell Methodist heritage, but church evidently did not get much priority in these early years.

The following dateline of the Mack Rob Watlington family would indicate some of the difficulties of any rigorous school or church routines:

**1890–1891** When a year old John L. accompanied his parents on a train ride to Clarksville, Red River County, Texas where they farmed the Wynona Rodgers farm one year and a nearby farm another year. A brother, James Paulin was born September 26, 1890, while in Texas.

**1892–1893** After two good crops in Texas the family returned to a share-croppers life in Tennessee on the farm of cousin Billie Houston, west of Pinson.

**1894–1895** They moved to the McHaney Place, toward Bear Creek from Pinson. An unnamed infant was born and died here in 1895, and was buried at Big Springs Cemetery.

**1896–1901** The family lived on Uncle Frank W. Watlington's Place, in the flatlands of Bear Creek and the Forked Deer River. Here a brother, Albert Edwin, was born June 28, 1896 and the next year typhoid fever took the lives of sister Nona Ethel (14) and James Paulin ( $6\frac{1}{2}$ ). In July 1897 typhoid so weakened Mack Rob and Eula that it was probably the major cause of her death some years later. After this bad summer, Mable Lee (18) became the major care-giver of the family as their mother was never strong again.

**1902** Seeking better water and a healthier place to live Mack Rob moved the family up creek to near the Bear Creek Methodist Church, on the Richard (Dick) Davis place for one year.

**1903** In this year they moved further up Bear Creek Valley on the Sam Davis place for one year. Mable Watlington (age twenty-four) married Will A. Stephens May 10th, 1903 and Eula Daniel died July 23rd. Some weeks later sister Serena Avenant Watlington married B. Sanders Davis, and soon left for Red River Co., Texas and the Rodgers family.

**1904–1905** Mack Rob moved with John L. and Albert to the Hubert Mays place for one crop, then to the McHaney place for another year. Sister Serena and husband and baby returned home in 1905, where she died in July of the same year. Ulrich came back home in the fall of 1904 after harvesting his crop in Red River Co., Texas, near Bonicord, with Aunt Nona.

**1906** Mack Rob and the three boys moved to the farm of Widow Ella B. Swink Pacaud, who was a sister to Mrs. Hubert Mays (Sara J. Swink) where they farmed in 1904.

**1907** When Mack Rob and Mrs. Ella B. Pacaud married Mable Lee and W. A. Stephens were operating a grocery store in Pinson, Tenn. and living in a large house on the Old Pinson Road, north of Pinson. By 1910 they were in Jackson, Tenn. Shortly after Mack Rob married, Mable asked to take the eleven year old Albert to live with them. She had helped "mother" him

for some years already. John L. was already eighteen years of age and soon after the family moved to Jackson he found work in the street car barns of Jackson, repairing the street cars and tracks.

**The Journey Continues (1908–1910)** After some years experience in Jackson working with iron and rails, John Leonard found a job working with the timber industry around Dyersburg, Tenn. The Watlingtons had Daniel kinfolk in Crockett Co. from before 1888, which included Aunt Ada Cordelia Daniel who married Jim Strawn of near Bells, Tenn. and Uncle Charlie Daniel who lived near Cypress Methodist Church out between Bells and Gadsden. Grandmother America Tabitha Anderson Daniel had died while visiting them in 1888 and was buried near Charlie Daniel's first wife Betty Lowery in the Cypress Methodist Cemetery. Later Charlie Daniel moved to near Friendship, Tenn. which was on the border of Dyer Co. and Aunt Ludie Williams married Luther Williams of Dyer Co. and they lived at Tigrett Station, on the Crockett-Dyer Co. line. In visiting them Ulrich and John would have had opportunity to know people in Dyer Co., Tenn. He also visited Ulrich A. Watlington after he and Jennie set up housekeeping in Dyersburg, Tenn.<sup>2</sup>

John L. went to work with what appears to be the lumbering operation of Mingle Box Company, as an apprentice boilermaker in the maintenance and operation of their steam engines for sawing and planing lumber and their narrow gauge railroads and small engines for transporting timber. Now nineteen or twenty years of age, his experience in the shops of Jackson was put to use in the lumbering business. His manager was Marvin Marvel Needham of a prominent Gibson Co. family but whose work placed him now in the fine timber lands along the Obion and Forked Deer Rivers in Dyer County, Tennessee.

John L. also developed an interest in one of the daughters of the bossman, Velma Idell Needham. He either liked the job or the daughter so well that when the company transferred the operation to northern Louisiana about 1911, John L. transferred there also. It seems that their early operations were in Richland Parish, La., with Rayville as the county seat. Their work at different times seemed to be around Delhi, Milltown, Rayville, and Pineville. Timber could be transported by water to Pineville.

**1911–1912** John L. Watlington and Velma Idell Needham were married in Delhi, Richland Parish, Feb. 11, 1912. Velma Idell was still quite young at the time of her marriage and kept the family guessing about her age then and later also. But the attraction outlasted the lumbering business and by 1913

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<sup>2</sup>U. A.'s recollection of John Leonard Watlington is on page 176.

the couple were living at Pineville where the steam engine and railroading experience of John L. helped him find work with the railroad there.

**1913–1914** He worked with the Little Rock and Northern which became the Louisiana and Arkansas R.R.; the L & A R.R. later became the Kansas City Southern R.R. (1940–1955). This would be a total of thirty years with the railroad. In 1929, taking a leave of absence from the L.R. & N. R.R., John L. went to work at the Angola, Louisiana, State Penitentiary Machine Shop. The family continued to live at Pineville near the Needhams until 1935, when they too moved to Angola, on prison grounds.

**1940** When World War II became eminent and business for the railroads picked up dramatically, John Leonard moved his family from Angola to Baton Rouge and worked again on the R.R., this time as an engineer. The family lived on Park Blvd. for two or three years.

**1942–1943** John L. moved to Shreveport, Louisiana and to a change of runs on the K.C. Southern R.R. He became engineer on the fast passenger train from Shreveport to Baton Rouge and then back to Shreveport. They lived at 1201 Cresswell for a while, then about 1945–1947 bought the home at 633 Merrick where they lived the rest of their lives.

A sudden heart attack at his home on Dec. 5, 1955 brought about his death at the age of sixty-six years, eleven months. Velma Idell continued to live at the home until her death in August 1990. They were both buried near Simmons relatives at the Forest Park Cemetery in Shreveport and the house and furnishings were donated to their local Methodist Church.

## Velma Idell Needham Watlington

*b. ca.* 1897

*m.* February 11, 1912, John Leonard Watlington

*d.* August 3, 1990

*pb.* Forest Park Cem., Shreveport, La.

Aunt Velma died August 3rd in Shreveport Louisiana, where she had lived since the early forties. She was buried in Forest Park Cemetery beside her husband, John Leonard Watlington, who died in 1955 of a heart attack. He was a train engineer with the Kansas City Southern Railroad.

Aunt Velma was a daughter of Marvin M. Needham and granddaughter of John W. Needham, Jr., both of Gibson Co., Tenn. Her parents moved with a lumbering operation from Dyer Co., Tenn. to northern Louisiana about 1911, and John L. Watlington moved with them. They were buried at Pineville, La., across the Red River from Alexandria. After her marriage to John L. Watlington in 1912 they lived in various parts of Louisiana but settled in Shreveport during World War II.

She leaves three children: John Needham, Albert Edwin, and Velma Louise Carnahan.

## Ancestry of Velma Needham

The first court records of the newly organized County of Gibson in West Tennessee, opened for settlement in 1819 by the Jackson Purchase from the Chickasaw Indians, records that John W. Needham was one of the organizing settlers of that county. He was elected by the organizing County Court as the Sheriff for the new county, and was bonded for \$5,000. He was later elected by popular vote and served from Jan. 6, 1824, until Nov. 1833. His father, Louis Needham, served as a Deputy Sheriff with him for some years.

Early records of the Hopewell Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church indicate that he was an ordained minister of that church and participated in various presbyteries. J. W. Needham took part in the 1844 and 1849 sessions and his son Benson in 1876. His younger son John W. (Jr) (*b.* 1841–*d.* 1925) was also a Cumberland Presbyterian minister and took part in the sessions of 1878 and 1879. Their home church was North Union, which was located just a mile and half southwest of the village of Kenton, and probably served some families of Obion and Dyer Counties as well as Gibson. John W. Jr. was in Obion Co. census in 1880. The farm houses of John W. Jr. and two of his sons were located in nearby Dyer County in the 1900 Census. These two Needham ministers are buried in well marked



graves at the North Union Cemetery along with their wives and many of their relatives.

The only other early Needham found in Gibson Co. is Lewis Needham who married Mattie Oglesby there in 1829 or 1831 (both dates recorded). Lewis is listed on a bond made for John W. Sr. as sheriff on Jan. 3, 1826, which may indicate that he was a deputy sheriff at that time. Other Needhams appear at later dates who may have been kinsmen.

### **Needham Family in Gibson County, Tenn.**

In recent years I have had opportunity to trace the Needham family of Gibson Co., Tenn. I first located them there in some Cumberland Presbyterian church records, but on investigation found that two Needham families, were in Gibson Co. in 1824–26. They were Lewis and John W. Needham, Sr. John W. Needham, Sr., was the first sheriff of Gibson County. Lewis Needham may have served as a deputy under John in 1826 according to one document. Lewis does not appear in the 1850 census of the county and therefore may have died or moved on. Needhams were in Randolph Co., N.C. earlier and a John and Lewis appear there as given names, therefore it may well be their North Carolina connection. Information in the biographical notes [15, pp. 2276–77] of Jesse Needham indicate that Lewis Needham was the father of ten children, of whom John W., Sr. was one. Lewis and his new wife, from Gibson Co., Tenn., settled later in Panola Co., Texas.

John W. Needham, Sr. (1799–1854) was a prominent farmer and by 1844 figures as a leader of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at North Union, one and a half miles southwest of Kenton, Tenn., very near the county line. His youngest son, John W. Jr. (1841–1925) also lived there and in the 1870's was also an ordained minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. This does not mean that they were “full-time preachers,” but that they were acknowledged leaders in the local congregation.

John W. Jr. married Margarette Tilghman (Tillman) and Marvin Mavel Needham (1867–*ca.* 1928) was their oldest son. At least four Needham siblings married Tilghmans so there was a strong bond between these two pioneer families. Marvin lived near Mount Union also, but may have worked in lumbering more than in farming, although both jobs were often seasonal. However, it was the lumbering business that took Marvin and his family to Richland Parish, La., where his daughter Velma Idell married John Leonard Watlington. Although working for a lumbering company, John L's work was related to operating the steam engines and trains used in lumbering, a skill he learned in Jackson, Tenn., street car barns.

## Watlington-Glover Family

Albert Eugene Watlington, the youngest child of Michael Roberts Armstrong and Eula Daniel Watlington, was born June 28, 1896 near Pinson, Tennessee. Not much is known of his early years, except that he had the usual childhood illnesses, including typhoid, and was largely cared for by his oldest sister, Mable Lee, their mother being in poor health.

After the death of the mother and a few lapsed years, Mac Rob married Mrs. Ella Pacaud and remained on her farm with the Pacaud family until it became not a little uncomfortable for him. Mable, who had married, took Albert to live with her and her husband, Will Stephens. Aunt Mable (Nanty) and Uncle Will (Brother Will to Albert) cared for him as they would a son; in fact Albert was to be the only son they ever had. He was well provided for and entered into College Street School, which then had grades one thru twelve. Uncle Will built and operated general stores and built a house nearby, so Albert had adequate chores.

As a young man, Albert met and soon married (on June 10, 1917) Antoinette Glover, daughter of Robert Alexander Glover and Frances Morris Glover, who had come to Jackson from the Whiteville-Somerville area some year before. Albert and Annette had arranged to be married at the parsonage, with only a couple in attendance, but when they arrived the preacher came out to the car to meet them and mentioned that there were quite a number of their friends inside. They asked if he could just marry them there, which he did—in the car.

The Stephens-Watlington family became four and lived and worked together for a number of years, operating a restaurant on South Royal and later a farm at Westover—known then as Petersville. That soon became too much, so Uncle Will opened another store in town and Albert, Annette and their sons, William Eugene (*b.* 1918) and James L. (*b.* 1922), rented a place on Tomlin Street until Uncle Will found them a little house, built by Brother Camp on Chester Street just two doors up from him and Nanty. Albert had been working in Mrs. House's Grocery on South Royal and on the extra board at the Jackson Water Works, the latter becoming a full time career in the late twenties. He became chief operator and retired after thirty-six years.

Life was not all ease in those depression years but there was always food on the table, sometimes simple but always good. Annette had learned to cook from Nanty and that can't be beat. For a long time there was no running water nor electricity and a wood stove; later a kerosene stove were used for cooking, with grate and coal circulating stove for heating.

The family began increasing in 1934 when Bobby Mack came along, followed by Anne in 1936 and Donald Ray in 1937. Donald lived only five months, dying the same year that his Grandfather Mac Rob died.

Albert and Annette enjoyed life—their friends, relatives, children, church, the movies, the St. Louis Cardinals and later even the New York Yankees, and especially visits to Uncle Will's and Nanty's most every Sunday and Christmas and to our family south of town—Grandpa, Uncle Ulrich, Aunt Jenny, Aunt Mai and the cousins.

Albert and Annette had spent a couple of years in Pineville, La. where James was born in 1922. Albert's brother John had helped him get a job on the railroad where he worked, but not too much time passed before Albert's leg was broken by a log on a railroad car. In late 1922 Uncle Will and Nanty decided it was time "the children" (Albert and Annette) came home.

Albert died at Jackson-Madison County Hospital following surgery and complications. He, Donald, Uncle Will and Nanty are buried on the same lot in Hollywood, Cemetery, Jackson, Tenn.

They lived at 1313 East Chester St.<sup>3</sup> in East Jackson from 1927 until long after the death of Albert in 1965. Annette continued to live there until about 1980 when she sold and purchased a home at 100 Morningside Drive. The family home had the Forbis family as neighbors many of these years. The parents and several siblings of Annette moved to Oklahoma and died there. Albert and Annette have seventeen grandchildren and several great grandchildren in Oklahoma, Tennessee and Florida<sup>4</sup>.

As Will and Mable Stephens cared for Albert and Annette in their early years, so did Albert and Annette care for Will and Mable in the later years. Indeed, they lived and cared for one another as family in three generations.

— James L. Watlington

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<sup>3</sup>The old number of the house was 1017.

<sup>4</sup>See page 293 for a listing.

## Watlington-Daniel Mortality Records

<b>Name</b>	<b>Age</b>	<b>Cause</b>	<b>Year</b>
Eula Daniel Watlington	41+	typhoid fever	1903
Serena A. Watlington Davis	24	fevers	1905
Mary Frances Watlington (twins)	days	unknown	1908
Mable Lee Watlington	weeks	unknown	1908
Fredonia Parchman Watlington	71	old age	1910
Mary Eliza Jameson Hammond	60	infections	1918
O. W. Hammond	84	old age	1930
Mack Rob Watlington	84	old age	1937
Donald Ray Watlington	4 m.	unknown	1937
Jennie Hammond Watlington	53	meningitis	1941
John William Watlington	29	Korean conflict	1950
John Leonard Watlington	68	heart	1955
Will A. Stephens	85	lung/asthma	1959
Albert Eugene Watlington	69	heart	1965
Albert Edwin Watlington, Jr.	20	traffic accident	1965
Mable Watlington Stephens	87	old age	1966
C. Lloyd King	57	heart	1971
Ulrich Mack Watlington	64	cerebral hem.	1976
Clara Matilda Hammond Harton	88	old age	1978
Hubert Howard Williams	19	cerebral cancer	1980
Ulrich A. Watlington	95	lung emphezema	1981
Clara Mai Watlington King	72	heart	1982
Emma Mai Hammond	93	old age	1986
Debra Wise Watlington	33	recurrent cancer	1987
Velma Needham Watlington	93	old age	1989
Lonnie B. Black	76	heart	1992
Joseph Conrad Watlington	65	stomach cancer	1992
William Eugene Watlington	75	arthritic cond.	1993
Eugenia Powers Watlington	83	heart	1994
Golden Azbill Watlington	82	cancer	1994
Leonard Needham Watlington	83	heart	1997
Rachel Weir Watlington	71	heart	1997
Antoinette Glover Watlington	98	old age	1997

## Chapter 6

# Fifth Generation: Watlington-Daniel Descendents

“There were eleven of us children,” we would say. “Three girls and eight boys.” None of us had experienced the first born twin girls so they didn’t enter into our common accounting. But we could count up and tell you the names of the boys—all of them, and could figure out the ages from our own age since all eleven of us were born two years apart on the odd years of the common calendar—1909 through 1929.

The girls were different. No doubt about who they were: there was Big Sister, Little Sister and Betty Juanita, the baby. Clara Mai was Big Sister, and fulfilled her role as leader of the clan as long as she lived. She was the oldest, the one in charge, the school teacher, the one who earned some money which she shared with the rest of us. After three sons another girl came—Little Sister. And as other sons were added, they, too, called her “Little Sister.” Five more sons were added to the two daughters before another girl came to join us. Since we already had a “little sister,” Betty Juanita had to be called by name.

### Three Watlington Sisters

Much was said about the “Watlington Boys” around Malesus community, but people came to know and appreciate even more the Watlington girls. Clara Mai was a leader in her class at Malesus High School and was a Sunday School teacher before graduating from High School. Her teachers encouraged her to go to college and Miss Haskins offered to help her with a bedroom at her home near Union University in Jackson.

After one year in college there was a teaching job at elementary school level, and began a life of teaching and “family raising” for her. Anything she had “Big Sister” shared with the family of siblings. The older son, Mack, was

already working to help provide for the family and now she could help also. She not only shared her income but her knowledge and helped the younger ones believe they could learn also. After twelve years of helping to raise her siblings, she married C. Lloyd King in 1941 and made some plans for a family of her own. World War II interrupted everybody's plans and she again lived at home and shared her life and livelihood with us.

Evelyn Sophronia <sup>1</sup> found lots of jobs for girls in our home. There were babies to change, feed and entertain. She became a little nurse to the smaller children. One of the phrases we learned early and heard often was , "take me, Little Sister, take me." Freely translated it means "pick me up and take care of me." She so often had a child in her arms that later back pains were thought to have come from "child care" strains.

As Evelyn completed high school at Malesus the question arose about further studies and/or work outside the house and farm. Mrs. Florence Pacaud Patton, who was a life-long friend of Jennie Hammond, encouraged Evelyn to take a business course in Jackson, Tenn. for secretarial work, since Malesus High School had no business courses at that time. It was 1935, in the midst of the Great Depression so this could not be arranged for a time. As wartime opened opportunities, Evelyn followed this guidance and was able to be prepared for a career with Western Union Telegraph Co. This made it necessary for her to live near her work and to move to nearby towns where an operator was needed. Years later she worked beside her sister-in-law, Rachel Weir Watlington and met her future spouse as she worked beside his sister in the Jackson, Tenn. Western Union office.

She, too, shared generously with her family as she began to "learn and earn." Some of the younger brothers depended on her for some help in getting through the high school studies. She also became an excellent cook as she shared the kitchen duties—in this she shared a talent of all the Watlington sisters. She was an avid reader of everything in the house, too.

Betty Juanita arrived in 1929, just before everyone discovered the economic reality of the Hoover years. By this time the older boys and girls were making life a bit easier for the family. And she was "the baby" not just for two years but "forever." Before she was of school age Betty suffered pains in the side that might have been appendicitis but proved to need "exploratory surgery" that was drastic and frightening at that time. It was indeed "life threatening" and the cost of surgery and hospitalization were "life threatening" to the family also. A large cyst was removed from her abdomen and with good care she fully recovered.

Later Betty developed a type of eczema on her hands which really caused her a lot of pain until medical treatment brought it under control, when she was about 8 or 10 years old. About this time she had started piano lessons—

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<sup>1</sup>Named after her Mother's middle name, from a Hale family grandmother

where did that piano come from? Some type of skin eczema may run in the family as Grandpa Watlington needed help with this and Paul and Elton as well as Betty. Betty's was more violent and resembled more the problems of Grandpa Watlington.

Betty worked at her lessons in school and on the piano and got some preferential treatment in the family that a baby daughter might deserve among so many sons. As the time for college came she was expected to go to college and the resources of the family were united to make this possible. Because of military service, the U.S. Government helped make college possible for Elton and Joe C., and Betty joined them at Lambuth College in the fall of 1947 after completing studies at Malesus High School. She continued there and graduated with an elementary teacher's certification in 1951 and received her Masters Degree from Memphis State in 1976 in Special Education. In the meantime she had met and married Hubert Howard Williams, a veteran who studied at the University of Tennessee at Knoxville. They made their home at Somerville, Brownsville and rural Jackson.

Clara Mai, Evelyn Sophronia and Betty Juanita were "three Watlington Sisters" and help enrich the lives of the "Watlington Boys" and many others in lives of self-giving service and witness.

## Clara Mai Watlington King

*b.* May 30, 1909

*m.* February 8, 1941, Clarence Lloyd King

(*b.* September 19, 1914, *d.* September 30, 1971)

*d.* March 8, 1982

*pb.* Ebenezer Cem., Malesus, Tenn.

In 1940, Lloyd King was employed by the County Board of Education under the leadership of Supt. Kit Parker. He was the truck driver and part of the general repair and transfer crew that supported the local schools of Madison County, Tenn. Clara Mai was teaching at the Madison Hall Elementary School and boarding with an elderly family that lived within walking distance of the school. There were repairs and improvements to be done and as the crew worked there Lloyd and Clara Mai met and their courtship began. Both were of mature years and Lloyd had been through an early marriage and was single again. Clara Mai had been helping support a large family of brothers and sisters during the depression years and had postponed romantic alliances.

It surprised us younger Watlingtons when we heard that "Big Sister" was going to be married—and real soon. They chose a simple wedding at the

Malesus Methodist parsonage on Feb. 8, 1941, when the pastor was Brother Robert F. Wiley. After the early evening wedding Brother Wiley attended the Malesus High School basketball game in the new WPA constructed gymnasium and congratulated the family of the new couple.

Lloyd and Clara Mai made their home in an apartment of the Hiram Jamerson home at the junction of the Harts Bridge Road and the Old Pinson Road. With their combined salaries they felt well-to-do and the next year they bargained for a 1939 four-door Nash automobile — practically new as it seemed then. They were still making payments on it when Lloyd was drafted for U.S. Army service in March of 1943, but it was a joy to have during the War Years when new cars were not being built.

Lloyd followed his interest and gifts in the armed services and the Army put him in the Field Artillery where he was needed to keep those “Caissons a rolling along.” Trucks, machinery, mechanics and drivers were in demand. He went to mechanics school and continued with the Field Artillery into Germany. His training was primarily at Fort Sill, Lawton, Oklahoma, and since it seemed he would be there sometime, Clara Mai left the school room and moved to a nearby town where they could be together as time permitted. She found part-time work as a sales clerk in 1943 and 1944. When his unit started on their way to Europe she returned to Tennessee and to teaching, her life-work with over 40 years in the class room.

It seems that Lloyd’s Field Artillery Batallion trained, traveled, and shipped overseas on August 12, 1944 as a group with their equipment. They arrived in France on August 22, 1944 and were in active service in two of the main battles leading to the defeat of the Nazis. At the termination of hostilities his 691st Field Artillery Battalion was stationed near Kastel, Germany, while his brother Paul W. King was with a Field Hospital unit at Bad Vildunken, about 30 miles away. They got together several times while Lloyd’s unit was still held there. Lloyd started his return voyage Feb. 21, 1946, and was discharged at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, March 7, with rank of Corporal. Soon after returning home he took an apprenticeship in iron working and continued in this type of work until his death in 1971.

He and Clara Mai were given three acres of land near the Hammond-Watlington Homeplace on which to build their home. Mack and Elton helped lay the foundation and get enough built to move in early 1947. The home was completed in the following years as money and materials became available. In 1949, at the age of 39 Clara Mai gave birth to Jenniebeth King, and in 1951 to Emma Jane King. After taking off from school for two or three years with the babies she continued to teach as well as care for the family. She arranged for her Aunt, Emma Mai Hammond, to care for the little ones as she returned to the classroom. This created a special bond between the King and Watlington families.



## Remembrance

Mrs. Clara Mai Watlington King died Monday March 8th in Parkway Hospital, Jackson, Tenn. after a brief illness. She had suffered from a weakening heart condition for the previous five years which had been partially corrected by a cardiac pacemaker.

Clara Mai was married Feb. 8, 1941 to Clarence Lloyd King (*b.* Sept. 19, 1914, *d.* Sept. 30, 1971) and is survived by their two daughter, Miss Jenniebeth King of Jackson, Tenn. and Mrs. Emma Jane King Williamson of Bartlett, Tenn. She was the oldest daughter of Jennie Hammond and U. A. Watlington and had been “big sister” to the younger brothers and sisters. Graduating from Malesus High School in 1927, she attended Union University for a year and then began teaching in the Madison County Schools. She taught at Mason Wells, Adee, Fairview, Madison Hall and Bemis schools and continued summer studies to complete her permanent teacher’s certification. She continued to teach following her marriage and completed forty years of public school teaching before retirement in 1972.

Clara Mai was active in the Malesus Methodist Church and during many years was nursery supervisor for the church. Her funeral service was held in the Mack Watlington Fellowship Hall since the new sanctuary was under construction at the time. Interment was in the Ebenezer Cemetery at Malesus beside her husband Lloyd who preceded her in death.

The family has greatly missed Clara Mai because she had become our family center after Papa Watlington became feeble. She not only gave a lot of tender care and affection to Papa and Aunt Mai but ministered to the rest of the family as well. Family memorial gifts have gone to the garden and landscaping project around the new sanctuary at the Malesus United Methodist Church.

She had a special interest in family history and had known intimately her maternal grandparents, Orson Ward and Mary Eliza Hammond and Grandpa Watlington. She had encouraged and helped in every phase of the oral tradition of the family but had not written many notes to leave with us. Her passing makes it even more important to record our bits of family history before it slips away from us.

## Ulrich Mack Watlington

*b.* December 24, 1911

*bp.* Friendship, Crockett Co., Tenn.

*m.* April 14, 1946, Mary Golden Azbill

(*b.* August 27, 1912, *d.* August 31, 1994)

*d.* January 27, 1976

*pb.* Ebenezer Cem., Malesus, Tenn.

Mack was the oldest son, fourth child of Ulrich Armstrong Watlington and Jennie Sophronia Hammond, grandson of Mack Rob and Eula Daniel W. and Orson Ward and Mary E. Jameson Hammond, all of Madison Co., Tenn. He died Jan. 27, 1976, 9 P.M. in Jackson-Madison County General Hospital after a massive cerebral hemorrhage. Nearly eight years previously he had suffered a similar but slight stroke that left him partially debilitated during his last years, but able to continue active work with Watlington Bros. General Contractors, of which he was co-founder and Vice President.

Some weeks following his birth the family moved to the Seth Sorrell farm near the Forked Deer River in Dyer County where Ulrich A. share-cropped in 1912. At the end of 1912 Ulrich A. and the young family returned to Madison Co. and lived with the Hammonds while building a small house on the farm for the family. They moved into the new frame house in the year 1913 and lived there until 1930, working the Hammond farm and renting adjoining land for sharecropping. Here Mack grew to manhood, attending Malesus Methodist Church and public school and helping his father and grandparents on the family dairy and general agriculture farm.

After finishing the tenth grade at Malesus, Mack was asked to stay out of school for one year and help full-time with the growing family. He was to alternate years with the next son according to one version, but Mack stayed out of school to help keep the others in school.

He worked as dairyman, gardener, auto mechanic, blacksmith and forestry nurseryman. During the Depression years he joined the Civilian Conservation Corps under agreement to be a foreman in the large nursery of the Camp "Pat Harrison" north of Jackson, Tennessee, a job which he excelled in and where he served for many years. In his last year or so with them he was paid by the Soil Conservation Service of the Federal Government.

As the war approached Mack worked in carpentry construction in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Florida. In Florida and Dover, Alabama, Mack worked in company with his brothers Paul and Sam, who later formed a part of the Watlington Bros. enterprise in Jackson.

Mack was one of the first of eight sons to enter military service in World War II. He was assigned first to a Barrage Balloon Battalion and trained at

Paris, Tenn., then served at Ft. Eustis, Virginia, on the Atlantic coast and later at Santa Monica, California on the Pacific. He was then transferred to a military police training battalion at Ft. Custer, Battle Creek, Michigan. After severe training in very hard winter conditions he shipped with his outfit to England and then to France to be assigned to General George Patton's Third Army before it penetrated into Germany. Mack saw lots of action in the last months of the war in Europe. Then his unit was sent by train to southern France from whence he was embarked via the Panama Canal and the Hawaiian Islands for Okinawa where he was stationed at the time of the Okinawa typhoon in Oct. 1945.

In Okinawa his brother Sam was able to locate him. Sam was reassigned to an Engineers Battalion who later went on to Seoul Korea. Mack was repatriated from Okinawa to the States and was discharged honorably as a staff Sergeant at Ft. Chaffee, Arkansas in 1946.

He knew what he wanted when he got home. In Memphis he went to his brother Herman's home and asked for Golden Azbill. He was soon in touch with her as she worked in Memphis and he soon convinced her that he wanted to marry and settle down. They married April 14, 1946 and made their home on the family farm while he returned to carpentry work. One of his first tasks was to start building a home nearby which was built little by little over the next ten years. In 1947 he formed a partnership with his brother Samuel and began contracting on any and all kinds of jobs to keep a crew working. In many cases the crew consisted of Sam, Mack and a helper.

"Watlington Bros."<sup>2</sup> began in the Spring of 1947, after Sam and Mack both had worked some months for other contractors and had renewed contacts with former friends in the building business. They tackled all sorts of repair work, roofing, and even moved an old home in Lexington with very primitive tools because it offered work for them and a crew for a few weeks. Doug Rivers, Sam's brother-in-law, had some experience in this and helped them.

Mack had purchased an old Dodge touring car after coming home. It must have been a 1930-33 model and Golden learned to drive it. Cars and tools were hard to find and expensive to buy. Neither Sam nor Mack had a single power tool when they formed their partnership. Sam and Mary had a 1941 Chevrolet sedan which they had held on to through the war years. Both had basic carpentry tools but Papa found them borrowing everything on the farm at one time or other—including the forge of the simple blacksmith shop.

Mack and Golden took their place at the Malesus Methodist Church. Golden had been a member of the large Bellevue Baptist Church in Memphis. They became interested in church and community and Mack later took a very active part in the Boys Scout activities, earning a Silver Beaver Award in

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<sup>2</sup>A more detailed history of Watlington Bros. may be found on page 320.

later years for his faithful support of Scouting in West Tennessee. His and Golden's contribution to the local church was recognized following his death by giving his name to the new fellowship hall of the church. He was buried in Ebenezer Cemetery of Malesus community near his parents.

He had wide contacts and friends in Jackson and Madison County and is fondly remembered for the joy he added to the daily life of many people.

— Clinica, San Isidro, Perú

### Mary Golden Azbill Watlington

*b.* August 27, 1912

*m.* April 14, 1946, Ulrich Mack Watlington

*d.* August 31, 1994

*pb.* Ebenezer Cem., Malesus, Tenn.

Golden Azbill Watlington died about 2 P.M. August 31 at her home after a lingering battle with a malignancy. During the final stages of her illness the treatments were stopped and Golden chose to live and die at home. With home nursing care and the loving attention of her sisters, she was able to do so.

Her husband Mack preceded her in death in 1976 and she continued to work and live at their home on Watlington Road. Before their marriage in 1946 she had worked for many years in Memphis with the Memphis Steam Laundry and Linen Supply, located on Court Street near Baptist Memorial Hospital. Her work consisted of checking in and out delivery and pick-up drivers, who reported to her coming in and going out. She had a lot of records to keep and she was good at detailed records. This later served well in church and business responsibilities with Watlington Brothers. While in Memphis she was a member of Bellevue Baptist Church during the pastorate of the renowned Rev. Robert G. Lee.

Beloved by both her families, Golden was a loving and helpful companion. Denied children of their own, Mack and Golden were generous in helping their relatives, both young and old. Families, church and community were important to them always. Golden and Mack are fondly remembered and will be greatly missed.

As the details of Golden's estate were settled the blessings of the daily labors of Mack and Golden were shared with a large number of family members in both the Azbill and Watlington families and with the Malesus Methodist Church. In this way they continue to bless us in their absence. For many

years before his death Mack had encouraged and helped finance our genealogical studies and even in their absence they have thus helped our story toward publication.

## Samuel Stephens Watlington, Sr.

*b.* November 4, 1915

*m.* October 7, 1939, Mary Selma Rivers

Samuel Watlington was an alert child and shared in the active home life of the family. He was the fourth living child, the third son of the growing family. It was a plus for him to have had the company of both grandfathers as he grew up, with Grandpa Watlington sharing in the daily labors of the home and family. His Grandpa Hammond was more elderly but still active and lived as a close neighbor with Emma Mai, his mother's younger sister. Sam was different enough from the other children that the story was circulated that when he fell in the rain-swollen stream near the home "he floated upstream." The wonder is that he floated long enough for Clara Mai to call for his Mother to come rescue him. And as one sibling reported it, "She went in, new shoes and all to pull him out."

Sam either started to school early, or advanced two grades in one, and finished high school at Malesus in May 1933, just one year behind his brother Kenneth. He made the basketball team his last two years in high school and finished second in his class at graduation. Being in the midst of the Depression years, Sam farmed with the family the remainder of 1933, and until the summer of 1935. He found seasonal work with the State Forestry Nursery nearby, and he and Kenneth operated an old time, mule powered hay-baler for the family and neighboring farms.

In the summer of 1935 Sam accepted an invitation from his mother's first cousin in Jo Daviess County, Illinois, to come and work as a hired hand for them on their family farm near Hanover. Cousins Irene and Paul Jameson, both single, had more work than they could handle in operating a livestock farm on their part of the old Samuel Jameson homestead. Sam worked well enough with them that he was invited to stay with them through 1936. He was given room and board and a small monthly wage. This also gave Sam an early look into how others live in a different climate. It was an eye-opener for him, and he also came to know more of his Mother's ancestry and stories of the Hale, Hammond, Craig and Jamesons of northern parts. By that time many of the Craigs had migrated to Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska but he learned of them, too. After helping plant and cultivate a crop at home in

early 1937, Sam went north again to work in the wheat harvest of 1937 with Craig family relatives in Pawnee City, Nebraska, and Summerfield, Kansas.

Before making that trip though, West Tennessee and much of the nation witnessed one of the most devastating floods ever in the Mississippi River Valley. Paducah, Ky., was under five feet of water at Broadway Methodist Church in downtown Paducah. Dyersburg, Tenn., Tiptonville and Memphis were all damaged by the record high waters of March 1937. indexTennessee!Memphis

Sam describes his 1937 experience in Kansas, Nebraska and South Dakota as “an experience in farm survival during a depression.” While he had work in Kansas with the Van Lew family during their rush season, their son Bill then joined him in an excursion farther north and west looking for work in the potato harvest. They also helped plant winter wheat in one place. Sam discovered that West Tennessee was not the only place experiencing depression.

By October Sam was back at home in Tennessee and since the Rural Electrification Project had reached the home in mid-summer, Sam and Dude Grantham joined with others to install acceptable electric wiring for the 40 year old home. It was a great big step into the modern world, and one of the greatest aids seemed to be to have an electric iron. But the economists say that with electricity you can get more work out of people because they can work winter and summer, night and day. Business picks up with a new source of light and power.

Lights to read and study by. Electric irons didn’t heat up the whole house in order to do the family clothes, and when Christmas came a Montgomery Ward radio became a fixture in the farm home, and Eugene Watlington came out to help install an exterior antenna so we could receive more stations.

Sam helped gather the crop and with others helped cut wood to sell for some cash as well as wood for the family.

In 1938, Sam turned his attention more definitely to Grandpa Hammond’s fine box of carpenter tools and to the building trades. He was twenty-two years of age and had seen a great stretch of the U.S.A, but work that paid was hard to come by. The older Murchison brothers, neighbors and friends, were into carpentry work and Sam wanted to join them in order to learn. He accepted work with Walter Murchison as a carpenter helper. One of the jobs was building the Newman home next door to where Sam later built his home. Then he worked with Everett and Liston Murchison on other small jobs. Wash Wyatt supervised some of these jobs. Then the Murchison Brothers got some contracts on Federal housing jobs at Stanton, Tenn. and in Kentucky. Wash Wyatt helped Sam get an apprentice carpenter’s card with the Carpenter’s Union in Jackson, Tenn., so he could continue to work with them. Through the Carpenter’s Union he became aware of the great

variety of work involved with carpentry.

Sometime in 1939 Mr. H. A. (Gus) Thompson, a carpenter neighbor, knew that Piggly Wiggly factory was taking on new men, and he and Otha Clampitt recommended Sam for a carpenter job at the Piggly Wiggly Factory in Jackson, Tenn. This was the first steady carpenter job Sam had had, so now he could look at marriage. He had saved a few dollars and had bought better clothes and tools. In October 1939 he and Mary Rivers were married at the Rivers home on Hart's Bridge Road. Their first home was a second floor apartment on East Chester in Jackson, close enough that Sam could walk to his job if need be.

It was also close to the Carpenter's union offices and classrooms where classes were taught for apprentice carpenters. The Union called their classes a "Union Apprentice School." It was here that Sam improved his carpenter mathematics and studied reading blueprints and other skills for contracting. He was already looking toward building a house and in 1940 bought three acres on Watlington Road where Kay Collins later built. When it became evident that there were no county plans to improve that road soon, he purchased his present home site on Old Pinson Road.

Sometime in the fall of 1940 or early 1941 Sam and family members laid the foundation for the first rooms of his home at 363 Old Pinson Road. The land was purchased from Mr. J. W. Hamlett and was a part of the old Hardin land, the same as the Hammond farm further west. Sam was working eight hour days at Piggly Wiggly and could only get in a few days occasionally on the house. But since they were expecting a baby soon there was more reason to hurry and the house was built and a well put in before Sam Stephens, Jr. was born July 1st, 1941. When Mary and the baby were brought home from the hospital they were able to go into the house, though still unfinished.

**World War II** Shortly after Steve was born some defense projects were opening up and Sam, Mack and Paul were all anxious to get into these projects which paid union scale for their labor. Sam and M. A. Dees left the security of a job at Piggly Wiggly factory to try their hand at construction jobs at Paris, Tenn., where they built the facilities for Camp Tyson. Lucille Land, the executive secretary at the Union office was able to send them to work early and help Paul and Mack with their Union membership also.

After some months of work in 1941 and 1942 at Paris, Tenn. (where they had to board during the work-week) many of the workers shifted to construction sites around Dothan, Alabama, and in the Panhandle of Florida. When it looked like a long time job there, they looked for an apartment or house where Mary and Steve could join them, and cook and wash for the men. In this way they got involved with some big construction projects and Sam was advanced to foreman and before leaving Florida was assistant

superintendent on some projects with the Jones Construction Company.

Mack was drafted April 4, 1942 so did not continue into South Florida, but Mary, Sam and Paul worked many months before Paul's draft call came in March 1943. By this time Sam's work was more in Central Florida and as Paul did some of his training at Drew Field, Tampa, he was able to visit them on some weekends. Sam continued to work, even though he expected to go into service also, through 1943 and into the Spring of 1944.

At that time it was obvious that he would be drafted, and even more obvious that Mary was going to have another child. They decided to come home to Tennessee for the birth of Charles Lee, May 9th and to give Sam time to get the house in better condition for Mary and the children while he was in the service. They returned in the Spring and Sam returned to work at the Piggly Wiggly Factory until he was called to Army Service in Feb. 1945. These months at home again before going into service helped renew their work and family ties during the war years. Sam could not get into a contracting business in Tennessee during these months because he could not know when he would be drafted.

Sam's experience with supervision of workmen and construction continued in the U.S. Army Engineers as they worked on buildings for the Army Air Corps in Seoul, Korea. Opting to return as soon as possible to Tennessee still gave Sam nearly a full year of construction experience in U.S. Army service.

Even in Okinawa in September 1945 Sam and Mack were already talking plans for their return to carpenter work in Tennessee or Florida. Charles Jones of Florida, with whom Sam had worked, was eager for him to return and work with him in a booming post-war Florida. They had traveled enough to know there were multiple opportunities once the War had ended. But as late as the winter of '46-'47 they still had not committed themselves, and knew that they did not have the capital backing them to begin anything in a big way. But Mack argued that one needed to decide where he wanted to be, to stay, and build around that over a long period. He really wasn't encouraged to try Florida again unless they really intended to transplant their homes there permanently.

**Watlington Brothers** Hence, by March 1947, they were making a decision to go into partnership and to stay put in Madison Co., Tenn. They both had jobs working with other contractors, but if they were to start out for themselves they needed to take the risk of low incomes for several years as they went it alone. Something of the story of the Watlington Bros. General Contractors is told elsewhere, so will not be repeated here. But the decision to put down roots in Madison Co. for the development of their life work was a basic. And in making it their wives were taking a risk and making a decision



along with them.

Sam and Mary had purchased about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  acres of land for their home, and now that they were settling down, Sam fenced his land, separated a garden plot, and bought a milk cow to have milk and butter for the family. Both Mary and Sam knew how to care for cows, calves, milk and cream. It was just one more way of living through a depression. They knew how to care for a vegetable garden, chickens and pigs also. But the cow became a fixture to provide adequate fresh milk for the family, and a third son, born in February 1949.

Mary's aging parents lived not far away and at times she needed to help them. In fact she had lived part of the time Sam was in service with them more than at home although she could move between the two. In turn they could help keep the children while she ran errands for the construction company. Having both sets of grandparents nearby helped mutually and the "grandchildren" had more than one place where they felt at home.

Sam and Mary both had a place in the life of the Methodist Church at Malesus and as the family grew they counted on the church to help "raise the boys." Sunday School, scouting activities, ball games, Easter egg hunts, and family friends all contributed. As others have put it, "It takes a whole village to raise children." Sam and Mack both picked up strongly on the scouting program, at the local troop and also as district scouting leaders. Both earned the Silver Beaver Award for supportive adults in the program and Sam's family has continued to work with grandchildren and youth of the community in scouting. Church School, Scouts, and community organization were all a part of their life and their contribution to the community of Malesus, in south Madison County.

As the Watlington Bros. work opportunities expanded, Sam's responsibilities multiplied faster than the support staff, and he and Mary were running sixteen hour days. Their family phone was the company number also. Health concerns entered as Sam developed the symptoms of a gastric ulcer. Fortunately the diagnosis, treatment and medical recommendation was adequate to get his full attention. The prescription was to play more, to relax some, to ease up. At this point they were in financial condition to do so, but the work was exciting and fulfilling. It wasn't just a job, but a vocation, a dream come true.

Sam had learned to fish, and did fish and hunt at times. Now that the medical prescription was "to ease up," he began to see that recreation was necessary. Some of the time it could be with the boys and their recreation at school and home, but at other times it needed to be away from the phone, the office and even the family. He became an avid fisherman and bird hunter. The fishing took him out for a day or more away from business. The hunting involved carrying for and training quail hunting dogs which was a year round

job. The hunting was only for a few months a year.

So now it was the dogs that replaced the milk cow—and at times it was both. But building hunting and fishing into his busy schedule kept him active and outdoors, including some walking to stay in shape for hunting. The Company cabin at Saltillo was a part of this need for recreation, and also a place that could be shared with work associates and family friends. Later a fishing camp was established at another place on the river.

Many people probably never knew that Sam ever had any health crisis, but most did discover that his hunting and fishing interests grew, without any hint of the basic causes.

Youth Town of Tennessee, at Pinson, is another community project in which Sam, Mary and Watlington Bros., Inc., have participated. Youth Town was created by citizens of Jackson to be a “second chance” or alternate home for troubled youths who lacked careful, supportive families. Sam was on the Board of Directors in 1962, and he encouraged Hubert Williams to get involved also. Recently both Sam and Hubert were made honorary lifetime members of the Board of Directors.

Sam and members of local churches were encouraged to help “father” these boys and give them some adult male role models, as well as activities outside of their group life in the Youth Town Village. For many years Sam spent some time and considerable money in being supportive to a succession of boys at Youth Town. Here his own need to get his mind off his work and the needs of the boys complemented one another. It was a win-win-win situation; good for the boys, good for Sam and good for the community, although hard on Mary at times.

Sam became an active member of the Rotary Club of Jackson, Tenn. in 1966 and he encouraged Club members and the Club itself to get actively involved in Youth Town. He has continued to be active in the Rotary Club where his brother Kenneth also is a member. Sam and his brother Mack are credited with getting Mrs. Florence Pacaud Patton (A.V. Patton) interested in Youth Town and securing her chief contribution which financed the construction of the Youth Town Activity Center. Mrs. Patton was a step-daughter to Mack Rob Watlington in his second marriage and continued as a life-long friend of the Ulrich Watlington family.

Sam, his three sons and four grandsons were pictured in an article on scouting in the “Jackson Sun” on December 22, 1989 as Sam was involved in the West Tennessee Council’s Capital Funds Campaign to secure over two million dollars for funding improvements in the camping facilities for scouts in the region. Not only have the boys all been scouts, they have all achieved Eagle Scout rank as they took part in scouting. One of the sons continues to be a volunteer leader with the scouting program in the community of Malesus.

At a confessed eighty years of age Sam still has some opportunities for fishing and hunting; and he still keeps an office at Watlington Bros. Construction Company. When his brother Mack died in 1976 Sam arranged to purchase his part in the incorporated "Watlington Brothers Construction Co., Inc." to reserve for his children control of the enterprise. By this time all three sons were working in aspects of the Company, with Samuel Stephens, Jr., moving toward General Manager. Guiding them into leadership in the Company reduced Sam and Mary's responsibilities but they kept active in the affairs of the Company, the Church and Community. He has continued to be available and alert to contacts and trends in the construction business. Their three sons have become leaders in various aspects of business and community life in Madison County, Tennessee.

## The Rivers Family

In the early 1930's people were building new houses along U.S. Highway 45, and Highway 18 toward Malesus and Medon. One of those new neighbors was Charles D. Rivers and family who moved there in 1933. The family was originally from Gibson County, north of Jackson, but Mr. Rivers and son Douglas were operating a contract mail service, getting the U.S. mail to and from the mail trains and the Jackson Post Office. They needed to be nearby and meet the train on time everytime.

The Watlingtons got acquainted with them quickly because they were Methodists and were soon taking part in the Malesus "Ebenezer" Methodist Church. There were seven children, the oldest two nearly grown and the rest in school and church with the family. About this time also Mr. River's sister-in-law, Lula, (Mrs. William R. Rivers) came with two of her sons to Madison Co. from southern Illinois.

Sam Watlington made special efforts to help the family feel at home in the community and years later he and Mary Selma Rivers married—the first marriage in both families. Alf was in the high school class with John William, and Zelma and Lela Mae were near the age of Paul; Arnold and Elton shared at least six years of school together.

Mr. C. D. (Charley) River's parents had reared their family of two sons and one daughter, Rosa in Gibson County between Medina and Humboldt. Mr. Rivers married in 1911 Miss Angie Lee Fulghum whose family farmed near Humboldt, Tenn. The Fulghums had a large farm and tenant families producing truck crops for the Humboldt market. Charlie and Angie began farming in Gibson County and later moved with their three older children to rural Chester Co., Tenn. for two years and then by 1921 moved to Madison Co. where he bought a farm on Johnson Loop Road near the Big Springs community. He ran a dairy farm and also moved houses. He used this skill

in helping to remodel the Ebenezer Methodist Church in 1936 when a part of the building had to be moved to the other side of the church.

A few years after building their home on U.S. Highway 45 the family purchased a farm on the Hart's Bridge Road and built a modern dairy barn and milk house on it. They operated a dairy there for several years while the children were still at home to help. The family continued to attend the Malesus High School and Methodist Church there. Doug Rivers operated a school bus serving Malesus School for several years also when school buses were privately owned and operated. In his later years Mr. Rivers joined the Lester's Chapel Methodist Church closer to his farm and home. He was a good steward and the church and community had a very important place in his life and home.

During World War II, Alf was not able to go to military duty for physical reasons, but he filled a very important role in telecommunications with Southern Bell Telephone Co. at Jackson and Dyersburg, Tenn. Douglas and Arnold were both called into military service. Doug suffered some severe injuries in military training and was discharged for medical reasons because of the injuries which persisted to trouble him the rest of his life. Arnold served with the Army Air Corps as a crew member on bombers and returned home safely. He later worked many years with Southern Bell Telephone Co., at Jackson, Tenn. Zelma found work with the Tennessee Valley Authority, working most of her years in or near Chattanooga, Tenn. Lela Mae and Lois found work in Memphis, Tenn. and Lela Mae married and reared her family in the Memphis area. Mary and Sam Watlington were involved with military construction projects in the early war years and then Sam served with the Army Engineers in construction work in Korea after the war.

## **Evelyn Sophronia Watlington Black**

*b.* September 28, 1917

*m.* December 18, 1954, Lonnie Bennett Black

(*b.* March 4, 1916, *d.* March 11, 1992)

Evelyn Sophronia, the middle sister of the Watlington-Hammond family, made a great contribution to the growing family as she stayed at home after graduation from high school in 1935 to help her mother and Aunt Mai provide for the needs of the maturing family. We had "two mothers" as Joe Conrad insisted on reporting to one of his school teachers, "Aunt Mai and Mama." Even two mothers were still short-handed for farm living when the basic livelihood for the family had to come from the farm, barn and garden. All food had to be grown, cleaned, stored and prepared for the household of up

to fifteen people, including Grandpa Watlington and Aunt Mai. At times two or more were not at home, but then we had cousins and friends who could drop by for a meal also.

Sam, Mack and Herman worked away from home several of the years but until the 1940's we had to "set table" for ten to twelve people, which required a large garden, dairy products, home grown and prepared meats and lots of rice, flour, peas and potatoes.

In an accompanying article Evelyn tells something of the washing, ironing and canning that homemaking in the 1930's required but some word of recognition needs to be said also. She was there through the kitchen reconstruction project and the death of our mother Jennie in August of 1941. As the family became more dispersed in late 1941 and 1942 the home duties were not so intense and she was "freed up" to continue her studies for her working career. In 1942 she was offered an introductory scholarship to Mr. Padgett's Business School in Jackson, Tenn. which she accepted with help from the family so she could attend.

As she improved her secretarial skills at business school she watched for job opportunities and found that Western Union was looking for additional operators. She qualified for their training program except for the physical tests: her teeth had been neglected, and she needed eye glasses. While caring for others her own health had been neglected. After remedies for those needed health items she was ready for Western Union Training School at Gainesville, GA in late 1942. Western Union needed extra operators with increasing wartime business and she qualified as a "relief operator" for West Tennessee. Being more mature qualified her for this task in small stations where she was often the only operator on duty. As the years passed she continued with Western Union and became the principal bookkeeper for the larger Jackson office.

Rachel Weir, classmate of Elton, and sweetheart of her brother Paul, went to work for Western Union during the war years also and in later years they worked in the same office in Jackson. It was there that she came to know Lonnie Black, a brother to Mrs. Lucile Ricketts, manager of the Western Union office in Jackson, whom she married December 18, 1954.

Lonnie had grown up in Jackson though the family was from Jones County Mississippi. He had worked in service stations and truck driving and during World War II he worked at a U.S. Army Airfield where B-29 bombers were being tested near Birmingham, Ala. For some years following World War II he worked at service stations and in 1954 had returned home after a nervous breakdown for recuperation. In Jackson he helped his brother in a carpet company.

After their marriage they lived several years in a home Evelyn had purchased on Hwy. 45 near her father's home. Later the Watlington Brothers

Construction Co. chose to expand their office space and purchased the house and lot and others nearby for a new development along the highway. At that time Lonnie and Evelyn purchased a house at 1648 Westover Road where Evelyn continues to live. Evelyn continued to work at Western Union until they closed the regular Jackson office in 1972. Soon afterward Lonnie and Evelyn went into a Lion Oil Co. service station business on Airways Blvd. They worked together there about six years after which Lonnie worked at various jobs, including working in security and maintenance work with Daniels Construction Co. while they constructed the Owen-Corning Fiber Glass plant and the Proctor and Gamble Potato chip plant in Jackson, Tenn.

Lonnie's health began to fail in his retirement, aggravated by a broken hip in the Fall of 1991. He and Evelyn had enjoyed fishing the Tennessee River at Saltillo and they continued to enjoy gardening and fishing together until his death March 10, 1992. He was buried near relatives in the Hollywood Cemetery in Jackson.

Evelyn has continued to participate actively in the small Oak Grove United Methodist Church and enjoys her garden and home in Westover. She also has had the health to enjoy some traveling and renewing of contacts with family and friends at Malesus. Though troubled by cataracts and eyesight problems, she also enjoys reading, television, and visits to less fortunate relatives.

### **Lon Bennett Black, Jr.**

Lon died peacefully at his home at noon on Wednesday March 11, 1992. He was 76 years and one week old. In June 1991 he had broken a hip and although he had regained considerable mobility he had never fully recovered from that infirmity.

He has only one sister surviving him, Hazel Black Sousa of Waynesville, N.C. who was not able to attend the funeral. Other than his widow, he leaves his sister Hazel, and one nephew, Phillip Sousa of North Carolina.

His parents both lived in Jackson, Tenn. for many years but they were from near Laurel, Mississippi, and were buried there. Lon was buried in Hollywood Cemetery in Jackson near one of his sisters. Griffin Funeral Home took care of the arrangements and Rev. Jerry Barker, pastor of First Baptist Church of Alamo, led the graveside services on Friday morning, March 13, with the presence of family and friends.

Lon had worked at several different jobs which included managing service stations, trucking escort service, and security work. He worked several years in security service with Proctor and Gamble Corporation in Jackson and also several years in security work for the Owens-Corning Fiber Glass plant off Highway 70W at Jackson, near his home.

## Personal High Points in Growing Up and World War II: Herman L. Watlington

I was born in the four room house by the branch—across the sand lane from the big house of Grandpa Hammond. My earliest memories are of Evelyn and our play-like “Plack” games. I’ve always regretted breaking the head off her favorite doll (I hit it on the brass bed footrail) in a spell of rebellion.

Then came my ties with John and Paul. We always got a big Christmas present to “share.” A small farm wagon for which we took turns being the horses. The horses always got whipped and addressed in Papa’s language. That was one of our most durable gifts. Our B.B. gun was broken before daylight so we never got to rabbit hunt with it.

Christmas was always good. I never felt neglected, cheated or poor. Mama was an artist at making us feel important and fulfilled. This is of my baby and infant years up to my school years and what I will call my boyhood years. My boyhood years were with John and Paul. We played, worked together and fought together. It was generally the three of us against the world and occasionally it was one against the other. I remember on one occasion that John did something and Paul was going to tell on him. We were in the field across the branch over next to Frank Robley’s field chopping cotton and Paul was going to tell on him so he crammed his mouth full of dirt so he couldn’t tell but Paul made enough noise that I decided that John needed a whipping about that so I set in on John and when I did Paul jumped on me. I decided then that Paul did not need defending against John because they were a pretty good pair. I couldn’t handle both of them. That was the last time I gave Paul much defense against John.

We improvised or invented our own entertainment. We made rattletraps and Sam, Kenneth and Mack gave us patterns when we saw them make rattletraps and flying jennies. We would get buggy wheels, any kind of wheel, anything that would roll and make us a rattletrap or go-cart out of it. Most of us have scars to prove that we really used them. I have a scar on my ankle where I almost cut my leg off with a little wagon we made, a kind of flat bed deal, that we would ride down the hill, and the wheel cut back under the bed and gave me a pretty good gash on my ankle and I still carry a scar from that. In fact I have several scars that I can identify but we played and had fun. We usually had Saturday afternoons off and we played in the creek or anywhere we could play. The highway was coming through in those years and we could get a rattletrap sometimes on the highway while it was still closed. We had fun in riding them down the clay hills mostly. You could come down at a pretty fast speed and you would get into a pretty deep ditch now and then—deep enough that it would take all of us to get the rattletrap out. Sometimes you would just leave it in there if you were in

bad enough shape but usually we were able to ride it out.

There was the time that an airplane came nearby. We were in the creek bottom and the airplane landed in what is now Malesus Heights at a little airfield that Grady Montgomery had developed there. An old tri-motored Ford plane came in and they put on a little show. On Saturday afternoon they were taking riders up for 50 cents each.<sup>3</sup> I did not know anyone who had fifty cents but there were some people riding it. Most of them must have been from out of town because there were a lot of people I did not know.

One of the entertainments they had was a motorcycle riding through a flaming wall. He hit, flames and all, and went right through it. We decided that we could handle a deal like that ourselves so I built a wall out of orange crates and we had an old Indian motorcycle frame that Grandpa had somehow gotten out of the garbage pile on one of his milk route trips. We kept it in pretty good rolling shape so I rode down the hill by the hog lot fence. They would holler “ready on the firing line” and we would answer “ready in the pit” and here I would come down and I went right through the orange crate without any trouble. It was not on fire but it was no trouble getting through. I went up for another run and had to put the wheel back on the motorcycle. While I was doing that John, Paul, C. A. and Lloyd Hamilton and a bunch of others were working on the wall for me to go through. Since I had broken up all the orange crates they got them some one-inch boards and whatever they could scrounge up out of the hog and barn lot and nailed them up pretty good and braced them. When I got ready to ride again I do not know why it didn’t occur to me that they had been working on the wall too long. I was ready to ride and they were ready for me to come. When I came down that hill I hit that wall and it did not even vibrate. I went right over the top of it through a hog wire fence and still have several scars that remind me of that ride. That was my last time to ride through the flaming wall. I never will forget how they all laughed and rolled over and there I was with both my arms and my head stuck through that hog wire fence and couldn’t get out. They finally got me out. We had our own entertainment and it was good and wholesome, even though it got dangerous at times.

We cleared thickets and we did a little of this and that to pay for our antics. Papa would always find a thicket that needed clearing when we would get into something that we should not be into. He would find some way to engage us in something that he knew we did not like to do and of course clearing thickets was one of them.

We had horse races too. We would put the mules and horses in the upper pasture on the old Cottingim place where Miss Florence Pacaud Patton used to live and we would go up there on Sunday afternoons, bridle them all up and we would race. We knew which horses were the fastest and it wasn’t

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<sup>3</sup>John William found enough cash to ride this plane. — E.A.W



much of a contest just to ride the horses so we would handicap it a bit by everyone having to ride sideways. Riding sideways meant that sometimes you would not go too fast and sometimes you would fall off and had to get back on so what made the race was the person who could stay on the horse. You could not lead the horse—you had to get back on it if you fell off. I never will forget a little old red mule we had named Tom. You could hardly stay on that little round scoundrel. You would fall off and hang on his neck and he would stop. You would have to crawl back on. I have fallen off as many as three or four times in one race. I don't think I ever won a race, come to think of it.

All this time Sam, Kenneth and Mack were growing up. Mack was working here and there because he had dropped out of school by the time I was in the fourth or fifth grade and maybe even before that. Mack would work at Wests Blacksmith Shop, worked on Ford cars at a garage, at the dairy for Mr. Fred and Jim Day, and at the State Forest Nursery. Mack was all over while Kenneth and Sam were in school and learning I guess. As I got bigger I decided that I should play with them instead of playing with John and Paul so much. That did not work out too good because they had Jimmy Harton and Pat Black and others to play with and I was too little to get included very often. I did go with them one time when Kenneth and Jimmy Harton had an acting pole up in the woods and they would chin themselves and do other things and I thought I ought to be able to handle that so they helped me up on it. I did a few loops and skinned the cat a few time before my hands slipped and I fell flat of my back and knocked the breath out of me. I could hear them laughing and hear what they were saying. They decided that I was just clowning and there was not anything wrong with me and they were going to walk off and leave me. I pretty well panicked that time because I did not have any breath and I was not sure I would ever be able to breath again but I knew what was going on and that they were leaving me there. They did not go very far before they came back and shoved me around a bit and got me to breathing again and I don't feel much effect of it now. These were growing up years.

John was always getting me into trouble. He would get into trouble and I would have to take up for him. Many times I would let him fight it out but when someone bigger than him would jump on him I would have to get involved. John was not too particular who he picked a scrap with and sometimes they were too big for me . John kept us entertained all the time in school because he was always into something. Of course my cousin Eugene Watlington would come out every summer and Eugene was older than I was and knew a lot of city tricks I did not know anything about and he could talk me into a lot of things I should not be in such as throwing clods at trucks and cars, running off and leaving the little fellows alone, getting me into trouble

with Papa and the neighbors.

One time we were going along by the little house where I was born that had a tin roof. We had moved over to the big house after Grandpa Hammond's death and late one afternoon just at dusk we were going from the creek to the house and Eugene ran ahead and I was coming along behind and the next thing I knew I heard the awfulest racket and I realized what was happening. Eugene had gotten himself an armload of clods and was throwing them on the tin roof and about the time the clods hit the roof he ran and got under the bridge. Here came Lizzie Haynes and two or three others out of that house and there I am standing in the middle of the road, nobody else around. This is one poor child that got a good, genuine first class cussing, Lizzie Haynes style, and I had not done one thing to deserve it. I did not do one thing but stand there with my mouth open and say nothing. I walked on over to the bridge and of course I had a few things to say to Eugene when he came out from under that bridge but I couldn't put it in the same class as Lizzie Haynes had done it. She knew how to address you when you had displeased her. Eugene could always get me into enough trouble with my neighbors that it would take me the rest of the year to get back on good terms with them and then here he would come again next summer. In the city he earned the nickname "Roughhouse."

After I got out of high school I started to Lambuth one quarter but I did not have any money and no way to make any money and Kenneth was in school and I was smart enough to know that he needed to stay there. Papa said he would help me if he could but I knew he could not help me. While I was in Lambuth there were some Civilian Conservation Corps boys going to school there and they were taking courses for credit and I could not see why I could not get into the C.C.C. camp and go to college. Those boys were. I could get my college work done at the same time I was getting paid for it so I joined the C.C.C. camp.

Well, they did not send me to Jackson. They sent me to Camp Polk in Louisiana and they just sent me down there to get on the train to Secret Valley California, Litchfield, Ca. They called it Secret Valley because no one knew where it was or how to get there. It was in the sage brush country and it was not uncommon to see wildcats or cougars and herds of deer, all the time. Of course we saw sheep herders all the time, cattle herds on the move. We were supposed to be developing roads, trails and finding water and we did some good — a worthwhile project.

I was in the field for a while and then they put me in the dispensary—assistant to the doctor. I was in charge of the infirmary. We had several doctors at different times and they would teach me first aid, a little about this and that and it was educational for me. There was always something happening and one Sunday afternoon I heard a noise outside—a stampede.

We kept the door of the dispensary locked at certain hours—I can't remember just why. A boy came to the door and I let him in. He said they were after him. It was a boy from Florida that was on quarters all the time. I don't know if his body was as bad off as his brain but he thought it was. I gave him a little haven for a while and told the other boys to go on and leave him alone. It was cool and I had two or three men in the infirmary and I had to build a fire back in the ward for them so old Patterson said, "let me build that fire," and I said yes. He laid the fire with paper and kindling. He wanted the liquid to put on it. Gasoline was off limits but I had a little back in the laundry room and told him where it was and he got it and I heard him pouring it on—glug, glug, glug. I told him he had better let me light that match and he said no. He had on one of those old blue denim hats, he stuck his head in that stove and threw a match in it and WHOOM, that hat took off and it flew all the way across that room to the wall on the other side. He stood back, rubbed his eyebrows and said, that is pretty potent. I agreed with him that it was pretty potent. I never did let him build another fire for me. I got by with that and I sure was glad. Lot of things happened.

We moved from Secret Valley to Gerlach, Nevada, north of Reno. That was a good move. Before we moved over there though, we had been out there six months and I never had seen anyone I had ever seen in my life. This was in 1938 and Hitler was beating his war drums and we would get Life magazine with pictures and some of the boys said we were going to be sent right on over to Germany without getting to go by home. Those boys were mostly older, meaner and uglier than me and I thought they knew what they were talking about. I laid in bed and cried myself to sleep several nights; just a whole lot of nights. I would not write home about it but it did look gloomy for a while.

After this they brought a busload of recruits in and among them a bunch of Pinson boys who were a bunch of trash that we played baseball and basketball and scrapped with. Some of the worst were the Simmons and Sparks boys and wouldn't you know it, off that bus came Bill Sparks, one of the worst of the whole bunch. Old Bill saw me and I saw him and we ran up and hugged each other like we had not seen each other for a long time. We were long lost brothers—old Bill Sparks and I were good friends and still are. We were strangers in a strange land and it was sure good to see someone you knew.

Then we moved over to Gerlach about a hundred miles east in Nevada. That was a different story. I never did go to the field over there but the company was doing much of the same thing—developing watering sites for cattle and building trails. I was still taking care of the sick and wounded. That is a pretty good job in itself. There are a lot of good memories there—some not so good. I had a lot of defense there—but one doctor that was

not so good. I did not know it at the time but he had decided to get rid of me because he could not use me in some of the undercover businesses he wanted to operate and I did not know anything about it until the day he left there. Grover, an old German supply sergeant that had been into everything you could get into in Middle Tennessee, came over and said I did not have to worry about my doctor anymore and I did not know enough to worry. But he said the doctor was worried about me and he told me the whole story then. As soon as the supply sergeant and the company clerk found out that the doctor wanted to get rid of me they began checking to see what was wrong with the doctor and they found out and they got him out of there.

I made some good friends out there. One was old Claude Chandler; I still hear from them each Christmas with a card and that is just part of the rewards of being a maverick I guess. It was good to get back home.

## World War II

When I left home going to the U.S. Military Service in 1940, John was in the National Guard and they mobilized the National Guard. I had made a crop with Papa that Summer and I told John that he could not go down to Fort Jackson, Columbia, S.C. by himself. He thought he could make it OK but I said he could not make it by himself so I volunteered and they put me in the medical detachment. That was the only place they had room for me. I went down there and served for a year, then got out and came back. John was not enlisted for a year—he was in the National Guard and would serve until FDR or Hitler or whoever got through with them. I got out when my year was up. In the meantime Mama died. I was down there and got a wire one Friday afternoon that Mama was bad sick and that I should come home. The Major was not there—he was gone for the week-end and the person in charge could not give me a pass. I told him I had to go and when the Major gets back tell him where I am. I hitchhiked all the way home and Mama died just a few hours after I got home. All the time I was thinking I was AWOL but they sent flowers from the Medical Detachment for Mama's funeral. I was hoping they would not lynch me when I got back. I went back as soon as I could and there was never a word said to me.

Our year in Fort Jackson was a wasted year for most of us but I guess we did begin to formulate a little bit of an army. By the time I left there in September 1941 we were beginning to get a little bit of equipment. Up until that time we had been simulating weapons and medical supplies. We waited for everything, we walked everywhere—no trucks. We were even simulating artillery but by late 1941 we were beginning to get a little material, a few trucks and some equipment. I got out after my year but John was with National Guard and was there. They were getting some recruits in. I think

the draft had started.

I came home and in December war was declared. I volunteered for the Army Air Corps; had to go to Memphis to take a test and that guy was anxious to get some recruits. You were supposed to have two years of college before you could take the test. Since war had been declared they waived that requirement and when he was grading my paper he looked over a few more things and said I had passed. He checked it a time or two while I was taking the test and told me to skip over the math and get some of the easy ones. I did that and passed. They put me on a waiting list and I was here all that summer of 1942 working for the County Board of Education.

Paul had bought old QE<sup>4</sup>, the old 1928 Pontiac and had gone to work in Milan and Paris with construction. Later he left old QE here and Elton, Joe and me had a real good Summer. Since QE was an old farm truck it was allowed to get a pair of new tires. Paul paid for it in cash; I think it cost \$60. It needed some work on it but we had a real Summer. I made a crop that Summer and rode QE; and Paul, Sam and Mack were busting their butts up at Paris, Tenn., into Alabama and Florida building army bases. I guess that was the easiest Summer I ever had but it was not a pleasant time. I would go to town and I would meet some woman who would say, "I thought you would be gone. I thought you would be in the service. What are you doing here?" And it would make me fighting mad. It got to where I did not want to go to town at all. I was in reserve and they would not call me and I would call them and tell them to call me or let me out to join the army. No way they would let you out—you wait. And wait I did. It wasn't all enjoyable.

But I had a very good summer with my family. Papa and I had a good relationship and everything was a ball for Elton and Joe. Betty was getting up good size then and was enjoying school. Evelyn was with Western Union then and I nearly broke her neck riding to work one morning. I was driving a County School Board truck and she was riding with me every morning going to work and at a place where there was a bridge there was just a hole in the road and I knew where it was—in front of Shorty Cupples' house. I braced myself on the steering wheel but Evelyn was not aware of it and she nearly broke her neck. She really frailed me about that for a long time.

I believe in January of 1943 they called me and told me to report to Nashville. I got on a train and rode to Nashville. My ticket called for a pullman. They said I did not need a pullman but I insisted my ticket called for one and made them give me one. I had to get up in about thirty minutes. I was in Nashville for about a week before they sent us on down to Maxwell Field, Biloxi, Miss. Then we went to Union City Tenn. for primary flight training and to Malden, Missouri for basic and to Blytheville, Arkansas, a

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<sup>4</sup>Named for its former owner, Quince E. Tapley, who used it many years. In later years, it was sold to a son of its former owner, who remembered it fondly.

few miles on down the road, for advanced twin engine training. I graduated from there in the Fall of 1943.

All this time I am an enlisted man in cadet training and I was discharged and commissioned a flight officer from Blytheville and went from there to Alamogordo, N.M for phase training. They would take one class of pilots and put them in transition training and then the next class graduated and they sent us as their co-pilots. They would get us all together and get our crews together in phase training at Alamogordo. We went from there to Charleston, S.C., and did some flight training down in Cuba, Batista's Cuba. That was a nice place to be. A filet minion steak cost 60 cents for lunch. You could cut those boogers with a fork—no knife needed. We lived it up. We caught a train to Mitchell Field New York, leaving Charleston S.C. in 80 or 90 degree weather, going to New York where it was snowing—as Paul said it was not snowing; it was just passing through. I nearly froze to death. They gave us a B-24 there after we got off that subway. I think Scotty rode it for 24 hours before he could ever find a getting off place.

We flew from there back down to Palm Beach, Florida, before heading for some port in South America. We decided we needed some fuel so we stopped in Puerto Rico and the next day or two went on down to Georgetown in British Guyana. We had a gas leak and put in about two weeks before we left, eating bananas. We went to Belem, Brazil and across to west Africa. There we had another gas leak and stayed a couple of weeks also.

We picked up a little monkey there that someone had picked up in South America. He got away and just came to our plane one day and got in with us. He caused us so much trouble. Liked to have caused a divorce in the whole crew. We took him on with us into Italy and finally gave him to a USO troop. There are a lot of tales we could tell on Cheezy. He had a bad habit that if he needed to take a leak and he was sitting on you he would just cut down on it and he caused trouble. One day Scotty was lying in a tent and Andy, the prankster, was in there with him. We framed up on Scotty and I poured a little water on Scotty's belly, and I hollered "Get that damn monkey out; Scotty will kill him." Scotty came up from there like a wild man. He was looking for that monkey to kill him. He called that monkey some bad names. After that we had to give that monkey away to an entertainer with a fiddle. We didn't have much high class entertainment out there but we had some.

We could go to the city of Foggia and since we were officers we could sit in the British theatre there. We could go up there and sit in the box seats. We could hear opera. I don't know what they were but they were good. I'm sure they were because the British were promoting them. That was our entertainment along with the Red Cross. I don't believe our boys were afraid of combat, but of course they were nervous. The first two times I went on a mission I was not flying with my first pilot who was Gaith because he was

being checked out. We got up to the Alps Mountains and we were clouded in so we had to turn around and come back. We voided that mission. I had already worn out the relief tube going back, watering the crops. Started out again in three days and the same thing happened. We had to come back holding formation. You can't fly through the clouds in formation so we came back again.

The next time we took off I was not nearly so nervous; thinking we were just going up to the Alps Mountains and then come home. I was flying along tending to my part of the business, then I looked down and there were those Alps Mountains under us and most of them had gone by us. I thought this is it. We went on up and came back and bombed something with just a taste of flack—not bad at all. Then we got to the point where we were not really nervous about going out. We knew we were going to get shot at but there was not anything we could worry about. I always wore a good pair of shoes because we had been briefed by someone who had come back saying that those mountains would cut your feet up. I always had a good pair of shoes and never thought about being killed but I thought several times about walking back over those mountains. For that reason I wore a good pair of shoes. We just took it sort of philosophically. We would get these letters from home telling us how bad we had it, how rough it was. They would see these write-ups in the paper about how bad everything was. We were eating chocolate bars and laying up on our bunks playing cards; laying around living it up.

Of course we had to go on a mission and it was not that bad. One time we went out and a piece of flack came right up through the flight deck—about a twelve inch walk between the pilot and co-pilot—and right out through the top of the plane. All of a sudden you heard a big boom and dust flying around everywhere and I looked up and there was a big hole that I could put my two fists through—a pretty good piece of shrapnel. Gaith thought I had been hit and he kept knocking—of course we were on radio silence and oxygen—we could not communicate. At that time we were on a bomb run and we had passed the initial point where on a bomb run we were all on business. When the shrapnel came up through there I was busy checking gauges and equipment. Gaith was trying to hold formation and was pointing toward my foot. We made the bomb run and took a nose dive getting out of there. Gaith pulled off his oxygen mask and said he thought I had been hit. I told him that I had not been hit but it had come within four inches of my foot. He thought he had it all to himself. It did not even scare me—it was all over before I realized it. I told him it was no need to get scared after it was over. We laughed about it—all the dust and mess it made in the cockpit. It did not even cut one hydraulic line. We got the engineer on to it immediately—checking out brakes and everything and he could not find

anything wrong. That was a piece of luck—pure luck. Old Scotty said that if it was going to get you; it will get you. I didn't wear just any old flack vest. I wore a flack vest and sat on one in my bucket seat—I was sitting on top of it because I did not want to get hit from that direction.

One day after a long radio silence Gaith told me to go down and check with Scotty, the bombardeer, about something. It was a struggle getting down through there, you could not wear your chute through there—you have to carry it in your hand so I carried it down there and got down in the nose of that B-17 and there was Scotty sitting up in the corner with ammunition cases stacked up all around him, sitting on two or three flack vests. I told him, "I should kill you right here after all that bragging about if it is going to get you it will get you." Sure enough one day a piece of shrapnel hit one of those ammunition boxes and it ripped up ten or twelve shells, ripping out the lid. If it had been the cap I guess it would have blown up old Scotty. He kept that piece of shrapnel. It lodged in that ammunition box. Things like that happen. We laughed about it.

We had one little incident that I was sorry about and embarrassed—this boy Sherman transferred to Foggia Air Base to the B-17 group. This was a new experience for all of us—not one of us had been in a B-17 but it did not take us long and after about two weeks we realized we liked those B-17 bombers. It was like riding a truck instead of a cadillac. He was up there for about three weeks before we got the word that the crew he had buddied with had gone straight in and all of them had been killed. He had missed that flight and it just tore him up and he was transferred up to the B-17 group with us. There was not much transition for a bombadeer to change—there is the same equipment in both planes. Sherman was with us and a bit shaky for a while. We were sitting around one day listening to the report and all of our planes were back—all had come back with no losses and no injuries. We knew that Sherman was not injured so we got all of his clothes out and his shoes and lined them up outside the tent for the Italian market man that came around in the wagon every day. He would sell us oranges for cigarettes and shoes. Shoes were a main item. Cigarettes, shoes, candy—anything we had they would trade for them. When Sherman came in, of course, we were watching for him. Somebody walked outside the tent saying, "Get that stuff in, here comes Sherman. Here comes Sherman, get that stuff in." Of course we ran out and got the stuff back in. That was the maddest boy—he was mad all over. We thought it was a pretty good joke.

**Killing Rats** One day I was lying around the tent—everybody was gone for some reason, and I laid down on my bunk. The little tent we were in was really a four man tent but we moved Sherman in with us. It was a three foot dug-out to give you a bit of protection from bombing and then there was a



bomb shelter over that. Mice had just been eating us up and I went to town to try to find us a mouse trap and the only thing I could find was about eight inches long, four inches wide and four inches high. I put me some cheese in it and set that thing hoping to get me a mouse. I was just asleep and I heard that thing click and I thought I had me a mouse. I went on with my siesta and that mouse started gnawing and gnawing. I thought that mouse was going to eat my trap up so I got up and looked and there was a rat as big as a cat in there but he could not get his tail in. It was hanging out the end. His tail was as big as my thumb.

What was I to do with this? I picked up that trap, rat and all. They had stopped us from shooting in the tents because we were trying to kill the mice with our pistols, we never could hit one and we were shooting the clay tile out of those walls. I was going to get him outside and spring him. I had decided the way was just to get him outside, catch the rat with one hand and spring the door and throw him against the ground and stomp on him while he was addled. That was a good idea but when I came out of that tent and swung him over my head the hide slipped off that tail and he went through the air like an artillery shell going through the air. He hit off there somewhere and ran into a hole. We had some gasoline to heat that little old tent because we had some chilly weather. I got that five gallon can of aviation gasoline and walked out there to that hole and poured it in there glug, glug, glug and ran a little trail back to the tent. I got inside and set the can down and struck a match and threw it on the trail and it burned off to the hole and it went "boom" with a great noise and smoke came out of every hole over the whole area. I did not know there were so many holes but smoke was coming up from everywhere.

I ducked back in and stayed in the tent while people began to fall out of tents to check to see what had happened. I did not go out to investigate and was not going to try to find out what was happening. I guess that incident is still written up as an unsolved mystery. They may have it on TV one day as an unsolved mystery as far as the 99th Bombardment Group, 416th Squadron was concerned because I never told it, not even to my tent buddies. Nobody ever knew as long as I was in Italy. Little things like that happen to kinda keep you alive and awake.

We had incidents on flights that kinda caused you some anxious moments now and then. I know when I was being checked out for the first mission I was on we had a flame out in the engine that was burning pretty good and we slipped it out. You do this by kicking rudder and let that plane run sideways and down hill to try to put that fire out. We got it out. We didn't have that much of a problem. I thought it was rather routine. Another time when I was checked out as first pilot and was on over in my number of missions we were coming off target one day. We got hit by flack over target and we

had an engine smoking real good but we did not feather it. We used that engine until we got off that target; because what the heck if it is burned out, if it's out it is out and no matter what the condition is they have to change it anyway. We came off that target and after I got off the target I figured it was about time to catch on fire so I feathered that engine.

We were way up in Germany and for some reason the group checked out; they stuck their nose down and they left there fast. I couldn't keep up—you have a choice of either burning all your fuel and not getting there or flying the speed you were supposed to and conserving that fuel and getting back. We were moving on and the others were getting farther and farther away. They had gotten to the point they looked like a few buzzards up there in front of us and the boys were calling “fighters!” and were a little nervous I am sure. I was a little anxious also but the rule was that you did not fire at a fighter. One of them called in that there was a fighter at nine o'clock high and I took a look and there was; so I said “well, don't fire until he sticks his nose in,” but I said that “if the nose comes in you fire!” The gunner kept checking with me since we were on the intercom. They said, “He is sliding in. It is a Messerschmidt 109 or a P-51.” I reminded them there is a difference so let's be careful about this. He bellied up a couple of times and I saw it was a P-51. I let him slide on in when he wanted to. He slid in on my wing within about fifteen feet of me, he was a bit high so my props were not flagging him but he looked at me and gave me a big OK signal, pulled off his oxygen and winked at me. Man, I pulled mine off too and gave him a big thumbs up sign and he looked as good as any brother I ever had. I sure was glad to see him. He peeled off and took back up. He went on back up because the sun was behind us and they were blocking those fighters from coming in behind us. We were not afraid of them coming head on. Those 51's were staying high and back of us a little bit.

They had a couple of dog fights that the boys picked up by radio. The radio man never stayed on intercom with us but stayed on the radio. They kept them off us—we did not have to fire a shot as far as I knew. We made it on back in and were a happy bunch to get back, too. A public relations man came by and wanted to write me up a Distinguished Flying Cross but I was not interested in it. I said that I only did what I was supposed to; and when I told him that he said, “Well you did what you were supposed to. That is the way people get Distinguished Flying Crosses.” Instances happened like that when you were just on an ordinary flight. They could have made that sound pretty rosy.

We finished all those fifty missions and for the last two or three I was flying with crews I was unfamiliar with—didn't know any of them. Maybe it would be a new pilot that would go with me as co-pilot until he knew the operation.

One mission I came in off of we got to the field and circled at 1,000 ft. altitude at least once and some of them had to circle a couple of times. It was hot, you were already worn out and low on fuel. You would start circling the field and get mad. I was the last man in the formation and was circling and had to cut such a long pattern that another squadron cut right in front of me and cut me out of the pattern and I had to go around again. By this time I was boiling. Their tail man was dragging his end so I did not do anything other than cut him out of the pattern with a 180 degree turn in on that runway. When I was over the runway I realized that I had not dropped flaps or anything else because I was so intent on getting on the ground. So I hollered to the co-pilot to give me full flaps and he did. I stuck that nose down when I was not far off the ground and made a good smooth greasy landing. When we were on the ground one of the gunners came up to me and said, "that was the greasiest landing I ever rode." He said he never knew when we got on the ground but he said he was really sweating that approach and I told him I was too. That old boy that was behind me gave me a good cussing when he came by me—on the air. I earned it but that was OK in that I was on the ground and he was still flying.

The fifty missions over, coming back was not like going over. They sent me down to Naples to catch a ship back. I had to stay there for a week or maybe longer. Joe Lewis, "the Brown Bomber" was down there and he was the world champion then and put on an exhibition for us. I enjoyed seeing that. Naples was a more important city than Foggia. The ocean trip back was not very exciting. We hit the tail end of a hurricane out there somewhere and I did not get seasick but my back was sore from riding that boat. I couldn't sleep very well and the night we got into that hurricane we got into some rough water and it rolled me around so that it limbered up my back and I got a good nights sleep. Got up the next morning and some of the beams on the deck had been broken in two—that was the kind of waves we had been in that night. If I could have seen those waves I probably would not have been able to sleep, but I was down under. All we did coming back was eat O'Henry candy bars and walk around on the deck a little and sleep. We did remark that it was good advertisement for O'Henry to brag about how many bars they had sold as compared to others. We did not buy them by the bar—we bought them by the box.

We landed up at Newport News I believe. I had a pair of boots I had bought in Africa and had kept all the way through—they were my Sunday boots and I left them on a train when I got off. I sure did hate that I had lost my boots. Came on home and courted Carolyn for a while before they sent me to Miami for reassignment—rest and reassignment, Rest & Relaxation. I stayed there a couple of weeks and they told me I was going to Las Vegas, Nevada to the Ferry Command. They tried to tell me where that was and

told me I would be there for the duration—permanent assignment. I got to thinking about it and that night I called Carolyn and asked her if she wanted to go to Las Vegas with me and she said, “I don’t know.” I told her she had until tomorrow night to think about it, because I will be through there and we can get married and you can go to Las Vegas with me, or it’s going to be a long winter. She didn’t give me an answer but I caught the train and headed for Athens, and wired for some leave time. Even though I did not get an answer we got married while I was AWOL or something and we headed on west, put in several months at Las Vegas before coming back to Memphis and civilian life.

**After the War** I never had thought I wanted to raise a family in the service and Lynn did not like that either because in the Ferry Command I was gone two to three days a week or more. I did like flying but I did not like being gone from home so after the war was over I put in for my discharge and got it rather quickly—a couple of weeks or so. We came back to Memphis—Lynn did not want to live in Jackson and no way was I going to live in Athens so we settled on Memphis. That was where we were so we just stayed there. Went to work there selling insurance and started going to school—trade school in refrigeration and I almost graduated from there before they closed the school and I got into TV school—radio and television and I did graduate there. I had some experiences there selling insurance, sundries and candies and was really making some money but I did not want to stay with that the rest of my life. I quit and I could not believe I did since I was making an average of \$150 a week.

I went to work for RCA Service Co. making \$60 a week. Shortly after I got the job I was laid off. I just worked a couple of months, mostly putting up antennas because it was when Channel 13 was coming on the air. That is when I hit the skids. I really had problems and almost went to work for Sealtest Dairy. My friend, Clarence Roberson, told me to come in and report and I would have a job. I also had an offer for television repair. When I went by to check on it, I told him I had another job and he offered me work for \$75 a week and told me to come in the next morning. I stayed with that until Sam asked me to come to Jackson. Watlington Bros. wanted to expand and I did not realize it but I did not know anything about construction and it took me several weeks—in fact over a year before I found out how little I knew about it. I gradually began to learn a little about construction and they were kind enough to keep me on—drag me on and pay me a decent wage and we made it on through past retirement.

Now about my personal affairs—that is a history of me. Lynn and I married in December of 1944 and she stayed on with me through the rest of my military service time and did not leave me when I got out of the service.

Jennie was born in 1947, Mike in 1949 and Joy later on. They turned out pretty good—I never was really disappointed with my children. Lynn was a pretty good mother. She did a good job raising those girls—I had a little too much influence on Mike. He took a little after me but Mike is a good boy with a good heart and he will make it good. Jennie is right now looking at just about another four years, maybe five, for retirement and she is at the top level in teaching.

Joy is doing a fine job as a Mama. She is patterned after Lynn and she is raising four fine children. Jennie married David Arnold who was her heart throb at Lambuth. She married him after graduation and lived with him about eighteen or nineteen years before she finally decided that he was not going to grow up—that he would never grow up so she got out of that and married Gerald Longmire. Gerald is a fine man and I have never heard anyone say anything bad about him. He is a banker—manager of the branch out here. I'm proud to have him as a son-in-law. David was a good boy to play with and I always liked him and still like him but I agree with Jennie.

Mike married Mary Frances in 1972 while he was in the Navy in Norfolk, Va. She had one child, Tammy, and they had Mike. Mary has been a good mother; has done a good job taking care of those kids. Mike never did get settled in real good somehow or the other. He got a divorce and married Freida Cupples and they are going to make it fine. Mary would never battle him but Freida will. I think she has him under control and I believe is going to keep him under control so that is good for both of them.

I have said everything I know and may have exaggerated on some of it.

— Herman L, Watlington, Feb. 1995

## **Memories of Growing Up on the Farm: Paul H. Watlington**

I was about seven or eight years old when we moved to the big house, where Grandpa Hammond had lived. Our little house was plenty of fun for me. We had a swimming hole close by, and a place to fish, and gulleys to play in. I remember the men working on the new highway, with the worker's camp in Mr. Frank Robley's woods. They built the bridges first. We would go fishing and the bridge was a place out of the rain.

I remember a big fish fry in the creek bottom but don't know the year. We worked clearing out the woods making ready. Then they limed the creek and John and I walked the bank with a sack picking up fish the men would throw out. It was a large picnic.

The branch by the house would flood and we always wanted to play in

it. Papa whipped John, Herman and me for playing on the bridges when the water was up.

I was old enough to go to the big dairy barn to help milk. John and I got some of Papa's whiskey and got a little wobbly. Mama put us to bed I think. Next thing we got one of Papa's cigars. I blame John, but I was with him. We went to the gulley behind the chicken house. We took turns smoking the cigar, and we both got real sick. If you followed John you had plenty of excitement.

Grandpa Watlington had a milk route in Jackson. We called it the milk hack, and I rode with him several times. We would cross the Forked Deer River and let the horse drink and also wet the buggy wheels. Next stop would be Uncle Will and Aunt Mable Stephen's. They had a store on S. Royal up from the N.C. & St.L. railroad station. That also was the end of the street car route. Aunt Mable would always give you something special to eat. From there we would make the route through East Jackson. He would ring the bell as we moved, people came out with a vessel to get milk or whatever he had to sell. We would go as far as Uncle Alberts for a visit. I was always glad to go with him on the route.

We had chores to do before breakfast, milking cows, taking care of the milk, and bringing in wood for the stove. In the winter months we would trap for rabbits. We would take turns running the traps. We would check them early each morning hoping we caught something. Of course we had school to attend, wood to cut and farming.

I remember Grandpa Watlington with his specials: watermelons, tomatoes, tobacco and hogs. He raised his tobacco plants, planted, harvested and cured the tobacco. Papa made sure he had some boys to help. He took pride in his tomatoes and watermelons, and when it came to hogs, they had to be the best. They had to have plenty of water and food to keep them happy.

Grandpa had a visitor; I think it was Mr. Cain from Selmer, Tennessee. They would sit on the porch, chew and smoke their tobacco and talk about the Civil War. They fought the battle of Shiloh every time they met. The only Yankees they talked about were "damn yankee."

As Grandpa got older he wasn't as active but still wanted to know how things were going. I remember they didn't want him to go out by himself. One time he went to the second bottom to see the crops and when he got back they knew he couldn't open the cattle gap in the fence. They asked him how he got through the fence and he said, "I crawled under it."

Papa had a full time job keeping us all working. Sometimes we would have to have extra help. I remember John Carter (a colored neighbor) helping some. Papa would let us know that John was in charge and we were to do as he said. John had two sons about my age. They lived on the Quince Tapley farm. Mr. Tapley's son Avery and Buster Carter and Hershel Carter

would come to play with us. When we would be swimming or playing in the branch, Avery would make them stay down stream from us. I thought this to be strange.

We had other neighbor friends for playmates: Lloyd and C. A. Hamilton and Jesse Haynes. They lived close by. We didn't have T.V. in those days but with the Haynes and Hamilton families nearby there was always a show going on. We enjoyed playing ball (all kinds), swimming, fishing, hunting, playing marbles and sometimes climbing trees in the woods. Work came first but there was always some pleasure time. In the fall, after crop time we liked to ride horses.

Holidays were always big occasions. All the kinfolks got together some where and celebrated. Uncle Lev Harton came to our place on the 4th of July one year and made a kettle of stew and barbecued a hog. Papa killed a hog and we dressed it. We made a pit in the woods where Clara Mai built her house. John and I stayed up with Uncle Lev all night to watch him cook the meat. It was always fun to spend the night or weekend away from home also. My cousin Jiggs Harton would spend a night with me and then I would go visit with him. Aunt Clara and Mama never fussed about one or two extras to feed. I have always wondered how Mama knew how much to cook for the large family and frequent company.

—Paul H. Watlington

## Rachel Weir Watlington

*b.* November 8, 1925

*d.* February 7, 1997

Rachel Weir Watlington, 71, died suddenly Friday morning of heart failure after a lengthy illness. She was the daughter of the late Robert Taylor and Mae Parker Weir of the Malesus Community.

She is survived by her husband, Paul H. Watlington, three daughters, Susan Sheppard and her husband Lee of Jackson; Becky Hoskinson and her husband Darius of Osceola, Ark., and Nancy Tignor and her husband Danny of Clanton, Ala., and one brother, Robert K. "Buddy" Weir of Jackson and six grandchildren.

She was employed for twenty years by Western Union as an operator and later at Watlington Brothers Construction Co. Before her health failed, she taught Sunday School and touched the lives of many young people when she served as a leader in the Methodist Youth Fellowship on the local and district levels. She will be remembered as a gracious lady who opened her home to everyone, loved antiques and flowers but most of all for her love of her family

and friends. The funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at 2:00 P.M. at the Malesus United Methodist Church with the Rev. Kent Bailey officiating. Burial was at Ebenezer Cemetery. Rachel will be missed by all.

## Elton Andrew Watlington

*b.* September 28, 1925

*m.* June 9, 1948, Martha Janice Threadgill,  
*pm.* Malesus Methodist Church, Jackson, Tenn.

Elton Watlington was the seventh son born to U. A. and Jennie S. Watlington. Born in the little box house beside the Mill Road (now Watlington Rd.), Elton was born on his sister Evelyn's birthdate and as an eight year old it is said that she took special care of this little one. Despite careful attention the dangers of farm life once put his life in danger. As a toddler he got too close to the plowed field where Ulrich was harrowing the field with a four horse team and as the toddler edged into their path—old Daisy, the brood mare, was on his side. As she noted his presence she toppled him over but stopped abruptly and caused the whole team to stop to keep from dragging him under. It is said that from that time on Daisy had a special place in Ulrich's estimation and he honored her into a long life with the family.

Starting to Sunday School at five and Malesus public school at six years of age, Elton attended the 3rd thru 5th grades of school at Adee public school, Parkburg Road, in south Madison County, where his older sister, Clara Mai, was the teacher of a one-teacher school. Then as busing became more common and the Adee School was consolidated with Pinson and Malesus Schools, he returned to classes in Malesus where he continued through high school, graduating in 1943.

During the summer of 1942 and 1943 Elton was permitted to work with Mr. Kirby McKnight in the J. B. Young school wood-work shop. This was a fine opportunity to get acquainted with work patterns other than farm work, and some new machines for fine cabinet making. At graduation from high school there were already six brothers and one brother-in-law in the Armed Services. He decided to take a farm deferment for a year helping the family on the farm.

The year on the farm was great but the economic results were nil. In 1943 we harvested a great crop of cotton, corn and hay but in 1944 the crops were not at all encouraging, due principally to a late wet Spring and very dry Summer. So by December the deferment was dropped and plans were made to go into service. One reason for this was the G.I. Bill had been passed already to help service men attend college after their time of service. Cotton



might not send one to college, but service time would help. But underneath it all was the recognition that our small farm was not an efficient economic unit as we had not mechanized our operation and new machinery at the time was either not available or very expensive. Ulrich A. and Jennie had invested their money in education for the family instead of machinery.

After two years of training and service in the Army of Occupation in Japan, I was again in the farm home but looking to college studies to prepare for Christian ministry, and engaged to marry Janice Threadgill, my high school sweetheart and long time acquaintance. She was the daughter of John Grady Threadgill and his second wife, Katie Lou Latham. Mr. Threadgill was of Nebo, Henderson Co., Tenn. and Katie Lou was from Mifflin and Big Springs on the southeast side of the county.

My first job on returning home was to work with my brother Mack in improving his unfinished home nearby and in building a house for sister Clara Mai and Lloyd King. Our father had given each three acre lots at the east end of the farm on which to build. Cash was short and building supplies also, but we layed a foundation and started the building of a nine hundred sq. ft. house using fine rough oak timbers fresh from the sawmills of Mississippi that were so fresh from the forest that sap would spatter us as we drove the spike nails to hold them in place.

College was a wonderful new experience and I rejoiced in being home and in having the opportunity to study. I lived at home with my father and Aunt Mai, brother Joe and sister Betty. Then Joe married and moved out, and there were just the two children at home after Lloyd and Clara Mai moved to their new home across the road. But family was all around, and Janice was living only five miles away in Jackson.

After a year of this renewed life on the farm Janice and I started making our plans for marriage. With no money, marriage plans were simple, and her pastor, Rev. Wayne A. Lamb united us in marriage on June 9th, 1948 at the Malesus Methodist Church where we had attended Youth Fellowship together in other years. Our festivities were few but we went for a few days honeymoon in a car borrowed from brother Sam and Mary which concluded at a Youth Rally in First Methodist, Memphis, Tenn., at Annual Conference.

Our first year of marriage we lived in Jackson, Tenn., 227  $\frac{1}{2}$  Campbell St. (upstairs). This was near Lambuth College where she worked and I attended classes. Later in the year I journeyed twice a month on week-ends to Wickliffe, Ky., where I preached at Pleasant Hill Methodist Church. Our first born arrived in April, 1949, so that made it a very eventful year for us. Janice graduated from Lambuth College six weeks after Martha Kate was born, although her class work had been finished in the previous Autumn.

In June 1949 we moved to the real "country parsonage" at Brazil, Tenn.,

Gibson Co. where we joined what has been called “the endless line of Splendor” —a splendid succession of faithful Methodist ministers riding circuits around the world. From there we went in June 1951 to the Elroy, Wisconsin, Circuit (Juneau Co.) then on to Perú to a Spanish language ministry in a strange land that became home for us for the next twenty-three years.

While in Wisconsin, Janice taught school at Camp Douglas High School the first school year but afterward was able to dedicate her time to the family, home, and local church work. Joe Thomas was born to us there June 1, 1953 and Mary Emma on April 18, 1955. Ten years later John Andrew was born to us while serving in Lima, Perú. This gave us a Tennessean, two Wisconsinites and one Peruvian. They have each blessed our marriage and our lives and continue in good health, giving us eight grandchildren, five girls and three boys.

Our major tasks in Perú were in administrative tasks, teaching and preaching. Most of our teaching was related to the preparation of leaders for our Methodist Church in Perú. Janice served as hostess and bookkeeper for the Wolfe Memorial Home and our Mission headquarters there. Elton was named Mission Treasurer and correspondent after one year on the field and again in 1962 after a furlough year. Half of the furlough year of 1961 was spent in further language training in San Jose, Costa Rica. Therefore, Elton and Janice worked in the World Division Office in Perú for nine years and Elton was for twelve years director of the principal training effort for Christian Ministry of Peruvian Methodists.

Other tasks attempted, often simultaneously with these tasks were language and cultural studies, high school teaching, pastoring local congregations and the work of District Superintendent to small districts. Appointed in 1963 to be Superintendent I served four years, one year in the Sierra District and three years in the large Lima and Coastal District. Later I was elected a Superintendent of the newly independent Methodist Church of Perú for a two year period on the North Coastal District while serving as pastor in Trujillo.

Much of our administrative work was related to fund raising and correspondence with sponsors of our Methodist work in Perú. We developed a publication in English to help with this, called *PERU CALLING*, which was published occasionally from 1957 until 1971. While serving in Lima we were influential in starting new churches at Chancay and Peralvilla, Pueblo Nuevo in Chincha, and in El Ermitaño and Ciudad de Dios (now San Juanito). The small group in El Ermitaño, developed under the leadership of Rev. Pablo Mamani, has become the largest Methodist Church in Metropolitan Lima.

The four years in Trujillo were more directly dedicated to pastoral and evangelistic work. Building on the foundation of other pastors, we were able to extend the witness there to three new areas where small congregations

were established, two of them continuing today as churches, Jerusalem and Florencia de Mora. We also had an active ministry in the Regional Penitentiary there with good results for two years. After the earthquake of May 1970 much of our time was spent in social ministries and in rebuilding the Trujillo Church. The center of the earthquake was in our church District so we were involved in all of the Methodist rebuilding projects there.

After three years back in the Memphis Conference for family reasons Janice and I went in August 1975 with son John Andrew to Perú and were assigned again to the leadership training program with our home in Huancayo in the high (10,680 ft.) mountain valley of Jauja. Janice was elected treasurer of the Methodist Church in Perú and therefore traveled to and from Lima a lot in her administrative tasks.

In Huancayo we had no regular classes or study program but promoted education in varied ways including the care of the library, weekend institutes, the writing and publishing of a church officers manual and a newsletter for leaders in that district. We were also in charge of the Methodist Hostel which served many visitors related to the Mission and School work. Janice and I both worked in the local Methodist Church. She helped especially in the Women's work and directed the choir for the church. I taught a Youth Sunday School class and helped with daily devotions in a class at the Methodist High School. Part of my task was in visiting local churches for teaching opportunities.

After celebrating Easter together with the local church in April 1978, we packed up for returning to ministry in the Memphis Conference, U.S.A. Though offered other mission assignments we elected to return to our home state to continue our ministry. Rev. James H. Holmes and the Conference Cabinet invited me to pastor Springdale Church in Memphis.

Thus we terminated a ministry of twenty and one half years of work with our World Division, Board of Global Ministries. Because of our interim leave from the Board in the years 1972-75, these years of service were over the period of twenty-three years, from June 1955 until July 31, 1978.

Though not as exciting as our foreign service, the ministry in Memphis was a real challenge and greatly needed. The brokenness of mankind is just as evident at home as abroad if one has eyes to see it. Struggling with the alienation of youth from the Church and the racial pressures and prejudices of the third largest concentration of Afro-Americans in the U.S.A., Memphis is a mission field also. In nine years of pastoral service there we served Springdale two years, four years at Frayser Heights U.M.C. and two years at Grimes U.M.C. Our final task was to work with the Greenland-Davant U.M.C. in Whitehaven as it planned its merger with a sister church, the Longstreet U.M.C. The task was not simple because of deep emotions as one leaves a sanctuary and all its memories in order to help keep a strong witness

in another location. The good decisions made by the congregation and fine reception given by the Longstreet people made us feel that this, too, was an effective and timely ministry in a hard situation.

In retirement we chose to stay in Memphis near Janice's only brother, L. Grady Threadgill, where our youngest daughter Mary was teaching school and starting her family. We chose to make our church home where they worshiped, the St. Luke's U.M.C. near the University of Memphis, a cultural center of the city. Janice continued to work part-time in bookkeeping with her brother's pharmacy and I accepted a part-time ministry for four years with the St. Luke's congregation. It has proved to be a good choice for us.

In retirement a major interest has been in researching and writing family and church history. The gift of a Macintosh computer has helped tremendously with these tasks. Taking part in the Commission on Archives and History of the Annual Conference has been a joy and the establishment of a Memphis Conference United Methodist Historical Society has been a major accomplishment of the 1992-96 quadrennium. Janice has done a great amount of the secretarial work in making these projects possible and we continue to work on them. Of course our priority work is related to our family, with grandparenting and health maintenance tasks requiring much of our time.

## Joseph Conrad Watlington

*b.* July 7, 1927

*bp.* Madison Co., Tenn.

*m.* (1) May 9, 1947, Deloris Mae Dorris

*m.* (2) Oct. 1982, Linda Sue Witherspoon Claude

*d.* July 7, 1992

*pd.* Gallatin, Tenn.

*pb.* Ebenezer Cem., Malesus, Tenn.

Joe Conrad, 65, died peacefully at his home by Bledsoe Creek in Sumner Co., Tenn., on the morning of his 65th birthday. He and Linda had purchased the new house and moved in during October, 1982 at the time of their marriage. Since Sept. 1987, Joe had wrestled with the Death Angel and had held on tenaciously and ever with considerable wit and wisdom. But these last seven months had been very discouraging and he had gotten extremely weak, with repeated visits to the hospital, and good nursing care at home.

Joe served a short term with the U.S. Marines in 1945-46. After training at Parris Island, S.C., he soon was aboard ship for the Orient where he and his unit was to help disarm and repatriate the Japanese Army in China. Based

at Tientsin, the Marines were to receive and destroy as much Japanese war material as possible to prevent the arms falling into the hands of the Red Chinese Army. After those months Joe returned to Jackson, Tenn. and began plans for a family and a career in teaching. He went to Lambuth College to prepare for a science teaching career and began courting a neighbor's daughter, Deloris Dorris. On May 9, 1947 they were married at a private ceremony in Corinth, Miss. and made their home in or near Jackson during the next three years. When he graduated from Lambuth College with honors, he found a job teaching and coaching at Crockett Mill High School, Crockett Co., Tenn.

Joe enjoyed basketball and teaching also. He continued studies at Memphis State University for a Master's Degree and some years later was awarded a National Science Scholarship to study at the University of Colorado at Boulder to better prepare for science instruction. He returned as a professor at Lambuth College, where he taught Chemistry and Physics. In 1971 he went to Nashville where he had an opportunity to pioneer in a high school course in astronomy at a new East Nashville High School. While working through that project the Volunteer State Community College opened up at nearby Gallatin, Tenn. and he was invited to teach Science there, and served 14 years before accepting medical retirement. Friends there have established a Science Scholarship Fund in his honor, and they invite us to contribute toward this fund also in his memory.

Joe C. made friends wherever he went or worked. He had a genius for friendship and enjoyed life to its fullest. The difficult years since 1987 did not alter greatly his outlook on life or death; they only intensified his desire that those around him might also know Life and Health and Hope. He appreciated his family and found strength in it and gave strength to it. He refused to give bitterness or resentment a place in his life.

Joe's funeral service was conducted in Gallatin by his pastor, Rev. William W. Morris, who was elected a bishop of the United Methodist Church a few days later. A graveside service was held the following morning at Ebenezer Cemetery for friends in Madison Co., Tenn. Besides his widow, he leaves three children, seven grandchildren, and one step-daughter.

## Betty Juanita Watlington Williams

*b.* July 9, 1929

*bp.* Madison Co., Tenn.

*m.* 1950, Hubert Howard Williams,  
(*b.* 1924)

Betty Juanita is the youngest of the Watlington-Hammond siblings and took characteristics of the Hammond lineage in her short stature. She was born at home in the little box house beside the spring branch where the family had lived since 1913. The following year Grandfather Hammond died and plans were made to relocate the family to the larger Hammond home a few hundred yards across the fields.

Betty was very young during the worst of the Depression years but even so knew what they meant to the family. In years when cash was very scarce, oranges and apples were great Christmas gifts, and even common candies were a luxury. She grew up under the careful stewardship of Aunt Mai Hammond and her sister Evelyn as well as her mother Jennie.

After critical surgery in 1934 she responded well and was ready for school at age 6. She attended Malesus Methodist Church with the family and Malesus High School for twelve years of public education. Her brother Paul helped finance a piano and lessons so she could learn to play. She studied under Mrs. Judd Brooks of Jackson, Tenn. where Janice Threadgill also took lessons. She was an honor student of her high school class and progressed rapidly in her music which she has continued to use in her local church work.

Betty suffered some severe infections in her ears during her youth which has led to hearing difficulties. Nevertheless, she has been able to combine her homemaking and family life with a career of public school teaching in Madison Co., Tenn.

She and Hubert lived in Somerville some months, then he started to work with the Southwest Tennessee Electric Membership Cooperative at Brownsville. They lived at Jackson some years, then bought a home in Brownsville. He continued to work there until his retirement and as opportunity came he bought the old Johnson house and large farming acreage about 1962 at 1880 Steam Mill Ferry Road, in Madison Co. With the help of Charlie and Irene Britton they have operated a cattle farm, produced cotton, soybeans and corn, and carried on their careers "off the farm" also.

They have participated in the Anderson Chapel Presbyterian Church at Madison Hall, and sent their five children to college. Both have been active in community activities as well, with Hubert taking part in the Rotary Club of Jackson for many years. Now they continue to be active grandparents and continue their farming interests.

Apart from rearing their five children their home has been shared with Mary Emma and John Andrew Watlington when needed. Mary made her weekend and Summer home with them during two years of college, 1975–77, and John Andrew was with them one Summer while working with Watlington Brothers, 1982. Since 1986 we have also celebrated our Christmas Reunion at their large farm home on the evening of Dec. 26th. With the closing of the old Hammond-Watlington homestead we welcomed their warm hospitality for our December gatherings. Their family and their caring have helped to hold our “larger family” together.

### Hubert H. Williams

Hubert Williams was honored at a Retirement Luncheon on Friday March 30, 1990 by the Southwest Electric Membership Corporation where he had worked for 40 years. He has been General Manager there since Dec. 1977. Hubert is a graduate of the University of Tennessee at Knoxville, and a veteran of World War II. He was severely wounded in the European War and was slow to recover his strength. Before becoming manager he served as Agricultural Engineer, Electrification Advisor and Power Use Manager with the E.M.C.

Southwest serves over 26,000 customers in a nine county area extending from Tipton County on the Mississippi River to Madison and Chester Counties. Well done, Hubert!

### Watlington-Forbis Family

William Eugene Watlington (*b.* March 21, 1918, *d.* June 30, 1993) and Emily Ruth Forbis lived as neighbors on East Chester Street as youth, and while Eugene was serving with the U.S. Navy at Pensacola, Florida in 1942 they were married. World War II kept them apart most of the time until April 1946, but Eugene had enough shore leave to start a family though Ruth lived and worked in Jackson during the War years. Their families joined in to help with the children, Doris (*b.* 1943) and William E. Jr., (*b.* 1944).

Eugene’s experience in grocery stores (including Uncle Will’s) gave him experience as a “store keeper” that he followed aboard ships of the Navy. He signed on April 3, 1940 and served until April 18, 1946. Much of this time was spent at sea on a 1918 vintage four stack destroyer modified for WWII, the U.S.S. *Waters*, (APD-8). Most of his service was on the Pacific after some early months along the Gulf Coast. His bases were as varied as Norfolk, Pensacola, Mobile, Waipio (Hawaii), San Pedro, Ca., and the U.S.S. *St Mary’s* (Troop carrier, APA-126) which brought Ulrich Mack Watlington home from Okinawa when the war was over in 1945. Much of the task for

his destroyer was to escort the landing crafts for the island warfare in the Pacific. He registered support for twelve different landings in the Pacific.

Coming home in April 1946 he found work with the Tennessee Highway Department which he followed until 1952, when he sought and found work at Tinker Army Air Base at Oklahoma City. He stayed in the Navy Reserve Corps until 1957 and continued with the Air Force base job until retirement in 1978, at 60 years of age. The active outdoor life he had lived began to show up and crippling arthritis came on in his last years.

Ruth and Eugene added three other children to their wartime two; Edward Earl in 1946, *m.* Virginia Ore; Gail Lynn, *b.* 1952, *m.* Roderick D. Kuwamoto (now divorced), and works for Civil Service in Columbus, Ga.; Donald Wayne, *b.* 1958, divorced with 3 boys and 1 girl. He is in construction work.

With the passing of the years Ruth continued her secretarial work, most recently with a trucking company where she was an executive secretary with lots of responsibilities. The children married and each have children of their own, a total of fourteen grandchildren. Eugene died in 1992 but Ruth has stayed at the same home that has been theirs for many years. Doris and Jimmie W. Reese live at Kingston, Oklahoma. Gail Lynn and her son settled in Columbus, Ga. after traveling many years in the U.S. Army. Edward Earl and Virginia Ore have developed a long lasting relationship and reared their family in Midwest City not far from his parents home.

## James Leonard Watlington

*b.* February 20, 1922

*m.* September 20, 1947, Betty Nell Hammons, Jackson, Tenn.

Born February 20, 1922 at Pineville, Rapides Parish, La.; son of Albert Eugene and Antoinette Glover Watlington. Family returned to Jackson, Tenn. in Nov. 1922, living on S. Royal St., Westover, and on Tomlin St. until 1927 when 1017 E. Chester became home for twenty years. Schooling was at College St., Jackson Jr. High and Jackson High, graduating June 1940. Not counting a paper route, State Theater, etc., he started work with J. C. Penney Co., then after a year or so, to Southern Bell Telephone Co. in the business office, on March 16, 1942.

With leave from Southern Bell Telephone Co., he enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps at Camp Robinson, Arkansas with basic training at Blytheville, Arkansas; Aircraft Mechanic School at Gulfport, Miss., and Detroit, Mich. In July 1943, he was assigned to 1st AAC Base Unit at Bolling Field, Washington, D.C. On Feb. 20, 1945, after processing at Greensboro and



Camp Anza, Ca., plus a forty-two day voyage to Calcutta, he spent fifteen months at Central India Air Depot at Agra, U.P., India. He left Agra March 4, 1946 for home via Calcutta, Manila, Seattle, and Camp Chaffee, Arkansas. In Army Air Corps Reserve three years and then in the Tennessee National Guard for 14 years, retiring in 1962 as 1st Lieutenant. Employment continued with Bell Telephone in May 1946. Work consisted of various kinds of customer service, residence and business, the latter becoming a marketing position with large businesses through West Tennessee. Later, before retirement in Oct. 1981, he was promoted to Assistant Manager over the coin telephone operation.

James L. married Betty Nell Hammons, who also worked in the Southern Bell Business Office, on September 20, 1947. She later was secretary to attorneys Jimmy Boswell and Ed Duke and then for the Regional Engineer of the Tennessee Department of Transportation until retirement in 1994. Melanie, *b.* 1949, and Jim (Jr.) *b.* 1950 were educated in Jackson and Madison County schools, Melanie going on to University of Tennessee at Martin and Jim earning a B.A. from Lambuth University and his Master of Ed. from Memphis State University at Memphis. Melanie married Charles Brasher, M.S., B.S. (U.T. Knoxville) who is now a Lieutenant Colonel in the Air Force Reserve. Home is Marianna, Florida where Charles is with the University of Florida Extension Service and Melanie is a Media Clerk for the Jackson Co., Fla., School Board. They have one daughter, Alia Catherine, *b.* 1973 in Hawaii, who received her B.S.; M.S. in Special Education at Florida State in Tallahassee in Fall 1996.

Jim married Esther Robertson from Springfield, Illinois. Jim teaches at Jackson-Madison N.E. Middle School and Esther, with a lot of college, has an accounting firm. Their children are Luanna, *b.* 1990, and Benjamin, *b.* 1992.

All of his family are very active members of Trinity Methodist (later East Trinity) for many years. There were not more than two or three positions which one or more of them did not hold. Jim was Choir Director, organist and pianist for twenty-five years. Melanie joined Charles in Baptist Church and both are active.

James Leonard Watlington was elected five times and appointed once to the Madison County Court (Justice of the Peace), later the County Commission. On it he served as Chairman Pro Tem, member of Budget Committee and as liaison to Board of Education Counseling Center, Ambulance Authority, Development Disabilities and many ad hoc committees. Ending this seventeen year hitch, he was appointed to the Jackson-Madison County Regional Planning Commission and the Southwest Tennessee Human Resources Policy Council, positions currently held.

He is a life member in Veterans of Foreign Wars and Telephone Pioneers

of America. They currently live at 16 Pepper Ridge Cove, Jackson, TN, 38305.

— James L. Watlington, March 6, 1996

## Bobby Mack Watlington

*b.* April 15, 1934

*m.* (1) Patricia Mae Reeves. 1973/74

*m.* (2) Berchie Isenberg

*m.* (3) Thelma Cotner

Bobby Mack Watlington is the third son of Albert and Annette Glover Watlington of Jackson, Tenn. He received his education in the Jackson City Schools while his parents lived on East Chester Street and his father worked at the Jackson City Water Works on South Royal St. While still a youth Bobby lost the sight of one eye in a childhood playground accident. Despite this he volunteered for military duty with the U.S. Navy and served three years, 1950–Nov. 1953 while still a minor. Most of this time was at Hunter's Point, San Francisco Bay Area. A part of this time was on the crew of a destroyer, the U.S.S. *Marsh* (No. 699). He completed his years of service as a Boatswain Mate. Returning to civilian life he chose carpentry as his work.

He married, Feb. 22, 1953, Miss Patricia Mae Reaves, whose family was from Louisiana, and they had three children: Kenneth Wayne (*b.* 1954, Oklahoma), Michael (*b.* 1955, Tenn.), and Leonard (*b. ca.* 1957, Tenn.)

The marriage was dissolved and the mother married J. T. Priddy whose relatives aided in the rearing of these three children. All three grew up in or near Jackson, Tenn., and Kenneth Wayne and Michael still live there.

Kenneth Wayne has three sons: Michael Brady (*b.* 1974), Matthew (*b.* 1984), and Ryan (*b.* 1991). He and his second wife, Karen Taylor, live on the edge of Gibson Co. with a Medina P.O. address.

Leonard Watlington (*b.* 1955) married Brenda Dotson and they have two children: Carla (*b. ca.* 1976) who graduated from Southside High School in Jackson in 1993; and Stephen (*b. ca.* 1989.)

Michael Watlington (*b. ca.* 1957) lives near Paris, Tenn.

Bobby Mack met, and married second, a practical nurse working in Jackson, Berchie Isenberg of Sullivan Co., Tenn., March 13, 1959. They both worked in Jackson and Bobby's mother helped them with childcare during the next several years. They have four children; Bobby Ray, Anna Maria, Susan Antoinette, and Janet Leigh. This marriage was dissolved formally in

October 1971. Berchie went with the children back to her parental home in Sullivan Co. near Kingsport where the children grew to maturity.

Shortly after an official divorce, Bobby was united in marriage to Mrs. Thelma Cotner in the Autumn of 1971. A few years later the health of Bobby broke and by 1974 he was unable to work at the age of forty and has been in and out of hospital care and in need of nursing care. Being a nurse, Thelma has been able to help greatly with his care. Both Bobby and Thelma had experienced problems with alcoholism and have worked to overcome it together. Unfortunately, Bobby's health had been terribly damaged before that time. They live at Cedar Grove on the south side of Jackson.

The Watlington-Isenberg children have families of their own now. Three live near Kingsport, where Bobby Ray Watlington and family operate a photographic studio. Anna Maria Watlington Lee has recently completed a graduate degree in Social Work at the University of Tennessee at Knoxville.

## Anne Watlington Collett

*b.* January 16, 1936

Anne Watlington, the only daughter of Albert and Annette Glover Watlington, grew up in East Jackson and attended the public schools and participated in Trinity Methodist Church with her family. Being much younger than her brother Eugene, he was already away from home by the time she was three years of age. She was old enough to know and appreciate her Aunt Mable and Will Stephens who meant so much to the Albert Watlington family.

After completing high school in Jackson Anne met and married Roy McNeal and they made their home in Oklahoma City where her brother Eugene had settled in 1952. Her mother also had Glover relatives who lived in that area. Their children are: Kay Denise McNeal, (*b.* 1959) *m. ca.* 1990 to Mark Banks and they have two children; Lori Anne McNeal (*b.* 1962) *m. ca.* 1980 to Louis LeForce and they have two children; and Ronald Ray McNeal, (*b.* 1964) who is single.

The McNeal-Watlington marriage was dissolved and in Nov. 1978 Anne and Troy Collett were united in marriage. Troy operates a roofing company in South Oklahoma City, Okla. and they have lived there these nineteen years. After the divorce the children stayed with their mother. Anne and her sister-in-law Ruth keep in touch with one another, and the nieces and nephews. In July 1986 they made a trip to the Watlington Reunion at Jackson, Tenn.

## The West Tennessee-Lousiana Connection

The close relationship of John L., Ulrich A. and Albert Eugene Watlington has been mentioned elsewhere. They were brothers by desire and not only by blood. They enjoyed getting together, and getting their families together after they were grown. Though several hours of travel time separated John L. and his family from relatives at Jackson, Tenn., there was usually a family trip for a visit each Summer when the children were out of school. When the Louisiana kinfolk came to Madison Co., Tenn. there was a family reunion, with kin from Pinson, Jackson and Crockett County converging for a day or more. Later, when the cousins were old enough, an extended visit was sometimes planned.

But time erodes familiarity, and John and Velma moved to Angola and the distance increased, the grown children had work responsibilities and contact was principally by mail. Thru the forties and fifties the families kept in touch but infrequently.

When Edwin Watlington purchased the Istrouma Foundry in 1961 he had to hit the road to seek new customers and service better the scattered customers up and down the great Mississippi River basin. As he worked into Memphis and Arkansas he was able to telephone and visit some remembered scenes of his childhood visits around Jackson, Tenn. He sought out Ulrich A. and Albert Eugene and their families. The Watlington Brothers Construction Co. became an easy focus for visits with Sam, Mack and Herman Watlington.

John L. had died in Dec. 1955 and the "Memory Bank" of relatives was running out. It was time to renew contacts and memories. Edwin phoned and visited as his work schedule permitted while near West Tennessee, and some letters were shared also on family history. In the 1950's James L. Watlington and Elton Watlington became concerned to write down some family history data and seek earlier family connections. These were shared with relatives who often helped with bits of information. Mary Watlington Wolford had also been searching for family contacts from her home in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Edwin and Genie's visits to Ulrich A. Watlington, which continued into the 70's and 80's, became the principal connection and information channel for our families. Thus the Istrouma Foundry and Gravel Supply Industries and the Watlington Brothers Construction Co. became economic sources that facilitated renewed contacts of the Watlingtons. At Saltillo, Tenn., along the Kentucky Lake of the impounded Tennessee River, the Watlington Brothers built, and later purchased, a river front house that provided a vacation place for employees and especially for Watlington families. This became the rendezvous for June family reunions.

The extended years of Ulrich A. Watlington also contributed to binding

the families together as he became the “oral historian and philosopher” of the family. He was active into his 85th year, with a clear mind and an active interest in keeping up with his growing family and kinfolks. Even later on in his better days he was helpful in recalling events, stories, and persons related to the family story. In the years 1972–75 Elton Watlington picked up the pace of search for the family history with encouragement and financial help from Mack and Sam Watlington and Ulrich A. Watlington was still able to help with visits to old home sites and friends around Jackson and Pinson, Tenn. During these years Edwin and Genie were our main contact with news of the Louisiana Watlingtons.

In 1984, when the first collected list of “Watlingtons in America” [19] was available, it was Edwin and the Istrouma Company who made it possible to send a letter of inquiry to all the Watlingtons on the list. Following up on this Elton, Mary Watlington Wolford, and Polly Phillips in Knoxville, Tenn., a Tabler relative, made positive identification of the south Alabama Watlingtons as the lineage of our William Watlington of Dinwiddie Co., Va.

By this time the need for delineating the descendents of George and Catherine Tabler Watlington of Madison Co., Tenn. was most evident. James Leonard, Albert Edwin, Mary W. Wolford, Hildred Watlington Walker of Selmer, Tenn., Ulrich A. and many others helped with this. Later help came from Clyde M. Watlington of Dyer Co., Tenn. and Richmond, Ca. We are now in contact with Watlingtons in fourteen or more states, and the study continues and becomes more focused.

## Watlingtons in Lousiana

In May of 1984 I had the privilege of spending a day and night with Edwin and Genie Watlington in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. They helped me fill in gaps in our knowledge of Uncle John and Aunt Velma’s travel and family in Louisiana. Aunt Velma still lives in the family home in Shreveport, La., where I visited her in 1961. Their sons Leonard Needham and Albert Edwin both live in Baton Rouge where their families have grown up. Velma Louise, who married Karubah Carnahan, now a retired Air Force pilot, lives in California and their children and grandchildren are near Houston, Texas and Lookout Mountain, Tennessee.

Needham’s son, John Needham, now has twin daughters, Dana De and De Ann Watlington, who are tennis stars at Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge. Edwin and Genie’s daughter, Eugenia Louise, is married to Robert J. Hutchinson and they have three daughters and a son, ages twenty-one to sixteen.

John Leonard Watlington<sup>5</sup> (*b.* Jan. 5, 1889, *d.* Dec. 5, 1955), younger brother of Ulrich A. and Mable, started working with the Mingle Lumber Co. in West Tennessee after he had gained some experience with the street cars of Jackson Tennessee. He learned to operate the steam engines for operating the mill as well as the trains to haul logs. Marvin M. Needham, from Humboldt, Tenn. was his foreman. He got acquainted with the foreman's daughter, Velma Idell, and when the Lumber Company moved to Northeast Louisiana, John moved with them. He and Velma Needham were married in Feb., 1912 at Delhi, Richman Parish, Louisiana.

He continued to work with steam engines in the lumber industry, the sugar industry and with railroads. He worked with the machine shop and later the sugar plantation boilers at the State Penitentiary at Angola from 1929 to 1940. From 1940 until his death in 1955 he worked again with the railroad, becoming an engineer on what was then the L.R. & N., and later the Louisiana and Arkansas, and then the Kansas City Southern Railroad. For some years before his death he was on the fast passenger train run from Shreveport to Baton Route, and return. He is buried at Shreveport, Louisiana in Forest Park Cemetery.

— 1984,  
Corrected May 15, 1996

## Ulrich A. Remembers John Leonard Watlington

My brother John got a job with a timber cutting company that Needham ran. Needham was from around Humboldt, but the timber was mostly in Dyer Co. at that time. Velma met and liked John and John liked the company, especially Velma who was rather young.

About the time the lumber company moved to Louisiana John and Velma got married and moved to Louisiana with the company. Perhaps it was the Binglewood Lumber Co. (Mingle Lumber Co.)<sup>6</sup> John learned to operate the steam engine that ran the saw mill and also the little engines that hauled logs. In this way he prepared himself for his life as a trainman and engineer on the railroads of Louisiana, running from Baton Rouge to Shreveport.

— From notes of the 1950's

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<sup>5</sup>See page 118 for more biographical material.

<sup>6</sup>In Dyer Co., Tenn., there is a community called Mengelwood, on Tenn. State Hwy. 104 between Finley and Heloise, which are west of Dyersburg.

## Watlington-Needham Family

John L. Watlington and Velma Idell Needham began their married life together in Delhi, Richland Parish, La., in February of 1912. They had been courting for more than two years and Velma's parents had had ample opportunity to know the young husband at work and play. The work of lumbering was always moving and changing and by 1913 Marvin Needham and his son-in-law John L. had been transferred to a work along the Red River in Milltown and Pineville, La., about 100 miles southwest of Delhi. Here they worked loading and unloading huge barges of logs for processing into lumber at mills of the Mingle Company.

Pineville was a rail center of the Little Rock and Northern Railroad and John L. was soon attracted to its operations and signed on with them. Their first child, Leonard Needham, was born at Delhi, La., March 6, 1913. The Needhams lived nearby and the two families were close to one another until the death of Marvin and Luna Louise at Alexandria in 1934 and 1935. Before that time Albert Edwin was born in 1919 and Velma Louise in 1922. Marvin Needham had worked many years with the Mingle Lumber Company and ended his career with them as a timber buyer, working out of his home in Alexandria. But as was typical in those days, as the work changed they let him go as he grew older without any pension or special compensation, and there was no Federal Social Security program either.

The three children grew up in Pineville and attended the public schools there. In 1929 John L. began his work with the Louisiana State Penitentiary at Angola, in the machine shop and later operating the large steam machinery of the Sugar Refinery at the prison. Thinking he would get back to his railroad job soon, he did not move his family to Angola until 1935, after Needham had joined the U.S. Army and Edwin was ready for 10th grade. Edwin had in Summer lived with his father at the prison for some weeks at a time. Before 1935, John L. was in charge of the machine shop of the prison as well as the steam for a generating plant and sugar refinery. Edwin remembers that his first summer job was operating the machines of the machine shop at Angola. After graduating from high school at St. Francisville, Edwin worked for two years with his father in the machine shops at the prison.

After some years in the Army Air Corps, Needham went to work at Angola in 1936 and was married in 1937 to Evelyn Taylor and a son, John Needham, was born to them in July 1938. Evelyn had health problems and the resultant treatment caused a separation that led to a divorce. He remarried March 3, 1946 to Iola Mire by whom he has a second son, Karl M. (b. 1962.) Needham found work with the large Ethyl Corporation Plant in Baton Rouge and continued with this throughout his career, except for some years of military service with the Army Air Corps. Baton Rouge has been his home since the

early 1940's.

Albert Edwin was married in October 1939 to Victoria Eugenia (Genie) Powers and he followed the skills of welding and machine shop work learned at Angola. Working with a variety of operations he learned management skills as well as many differing production skills. In 1961 he bought the small Istrouma Machine Shop Company and built it into a very profitable company specializing in the production, distribution, servicing, and repair of sand and gravel moving pumps and accessories. They had two children, Eugenia Louise (*b.* 1943) and Albert Edwin, Jr. (*b.* 1945.) Edwin Jr. died tragically in an auto accident on a city street near his home in 1965.

Velma Louise (*b.* 1922), the younger child of John and Velma Idell, grew up in Pineville and Angola, completing her high school studies in St. Francisville Public Schools. By that time college was a possibility, and she attended and graduated from Louisiana State University. After 1940 her family lived nearby on Park Blvd. in Baton Rouge, where her father was now an engineer on the Kansas City Southern Railroad. While at the university she met and married in 1942 Karubah Carnahan, who was studying there also. He was from the Shreveport area, where his father was an active member of the Masonic Order and a Gulf Oil Co. distributor at Minden, La. Velma Louise lived with her parents at Shreveport after Karubah went into World War II as a fighter pilot with the Army Air Corps. After completing his war-time duty he elected to stay with the Air Force and completed twenty-three years of service with the rank of Colonel. After retirement they lived in southern California many years where he worked some years in the training program with the Northrup Aviation Co. Later he dealt in real estate.

They have two daughters, Misty Louise (*b.* January 26, 1945, in Shreveport, La.) and Velma DeMarest (*b.* October 14, 1947, in the Panama Canal Zone, Panama.) They each have four children and both now live on Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

John Needham (*b.* 1938), the oldest of the grandchildren, has recently retired from many years of work with the Gulf States Utility Co. and moved to Orange City, Alabama. He and his wife, Dana DeWeese, have three children: a son, John N. Jr. (*b.* 1960) and twin daughters, Dana De and De Ann (*b.* 1965). Dana De *m.* 1992, Randall Wayne Womack and lives in Baton Rouge. Karl M. (*b.* 1962), son of Needham and Iola Watlington, has one son, Jacob Needham.

Hence John L. and Velma now have descendents in Louisiana, Oregon, Texas, Tennessee, and Alabama. Of the three children, Needham now has four grandchildren, Edwin has four grandchildren and eleven great grandchildren and Velma Louise has eight grandchildren. See page 290 for a list of descendants.



## Leonard Needham Watlington

*b.* March 6, 1913

*bp.* Rayville, Richland Co., Louisiana

*d.* January 28, 1997

*pd.* Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Needham Watlington, oldest child of John Leonard and Velma W., was born at Rayville, in Richland Co., Louisiana while John L. was still employed by the Mingle Lumbering Company in that county. They were close by the Needhams, Velmas's parents, as they were involved in the labors of the same company which had brought them from Dyer Co., Tenn., to the forests of Louisiana. Within a year or so John L. was assigned to work on the river equipment of the Lumber Co. and based in their "milltown" village near Alexandria, La. It was there that he moved from the steam engines of the river and lumbering machinery to the steam railroad work of the Little Rock Railroad that came through Alexandria, alongside the Red River.

So it was in Pineville and Alexandria that Needham grew up and received his early schooling, among his Needham grandparents and relatives. His father continued as a crew member with the Railroad until the recession of 1929 at which time he took a leave of absence from the R.R. and secured a job with the State of Louisiana working in their maintenance shop and later in operating the boiler system for the State Penitentiary at Angola, near St. Francisville, La. The prison machine shop served as a training school for prisoners as well as a general repair and service shop for the sugar mill and other farming enterprises of the State Prison. Needham and Edwin grew up surrounded by machinery for lumbering, railroading and sugar manufacturing as they saw their father and grandfather Needham at their work.

Needham completed his High School studies at Bolton High in Alexandria, La. and in Dec. 1933 enlisted for a three year term in the U.S. Army Air Corps, which had expressed interest in his athletic abilities.

After completing his term of service in the Army he returned to live with his family which now lived at Angola, with the nearest high school and town at St. Francisville. It was there that he met Evelyn Taylor, daughter of the local telephone switchboard operator who was well known in the small town. In the Summer of 1937 they were married and he continued to work at Angola State Prison. A son, John Needham, was born to them July 26, 1938, and in 1940, when the family left Angola, Needham got a job with the Dupont Chemical Co. at Baton Rouge which produced additives for gasoline. With the war starting in Europe about this time, this company represented a growth industry and though the name of the company changed

to Ethyl Corporation, Needham continued to work for it after his World War II military service for a total of thirty-six years and four months.

After a lengthy separation from Evelyn Taylor, which was extended by military service, they were divorced and on March 3rd, 1946 Needham was united in marriage to Iola May Mire, whose parents were J. A. Mire and Jane Canulette of Slidell, La. They continued to make their home in Baton Rouge, where Needham's work was based. On July 25, 1962 a son, Karl Mire, was born to them. Both John Needham and Karl have married and have children of their own.

John Needham, Sr. recently retired after working many years with the Gulf States Utilities Company near Baton Rouge all his life. He married Dana Paul DeWeese and they have a son John Needham, Jr. and identical twin daughters, Dana De Watlington and De Ann Watlington. While at Louisiana State University they were highly ranked tennis players in college competition. Dana De was married in Feb. 1992 to Randall Wayne Womack and they make their home in Baton Rouge, La.

Karl Mire Watlington was married in January 1989 to Marilyn Brooks of Lake Charles, La. They have a son, Jacob Needham (*b.* Oct. 28, 1993) and live in Baton Rouge.

## Albert Edwin Watlington

*b.* October 20, 1919

*m.* October 7, 1939, Victoria Eugenia Powers

(*b.* September 19, 1911, *d.* October 26, 1994)

Albert Edwin Watlington, was born October 20, 1919, in Pineville, La., six years after his brother Leonard Needham. By this time his father had been working for some years with the Little Rock and Northern R.R. out of Pineville and Alexandria, La. Edwin grew up in Pineville and attended public schools there. His Needham grandparents lived near them in Pineville and later the Needhams moved across the Arkansas River to nearby Alexandria, where Leonard Needham finished high school in 1933.

In the meantime John L. was layed off by the railroad and in 1929 took a leave of absence from them to accept work with the State of Louisiana Penal System at the State Prison at Angola, near St. Francisville, La. For this the family remained at Pineville near the Needham grandparents while John L. lived most of each month at Angola, where he worked with the machine repair shop for the prison and prison farm operation. From an early age Edwin spent much of the Summer with his father in Angola and learned

many skills as he played and worked in the Machine Shop. As he matured he was employed for summer work in the shops while still in high school.

His Needham grandparents died in 1934 and 1935, while he was still in high school and then Velma Idell and the younger children moved to a residence on the prison grounds at Angola. Edwin and Velma Louise then attended high school at St. Francisville, La., traveling by a school bus about thirty miles each way. After graduation from high school in 1937 Edwin was employed for two years by the LA State Prison to continue working in the machine shop. During this time he met and courted V. Eugenia Powers (Genie) whom he married on October 7, 1939. During these years at the machine shop a part of his duties were to supervise the work of prisoners both inside and outside the shop in various daily tasks. This was quite a responsibility for a young man less than twenty years of age, and it helped him mature in relationship to workers and other people.

Shortly after his marriage he went to work in the Todd Johnson Shipyards in New Orleans where World War II demands for ships offered employment. His welding skills learned in the shop at Angola help prepare him for this work. He moved on to Delta Ship Building in New Orleans, then in 1942 worked some months for J. A. Jones Construction Company in Panama City, Fla. He was working there when called for army service in 1942.

While in basic training with the Army he injured a foot so severely that he was discharged after only three months and 9 days of active Army duty. Afterward in 1943 he worked three months with Ethyl Corporation in Baton Rouge where his brother Leonard had worked before entering the U.S. Army Air Corps. This job was less satisfying so he returned to welding work with Delta Tank Manufacturing Co. in Baton Rouge and for a time with Kansas City Bridge Co. in Plaquemine, La. Eugenia was expecting their first child in October 1943 so he returned to Delta Tank Manufacturing Company in late 1943 at Baton Rouge and continued with them until 1957.

Eugenia Louise was born Oct. 28, 1943 and Albert Edwin Jr. was born Dec. 5, 1944. With stable work Edwin accepted more and more responsibility on the job and rose from welder to General Superintendent in Delta Tank Manufacturing Co. Then in 1957 and '58 he worked as Assistant Manager with Plant City Steel Co. at Plant City, Florida. From 1959 to 1961 he worked as General Manager of Safety Craft, building pleasure boats at Morgan City, La.

With experience in finance and management in these recent projects, Edwin and Genie launched the family into a private enterprise as they bought the small Istrouma Foundry and Machine Works<sup>7</sup> where they specialized in building and repairing valves and pump parts for the mining and dredging industries. With this enterprise the selling and distribution of parts for the

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<sup>7</sup>2930 Arbutus Street, Baton Rouge, LA

dredging industry became a major task.

The Sixties and Seventies were kind to the Istrouma Foundry, though hard on the family. In June 1965, Albert Edwin Jr. was struck and killed in the vicinity of his home as he rode his motorcycle to visit his girlfriend nearby. At twenty years of age their only son was taken from them in what seemed to be a senseless automobile accident. But even so, three years before Eugenia Louise (Lou) had married Robert Jule Hutchinson on 11 June 1962. Already there were two young grandchildren, Vicki Louise and Cynthia Lynne. But the emptiness ever remains as they remember the loss of one who held so much promise.

The Istrouma Foundry prospered with the development of better valves and efficient service to emergency calls to help keep the pumps in service. After twenty five years of a good thing, time and health concerns demanded passing on the leadership to new owners. Genie's health began to fail and the need to "slow down" or retire was real. After difficult negotiations the Foundry sold in 1986, with some investment and consultation continuing into 1987.

Since then Genie and Edwin were able to travel some, care for their health better, and enjoy some years of relative ease. Failing eyesight on the part of Genie and other health problems increased and they invested more of their time with grandchildren and other relatives. Genie became less able to travel and entertain but continued as a great comfort and companion to Edwin, Lou and the grandchildren until her death in 1994. By that time she had seen all four of her Hutchinson grandchildren married and had known eight greatgrandchildren. Thus she was doubly blessed as she saw her child's grandchildren! (Psalms 128:6) At this writing Edwin and Genie have eleven great grandchildren and still counting.

— June 18, 1996

## Chapter 7

# Period Pieces: Watlington-Hammond Stories

### The Farm Operators

In the Fall of 1928 or 29, the dairy barn burned to the ground, with loss of feed, hay and other damages. The cows were not destroyed so a blacksmith shop and wagon storage shed was adapted for milking stanchions and hay was stacked outside for feed. This virtually determined the end of a dairy operation, although sale of cream and butter were a continuing source of income through the 1940's. Cream separators had been used on the farm many years before 1930 although they were not common for family use. They were considered a commercial dairy item.

The farm had abundant water and "wet lands" but not much "cotton and corn land." Its best use had been for garden crops and pasture land. But Ulrich and Mack Rob Watlington had been "row crop" farmers and needed more land for that. So while living on the Hammond Homeplace, they sought to rent nearby farmland for cash crops and additional corn for hogs and farm animals. At different times they rented farmland from all their neighbors.

In the 1920's we sharecropped the upland Andrew Harton farm for several years. Cotton was the main crop but the family cleared land next to the woods for corn. This was far enough from home that we carried our lunch or someone (Grandpa [Mack Rob] Watlington) brought it to us. The nice part was having to pass the good apple trees on the old Shindoll homeplace getting there. Much of the upland on the Harton farm was worn out and too poor to grow a good crop. When the Lev Harton family returned from Oklahoma in the Depression years they farmed the Harton place.

Some other places rented were the Will Greer farm on Old Pinson Road, the Dick Davey farm on Seavers Road, the Bert Priddy farm on the Old Malesus Road, and the Witherspoon place adjoining our land. In the 1940's

we also raised cotton on Dr. Martin's place on Highway 45 toward Bemis. In the 1930's we worked land on the Billie Hamlett farm for several years, and cultivated a variety of crops. The Witherspoon place was the same as the McGill and Thompson places. It changed hands and names but it had some good bottom land along Meridian Creek that Papa knew how to cultivate. In later years the Watlington Brothers purchased this one hundred acre farm and continued to rent out the bottom land for cultivation and developed the Watlington Woods residential housing subdivision on the upland along Watlington Road.

Although there was no long-term lease, the Watlington family cultivated part of this farm over a period of more than twenty years. Either corn or cotton would grow well on this land, and Ulrich and the boys cleared new areas along the channeled Meridian Creek to increase the cultivated area and production. Ulrich had young labor and used it to clear ditch banks and new ground. He calculated that it was good for the boys and good farming practice also. He really believed that you could "sweat out some meanness" by honest labor. While he was raising cotton and corn he was also raising boys.

## **Memories from Our Farm Home: Evelyn Watlington Black**

My first sure memories were the Summer of 1923; the year I started to school, having the whooping cough and worrying about Herman and John not having me at home to tell them what to playlike.

I remember Aunt Mai helping Mama make me a dress with matching bloomers with elastic in waist and legs, all new to me. And when Paul was born in August that year (1923) they let me sit in Clara Mai's little rocker and hold him. I felt so big. There were five of us going to school that year walking two miles to Malesus High School.

On Sundays we went to church in the buggy. Grandpa Watlington or Papa would get the buggy hitched up and as we loaded in we each got a penny for Sunday School. Clara Mai usually drove the one horse buggy. Sometimes Mack would drive or he would ride Dinah—his private horse. Some of us would ride with Aunt Mai. Her buggy had a top on it.

The years then were not called a depression. You just did the best you could with what you had. I remember Mama washing and bleaching flour, sugar and feed sacks. She ripped them open, saving the twine to make baseballs and kite string for the boys. She made shirts and pants for little ones, underwear for all of us and the rest ended up as dish towels and hand towels. Aunt Mai helped her with sewing a lot especially in Summer when

getting the school clothes ready. Aunt Mai would come over in the afternoon and they would cut out the shirts in different sizes and then she would take them home and finish them while doing her other chores and caring for Grandpa Hammond. If he woke up from his nap time and couldn't find Aunt Mai in the house he would go out and ring the dinner bell.

Aunt Mable and Uncle Will Stephens would bring us a lot of their old clothes. Clara Mai learned to sew real young. She could make over some of Aunt Mable's clothes into nice dresses for her and a jacket or skirt for me.

It was 1928. The new highway coming from Jackson going south was getting closer to us. They were coming right through our best playground—the sand gullies and red clay hills that meant so much to us—but we loved the excitement. Mack and Papa, with wagon and team, got to work on the highway.

In 1929 the highway was well on its way to Pinson. I seem to remember that the part past our house was near completion by the end of the year. On July 9, 1929 Mama gave birth to a tiny baby girl. After five boys in a row and three older boys we were all overjoyed. Everybody wanted to have a part in naming her. It was finally settled we would call her Betty Juanita.

On July 16, 1930 Grandpa Hammond, age 84, died. He was buried in Lesters Chapel Cemetery. Before cold weather we moved into the big house with Aunt Mai. With a bedroom downstairs and three upstairs we still had two double beds in each room. All beds were usually full, especially on weekends.

We soon learned of the Great Depression: bank failures and unemployment. Papa lost \$35.00 (about six weeks wages for a man) when the Peoples Saving Bank of Jackson failed. Crops failed, cotton prices dropped. We read or heard about the long bread lines and hunger in the big cities and elsewhere, too. Thanks to a large family we had hands available to help Grandpa Watlington raise a big garden. Papa and the big boys planted more field peas and potatoes, and with Mama and Aunt Mai canning everything edible they could find we never went hungry. When wild blackberries started ripening all available hands started hunting. Mama put them up in half gallon fruit jars. They were so good on winter nights with cornmeal mush and buttered homemade light bread.

In 1935 I graduated from Malesus High School and Betty started to school so we still had six in school. Since we were still suffering the depression it seemed best that I stay home to work. Mama and Aunt Mai really needed a full time helper with washing, ironing, cooking and washing dishes three times a day plus sewing, patching and cleaning house for 10 to 14 people was no small chore.

Washday was all day—carrying water from the spring below the house, building a fire under the iron kettle to heat water to start scrubbing the first

tub of clothes, refill pot for boiling clothes—on and on until the last of the overalls were hung on the pasture fence because all the lines were full. Papa saw that we had help getting the water up the hill. Grandpa was getting feeble but he tried to help.

The ironing was done along with other chores in order of importance. After breakfast we would put the flat irons (or sad irons) on the big cook stove. It had six eyes and a water reservoir so there was plenty of room for four or five sad irons while cooking dinner and washing dishes.

T.V.A. was established in 1933 and we had been waiting patiently for rural electricity to reach us. It did in early summer of 1937. As soon as the wiring was done, electricity connected to meter box and the lights working Clara Mai bought an electric iron. Mama let me use it on the white shirts and other starched clothes. She and Aunt Mai still used the sad irons on rough things. Then at Christmas she bought a Montgomery Ward electric radio. We got to listen to the fifteen minute soap operas while ironing and sewing. The radio brought joy to all of us at home.

Grandpa Watlington had been in very bad health throughout the summer, and he died Oct. 9, 1937. He was buried in Big Springs Cemetery near Pinson, where so many Watlington relatives are buried.

Herman enlisted in the Civilian Conservation Corps in April 1938 and was sent out west. Mack had been in C.C.C. for 3 or 4 years, as a work group leader, stationed in Jackson. Clara Mai and Kenneth were teaching near home. Sam was working at carpenter work and got married in October 1939.

Then came 1941. First Clara Mai married in February. Papa decided to start building a new kitchen but had to tear down the old one first. Then in July the first grandchild was born, Samuel Stephens, Jr. Then six weeks later sorrow struck. After a brief illness Mama died at age 54. She was buried August 13, 1941 at Ebenezer Cemetery, near Malesus.

Around the last week in Nov. of 1941 the new kitchen was finished. Then came Dec. 7th, Pearl Harbor, a date all the world remembers.

Elton wants to know where everyone was in Dec. of 1944, at the height of World War II. Well, I was working for Western Union Telegraph Company. After being sent to Gainesville, Georgia for training I was a relief operator in 1943 and 1944. I traveled to several places and ended up in Humboldt, Tenn. in October of 1944 and that was where I was at Christmas of 1944, and for three more years.

— Evelyn Watlington Black



## U. A. Watlington

While living near Bear Creek Methodist Church, on a farm that bordered Bear Creek on the north bank (in other years the family lived further up the creek valley) Papa got into trouble with some other boys, one of them being John Raines, old Doctor Raines of Malesus', brother. He was threatening other teenagers with a pistol he had, and Papa used a knife on him. One older comrade at Bear Creek commented to me one day that Ulrich was "quite good with a knife." Papa was sent to the home of his Aunt Nona Daniel Rodgers (Mrs. Dudley Rodgers) in Red River County, near Clarksville, Texas. He spent sixteen months there at farm labor with the Rodgers and neighbors before returning to Madison County, Tennessee. In the meantime the ruckus smoothed over and all was quiet. John Raines, who had been badly cut up and they thought might die, healed well and no charges were pressed. The year of the Texas trip, Papa's second as he had gone earlier with his family, was in 1903 when he was eighteen years of age.

In later years Doctor James Tidwell Raines of Malesus was our family physician and no hard feelings prevailed due to the youthful incident.

As Papa passed eighty-five years of age he often said that he had "outlived all of his enemies and most of his friends." He literally didn't have an enemy in the world.

— Recalled by U.A.W., April 2, 1973

## Papa's Watch

Ulrich A. Watlington took his bride to Dyersburg where he lived until spring then moved to a farm south of Dyersburg to make a cotton crop. Two friends, Forrest (Shack) Wilson and Howard Pacaud, joined him at harvest time. He then moved across the Mississippi River to help gather the corn crops. Settling near Caruthersville he made a crop of cotton and corn. While living here his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Will Stephens, drove out in a covered wagon and brought his father for a visit. The river bottom was filled with mosquitoes and malaria was rampant, so late in the fall he sold out to come back to Tennessee.

It was in selling his cow and two hogs that he got his Hamilton watch that became a prized possession through the years. The following year he lived and worked at the West Tennessee Experiment Station.

His son Paul had his watch repaired for him in his declining years and Papa wanted him to have it at his death. He had used it most of the time over a period of 72 years.

— Clara Mai King, 1971

## Sickness

In the midst of the depression years of the 1930's, the health of Ulrich A. Watlington broke on him. He became sick in the Fall or Winter of 1934–35 and could not regain his strength as Spring came. We faced a crop year with a sick father and an aged grandfather. Land had been contracted for cultivation at Will Greer's and also Dick Davy's. "The boys" had to plant the crop and see it through. Clara Mai was teaching school at Adee schoolhouse; Mack was in the Civilian Conservation Corps at Jackson, Kenneth was in college but had to stay home and plant cotton this year, and Sam and Herman were left to do plowing. Herman was in high school but school had to give way to farm duties at times.

I remember that Papa was able to do some of the planning and directing. As he was able he would saddle and ride his horse "Dick" to oversee the scattered operation. At times it seemed that he was holding on to the pommel of the saddle. We were afraid that he had tuberculosis, but whatever it was it knocked him out of a planting season and most of the crop year. Fortunately he regained his strength by Fall of the year.

Years later as chest X-rays were more common, scars showed up that indicated severe past lung problems, possibly from tuberculosis or pneumonia. Though Ulrich was slight of build with a tendency to be thin and wirey, he seldom missed a day of work from illness. Perhaps this is why his extended illness was so notable in 1935.

## Automobiles, Horses, and Buggies

Ulrich Watlington acquired a Ford car in the mid 1920's—a Model T. He learned to drive it but never learned to like it. And then, it was a product dependent on a cash economy for gas, parts, tires, and replacement. After a few years the Depression struck hard. The car was traded for a buggy. Another car was acquired also which was retired on the farm. It became a favorite piece of scrap iron and the children could use it to "play like" they were driving.

Later, when gear shift cars came into use Ulrich tried to learn the new method of driving but had difficulty handling clutches, gears and the steering wheel at the same time. He did drive the Chevrolet "Cabrolet" which had a rumble seat, but often ended up in a ditch. So he ceded the driver's seat to Clara Mai and a growing group of sons who were sure they knew how to drive. He let the children wrestle with clutches, gears and flat tires. He was too deeply involved in livestock to be confused by an inanimate object. His father, Mack Rob, always kept his buggy and a buggy horse or two. He made trips to Dyer County to visit relatives and visited friends over Madison

and Chester County using his horse and buggy. He also helped with the transportation of the children to and from church and school in bad weather with his buggy. O. W. Hammond never ventured into the automobile age either, although he had early on used a gasoline engine to power tools for his work shop and the cream separator, using overhead pulleys and leather belts to transfer the power for various uses.

Clara Mai needed a car for transportation to Adee School and so in the summer of 1932 bought the Chevy with a rumble seat. After that the family always kept one car, and has many memories of the Chevrolet Cabrolet with a rumble seat, the old Durant Sedan which would lose a rear wheel occasionally, and the Ford Sedan which served to get Clara Mai to school and all of us to church and “the city.” Evelyn remembers though that the Watlingtons were still using a horse and buggy to attend Sunday School and church when our horse would be the only one hitched on the lot. When Herman and John William served as janitors after the Malesus Church installed a central furnace under the church (1935–40), they would ride a horse to church to clean and start the fire on Saturday afternoons. Later Elton took over this duty and also rode a horse to attend to this duty as late as 1941. One car simply couldn’t provide all our need for transportation.

## Old Daisy, the Brood Mare, and Other Horse Tales

When struggling with subsistent farm life, families pick up on many different lines of trade or products to help out the family budget. Mack Rob and Ulrich Watlington were thought of as “cotton tenant farmers” but their experience with livestock and especially horses often provided income as well as food and horse power for the family. One of these ventures was the faithful sorrel mare, Daisy, who proved to be a very valuable work animal, buggy horse, brood mare, and family friend.

Daisy came into the family about 1912, and died at the time Jennie S. Watlington died in 1941. That means she was around for about 29 years, and although the count of her colts varied, the story was the she had given birth to “seventeen mule colts” and Dinah, a pretty marble gray mare who was supposed to be her replacement as a good brood mare. Dinah turned out to be a good “single-footing” riding animal and a dependable work animal but never gave the family a single colt.

But the “seventeen mule colts” were like money in the bank. They were a source of ready income when mule-power was in demand through the 1920’s and 30’s. Some of these were sold quite young, others were broken to work and sold or traded later as prime work mules. Ulrich never backed off from

“breaking a mule” to harness, saddle, and work.

In fact he often traded for high-spirited horses or mules that gave other people problems and thus were less valuable to them. Then he brought them under control. Once he noticed his sons were having difficulty bridling a mule in the stable, which turned away every time they approached and threatened to kick them. He took the bridle from them, spoke to the mule, and the moment the mule turned and offered the rump to him he struck the mule’s butt so hard with the leather bridle and bits that the mule was quite willing to offer his head to him and take the bridle. His comment was that “one has to be smarter than a mule to handle one.” It could have been that one has to be rougher than a mule to manage one.

Grandpa Watlington and Ulrich were horse traders, trainers and handlers. They would sell, trade, train, and buy promising animals. But Daisy, and later her mare colt Dinah, were fixtures, perennials. To train a young animal you needed a steady, sane animal to hitch them beside. So Daisy served for training purposes, and not just for breeding. Daisy was intelligent enough that you could cultivate row crop with her by talking to her, without a “plowline” to guide her. But she could avoid stepping on the plants or step on them deliberately, according to the mood she was in.

One story they told repeatedly about Daisy was the time Papa was harrowing with a four-horse abreast team near the cowbarn. Some of the children were playing nearby and as they neared the edge of the field old Daisy stopped suddenly and caused the other three horses to stop. Trusting Daisy’s judgment, Papa checked to see what the cause might be, and he found that Daisy had bumped a three year old son to the ground and stepped on him lightly; but realizing what had happened brought the whole team to a halt. According to family legend, the price went up on Daisy that day; she just wasn’t for sale. I was the child and so heard various versions of the story across the years. Daisy had saved my life, but stretched my stomach.

Another part of the story is that as a six or seven year old I was getting into the empty wagon for a ride by climbing up the spokes of the back wheel as a ladder. The wagon started up, not realizing that another child was climbing on, and the movement threw me to the ground, with the wagon wheel passing over my turned-up stomach. Perhaps it was soft ground or a hard stomach but there was no permanent damage. By the time I was ten I had developed a “buttermilk stomach” (similar to a beer belly) and the brothers would say that my stretched stomach came from Daisy’s footstep and the wagon wheel.

Daisy was Jennie’s favorite buggy horse, probably because she was so tame and easily harnessed. Without help she could catch Daisy, harness her to the buggy and go visiting. In a similar way many of the boys were taught to harness a horse and hitch up to plow Daisy because she offered no special

danger to them.

But the time came when Daisy's teeth wore out and she might have been sent to the fertilizer (tankage) factory, but she wasn't. She had a bad shoulder from collar burns years previously, and a swollen front knee and wasn't good any more for heavy team work or wagon service except for short hauls. But she was special. Some believed that Ulrich found her so contrary at times that he wanted her to live a long life and suffer much for all the grief she had caused him across the years. But I believe that Ulrich and Jennie had realized that she was one of the family's best friends and that she had saved several of their children by her work and her colts and by being gentle with boys learning to harness her, ride and plow.

She was available into her last years for garden plowing, or pulling the ground sled around the farm to haul feed or plows. But she needed corn that her teeth would not grind, so Ulrich and the boys would grind her corn for her in a mill intended for mechanical power to run it. We had adapted a handle to turn it but it was not a grinder for women or children. Some boys had wished Daisy dead several years before she gave up the ghost. Even then she got the best of us, for Ulrich would not call the tankage company truck to come and make fertilizer of her mortal remains. He hitched up a team and drug her to an appropriate sand ditch and saw that we shoveled enough dirt over her so that no buzzard or dog would ever touch her.

If Jennie had been there she would have cried. In fact, one of the few times I saw Jennie cry was when Ulrich finally traded Dinah off for a young mule. She did not complain; she did not wail out loud, but as Dinah was loaded up to go away, Jennie cried unashamedly. Such were the bonds of our family to our favorite horses. Some relationships may still be sacred, even among the animals.

## **U.S. Highway 45 comes to the Farm**

In the 1920's as automobiles became more common and the population and prosperity of the region increased, new roads became an imperative. The older boys remember riding the farm hack to Jackson to deliver milk, butter, and farm produce. From the homeplace they would go up the Mill Road to the Old Pinson Road and follow it to the Chester Levee Road and on into Jackson. At the Forked Deer River Crossing there was a bridge, but in good weather the buggies, hacks and wagons used a side road at the river so they could go down and ford the river, watering the horses as they crossed, and also watering the wooden wheels of their vehicle to help keep the spokes tight. The water was good for both beast and vehicle. The Chester Levee Road was built up high, as was the bridge, so the road could be used in moderate flooding conditions. Even so, in late winter or early Spring there were times

when flood waters prevented any crossing into Jackson, except by railroad, which was built up higher.

United States Route 45 was designed as an interstate highway which would go from Milwaukee, Wisconsin to Mobile, Alabama. A similar road, U.S. Highway 51, would go from Chicago to Cairo, Illinois to Memphis, Jackson, Mississippi and on to New Orleans, La. These routes followed already established railroad routes uniting West Tennessee with Northern and Southern cities, and also opening up better transportation to rural areas along the route.

Highway 45 was planned to come near Bemis, Tenn. and opened a new access to Bolivar to the west, while continuing south to Henderson, passing through Pinson beside the Mobile and Ohio Railroad tracks. In this trajectory it would cross the Hammond-Watlington farm at an angle that would cut the L-shaped sixty-six acre farm into three parts. In most cases such a road would be of instant value to isolated farm land and the owners were glad to give land freely for the project.

In this case the highway would require the diversion of a stream, the isolation of three parcels of land and the angling route would use more land. Ulrich Watlington was effectively in control of farm management although O. W. Hammond was still living. He insisted on compensation for the highway crossing the farm with the resulting need for new fences, fields and drainage problems. The highway management was high-handed and used various pressures and threats to persuade Ulrich of the advantage of the road. But for a farmer the disadvantages were immediate and costly. With community support, especially Mr. Barham Caldwell of Malesus, Ulrich won the settlement. It was a small amount of cash, but it would help build the needed new fences. But Ulrich knew that the farm, small as it was, was permanently damaged for agricultural and dairying purposes.

The road brought temporary advantages in that the construction needed teams of horses and mules to do grading and road work so there was some work for a team and driver at seasons. Both Ulrich and Mack Watlington were able to hire out for some weeks of work with two teams of horses from the farm. It also offered a lot of excitement for the children, and a lot of dust and dirt around the house for Jennie and the girls. Our well became very important for drinking water, and the streams offered abundant water for concrete making and for the teams working on the road. They used some "steam shovels" to move dirt but most of the road way grading was done by the use of "mule power."

Soon after this the C. A. McGill family purchased the adjoining Witherspoon farm and Mr. McGill planned to build his new brick home facing the highway. They had an automobile and two older children who worked in Jackson but Mr. McGill was retired and wanted to live on a farm. We were

delighted to have new neighbors. Mr. McGill planted an apple orchard that also blessed the community with fruit many years although it might have been considered a commercial failure.

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**A Memory of the Construction** In our eagerness to see this marvelous “Steam Shovel” Jimmy Harton, Sam and I went to see it one Sunday. As we came up out of the gullies on to a level spot, near Seavers Road, we could see the top of the excavator but it was not working; it’s motor was idling. We continued on until dynamite started blowing up the ground too close, We got a few scratches as we fell through some blackberry vines in the gullies.

— Kenneth Watlington

## Aunt Mai’s Chickens

In the late thirties and early forties one of my chores was to shell corn for Aunt Mai’s chickens. This was an easy enough task: the corn was easily shucked and the sheller quickly shelled the ear with a turn of the handle and threw the cobs into a neat pile. The only obstacle: Papa’s formidable jersey bull Frank (named for Mr. Frank Robley from whom he was purchased). Supposedly, he was harmless but I refused to be convinced. When I came to the gap I would scan the barnyard in an effort to locate Frank. If he wasn’t too close to the barn I would quickly sprint to the barn and into the crib. With an empty sack this was easy. When I had the amount of shelled corn I could carry, I would peer out the crib door. If Frank was nearby I would start throwing out nubbins for him and wait until I was confident that he had enough to keep him busy until I could reach the gate. Carrying a sack of corn slowed me some but I still could have competed in a marathon. Reaching the gap I threw the sack over and scooted under. Who bothers to open a gap?

I had one experience with a mouse in the crib. For some reason I was standing on the pile of cobs thrown from the sheller. At about the same time I saw a mouse run across the floor. The cobs began to roll and the cobs and I managed to flatten the mouse. I never minded catching mice in a trap, but I felt this one didn’t have a sporting chance.

The shelled corn was for the hens. The younger chicks had to have ground corn. Since the corn grinder was a man-killer, Aunt Mai and I would always go together for this chore. The handle inched its way around as I pushed

with all my strength. Each of us could make only a few turns without resting. I'm sure Elton and Joe did most of the grinding. I encouraged the chicks to get ready for whole grains.

Baby chicks got special treatment, often mashed boiled eggs and corn-bread. A sudden summer rain would send Aunt Mai into a frenzy; rounding up baby chicks and mother hens and putting them under an old wash tub (bottom out) with some sort of cover to protect them from the rain.

Aunt Mai's efforts provided us with eggs, chicken and vegetable soup, chicken and dumplings, chicken and dressing and fried chicken.

— Betty Watlington Williams

## Memories of a Farmer

I guess I thought Grandpa Watlington was about the smartest man in our neighborhood.

He knew within a minute when it was going to start raining, and he could tell exactly when I should leave his yard in order to reach home before sundown.

I played many summer afternoons with his grandchildren in the yard of their frame two-story house which sat on a high hill about a mile down the road from our house.

You could see the yard from our front porch as the crow flies but I was always leery of snakes and chose the dirt road, rather than cut across the deep grass and marsh of their pasture and through the cornfield where the stalks cut my bare arms until they bled, when I went to visit.

Grandpa Watlington always sat beneath a big oak tree in the front yard between meals with his cane bottom chair tilted back on two legs against the trunk of the tree. His straw hat, which had seen many a summer following the mules in the fields, sat squarely on his head as though he were still in the sun. Most times he kept his eyes shut and slept but he always perked up when we would drop at his feet to rest.

He would start a story with his soft drawl that kept us glued to the ground until he reached the end. Most of them were ghost stories, about haunted houses he had known and occasionally he would slip in one about the towering attic room of the house beside us, and caused many a sleepless night among his listeners.

He was never sick himself, but he could feel your head and see if you had fever, and spit tobacco juice on your toe if you stumped it till it bled, and tell at a glance if a bone was fractured or just felt like it.

Grandpa Watlington could tell you if you needed to take a coat, if you planned to be away after nightfall, and he would cast an eye toward the sky



and stretch a bare arm out from his body and decipher the temperature to the degree.

If a dog ran slobbering into the yard, he knew whether it was just thirsty or rabid and he could tell without opening his eyes who had just passed down the dirt road by the sound of their motor.

If you were hungry he could always find a stick or two of licorice candy in his pocket.

Grandpa Watlington had 11 grandchildren to love at his house but he always had room in his heart for their friends.

— Jean McGill Green <sup>1</sup>

## I Remember: Kenneth Watlington

A spring branch of Meridian Creek traversed our sixty-six acre farm and was probably its most distinctive feature. The “branch” was very important to our growing up and to our livelihood. It was an excellent source of water for the cows and horses. It was water for washing clothes and for fishing and swimming. We all learned to swim in the branch and in Meridian Creek. Many memories are tied into the “branch.”

The bridge on Watlington Road—built by County Prison labor and horse drawn pile drivers, quite often was tilted or washed down stream in spring floods. The volume of water at all times was much greater than the present.

In the Spring of 1916 I was nearly three, Sam was 18 months, Clara Mai and Mack, seven and five. The spring rains left the bridge slightly tilted. We three went out enjoying the warm weather and looking at the black berry blooms and walked out on the bridge. Sam started down the slope to see the water and couldn’t stop. He fell in—no splash, no splutter. He just floated. His diaper, long dress and under clothes held him up and he had landed on his back. He did not start floating up stream as some may have reported. Screams and yells brought Mama on the run. She went through a barbed wire fence and the blackberry vines and into the water which was about shoulder deep on her—she could not swim—and caught Sam before he sank. My report was that “Mama went in in her ‘nu toos’” (new shoes).

Another Spring the bridge washed down and lodged against a beech tree and the opposite bank. Traffic (the mail carrier) was routed through our yard

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<sup>1</sup>Grandpa Watlington was Mack Rob Watlington. Jean was a daughter of C.A. McGill, and a neighbor from about 1930 until 1938. This article was published in the Union City Newspaper under the pseudonym Jim Farmer. — E.A.W.

and gate across the bridge and back up the pasture to a gate near where the bridge was supposed to be.

The water was up and rolling. It was up to the bridge joist. Clara Mai, Mack and I were throwing sticks up the stream and then catching them just before they went under the bridge. Mack leaned over too far and went in and under the bridge. He came up between two joists and saw a crack between two planks. He caught hold with his fingers. Clara Mai, thinking to help him, stood on his fingers. Screams and yells brought Papa and a crow bar. He pried up the plank and Mack loaded into Clara Mai for stomping on his fingers. Papa suggested that we not play on the bridge.

We were taught to “Say Sir to your Elders.” We had no problem with this; we had plenty of elders around and we used it correctly. The problem was to not say “Sir” unnecessarily. Papa told me to call Elton and others for work time. I said, “Elton” and he thinking it was Papa replied, “Sir.” Looking up he saw it was me and then said, “I mean: What?”

At about five years of age, Aunt Mai saw Paul carrying a big arm full of stove wood and cautioned him to be careful or he might hurt his back. Paul replied, “Me don’t carry it on me back, me carry it in me arms.”

Marvin Jones, Neighbor and Buddy. Buddy (that’s what we called him then and I still do) came down one Saturday morning before Sam and I had finished cleaning up the barnyard. Buddy had plaited a short whip out of some leather and he wanted to know if we could ride old Kate (an old gentle mule). We got him to help us finish our job and then bridled Old Kate. Since this was to be a good production we all three would ride. Buddy with his whip was in front. He didn’t wait until we were in the road until he applied the whip and Kate took off in a sharp turn and we took off holding on to each other. We landed in the sand but had to run Kate down to get her back in the barn lot.

During 1927 I started living with Grandpa Hammond to help him and Aunt Mai. I remember Grandpa Hammond as he sat in his rocking chair<sup>2</sup>, reading and sleeping. I had a mirror and straight razor and was looking to see if I could find a whisker. Grandpa said, “Oh, put some cream on it and let a cat lick it off!”

He called Aunt Mai, “Hey, Puss, comb my hair and scratch it good.” In his last years he didn’t get out much and left most of the planning and work to Papa and Aunt Mai. He loved to overfeed the cows if he got to the barn.

On one occasion he went up on the hill to see the apple trees (where Mack and Golden built their home). He went too far and gave out. He came in with his face scratched and his nose bleeding from a fall. As I recall that was his last walk by himself.

Morning and night we had a time of Bible and prayer. Mornings would

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<sup>2</sup>I have the chair now, thanks to Golden

be short but the evening Bible reading was longer and the prayer was longer. He sometimes called on Aunt Mai to lead in prayer but most of the time he did the prayer. I remember when they had a cat named Creed. Creed would climb up on Aunt Mai's or Grandpa's back as they were on their knees in prayer.

In 1927 I started staying with them all the time. I was assigned the job of driving the milk hack (a light peddling wagon) to town (Jackson, nearly six miles) and selling milk, butter, eggs and some produce. I took over from Grandpa Watlington, who was then 74 years old; who taught me the route and customers.

Old Nell was my horse and she was old. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday was milk day. Leaving by seven o'clock, Old Nell and I could make the route and I could get to school for afternoon classes. The route was up South Royal Street to Shelby, then to Short St., both ends of Short—to Madison, then to Middle Avenue. There were about 12 or 15 regular customers. In the Summer I would take in a movie on Saturday after making the rounds.

I think we just made two trips a week the next year when I was in the ninth grade, then the depression closed us down. Also the enforcement of dairy laws had a part in closing down our dairy operation, as well as the fire that destroyed the cow barn.

I should report that this experience carried over to college. In my second year in Lambuth College I hitchhiked rides to school and often caught a dairy truck (Baxter Sharp, Ben Sharp or Roy Davis). I would help them deliver milk to the doors as we worked our way up Royal. Mr. Baxter was the best for me as he went all the way to Allen Street and I was never late to an eight o'clock class. One day I was late. I turned in my excuse, "car trouble." I was honest, I could not catch a car.

— Kenneth Watlington

## School Days at Malesus: Paul Watlington

First grade at Malesus School (1929) was a new experience which brought lots of new friends. We walked from home to school which was a *long* mile. On rainy and some other bad days they would let us ride in the buggy. I remember the walk more than the ride.

I remember some students would ride horses or buggies and tie the horses in the woods for the day. I liked my teacher and playmates but can't say much for my studying.

I remember my first school bus, but I don't know what year (about 1931). Mr. Earl Hunt had a Chevy truck. He put a canvas top (like a covered wagon)

and benches across front and sides. Nothing to close the rear. Soon there were too many to ride in the truck, so he pulled a four wheel trailer behind the truck. The trailer had a canvas top like the truck, with no safety features.

We had exercise out on the school ground each morning which everyone attended. We also had chapel in the study hall. The small children always looked up to the high school students. I remember several of them but they seemed never to notice the small ones.

In later years they got a better bus. It didn't come by our house so we had to walk one mile to Chester Levee Road and wait with several others to catch it. Sometimes you would be late so you just walked on to school.

We had a recess in the morning, then out for lunch. Of course, everyone brought their own lunch. Lunch time we would have time to play games or play ball.

I went to Adee one teacher school with Clara Mai, I think about the sixth grade. It was really an experience for me. She taught all eight grades. They started early so as to let out for cotton picking. After about six weeks I wanted to go back to Malesus, so Clara Mai turned me loose.

Malesus was always looking for basketball players so being large for my age, I substituted on the team while in the eighth grade. At the end of the year, our eighth grade class took a trip to Chickasaw Park. Woods Davis took us there in his wood hauling truck (no top, no seats—just stand up and ride). The girls fixed lunch and the boys ate. The Park wasn't finished. They were working on the buildings and there was no swimming area. We boys went swimming anyway.

The government started an N.Y.A. program for school students. I worked on this one year an hour a day. It paid 15 cents per hour; we swept floors, washed windows, any other job. Sometimes we would help build fires in the stoves. The school lunch program also started about this time. We called it the soup kitchen and it was in the basement of the school building. There was no plumbing in the basement, so all water was carried in and out in buckets as well as supplies. This was part of the job. I thought the lunch program was good.

One time I said something to Mama about patches on my clothes. She said, "Son, as long as you are clean, don't worry." Mama also talked to me about the girls I was going with. She wanted to know about them.

Woodson Hall wanted to be in the Golden Glove Boxing Championship in Jackson. He wanted me to work out with him, so I thought I was good, pretty good. We would work out after school. Woodson won his bout, but I lost and that was the end of boxing for me. They put my picture in the paper telling I lost. This was the year I lived with the Gus Thompson family. They hired me to do the chores and farm work.

The teachers gave me the grades I'm sure. I know now that I could have done a lot better. They let me finish with my class. Four of us went through all twelve grades together, Franklin Day, Tina Ruffin, Nora Frances Fitzgerald and myself. One thing I will never forget are the plays we had at the end of eleventh and twelfth school years. I sure wasn't cut out to be an actor. The thing I enjoyed most was the years playing basketball—and Malesus was the runner-up for County Champion in my senior year, 1940–41.

— Paul Watlington

## The “Little Tenant House” Neighbors

The little box house built of unplanned lumber on the Hammond farm in the Spring of 1913 served as a home for the Ulrich Watlington-Jennie Hammond family and Mack Rob Watlington until the winter of 1930. After that time it served a variety of purposes and several families found shelter under its galvanized roof in the turbulent thirties. At times it was used to warehouse cotton, lumber or furniture between occupants, but as a rule the little tenant house served as home for workers and their families at a minimum cost for rent, and without utilities.

Located by 1931 on a paved U.S. Highway at the juncture with Watlington Road, it was within three miles of the cotton mill town of Bemis, and five miles of Jackson, but without any local bus service. It had a shallow curbed well, a garden plot, a cellar to conserve food and the protection of large trees from sun and strong winds. It had served the Watlington family well for eighteen years and was still a viable shelter.

Although without records of rent or tenants across twenty-five years, the home not only served the families living there but also provided another family of near neighbors for the Watlington family and a source of farm help at times of need. A side benefit was neighboring children for the younger members of the family. Without pretending to speak of the order of occupancy, we have many memories of the neighbors who lived there.

Mr. Rod Hamilton lived with his family in the Frank Robley tenant house on top of the hill to the west of Hwy. 45 on Watlington Road. Mr. Hamilton had a job at Bemis Cotton Mill but preferred to live in the country where the family had a chance to raise a garden, chickens and pick and chop cotton in season. His son, Bill Hamilton, also had work at the cotton mill and he and his wife, Myrtle, and wife's sister Lizzie Haynes rented the little house some years and purchased one of the corners of land separated from the farm by the new highway on which to build a small two room house of their own. Bill and Myrtle Hamilton had two children, Margaret and Grady. Margaret was an older child but Grady was born while living neighbor to us. We thought

it a little strange that Bill's youngest brother J. B. (Jabbo) was only three or four years older than Grady but was his Uncle!

When the Hamiltons were able to move to their own modest home, Lizzie and Aubrey Haynes continued to rent the home for some time. Aubrey and Lizzie had three children who shared the house and grew up with the Watlingtons, Hamiltons and McGills. They were a son Jesse, and daughters Clara and Audrey. But Lizzie and Aubrey had an off and on marriage. By their own estimate they "had been married and divorced eighteen times" and life wasn't over with yet. In later years we learned that Lizzie underwent some treatment at the Western State Mental Hospital at Bolivar, Tennessee.

But the times were hard and the Hamiltons and Haynes leaned on one another and "Mr. Ulrich" for support. The rent was only five dollars a month during the worst of times, but that was still five days work or more for someone. And then the rent didn't always get paid unless it was time to chop or pick cotton.

Mr. C. D. Rivers had a brother living in southern Illinois who died, and his widow became sick, so he brought the family to West Tenn. to be near him. One grown son, Frank, was in the Army, and Harold (Red) and W. B. were grown sons still at home with their mother but without steady employment. They found shelter for some months in the little house and we enjoyed their company. We thought the boys had Yankee accents. They were a fine family but sickness and a death in the family put them in dire straits.

Another family which lived neighbor to us in the little house was the Teuton family. It was many years later that I realized that this name comes from the ancient "Teutonic peoples of Northern Germany." They were a fair skinned blue-eyed family with three older girls, Hettie, Jettie and Lettie, and three younger boys, Clint, Clarence and Clyde. They had run into hard times though because Mr. Teuton was serving some time in the "Pen." When one of the daughters came out of the house dressed in her father's overalls, another said, "You've got Pap's overalls on." The reply was, "No, 'tain't. Pap's overalls got stripes."

Fortunately, that too passed and the family found better times in the nearby mill town. But one of the daughters found a husband in the nearby Murchison family and has continued to be a neighbor for sixty years.

After Magnus Napoleon (Poley) Murchison and Hettie Teuton married they, too, rented the little house to start their family and two of their children were born there, Richard and Grady. "Poley" improved his reading and writing with his wife's help and Ulrich Watlington taught him how to read a carpenter's framing square, as he struggled to learn the carpenters trade. Poley had some good "opossum hunting dogs" and we enjoyed some good hunts together. His son Richard came along at a time when all the children were teenagers at the Watlington home so he became a "grandson figure"

around Ulrich and Emma Mai Hammond. Since there were still some cows to milk on the farm, Poley and Hettie came regularly to buy some milk, butter and eggs.

Another family who lived as neighbor there was the Hopper family who had two daughters, one named Bonnie, who was still in school. After them the Jim Elec (J. E.) Collins family moved in and became permanent settlers in the neighborhood. Among the children were Alvin, Kenneth (Kay), Frank, and Parnell. Alvin was married and lived elsewhere; Kay had a crippled back yet still was able to hold a good job in the Cotton Mill. Both Kay and Frank married while they lived as neighbors. Kay bought land from Sam and Mary on Watlington Road and eventually built a simple home for himself and another for his parents on it. Frank married a neighbor girl, Jean Hamilton, and they both lived with his parents at times while starting their family. At least one of their children was born in "the little house."

Jim Elec Collins was at retirement age when he moved here. The place was a country place near the mill town where one son worked. Frank worked at odd jobs related to the lumbering industry and later work at the Bemis Mill. Parnell got his driver's license while living there and his first car, a Model "A" Ford, which he adored. He became a pretty good practical auto mechanic and later lived near Bemis. Kay and Mr. and Mrs. Collins settled into their retirement in their new home nearby.

Jim Elec worked in the cotton field at times despite his age. When asked one time about his experience growing cotton he replied, "Man, I am a cotton farmer. Why, I wore out three farms growing cotton." Having had some 4-H Club lessons in the values of rotating crops and balancing cotton growing with cattle, corn and hay I could imagine what a cotton farmer he had been! Seriously speaking, he probably was right about wearing out three farms as a tenant cotton farmer. I had seen others do it in our community. It is a part of the history of farming in West Tennessee.

Concerning the fine strong wife that his son Kay found to marry, his father, Jim Elec Collins once commented, "Kay had been looking for a good wife for some time, but I'm afraid he got more than he ordered."

Mr. Billie (J. W.) Hamlett was a long time neighbor to the East of our farm. We had cultivated many cotton crops and some hay, corn and water-melons on his land and cleared well his ditch banks along the branch stream. The time came when Mr. Hamlett had sold most of his land and his money got low and he had to cultivate his own land, with the help of his son, Robert Earl. He was over sixty years old and was pleased at being healthy enough to do plowing and planting at that age. Ulrich Watlington, when he heard it mentioned said, "It shouldn't surprise anyone. A man who hasn't hit a lick of work until he is sixty should be in good health to work some."

## Negro Family Neighbors

There were not many blacks living in south Madison County around Malesus. A large community lived in northwest Madison County around Denmark, and Jackson had a large community of Blacks. But there were enough to get acquainted with them and to enjoy their help at times with farm and home tasks. Four families were part of the family story from an early time. The family of Nelly Jones lived the closest to us, along Highway 45 near the Creek, where they owned a house and lot.

Nelly Jones and one or more of her family could be counted on to help the family at the time of the birth of a new child, at hog killing time with all the work making lard and sausage and in other times of special need. Since neither family had much cash, often the pay was in products from the farm, such as fresh meat, molasses, garden produce, or corn and hay for their livestock. They usually kept chickens, pigs, and a cow and a mule. Nelly raised her family on that place and later sold it to a white neighbor for a residence.

The Manning family lived on a place they owned which came from the Charles Hammond farm after Charles' untimely death in 1891. They had worked with the Hammonds and one son of their family was accused of being involved in the death of Mr. Hammond. "Fat Sam" Manning knew how to cook off sorghum molasses and helped the family many years in the Fall making sorghum.

Another family that helped with sorghum making and other jobs was Ross Graves. One story told about them is that one of his teenage sons was working around the sorghum press mill with the tongue the horses pulled around and around the wagon on which the press set to squeeze the juice from the cane. When the son wasn't watching, the tongue came around and got his head caught between the top of a wagon wheel and the low slung tongue. Instead of crushing his skull though, the head was hard enough to "stall the team." Hurt, yes; but not critically. "That boy stalled the team." What could have been a tragedy became a family joke that Ross Graves enjoyed telling.

Another family with children who worked and played among us was Mr. John Carter's, who lived many years on the Key dairy farm. The father, John Carter, a trusted neighbor and a faithful competent worker, had lost the vision of one eye and this notable handicap was easily observed. Two of their sons, Herschell and Buster Carter, were long time playmates and were excellent athletes. Herschell married Alberta Carter and raised a family near Malesus where Alberta still lives. Alberta has continued to work for members of our family from time to time, especially Herman and Lynn Watlington.



## Proverbs, Sayings, and Stories

Papa was a blacksmith, knew how to work iron for horse shoes and repair work. He tells that two blacksmiths died and went to hell—one for working on credit; the other one for beating on cold iron. Keep that forge going and the iron hot!

Papa and Mack both worked at times with Mr. Henry West in his grist mill and blacksmith shop at the junction of Harts Bridge Road and the Chester Levee Road. When Mr. West encountered a horse or mule that was most difficult to hold and put shoes on, he would call for Ulrich Watlington to come help him. Papa had the experience with horses and mules that made him able to shoe the roughest and toughest, and Papa was a small man, often not weighing a hundred and fifty pounds. He was strong and knowledgeable concerning livestock. He knew how to make a “nose-wringer” out of the curve of an old plow handle and a piece of rope that would make a mule get down on its knees and beg you to ease up. When the nose hurt enough the mule didn’t worry about the foot being worked on.

The Jackson Companies L and M of the 117th Infantry Regiment prepared a rifle and machine gun practice range on Mr. J. W. (Billie) Hamlett’s land near our farm. The old ammunition that they used often did not fire and was discarded. John, Paul and Herman learned to open these unexploded cartridges, save the powder and use the powder to burn. Then the empty cartridge could be discharged with a nail and hammer for “fireworks.” Once John wanted better fire works so left some powder in a .30 caliber shell and it really tore up his hand.

### Country Wisdom

“The best breed of hogs is a full corn crib.”

“The best time to mark the feeder pigs is when your knife is sharp.” Before the “no fence law” of about 1910 in Madison Co., Tenn., you clipped notches on a certain part of the ears of the young pigs to “brand them” as belonging to your family.

You also took the testicles off the young male hogs to produce better meat quicker, and avoid overbreeding. These pig testicles were relished as a tasty reward for the task of “marking the pigs.” They were, and still are, called “Mountain Oysters.” This practice of sterilizing the male pigs was still called “marking the pigs” long after all hogs were fenced and therefore did not need to be marked for identification.

“You can’t keep a good bull in a two-wire fence.” Your breeding stock, bull, stud horse or jackass needed a fence worthy of their quality.

When the weather was dry, and the temperature in the nineties, it was a “good day to kill some grass.” When the freezing cold came it was “good bug-killing weather.”

Papa wanted to keep a “blue racer” snake near the barn to help eliminate the mice and rats. These snakes frightened the children and were often seen in unexpected places but the boys had better not kill one of them. They could enter among the hay and corn and catch rats even in their holes in the ground. “Barn cats” were equally valuable, as were rat-terrier dogs. Dogs would catch moles in the garden also. In these things he was aware of some ecological principles.

But hawks were baby chicken snatchers and we were free to hunt them. Buzzards were recognized as scavengers that were useful. There were “chicken snakes” that would rob eggs from a nest and eat small chickens also; thus they were to be eliminated. And on our farm we also had a few “moccasin” snakes which were poisonous, but not many. Sam S. Watlington, Sr., is reported to have been bitten by a water moccasin snake that was not poisonous.

We all hunted rabbits, opossums, raccoons, quail, and other game for food. Jennie Watlington knew how to make a fat roasted opossum into a delicious dish with sweet potatoes. But we grew our own meat, chickens, hogs, and one or two beef calves each winter. When a beef was killed you planned to “swap-out” with neighbors so that no meat would spoil. Then as they killed a beef, you would have fresh meat again for a week. Without refrigeration beef was difficult to keep. Hog meat could be smoked and salted to keep all year long. Chickens were very adaptable because they were always ready to be sacrificed for a special meal. No refrigeration was needed because nothing was left over.

Hunting rabbits could be great fun, even without a gun if you had some good dogs. With two or three dogs and two or three boys you could literally “run a rabbit to death.” Poly Murchison, a neighbor, was an artist at such rabbit hunting with a slender hickory stick. He could tell which way a rabbit would turn to try to escape the dogs, and therefore wait to ambush the rabbit—but then the dogs caught some of them too.

O. W. Hammond had a hill top “early garden” on the hill where Mack and Golden built their home in the 1940’s. Being a Pentecostal Methodist, he was ever thankful for the good and the bad, in that he saw God’s hand in every event of life. In his morning prayers the young Ulrich A. Watlington heard him thanking God for the spring rains, and asking God for more “showers of blessings.” It was already so wet the flat land could not be plowed, and some land was flooding, and Orson W. was asking for more “showers of blessing” for his hill side vegetable garden. Ulrich remarked that he had never been so thankful for a just and merciful God, one who could respond to the needs of the many and not just the few. “I thank you, Lord, that you are a just God.”

Oh, the Lord's been good to me,  
 Oh, the Lord's been good to me;  
 And I thank you, Lord, for the things I need,  
 for the sun, and the rain and the apple seed,  
 The Lord's been good to me.

— the “Johnny Appleseed” song

This song isn't fully understood by the supermarket generation. But the first five generations of Watlingtons in West Tennessee pretty well understood that all of God's blessings were not grown, cooked, preserved and prepackaged for their convenience.

“You don't ride a sore-back horse.” Even horses need some care and respect.

“You don't eat the seed corn (or potatoes, or peas).” Seed from one crop needs to be saved even if you are hungry, for a crop next year. Saving your seed is the first law of being an agriculturist civilization. Those who don't learn to save don't survive. Could this still be true in urban civilization?

By their fruits you shall know them.

— Luke 6:43–44

Trees are known by their fruits, but one who lives close to nature learns that trees may be known by their shape, their odor, their taste, their leaves and flowers. Ulrich Watlington would chew a leaf, or a twig of a tree to help identify it. He knew the trees and plants for their usefulness. He knew how to use slippery elm bark for a rope when he didn't have a rope. He could do the same with the bark of young willow trees, or the bark of the roots of those trees. Sassafras trees offered a tasty tea if the roots were dug in the early spring. Ash was straight and strong for ax handles and spokes of a wheel. Catalpa, chestnut and post oak were good for fence posts. Cypress were excellent for outside walls, and wooden curbs for bored wells. Cedar made a good water bucket; white oak was preferred for whisky barrels. Different trees and plants were cared for and appreciated for the special merits that each had.

**You only say them** Ulrich Watlington had very little formal education, and his wife Jennie had to teach him to read and write again after they married. As a young school boy learning to write and spell I would often ask him to spell a word I heard him use. Getting to the end of both his knowledge and his patience one day he told me very firmly but kindly, “Son, there are some words that you don't spell; you only say them.”

Since then I have appreciated the fact that in English and in Spanish there is a written language and there is a colloquial language and at times the two never really meet. That is why Jerry Clower is better on magnetic tape than in the printed word.

**How do you stope it?** Fernando Sierra, from Chosica, Perú, was taking a boat ride with the family in a small aluminum boat with a good forty-five horsepower outboard motor on it. Fernando had a college degree and CPA rating in Perú, but was not oriented to the recreational life of Tennesseans. After a few rides they gave him an opportunity to operate the motor and guide the boat. But as they had circled the lake and were returning to the bank where they had started he asked innocently, “How do you **STOPE** IT?” But he asked too late, because the boat did not have air brakes. It struck the bank and ran the front end high and sank the rear end, motor and all, still running.

Hence, when more instructions are needed, we laugh and ask “How do you stope it?” No one was seriously injured, but there was a costly repair job on a very good motor.

## Stories from Paul King

Addie Elkins King’s father, Jim Elkins, was a farmer but he made more money from whiskey than was made on his farm. He furnished a horse and buggy so Addie, Loubelle and the two boys could go to school in town, Buena Vista, rather than to the country school. Addie and Loubelle didn’t want their step brother to inherit anything from the estate so nearly all the money was spent on lawyer fees.

The youngest son, Leland King, took care of his mother and father, W. B. King and Harriet Gardner King, so he was given their homeplace. W. B. King had a cancer removed from his nose so there was a big hole where his nose should have been. He always took his spittoon to church with him—if he forgot it he would spit out the window.

Largee King, Paul’s father, had many different jobs but didn’t stick to any one for very long at the time. He was proud that he helped build a long bridge in Carroll County. Steve King, his grandson, has the cross cut saw that was used to cut the timber for the bridge.

— Paul King

## Childhood Farm Pets: Paul Watlington

I remember that while growing up, we had all kinds of animals. With so many brothers and sisters everyone had to have a pet. Dogs were the most common and there were plenty of cats, some house cats, others were kept at the barn. Some dogs were stock dogs, others hunting dogs and others just dogs.

Once John got some white mice but it didn't take long to learn we didn't need more mice. We wanted a goat, so Papa got us a goat. The goat was always in trouble, once he got on top of the chicken house and ruined the roof. In the Spring the rose bushes put out and of course the goat ate them. Mama said the goat had to go, so that was the end of the goat.

We also had all kinds of chickens and ducks. We would try to find where they hid their nests.

Milking several cows regularly, there was usually a calf to feed. You would feed them milk out of a bucket. They didn't cooperate always. As the calves grew larger, we would try to teach the bull calves to ride. That was rough on boys and bulls. We also had horses and mules to work and ride. They also had a few tricks, and knew how to get rid of a boy rider.

Once Papa brought home a half-starved pig. Mama fed the pig and let it run loose in the yard. The pig would follow Mama in the yard. So we called it Mama's Pet Pig. After it grew larger it was put in the pen with the others.

Our Aunt Mai always had her special house cats. Sometimes we would let the dogs run her cats. That caused more trouble for us than for the cats. There were other pet animals but around so many children they didn't last long. In later years Papa had a rooster that would try to fight him. After a few licks with his walking cane Papa always came out the winner.

— Paul Watlington

## Adee Schoolhouse Near Parkburg Community

In the Fall of 1931 or 1932 Clara Mai Watlington was named to teach school at Adee Schoolhouse, about 5 miles from our home on Parkburg Road (at Roy Davis Road). Adee was a one-teacher school, and Clara Mai now had about three years of experience in teaching. This meant that she would have students from first to eighth grade in one class room and would have to teach all eight grades as best she could. She would also have to supervise water, heat and sanitary facilities for the rural school.

I believe that the first year she taught there she boarded with the Byrd family near the school (Miss Annie Mae). The Byrd home was the nearest home that had a well. The school carried water from their home for washing and drinking purposes, except in wet weather (when it came off the roof.)

Came the time for adventure. Clara Mai bought a used Chevrolet (Cabriolet) roadster with a “rumble seat”—an open up, close down seat outside the roof of the car. It wasn’t a new car but for the family it was a joy—a grand car. She went through the trauma of learning to drive it with supervision of Mack, Sam and Kenneth—all experts.

John William Watlington seemed to have some difficulty adjusting to the confines of a classroom so it was decided that John would accompany Clara Mai to and from Adee School and do his year of study with her. He had one year as co-pilot and co-janitor at Adee in what was probably the fifth grade for him, school year 1932–33.

Came Fall of 1933, whatever the reason, John William went back to Malesus School and I was elected to accompany Clara Mai where I would be in Third grade studies. I thought it would be O.K.; I was going to have to go to a new teacher anyway after two good years with Miss Della Murchison. We were doing O.K. until Clara Mai crossed Highway 45 from Watlington Road early one morning and was struck by a fast moving Ford sedan. I was supposed to have told her that a car was coming on my side. There went the year’s salary, buying another car, a Ford sedan this time. That’s where I started learning about cars. In winter we had no anti-freeze, so we had to drain the radiator twice a day in freezing weather, once at school, again at night. Since we had no water at school we had to catch all the water and be careful not to spill any as we refilled the radiator to drive home.

Building fires, carrying water from a deep well, a quarter of a mile away at the Byrds, firing the wood stove, going “bathroom” in the woods (only the girls had a privy). There were advantages in learning though. I could listen to all the lessons and learn from them—and my sister was a good teacher. She didn’t put up with foolishness though, at least not from her little brother. But she was always good to answer questions and I had a lot. I also got to use the books borrowed from the county school library first and last.

Friends at Adee were Jernigans, Frank Butler, Hartleys, Nanneys, Johnnie Brown and many others. There were friends along the road we would visit also—Hartons, Robleys, Hunt, Barnes and Seavers. The Seavers Road was not a through road at that time so we had to go Watlington Rd. (Old Mill Road) to the Parkburg Rd.; and the Watlington Rd. was not graveled, so we usually went to the Old Malesus Road, then to the Parkburg Rd. and up Seaver’s Hill to Adee. Seaver’s Hill was often a challenge as the gravel wouldn’t stay on it—it washed so badly in rain and winter weather. But we didn’t have any more accidents. I learned to watch out for my side of the

car.

The arrangement proved satisfactory to me and Clara Mai was patient so I continued to accompany her and enjoy the instruction and life style of the one-teacher school through three school terms and began a fourth year there before the school was closed and students transported to Pinson or Malesus in the fall of 1937. One of these school terms was only a  $6\frac{1}{2}$  month term because the County School Board ran out of funds. I remember other years when Clara Mai's salary check (warrant) was hard to cash and school board members or others would discount ten percent of the check to cash it for her. That got hard, when her monthly salary was only \$60, and even she complained.

In the Fall of 1936 when Franklin Roosevelt was running for re-election I also made a political discovery. There were some confessed (or confused) Republicans around Parkburg. I had never met or heard of anyone who was not a Democrat. To learn that Tom and Jess Garrett were professing Republicans cast doubt on their citizenship and even that doubt passed on to their daughters. But I had heard my father say that he "would vote for an honest Republican, if you can show me an honest Republican." Years later I learned that he did vote for a Republican when Dwight D. Eisenhower ran for President.

## More Neighborhood Stories

From our Mother's side of the family we were given strong encouragement to attend school, church and church (Sunday) School. The church and Malesus High School (high school from 1910 until 1956) were our "Alma Mater"—our soul mother. But a lot of learning comes from work and community contacts and context. As a family we had a lot of assigned daily chores which had to be attended to even on school days and so we learned some responsibility early in life. But we had free time, and times we worked with other youth and other adults. We had times we were free to roam as far as our feet would carry us and get us home for milking time—which was usually no more than three miles in any direction from the homeplace.

The neighbors we visited and played with varied with the years and the neighboring tenants but there were cousins and neighbors who seemed as permanent as an oak tree. We cherished these buddies and among them were James and Eugene Watlington, cousins who lived in Jackson, Tenn. and the J. Lev Harton family who lived "on Meridian Creek, Parkburg Road", less than two miles away. The Hartons were one of the founding families of the Ebenezer Methodist Church and the school at Malesus. It was there that Clara Matilda Hammond and Lev Harton got to know one another and they married November 29, 1911 after Clara had taught school a year

or so in Hanover, Jo Daviess County, Illinois, where her parents had been raised. Therefore the Hartons and Hammond-Watlington families had school, church, kinship and neighborhood ties. We had a home away from home if we could get to Aunt Clara's. And the feeling was mutual.

It was very near the same with the Albert Watlington family and Aunt Mable Stephens' home in Jackson, Tenn. Aunt Mable and Uncle Will had helped raise Albert, her youngest brother, after the death of his mother and remarriage of Mack Rob to the Widow Pacaud. So these Harton and Watlington cousins were very special to each family and they cherished getting together. In fact the Hartons and Watlingtons shared many family reunions that included the Jackson families. In turn the Hartons had relatives among the Chesters and in Jackson that also became special friends. Summer family gatherings were common and the families were able to visit one another quite often. When Uncle John Watlington's family came from Louisiana to visit there was always a family reunion.

Near the Harton farm there were Hunts, Newsoms, Seavers, Robleys and Keys. Friends help make friends and so for skinny dipping and baseball there were always enough neighbors to make it a party. Frank Robley, and his brothers Neal and Sam were long time friends of Ulrich and neighbors also. Though Frank had no children, he was a friend of young and old and we always stopped by his house on the way to the Hartons and drank from his fine spring of water. He shared his walnuts with us in the Fall and apples when he had them. In fact his "Shindoll" apple orchard was a favorite place in late Summer for it had a variety of apple trees, and occasionally a watermelon patch.

You had to be careful about those watermelons though. Once Lloyd Hamilton had to get some help to pick out the bird shot from harvesting a neighbor's watermelons.

About 1930 the Azbills moved into the community from Henderson Co. with two boys and a house full of girls that helped them get acquainted in a hurry. Mr. Azbill knew how to make good sorghum molasses and his son Hubert learned from him. They helped us many seasons to prepare and cook good sorghum molasses. They lived on Parkburg Road at the G.M. & N. R.R. at first, then moved to a farm home next to Billie Hamlett.

To the north and east of the homeplace were the Murchisons, Greers, Davises and Hamletts. Robert Earl Hamlett was the only child of Mr. Billie and Miss Martha (Davis) Hamlett and became a favorite playmate of Elton and Joe Watlington, although he attended a rival High School at Pinson. The Murchison children were older but one grandchild, Harold, was the age of Elton or Joe. He died tragically as the mule he was riding to the field along the Old Pinson Road became frightened and he fell off and was dragged to his death as he became entangled in the harness of the mule. This impressed



a family of boys accustomed to be careless about horses and mules.

Mr. Shock Murchison's family was an early one in West Tennessee. His farm was between the Meridian Creek and the Old Pinson Road, north of the Hammond place. A brother had land west of Meridian Creek, and Della, James and Charles Murchison were from that Murchison family. Mr. Shock Murchison lived and died on his homeplace nearby and they had thirteen children who lived to adulthood including Lela, Walter, Liston, Magnus Napoleon (Poley), Nell and A. J. Poley and Hettie Teuton Murchison later purchased the family farm, built a new house, and raised cattle on it.

Mr. Billie Hamlett inherited a large block of land from the Hardin and Hamlett families and the O. W. Hammond farm was a part of land first deeded to the Hardin family. The Hardin land ran from the Lester's Chapel Road to join the Harton family land east of the Meridian Creek.

Other neighbors to the east were the Curlins, Rivers, Jamerson, Latham, Bells, Scott, Threadgill and Beller families. The Charles Hammond family had owned lots of land along Old Pinson Road and on both sides of Harts Bridge Road but had moved toward Bemis as the younger generation became involved in the Bemis Brothers Cotton Mill and gin operations.

The nearest neighbors to the east were the various occupants of the old Pacaud Place, where Florence Pacaud lived as she and Emma Mai Hammond became life-long friends. Mack Rob married the widow Pacaud, Mrs. Ella B. Swink Pacaud, in 1906 and Ulrich became acquainted with Jennie Hammond while living on and farming that place. After the Pacauds moved to Jackson the house had a number of occupants but the farm land became unproductive. By 1920 it was a rental property and among the families that lived there were Pete Brannon, Aubry and Lizzie Haynes, Myrtle Hamilton, Mrs. Georgia Fortune, Mr. Sam Singley, Peyton Petty, Ray, Roy and Christeen Fortune and Paul Fortune at a later time.

Our first experiences with short wave radio I guess had been at Uncle Will Stephens in Jackson where electricity, street cars and telephones were common place. But out in the country, Mr. Sam Singley, a well driller and jack-of-all-trades, was the first neighbor to have a short wave radio receiver. He used the battery of his old truck, so he only hooked it up at night when he wanted to get some news. But we would slip up outside his window and hear voices from far away places. When there was a famous boxing match sometimes we would get invited inside to hear it at the moment it was happening in some far off place like Madison Square Garden.

Mr. Sam Singley used our RFD mail box over on Highway 45, since the carrier didn't use Watlington Road at this time. He subscribed to the "Jackson Sun" daily newspaper and let us have the privilege of reading it every day until dark. He wanted it up to his house along with his mail when he finished his supper. That was a real bonanza, to have the daily paper with-

out buying it. But then one boy had to deliver it in the dark up a dirt path. It got scary at times even for a ten year old.

Among other neighbors to be remembered are the Jimmy Jones family who rented the tenant house on the Frank Robley farm on two, maybe three, occasions. Marvin (Buddy) and Josephine were close friends of the older Watlington boys. Josephine graduated with Kenneth at Malesus High School and Marvin graduated a year earlier (1931). Marvin later operated the Marvin Jones Feed Store in Jackson until his retirement. They attended the Methodist Church and Marvin is still a member there. Mrs. Jones' parents also lived as neighbors and that provided an additional contact with them.

## Five Miles South of Jackson

As a child I was taught my address to go with my name, in case I got lost in the city. I was thus taught to answer to "Who are you?" in these words:

"I am Elton Watlington. I live five miles south of town on Highway 45."

That was enough identification for Jackson, Tennessee in the early 1930's. South of the Bemis Road there were only a few farm homes, and all of them were "neighbors" to us. South of the "Y" with Highway 18 there were only the Wilson home, Nelly Jones home, and the McGill home before our old homeplace.

Today the "Jackson City Limits" sign is posted at the entrance of Watlington Road on to Highway 45. The Spring Branch across the farm has been relocated twice; the pasture is a lumber and equipment yard for Watlington Brothers and no one lives in the old farm house. The City has come to the farm "five miles south on Highway 45."

The Jackson-Madison County School Plan for putting city and county schools together for public education is another indication of the merging of the city and county. The move indicates how "urban" if not "urbane" even country life has become in this last decade of the 20th Century.

## Chapter 8

# World Transforming Experiences: How Large is Your World?

World War II, the conflict of 1939–1945, was a life transforming experience for many of its participants, even in small town U.S.A. It was crazy, irrational, nationalistic and international. It enlarged our concept of the world and crossed all barriers of race, creed, space, and national borders. We were allies with communist Russia in the struggle to defeat the totalitarian regimes of Adolph Hitler and Benito Mussolini. We were allies of China, Burma and India to defeat the aggression of Imperial Japan in the Pacific Area. It became a Holy Crusade as the Christian churches sanctioned the War as the lesser of evils. The war effort was total in that industrial production, agricultural production, shipbuilding and transportation of all kinds contributed to the massive effort to fight wars in several areas and provide materials for our Allies in the Conflict.

World War II enlarged our isolated concept of the world. Military service became a melting pot for regional differences in the U.S.A. Race continued to be a barrier with heavy consequences for Japanese descendents in the U.S.A. and for Blacks at home and in the Armed Forces. The need for workers opened jobs for Blacks and women that had been closed to them. Construction, production and service jobs took people to far away places even before going overseas. These movements sowed the seed for improvements in racial tensions that would culminate in the post-war years.

Materialism, domination by force and fiat (dictated law) were rampant. At the same time sacrifices were made for the common good and group survival, at home and abroad. After the bombing of Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, 1941, World War II became a total effort in the U.S.A. and was thus supported by national propaganda through movies, song, radio and the press. The few

who expressed opposition were sidelined quickly and quietly. The propaganda efforts were tremendous and successful, though at times deceitful.

The concept of “One World” was later carried further by rapid communications toward the concept of living in a “global village.” We were able to see that what happened in the Phillipines, China, or Burma is a concern for people in Big Springs. The price of corn and cotton in London could influence what was planted on the family farm.

How large is your world today, after forty years of television in your home?  
How large was your world in 1932? 1940? 1950?

What happened during the years 1939 to 1946 greatly changed how the people in West Tennessee view the peoples of the world around them. It enlarged their concept of the World in which they lived and our concept of the earth shared by many diverse peoples.

## The World War II Dispersion

The Fifth Generation of Watlingtons in West Tennessee were at the age for full participation in the mobilization for World War II, 1939–1945. As early as 1938, Wm. Eugene Watlington joined the U.S. Navy, and John William and Herman Watlington left Jackson, Tenn., with the Tennessee National Guard 117th Inf. Regt. for training at Fort Jackson, S.C. in Sept. 1940. Herman had enlisted for only one year, but John and other regular Guardsmen were there for the duration of the War.

After Pearl Harbor and the Military Service Draft, World War II drew in nearly every grandson of Mack Rob and Eula Daniel Watlington. Albert’s three sons saw service: Wm. Eugene in the Navy, James Leonard in the Army Air Corps, and some years later Bobby Mack was for a short while in Navy service. John L. Watlington’s son Leonard Needham served with the Army Air Corps, Velma’s husband Karubah Carnahan also served with the Army Air Corps piloting fighter-bombers, and Albert Edwin served a short time with the Army and was released because of an injury in training. He worked in the welding trade during the rest of the war years.

Ulrich and Jennie Watlington’s eight sons all served some time with the armed services, and one son-in-law, Clarence Lloyd King, Clara Mai’s husband served with an Army Field Artillery Battalion. Betty, their youngest daughter later married Hubert H. Williams, who was wounded twice in U.S. Infantry service in France and Belgium. The oldest grandchild, Willie Lee Davis was married to Otis Simms who worked with the critical automobile industry during the war years in Detroit, Michigan with the Ford Motor Co.

Service in the war effort was also rendered by Margaret Watlington as a nurse assigned to various military posts, including the Hawaiian Islands,

Guam, and Camp Blanding, Fla. Her brother, Wm F., served with the U.S. Army Air Corps.

Service in war related industries was the common lot of many, including farming, Army Ordinance Plant at Milan, Tenn., cloth production at Bemis, telegraph operators and city water works. Mack, Sam and Paul worked building U.S. Service facilities at Paris, Tenn., and on base and airfield facilities at Dothan, Ala., in north Florida, at Homestead Army Air Corps Base in southern Florida, and on several other facilities in Central Florida. One by one they were called for military duty until there were only Elton and Joseph C. at home on the farm. The draft board offered to defer them for family farming duties but after a one year deferment, Elton relinquished this privilege and was inducted in April 1945. Two months later Joe Conrad finished high school and volunteered for the U.S. Marine Corps before he was 18 years of age. Where were they? A brief resume will indicate how scattered they were around the nation and the world.

**Ulrich Mack Watlington** trained in Virginia; Paris, Tenn.; and Battle Creek, Michigan. He served fourteen months in a barrage balloon unit at Santa Monica, Ca., then retrained with a Military Police Battalion at Battle Creek, Michigan. He went to England with this battalion and was assigned to traffic movement duties with General Patton's fast moving motorized Divisions in France, and Germany. As soon as the victory in Germany was secured May 9, 1945 his battalion went by train to Marseilles, France and shipped July 7, through the Panama Canal, by Eniwetok and Hazel Island in the Caroline Islands and then to the recently captured island of Okinawa, September 1, 1945. Sporadic fighting by Japanese soldiers was still going on, even though the war had ended. Some weeks later his brother Sam's troopship landed at Okinawa and they were able to spend a short time together in the fall of 1945.

Inducted July 29, 1942, **Orson Kenneth Watlington** trained in New Jersey and Florida then went by troop train through his home town of Jackson, Tenn. at midnight on to Denver, Colorado where his Science and Mathematic education was put to work studying bombsight maintenance and other navigational aids of Army Air Corps planes. While in Denver his wife was able to join him for some weeks, but he had no home furlough before sailing to Casablanca, Morocco. There he joined the U.S. Forces in North Africa which later invaded Sicily and Italy. For much of the later months of the War he was assigned to a Repair Depot at Bari, Italy on the Adriatic Sea.

**Sam S. Watlington** probably performed his best service in the war effort as a foreman in civilian construction work at major new airfields in the South. Large roofs for aircraft hangars were being assembled of wood only as steel was in scarce supply. His job was calculating the fastest and safest way of assembling and raising into place these huge wide spans of wooden

trusses. Some of this work was represented in the Homestead Army Air Base in south Florida. After several delays the draft board called him to service in February, 1945 and he took basic Infantry Replacement Training at Camp Wheeler, Macon, Georgia. From there he was shipped to Okinawa, at the time invasion plans were being set up to enter Japan. The war ended and he was assigned to an engineer battalion more in line with his experience, and sent to Seoul, Korea. His battalion built and supervised the building of quarters for the Army of Occupation in Korea. Beginning as a private he was assigned a supervisory capacity immediately and given monthly promotions to a Master Sergeant rank. He was offered a commissioned officer's rank for re-enlisting but wanted to return home to his wife and sons in West Tenn.

**Herman Lee Watlington** served a year with the 30th Infantry Division at Fort Jackson, Columbia, S.C. from Sept. 1940–Sept. 1941. After returning to West Tennessee he worked with his brother-in-law, C. Lloyd King, in maintenance work with the Madison County Board of Education. Recognizing his need for further education in order to become a pilot with the Army Air Corps, he studied on his own while in service and during his year between service terms. Before being drafted for service again as the war progressed, he volunteered and was accepted as an Army Air Corps Cadet in training to become a pilot. Less than half of the cadets became pilots, but Herman hung in there tough and passed training at different levels at Union City, Tenn., Malden, Mo., and Blytheville, Ark., to graduate as a Flight Officer for multiengined planes. Further training in four-motored planes came in Louisiana, and his was one of the crews who flew a four-motored bomber from the U.S.A., Florida, to Trinidad, then on to Belem, Brazil and across the Atlantic to Africa, delivering the plane to North Africa.

Then his assignment was to the 15th Air Corps in Italy; more specifically to fly Boeing B-17 bombers on long ten to twelve hour raids into Romania, Hungary and Germany. He completed fifty missions and got home in time to marry in Dec. 1944. After this he worked with the Army Air Corps Transport Command until the War ended. His account of these years starts on page 150.

**John William Watlington** joined the Tenn. National Guard in Jackson, Tenn. as a high school student along with friends from Bemis and Malesus. It offered a modest supplementary income, some adventure, and new friendships and experiences. In September 1940 the Guard was called into active service as a part of the 30th Infantry Division, 117th Infantry Regiment, and sent to Fort Jackson, Columbia, S.C for further training. In 1940 and 1941 shortages of all kinds of military equipment was notable, partly because as much as possible was already being shipped to England to aid that country resist the Axis powers in the Battle of Britain. Herman and John recalled that there was not even the necessary trucks to transport troops from one training area

to another. Housing was often in squad tents heated by small coal or kerosene heaters in winter.

Many of the troops involved in the 117th were from Tennessee and thus many accounts of their training experiences have been shared by friends. Special parts of John's training were carried out at Camp Blanding, Florida, with summer strategic sessions being held near Shelbyville, Tenn. with large numbers of troops. Many of the original men were given options of transferring to other service units where their abilities were in demand. George Morris, Dewuild Rushing and John Wm. Watlington chose to stay with the Company L, a Rifle Company of the 117th and earned promotions as squad and platoon leaders. To the surprise of many the Division was not rushed overseas, but rather used as a training division where raw recruits received basic training and then transferred to other units. Later in the war special Infantry Replacement Training Corps were established to "rush up" the training done at first in such training Divisions. But this type of training in Regiments and Divisions was a training program for officers as well as enlisted recruits in field strategy and operations.

In the winter of 1943-44 the Division moved to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, for specialized training related to the June 1944 invasion of France. They shipped out of Boston for England where they continued their disciplined training and were prepared for the Invasion of France in June 1944. After the beach heads had been secured by special forces, the 30th Division landed in Normandy on D-Day plus 6 (six days after the invasion began) and moved into the hedgerow country around St. Lo where the fighting was intense and the advance slow. After near disastrous "friendly fire bombing raids" by American planes, the 30th helped lead the breakthrough at St. Lo and moved toward Avranches, a small sea port town to the southwest. The 30th Division was engaged near Mortain by four armored Divisions in a major counterattack by German forces. It was near Mortain that John earned his Bronze Star in the rescue of a wounded soldier when his unit was forced to retreat. As the Germans failed in this counter attack at Mortain they recognized that France was lost and began a tactical withdrawal toward Belgium and Germany with the loss of many men and war material. The Allies pursued and Paris fell on Aug. 23-25, and the 30th Division of the First Army advanced 180 miles in 72 hours across Northern France and liberated Tournai, Belgium on Sept. 1-2. They proceeded across Belgium and by December were in the fringe of Germany surrounding the city of Aachen.

John and George Morris were both Platoon Sergeants at the time of the invasion. They often shared sleeping quarters when possible and some dangerous escapades. John was slightly wounded but preferred to stay with the unit, and earned a Bronze Star and Commendation for gallantry in action. In December 1944 George and John were both recommended for a "battlefield

furlough home” and the lot fell to John to get it. He went to England, then to the U.S.A. and arrived home in January 1945, where arrangements were quickly made for a long postponed marriage to Shirley Johnson of Bemis.

John thus missed out on the action called “the Battle of the Bulge” in Dec. 1944. His unit did enter into Germany before he came home.

John and Mack Watlington, Lloyd King and his brother Paul King were all within a few miles of one another in Nov.–Dec. of 1944. Leonard Needham Watlington was flying over them with the Ninth Air Corps. But John left Dec. 15th for home and Herman was already home after fifty missions out of Italy.

Kenneth and his wife’s brother Arthur Nanney were still in Italy; Samuel S. Watlington was awaiting induction into the Army; and Paul Watlington was with a Signal Battalion on Green Island in the far away South Pacific. Elton was awaiting a draft call from the Draft Board, and Joe was in his senior year at J. B. Young High School.

John was on his way to rejoin his unit in Europe when the war ended in Europe. He was one of the first to be discharged from service on the “point system” with 107 points on September 2. He was discharged November 18, 1945. He returned home and ventured into farm life for a few months, but discovered that Army life had left a strong call for him. Later, he said that after five years of learning to be a soldier, he knew more about soldiering than anything else. Therefore he chose the Army as a career. After some months in various camps in the U.S.A. he was assigned to Army of Occupation duty in Hokkaido, Japan, with the ill-fated Seventh Infantry Division, which pitched him into the front lines of the Korean Conflict in 1950 where he made the supreme sacrifice as the Chinese entered the war.

In the meantime **James L. Watlington** found himself in the U.S. Army Air Corps near Lucknow, India, flying war material “over the hump” into the besieged Republic of China. While there he met Rev. Wood K. Whetstone, a missionary to India, who performed Chaplaincy service to his unit. In later years James served as an officer in the Tenn. National Guard, Jackson, Tenn.

**William Eugene Watlington** served with the U.S. Navy from April 1940 until April 1946. He married his childhood sweetheart, Emily Ruth Forbis, in 1941 while stationed stateside. After his years of active service he served in the U.S. Navy Reserve until 1957.

**Leonard Needham Watlington** served a period of three years with the U.S. Army Air Corps in 1933–1936. After returning to military service in 1942 he studied to be a glider pilot, then went to gunnery school and later to airplane engineering school. Before going to England he had qualified as a gunner-engineer for the flight crews of the B-26 Martin bombers.

Assigned to the Ninth Air Corps, his 391st bomber group flew missions from England preparatory to the Invasion of June 1944, and later from France



and Belgium in close support of ground troops on the front lines. His 574th Squadron earned a Presidential Citation for their participation in turning back the Germans in the Battle of the Bulge, Dec. 23–26, 1944. Thus he, too, was near other relatives involved in the Invasion of Europe June–Dec. 1944. He recorded fifty-three combat flights before being recalled to the U.S.A. to attend an Air Corps Officers Gunnery School on May 3, 1945. As the war in Europe ended he chose to return to civilian life and his work at the Ethyl Corporation in Baton Rouge.

**Velma Louise Watlington** Velma had married **Karubah Carnahan** of Shreveport, La. while they both attended Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge, La. He was enrolled in the R.O.T.C. program in college and went directly from college to U.S. Army Air Corps Flight School. After he went overseas Velma Louise lived with her parents in Shreveport.

Karubah (Karo) Carnahan's overseas service was in the Mediterranean Theatre with flights out of Sicily and Italy on A-20 Fighter-Bombers with strikes in Italy and Germany. Many of his later missions were on night raids from Italy into Germany.

Karo Carnahan chose to stay with the U.S. Army Air Corps and because of his excellent record was chosen to be one of the early pilots on experimental jet fighter planes. It was an exciting venture but as dangerous as missions in combat. For some years he was based in Panama where he flew jet planes for the Air Force. He served a total of twenty-three years with the Air Force and continued in work related to training pilots for Northrup Aircraft in southern California. He retired from the U.S. Air Force as a full Colonel.

Carnahan's service in Italy overlapped the time Herman and Kenneth Watlington were with the Army Air Corps in Italy. Herman was flying out of Foggio Airfield and Kenneth was at Bari, Italy, both bordering the Adriatic Sea.

**Paul Hammond Watlington** was inducted in January, 1943 and after basic training was assigned to the Signal Corps Training School for the use of early radar equipment. Most of his training was in Florida and radar was still secretive in those years. Their first sets were made in Great Britain though the discovery and design had been made at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge, Mass., where an old temporary building of 1940 vintage is kept as a memorial to its discovery. After his training Paul had no home furlough, but was sent in December 1943 to California and on to Guadalcanal where thousands of Japanese troops were still offering resistance near Henderson Air Field.

Paul took part in the resistance to a massive but futile attack of the isolated Japanese army on the airfield. His platoon was soon assigned to another observation post on Bougainville to detect any Japanese air or sea activity in the area. Thus his service in the South Pacific War was as "eyes and ears"

of the Armed Forces on strategic advanced observation posts which included the Solomons, Bougainville, Green Island, and then Zapoanga, Mindanao, Island of the Phillipines before V-J Day in August 1945. He claims that he never saw anyone he had known before the war, in the South Pacific or in the Western U.S.A., because of the isolated nature of his work. Getting back to North Little Rock, Ark., (Camp Chaffee) a telephone operator friend of Rachel Weir was able to locate him for greetings from home. In Memphis he recognized a neighbor of Madison Co., Tenn., Bill Robley, who was selling tickets at the bus station as he was on his way to Jackson, Tenn., in the first days of 1946.

**Elton Andrew Watlington** turned eighteen in 1943, was offered the option of deferment from military duty to help on the farm, which was accepted for a year. But having six brothers already in the Armed Services and not having much land, machinery or future in farming, I elected to take a turn at military service in 1945.

Inducted at Fort Oglethorpe, outfitted at Fort McPherson in Atlanta, and sent to Infantry Replacement Training Corps at Fort McClellan, Anniston, Alabama, the Army was a whole new world for me. We were seventeen weeks in training and by the time it was over we were not facing a shooting war but an overseas tour of duty in the Army of Occupation. Going to Yokohama in October 1945 our troopship wallowed for two or three days in the remains of the typhoon that damaged so many ships at Okinawa a week earlier. In Japan I was assigned to the 27th Division, 106th Regiment, Company M stationed in Niigata for six weeks, then reassigned to the 7th Cavalry Regiment, First Cavalry Division in the heart of Tokyo for the next twelve months. It was a great adventure and I found Christian friends among the Japanese and the troops. The years went by quickly and I came home in January 1946 with a new resolve to become a Methodist Minister and, God willing, a missionary. My brother Joe had come home from China in September 1946, and Sam a bit earlier, so I was the last “draftee” to return from service. Like so many, I was ready for college with the help of the G. I. Bill of Rights — twenty-two months of service time gave me thirty-four months of help with studies, enough for four years of studies at Lambuth College in Jackson, Tenn.

**Joseph C. Watlington** served August 1945–September 1946. Joe had gone to J. B. Young High School for his junior and senior years in order to “take shop” under Mr. Kirby McKnight. His sister Clara Mai, who was living at home while Lloyd was in service and driving daily to teach at Bemis, provided transportation for him and two Threadgill students. Athletic in build and abilities, he played a good game of basketball and enjoyed other sports also. Venturesome by nature he even took a few flying lessons, enough to solo in a light plane during his senior year in high school. He was quick to think, act and choose, even to a fault at times.

Joe had milked enough cows and had no inclination to stay on the small farm when the whole world was out there beckoning to him. He was eighteen on the 7th of July and chose the Marine Corps for his branch of service. He trained at Parris Island, Camp LeJeune Marine Base, Jacksonville, N.C. and in January 1946 was on a ship to Tsientsin, China, for eight months of overseas service on mainland China at the same time that Sam was still in Seoul, Korea with the Engineers, and Elton was in Tokyo with the 7th Cavalry Regt. Joe returned stateside in September, 1946 and was discharged in San Diego.

**Hubert Howard Williams** of Boone Lane, Madison Co., Tenn., who married Betty Juanita Watlington, July 20, 1950 is also a veteran of World War II, seeing action with the First Army Group, First Infantry Division for a short period in October–November 1944 in Belgium and Germany. Hubert was inducted July 1, 1943 at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., took training at Ft. McClellan, Ala. and then was transferred as an Army Air Corps trainee to Miami Beach, Fla. He then went through some air crew training with the U.S. Army Air Corps at Duquesne University, Pittsburg, Pa. from Dec. 21 to April 17, 1944. From there he was transferred to Advanced Infantry Training, 78th Division, Camp Pickett, Va.

From Camp Pickett he went to a Port of Replacement at Ft. Meade, Maryland, on August 11, 1944, and shipped out of New York on the U.S.S. *Ile D France* troop transport directly to Scotland. From Scotland he went by railroad to Southampton, England on Sept. 22, 1944 and landed at LeHavre, France September 23, that harbor being open three and a half months after D-Day at Normandy.

Hubert was still unassigned in transport into France, Luxembourg, and Germany. At Luxembourg the Replacement Center was close enough to the front lines to hear the big guns, Oct. 6–13, 1944. On Friday, October 13, he entered Germany by truck to join the First Inf. Div., First Army as they encircled the city of Aachen. Within five weeks he had been twice wounded and was taken to field hospitals in Germany and Belgium. Because of the severity of his back and chest wounds he was shifted to Paris for surgery and to England for recuperation before being sent Stateside on a hospital ship in June 1945.

Hubert was left with severe, slow healing wounds and was hospitalized until given a disability discharge March 8, 1946.

**C. Lloyd King** married Clara Mai Watlington in Feb. 1940 and he continued his maintenance work with the Madison Co. Board of Education. He had started to work for them principally as a truck driver but became involved in many kinds of tasks across the years. When inducted into military service, at the same time as Paul Watlington, he was assigned to a basic training unit designed for the Field Artillery where his experience as a truck

driver and maintenance man could be best used. His training was mostly at Fort Sill, Oklahoma and he was sent to various auto mechanic schools there. His unit was shipped over to England in time for the June 1944 invasion of France and he entered France a few weeks after ports were secured. His field artillery battalion later offered fire power for the crossing of the Rhine River and the drive into Germany in 1945. His brother, Paul W. King, was with a Field Hospital unit in France and Germany and as hostilities ceased they were able to visit one another.

## Where were you, Christmas 1944?

### World War II

### Battle of the Bulge, in Belgium

C. Lloyd King	In Belgium, and Germany with U.S. Army 691st Field Artillery Battalion.
Clara Mai King	Teaching School at Bemis Elementary. Living at Watlington home.
Ulrich Mack	In Tours, France, as a Sergeant in the 785th Military Police Battalion, with Patton's Third Army forces.
Golden Azbill	Working at Memphis Steam Laundry office, Memphis, Tenn.
O. Kenneth	Bari, Italy, with a Bombsight Maintenance Squadron, U.S. Army Air Corps Staff Sergeant.
Mary Elisabeth W.	At home, working at Southwest Tenn. Electric Membership Corp. Office in Jackson, Tenn.
Sam S. & Mary R.	At Home yet, working at Piggly Wiggly Factory, Jackson, Tenn., but to be inducted in Army soon (Feb. 1945.) Two children.
Evelyn S.	With Western Union, Humboldt, Tenn. Her work stations included Union City, Paris, Humboldt and Jackson, Tenn. during the war years.
Herman & Lynn	Got married Dec. 17, 1944, after he returned from Europe. He was reassigned to the Transport Command, living in Las Vegas, Nevada. U.S. Army Air Corps, 1st Lt.
John W.	On way home after five months action with the 30th Inf. Div., 117th Regt. with George Morris and other local guardsmen.
Paul H.	In the U.S. Army, 551st Signal Air Warning Battalion, attached to Army Air Corps on Green Island, South Pacific. Had a wild pig barbecue for Christmas dinner.
Elton A.	Deferred to farm in 1944, with a very poor crop year. Courting Janice Threadgill, whose Mother died Dec. 14, 1944. Helping Aunt Mai write letters to servicemen. Entered service April, 1945.
Joe Conrad	A senior at J. B. Young High School, Bemis, with Janice Threadgill Watlington and Dorthy Davis Rivers.

Betty J.	Attending Malesus High School, sophomore year. Studying piano with Mrs. Judd Brooks.
Hubert Williams	In an Army-run Catholic Hospital in Paris, France where he underwent two major operations and three minor operations between Nov. 27, 1944 and Jan. 5, 1945.
James L. Watlington	In Lucknow, India with Army Air Corps.
William E. Watlington	Pacific Ocean, U.S. Navy, 1940–46, on a World War I vintage destroyer.
Ruth Forbis Watlington	At Jackson, Tenn. with two children.
Leonard N. Watlington	Belgium—flying raids in Battle of the Bulge. U.S. Army Air Corps, Tech. Sergeant. Fifty three missions completed.
Margaret Watlington	Red Cross nurse, 1940–47, stationed in Camp Blanding, Fla., California, Hawaii, Guam.
Wm. F. Watlington, Jr.	Technician, U.S. Army Air Corps.
A. Edwin Watlington	Building ships for the Navy.
Karubah Carnahan	Completing his Army Air Corps Missions in Italy, flying A-20 Fighter-bombers.
Velma Louise Carnahan	Shreveport, La. with her parents.
Leland W. (Jiggs) Harton	On crew of cargo ships in U.S. Coast Guard service.

## Military Brothers Record May Belong to Madison Family

A Veterans Administration search for the family with most members in the military service brought a response from the Watlingtons of Madison County who had eight brothers in uniform during World War II.

A Minnesota family had claimed the record with seven brothers simultaneously but more than a dozen families came forth with at least seven members in the service during the past twenty-five years.

At least two of the families had ten military veterans, but Madison County's Watlingtons may be unchallenged as having the most in service at one time.

The eight sons of Ulrich A. Watlington and his late wife all served overseas in combat areas during World War II and returned home safely. One was killed in action during the Korean conflict.

In addition to this, a son-in-law and another young man who later married one of the three Watlington girls were in the military during World War II.

Six of the seven surviving Watlington sons still live in Madison County—five of them in the neighborhood of the ancestral farm near Malesus.

Mack, the oldest son and now in the contracting business here with two of his brothers, served with the Army in both the European and Pacific theaters during World War II, seeing action with Gen. George Patton's Third Army.

No. 2 son, Kenneth, now principal of Alexander Elementary School in Jackson, had 39 months in the Army Air Corps, most of which was spent in Africa and Italy.

Sam, the third son, is an Army veteran with service in Okinawa and Japan. He is in the construction business now and still lives in the Malesus area.

Lt. Herman Watlington, a building contractor, was a bomber pilot with 50 missions to his credit. He was the only officer in the family, though others held enlisted ranks from corporal to master sergeant.

Sgt. John, in service the longest, entered with the National Guard before the start of World War II. He saw rugged combat duty as an infantryman in hard European fighting and received the Bronze Star. He rejoined the service shortly after the end of the war and was sent to Korea in early stages of the conflict there, and was killed in action.

Paul, a foreman at the Piggly Wiggly factory here was an Army sergeant on a tiny South Pacific island which he has never been able to locate on a map.

The local draft board tried to persuade Elton, the seventh son, to stay home and help out remaining family members but it worked for only a little while. He wanted to help his brothers in combat and saw service in Japan

after the end of World War II. Elton, now a Methodist missionary, has been serving in Perú for some eight years and is the only brother to leave his native Madison County.

The youngest son, Joe, enlisted in the Marines the day he graduated from high school and went to far-away China to serve. He is presently teaching physics and chemistry at Lambuth College.

On at least three occasions, Watlington brothers crossed paths in distant places. "With so many of us, how could we help running into each other somewhere," Kenneth observed. Kenneth visited Herman's air base in Italy; Mack and Sam had a reunion in Okinawa, and Sam saw Elton in Japan.

"It was quite a task trying to keep up with each other, with all of us overseas at the same time," Kenneth recalled today.

The eight service stars at the Watlington home place makes Veterans Day a very special occasion for the "one family army."

— Originally appeared in "Jackson Sun," November, 1963

## **Eight Watlingtons Bear Arms for Country**

All eight sons in the armed forces of the U.S.A. at the same time during World War II, is the remarkable record chalked up to the credit of Ulrich A. Watlington and his late wife of Madison Co., Tenn.

Add to that honor roll a son-in-law and another young man who married their youngest daughter after the war, both of whom wore uniforms at the same time, and you get a record that may be unprecedented on several counts.

What is more, the brothers served from two to four years each and before the first was discharged, the eighth son, not quite 18 had joined the Marines. Actually, for a short time all eight were overseas at the same time.

**All Came Home Safe** Stranger still, though half of them were in hard fighting zones, all eight brothers got home without a scratch, some with enviable records. Only mar to the beautiful picture came five years later when one of the boys, who had re-enlisted before Korea, was killed in action early in that conflict.

Perhaps world tension nearly fifteen years ago was too much for Jennie Hammond (Mrs. U. A.) Watlington, who at that time was mother to three daughters as well as the eight sons. Anyway, she died in 1941 and how the father and 11 children heroically worked and sacrificed together during the next hectic decade is another American saga.

The Watlingtons farm home where U. A. and the unmarried daughter, Evelyn (a Western Union employee) still live, is in the Pinson-Malesus area, 10 miles south of here. All children attended Malesus grade school. Oldest



son Mack dropped out of high school to help get the younger children through school but the other 10 graduated from high school, nine at Malesus, and one (Joe) at Bemis.

**Teaches at Bemis** But let's get back to today's resume of the World War II "one-family army." Oldest Watlington is Clara Mai (Mrs. Lloyd) King who teaches at Bemis and who with her husband and family live near her ancestral farm. (Lloyd, a Jackson blacksmith, was an artilleryman in the European theatre.)

Next comes Sergeant Mack who with brother Sam, operates a construction firm here bearing the family name. An army combat MP, Mack slashed across Europe with Gen. George Patton's Third army.

Sergeant Kenneth, now 40, had 39 months in airplane maintenance, mostly in Africa and Italy. He also lives near his dad's farm and is now math teacher and assistant principal of the Jackson high school. Sergeant Sam with army service in Okinawa and Korea, likewise rests his feet now on good earth close to his old home.

Lt. Herman, now operator of a Memphis T.V. service shop, was a bomber pilot who trained on a B-24, then did fifty missions out of Italy on a B-17. Tension mounting toward the end and with home in sight, he miraculously brought his Flying Fortress from the 46th mission with an engine out and a wing shot up on one side and again (after repairs) on the 48th with an engine out and a wing all but off on the other side.

**In Service Longest** Sergeant John, in service longest, entered with the National Guard 117th Infantry Regiment of the 30th division at the war's start. In hard European fighting, he got home safely but in a later enlistment was killed in action in Korea where his body will remain. Incidentally, his wife, the former Shirley Johnson of Bemis, now lives here with their 8 year old son, John Wesley, a second grader in West Jackson school.

Sergeant Paul Watlington spent two years in Army Air Corps radar on a "God-forsaken South Pacific island where mosquitoes were the worst enemy." Also settled down near his home place, he now makes store fixtures here.

The draft board tried to persuade Elton to stay home and help out remaining family members, but it worked for only a short while. He wanted to help those in the actual fight more and entering late, served in Japan. Now a graduate of Lambuth college here, he is presently a student in Garrett seminary and preaching in Elroy, Wis., preparatory to mission work perhaps in Japan.

**Chose the Marines** Joe chose the Marines for his service. He enlisted the day after he graduated from high school and went to far-away China to

serve. He is now a teacher and coach at Crockett county's Hamlett Robinson high school near Alamo. Betty Watlington, a young girl at the outbreak of hostilities, grew up to marry Hubert Williams, who before the war's end was old enough to see service himself. Living also in her home community, she teaches with sister Clara Mai at Bemis and her husband works for the local electric co-op.

Don't you think the family of devout Methodists is most unusual? Only reason they're not known around the world is that they are the salt-of-the-earth kind whose humility keeps pride down and gives reporters and photographers only a smile and wave of the hand.

My luck on the story began when Kenneth asked me to give his graduation address several years ago when he was principal of Livingston High in Overton county. After the program, his wife (the former Mary Nanney of Medon near here) served us strawberry shortcake in their home and he incidentally disclosed the family's war record. He later went to Red Boiling Springs High but moved back home here before he said with total family consent: "You may go ahead and tell it to others."

— Orig. appeared in "The Nashville Tennessean," April 11, 1954  
by Gordon H. Turner, Staff Correspondent, Jackson, Tenn.

## World War II Family Encounters

In the Spring of 1945, Sam S. Watlington was at Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga. while Elton was at Fort McClellan, Anniston, Alabama. On a weekend pass, Elton went by train to Atlanta, then to Macon and thence to Sam's barracks at Camp Wheeler for a visit.

Sam S. Watlington's troop ship, returning from Korea, put in at Yokohama, Japan, for a day. Since Sam could not go ashore, he requested the chaplain to communicate with Elton so that he might come to the ship. Said, and done; even though Elton was on study detachment at the G.I. Kollege of Knowledge at the time. Arriving at the port train station, the same chaplain stopped his Jeep to lend a ride to the troop ship. Coincidence? Providence? He asked him if he was Watlington, because recognized the Cavalry Insignia.

Sam's troop ship docked at Okinawa on his way to Seoul, Korea. He had an address for U. Mack Watlington in Okinawa but little else. Nevertheless, he was able to find Mack for a short visit there. Mack had been to Europe (France and Germany) and had shipped from southern France through the Panama Canal to the Pacific and Okinawa, arriving Sept. 1, two weeks after the war ended.

Elton had visited the Harton family in Los Angeles from his desert Port of Embarkation holding base in Sept. 1945. There he met Jiggs (Leland W.)

Harton who was on leave from his ship which was in Port at nearby San Pedro. He accompanied Mercedes as she took Jiggs back to his ship which was heading to the Orient, destination unknown. Several months later, while on a rare business trip for the Port Exchange to Yokosuka Harbor in Japan, he recognized the name of Jigg's ship on a Jeep in the city and inquired about the ship. They were at anchor some miles out in the bay. After completing business for the day he requested permission for an overnight pass so he could visit Jiggs aboard ship. It was kindly granted by the P.X. officer, even though Elton was in fatigues (work clothes). On going to catch a launch ride to the ship, he encountered Jiggs coming ashore. They visited the local scene for a while and even had a photo taken nearby, before returned to his ship and spending the night. Some weeks later Jiggs was able to return the visit at the quarters of the Seventh Cavalry Regiment, on Tokyo Bay at the Sumida River.

Clarence Lloyd King and his brother, Paul King, were able to get together in Germany after the end of hostilities there. C. Lloyd King was with the 691st Field Artillery Battalion and Paul was with a Field Hospital unit at Bad Vildunken, Germany, only thirty miles away.

Herman and Kenneth both were in Africa briefly during the War Years. Kenneth served six months in Tunisia. They were both with the Army Air Corps. Herman ferried a plane from the states to the Caribbean, South America, across to Africa and then north to North Africa theatre of operations. After southern Italy was secured Herman was based at Foggia Airport near the Adriatic Sea and Kenneth was at a service base at Bari where he and his outfit repaired and corrected bombsights and other equipment. They were able to get together at times and Kenneth was able to visit his brother-in-law Arthur Nanney who was with the infantry. However, to see Arthur he had to fly near the active fighting and so found it discouraging to make regular visits.

John William Watlington left home with the 117th Infantry Regt. of the 30th Inf. Division and continued with that Division into combat in France after D-Day. He and George Morris and several Bemis and Jackson friends were there close together during much of the War years. They often bivouacked together, shared the same pup tent or other provisional quarters on the training or battle field. In recent years George has shared a lot of experiences including the time some French peasant women working a field hid John while German soldiers passed nearby on a scouting mission.

Paul H. Watlington was in the Signal Corps assigned to the U.S. Army Air Corps as one of the early Radar operators. Radar was still secretive in those years and we remember that Paul had to have security clearance to stay in that school and work. Then he went quietly and quickly to the Pacific War, arriving in Guadalcanal after the airfield had been secured but

when there was still a lot of Japanese in the hills and threatening the security perimeter. He remembers well the massacre of hundreds of Japanese as they came against machine gun installations across a river bed and open land in a suicidal attack.

One platoon of his unit had a radar detachment on New Georgia Island of the Solomon Island group. In 1988–93 the Mark Masters family of St. Luke's United Methodist Church in Memphis worked with the Solomon Island Methodist Church as rural missionaries on the point of New Georgia Island near a small airfield built by our American forces in 1942. Another member of St. Luke's church remembers helping to build that very same airfield!

Paul and his group moved ever nearer the action in the Pacific to be the eyes and ears of the Army Air Corps and Navy in that struggle. Before the end of the War they were on the large Mindanao Island of the southern Philippines. They were always based in isolated rural settings strategically located away from centers of military activity in order to give a warning of attacks by air or sea. Because of this relative isolation, Paul never encountered friends from home in his two years overseas.

William Eugene Watlington was in the U.S. Navy from April 1940 until April 1946. During the War years he served most of his time on a World War I vintage destroyer, U.S.S. *Waters*, in various parts of the Pacific. He was on leave in August 1945 when the War ended. Reporting back to duty he was assigned to a luxury liner converted to a troop carrier, sailing under the name of U.S.S. *St. Mary's*. He left California and went to Okinawa to return troops to the U.S.A. His cousin, Ulrich Mack Watlington, was one of the troops who loaded on at Okinawa to return to the U.S.A. after serving in both the European and Pacific theatres of war. He saw that Mack was well fed and cared for on this return journey.

On September 15, 1944, Mack had sailed from Boston, Mass., harbor on the U.S.S. *Wakefield*, the former S.S. *Manhattan*, and landed in Liverpool, England, as he went on to battle in France. The same ship, called U.S.S. *Wakefield* at that time also was one that Joe Conrad boarded in December 1945 at Norfolk, Va., and went through the Panama Canal to the Pacific Theatre of operations, with a stop at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. From there they sailed for the China Coast and made port at Tsingtao, China, where they unloaded about two thousand marines of the 1st Marine Division. This ship was equipped to carry as many as fifteen thousand troops. There were only about five thousand on it when Joe Conrad made the journey. The U.S.S. *Wakefield* had served the Watlington family well in World War II.

## Ulrich M. Watlington

### World War II Participation

In 1940–41, building government structures for the War effort created a great need for experienced carpenters and contractors. Thus Mack had a part in governmental constructions in Kentucky, and Tennessee. Mack had the distinction of helping to build units at Camp Tyson, Paris, Tenn., where he later was located for training in the tactics of flying and caring for the barrage balloons used in the early stages of the War.

Mack's draft number came up first in our family. On April 4, 1942, only four months after Pearl Harbor, he began his service at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga. (Chattanooga, Tenn.) and went to Fort Eustis, Va. for basic training. Having been in the C.C.C. camp for some years, Mack was a veteran before he entered, but such is life. After about two months of basic training at Ft. Eustis, on north side of James River between Williamsburg and Newport News, Mack was assigned to train for Barrage Balloon Training at the new facility at Camp Tyson, Paris, Tenn.

Here he learned the complicated process of handling the winches and cables for the balloons which could be up to ten thousand feet high under some conditions. Power was furnished by gasoline powered motors which had to be maintained also, and atmospheric conditions had to be considered before releasing the balloons. The balloons served to make enemy aircraft fly higher if they approached them at all. Batteries of guns were also used in relation to the balloons for air defense. He was at Camp Tyson about four months, then assigned to the 311th Coast Artillery Barrage Battalion, Battery B for 14 months at Santa Monica, California, which offered some air protection for oil fields and the city of Los Angeles proper along the coast of southern California.

As the threat of any attack on the continental U.S.A. diminished, Mack and some others from his unit were sent to take Military Police Basic Training at Battle Creek, Michigan. To make it worse, it was winter time; and the training was for a full four months. Mack was not one to complain but he did complain about the weather and the repeated training. Mack had earned promotions in the Barrage Balloon unit but now he was a buck private again. That was hard to take also. At home the family always checked his letters to see what rank he held, for it often changed.

After his basic training in M.P. work he was assigned to the 785th M.P. Battalion with which he traveled to Camp Myles Standish, September 5, 1944 and went aboard the U.S.S. *Wakefield*, a huge troopship, in Boston harbor on Sept. 13, sailing two days later. Because of their faster speed such a ship could go "full steam ahead" and they arrived in Liverpool England on September 22, 1944. From there they went the next day to Southampton, England and

boarded the U.S.S. *Langley B. Castle* at 1400 hours the same day to cross the English Channel. They arrived at Omaha Beach on September 24th at the provisional dock facilities but had to wait until the afternoon of the 25th to land. They landed at Cherbourg, the nearest port city rather than the provisional port at Omaha Beach.

This was more than three months after D-Day (June 6) and so many men and materials were arriving that only provisional camps were available as housing. They set up tents in an orchard about three miles out of Val-ouge, which was about 15 miles southwest of Cherbourg, which had been taken June 20th. At this time Paris had been taken, and all of Normandy, and transportation was difficult. Cherbourg now had a working dock and the principal undersea pipeline to bring gasoline and other petroleum products directly from England to the Allies in France, hence was an extremely important port in support of the invasion of Normandy and the continuing progress of the troops. On Oct. 6 Mack went by train with some of his unit to Chartres, about 40 miles south of Paris, where they took charge of a group of German Prisoners of War and returned them to Utah Beach. Having delivered them there the Unit returned to the Orchard Camp on Oct. 10th. It was a four day mission. On the 15th of October the unit moved to Le Mans, southwest of Paris, a major rail center that the Allies had captured August 9th. A week later Mack's unit moved to Laval, about 40 miles to the west of LeMans. All of these towns are on main roads and railroads leading into Paris. Le Mans may have been Battalion Headquarters while Mack's Company was detached to Laval.

Military Police performed their functions in conjunction with larger units of the Army. A Company, Platoon or Scout Car team could be assigned duties at considerable distance from their home base. For twelve months Mack was rated as a "Scout Car Commander," with a rank of Sergeant after finishing his M.P. basic training. From Le Mans they could operate on missions within a hundred miles or so, depending on transportation available. Therefore the next move from Laval to Tours on the Loire River placed them at a major rail center one hundred and twenty-five miles southwest of Paris. It seems that George Patton's Command was in this sector of France during the Fall and Winter of 1944-45. It was at the city of Tours that Mack was based from Oct. 26, 1944 until Feb. 5, 1945. In January at Tours, Mack and others studied methods and means of disarming unexploded bombs and artillery shells as part of their future duties. He was a certified a "Bomb Reconnaissance Officer." They moved to Chartres on Feb. 5 for eight days, then to Esch on March 15th. Esch is not noted on the map of France, but a map of adjoining Luxemburg has a town of Esch-sur-Alzette located just inside the border from France, on the Alzette River. Therefore the town could well have been called only Esch. And since the unit was on the move it

may not have entered the town but was in that vicinity. The map indicates that the Third Army did enter Luxemburg, and after six weeks there Mack joined the invasion of Germany of March 28th.

All the Allied Forces were just waiting for decent Spring weather to attempt to cross the Rhine River and penetrate to the heart of Germany. Patton's Third Army were in Luxemburg and Germany and their forward units found a place to cross the river by boats under cover of darkness and establish a perimeter on the eastern side of the Rhine on March 22nd. Therefore, as Mack's M.P. Battalion moved into Germany there were a lot of German prisoners to take charge of and a lot of miles to run in the six weeks remaining in the war.

We do know that Mack directed traffic for the 3rd Army on the move, and enjoyed moving them out. One story he told was that he had just arrived at a blockage of military traffic on a bridge where a truck had dropped a front wheel over the edge of the bridge and couldn't move itself in any direction. Just as he was sizing up the situation he heard a siren and an official jeep pulled up nearby. It was Gen. Patton's jeep. The General got out and walked closer, then asked, "Who's in charge here?"

Mack responded, "I am, sir; I have just arrived on the scene."

"What's the problem; that this traffic is not moving?"

"A truck's steering broke and it's hung off the edge of the bridge and can't move, Sir."

"Well, what the hell you gonna do about it?"

"I'm going to turn it over into the river to clear the road, Sir."

The General turned to the body of soldiers standing around and said: "You heard him, men. Get moving and throw that truck in the river and let's get this traffic moving."

The army did move as much as fifty miles a day, taking prisoners as they went, but not stopping to clear out all resistance as they went. They were headed for the Elbe River and the borders of Germany on all sides. They made contact with the Russians at the agreed upon line, the Elbe River, town of Torgau on April 25. The Russians were already in Berlin, and Hitler committed suicide the 30th of April. His remaining Generals surrendered May 7th.

On May 19th Mack and the 785th Military Police Battalion left German territory and set their faces toward the Pacific War. They arrived at the port city of Marseilles, on the French Mediterranean coast on May 23rd. No doubt there was a need of M.P.s there, too, as everyone celebrated victory in Europe. But on July 6th the unit loaded on the U.S.S. *General H. W. Butner* and they sailed July 7th for Panama. They passed the Strait of Gibraltar July 9th and docked at Cristobal, Canal Zone, Panama, on July 19th.

They passed thru the Canal on the 20th and on August 7th they an-

chored at Eniwetok in the Marshall Islands. They stayed there one day and on August 11th they arrived at Mog Mog and Hazel Island in the Caroline Islands, near where the U.S. Navy now had fleet headquarters as they prepared the final blows for the destruction of Japan as a military power in the Pacific. The U.S.S. *General Butner* stayed here from August 11th until August 28th, when they pulled anchor to sail to Okinawa, which had been conquered but not cleared of Japanese between March 26 and June 30. Okinawa was to be the major army staging area for the invasion of Japan. But after the tragic bombings of Tokyo and other cities from March thru July the Japanese were beginning to believe that the War was lost. The atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Aug. 6th and 9th, was followed by V-J Day on August 15th while Mack's ship waited in the Caroline Islands.

Mack's months on Okinawa from August 28th to Dec. 17th were spent as Supply Sergeant and Mack was awarded another stripe to wear home. When Sam reached Okinawa they were able to look forward to getting back home safely and starting again. Mack was looking at marriage but had his doubts about what Golden Azbill would think about that. Sam encouraged him to go for it, and let the chips fall as they may.

Mack's service experience<sup>1</sup> was at the four points of the compass before he left the States—on both coasts, and North to South. He earned the American Theater Ribbon for his months with the Coast Artillery, the European Theater Ribbon in France and Germany, with battle stars for the Rhineland and Central Europe. Then he earned the Asian Pacific ribbon for that seven week troopship ride and those months in Okinawa. He had accumulated sixty-three points on his service record for a trip home. Chief Petty Officer William Eugene Watlington, a first cousin on his troopship, the U.S.S. *St. Mary's*, recognized Mack. Since he was in charge of some food service and supplies, Eugene saw that Mack was properly fed on the return trip to the U.S.A.

## Memories of World War II: O. Kenneth Watlington

I began teaching at Malesus in 1938 as an elementary teacher of the fifth grade and some ten sixth graders. I subscribed to the Weekly Reader for the Sixth Grade and very soon they were introduced to Adolph Hitler and places like Czechoslovakia. I recall explaining to them how quickly France

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<sup>1</sup>For his movements from Fort Custer, Michigan to Okinawa (excluding Germany) Mack left a series of notes written in 1945, and a French railroad map with his routes marked on it across France. These notes, the map and other books about the war contribute to this. —E.A.W.



and England would call his hand and Hitler would be no more. So much for my knowledge of world affairs.

It wasn't that way. I registered for the draft October 16, 1940. Miss Jessie McKnight was the registrar and signed my card—No. 7358—and I began to see world affairs involving us, me and my brothers. December 7, 1941 escalated events and we all knew it was World War II.

Christmas and I continued with my heart plans. I gave my true love, Mary Nanney, an engagement ring as I had planned before December 7th.

We, Mary and I, talked about the war and its possible effect on us. We agreed that we would not marry until after the war was over. It wouldn't be long!

Sometime in January of 1942 the Army had need of No. 7358. I reported this to the School Superintendent and got a six months deferment. That was sufficient time for us, especially me, to change our thinking and after Sam and Mary said we could use their house as they were in Florida, we were married May 1, 1942. We went to Shiloh for a short honeymoon, we were back at work on Monday morning.

It was a very short summer. I reported to Fort Oglethorpe and was inducted into the Army July 29, 1942. We were returned home for two weeks before going on active service. There were a lot of pictures made and a lot of visiting done. Now Papa had three boys in service and Mary Ken had a husband.

I was sent to Miami Beach, Fla. for basic training. My training platoon was housed in the Crescent Hotel and we drilled on a golf course. Since Sam, Mary and Steve (13 months old) were in Miami I did visit them and we went fishing once with Sam's boss. They came over to the Beach to see me.

I finished basic training and then some two weeks of K.P. in the officers area before leaving mid-October. We did not know where we were going or our classification. One night I realized that our train was going to go through Jackson. One other soldier, J. B. Priddy, was from Jackson and we watched from Corinth until we stopped at the old Union Station. I had seen the overhead bridge on U.S. Highway 45 at Bemis. I did not jump but I thought about it.

Arrived in Denver, Colorado at Lowrey Field Oct. 20, 1942 with an early six inch snow on the ground. We had on our woolens with all the tags still attached. My class had the 10 P.M. to 6 A.M. shift, with our exercise after classes at 6 A.M. We soon had the "A shift cough."

Mary came to Denver for Christmas. She and the wife of a classmate of mine from Union City traveled together. The four of us had found rooms in a house in walking distance of Lowrey Field. Another friend from Boston thought we had a good thing going in having our wives visit us so he had his girl friend out. The six of us did some sightseeing. We have maintained

contact with these friends. Virginia and Teppan married and visited us many years later. Charles and LaRue Reynolds live in Union City.

Upon completion of twelve weeks of Norden Bombsight Maintenance School in January, I was sent to a Repple Depple (Replacement Depot) in Albuquerque, N.Mex. Finally in late March I was sent to Carlsbad, N.Mex. to do some more training. Nothing to do but busy work but finally we were promised five day furloughs on a limited basis. My furlough was less than a week away when orders came to report to Ogden, Utah. I was assigned to 31st Depot Squadron and was immediately informed that all furloughs were cancelled and we would be leaving for overseas within two or three weeks. I had time to get another round of shots and take all required tests. Broke one rib on obstacle course. Traveled by train to Orange, New Jersey, Camp Shanks. Visited New York City on our First Anniversary. Big deal! Was now convinced that I'd get that furlough when we finished overseas.

Left New York March 13th, 1943 on the U.S.S. *America* (the converted first class liner S.S. *United States*). We zigzagged across the Atlantic in seven days. No one had bothered to tell us where we were going. I recognized Casablanca Harbor by the French ships that had been scuttled there and pictured in the papers. We arrived on the 20th of May. Set up pup tents for the first time. The ground was rocky and very red. We were beginning to stink so the third day they shuttled us to a beach to wash up. The company lost two men to a strong under current. We washed up and that was all. I got very sick, vomiting and diarrhea, but that was no suitable place to die.

The 31st was issued a fleet of 6 x 6 wheel drive new Chevrolet trucks. They were loaded with two cat tracks and one airplane motor in the back and a trailer with another motor. (I think for P-47's.) We each got another driver, and two cases of C-rations. Our convoy was on the road from Casablanca to Tunis for ten days. We saved our candy and turned it in to the cooks and had hotcakes and syrup one morning. We had hot coffee every day! I finally found I could eat some C-rations.

We set up our Repair Squadron on the Air Field toward the ocean from Tunis. The place was a wreck. There were trenches in the court yards but we did not plan to use them. Germany's last air raid on N. Africa hit Bizerte, about 15 miles down the coast from us and the Big Guns (long Tom's) opened up over us. We all climbed back out of those dirty trenches and never mentioned it again.

There was one USO show—Bob Hope, Frances Lankford and Jerry Colona. It was a good one. I was guarding some Italian prisoners while watching the show.

We did get our shop in operation and began to salvage some bombsights. They were in poor condition. We began to learn how to clean bearings and balance Rotors (motors). They sent a civilian technician to help train us.

Things were looking better.

**Franklin D. Roosevelt Came to Visit** Not all G.I.'s got to see the President, at least they didn't get a personal salute from him, but I did! One weekend we became aware that everything was very quiet. No activity on the field. A few strange cars had entered the hanger area. I felt the need to answer nature's call and proceeded to our latrine. Now this was located on a spot where the road from the Air Field entered the road from Tunis. This road continued up the peninsula to a resort area. As any Frenchman would know a piece of burlap nearly shoulder high is decency enough. As I continued my business two long black cars came out the Air Field road. The first one turned up the road and, as the second approached, I looked at the back seat and there was FDR himself and as he was looking at what showed of me, I saluted and he saluted back. I didn't wave with both hands as the other hand was busy. So there now! he did salute me! He was on his way to meet Churchill and work on details of the conference with Stalin.

The 31st began loading up to move to Italy soon after our troops landed at Salerno. Our Bombsight Shop was well set up, operational and declared top priority so we were told to stay until the base in Italy was operational. This was a quiet period of time: Oct., Nov., and December. We received orders to pack, load and ship about December 15. We loaded the last of our baggage and equipment on a converted B-17 on Dec. 24. We landed in Bari, Italy, and were carried from the field directly to an old vocational school building on the Adriatic Coast where we found a place for our bags and went to sleep. The next morning we awoke to church bells ringing. Christmas 1943, in Italy. Our shop and other instrument shops of the 31st DRS had been assigned to work with the 11th Air Depot Group. We were still 31st Depot Repair Squadron but was under 11th ADG officers. This was to be my "home" until mid-May 1945.

**Herman Visits** Sometime in early 1944 I was notified to report to the Commanding Office, that the Military Police wanted to see me. I was concerned but not scared. On entering the CO's office there was my brother Herman! What a surprise and how great it was to see someone from home. He was assigned to the 15th Air Corps and was stationed at Foggia, 75 miles north of Bari. We had four or five visits before he completed his fifty combat flights and returned to the states before December 1944.

One Sunday afternoon on a visit with Herman his crew Captain checked out their B-17 to "see if all maintenance work was completed." and they flew me back to Bari. We flew over Naples, got a good look at Mt. Vesuvius and Pompeii. I got to try my hand at the controls but didn't do very well. On landing at Bari to "check the brakes," I unloaded as they turned around.

Herman and I went to Rome one weekend. I managed to have an ear infection and ran a temperature most of the time but we had a good visit.

**Arthur Nanney** Mary's brother was in Italy on the west coast. Arthur Nanney volunteered for duty on Anzio where he drove a truck hauling supplies. His unit was on the drive north through Rome and on to Genoa. My shop M/Sgt and I went to Florence, Italy, one weekend in April 1945. Arthur's unit was in combat above Pisa so I didn't see him at that time. Later after things quieted down I did have a good visit with him. He was headquartered just west of Pisa. We visited Pisa and went up to Genoa where we sat on the rocks at the beach where Columbus set sail for Spain and America. The trip back from Genoa was one more wild ride! We caught a jeep going south with a mad Lieutenant driver and convoys going both ways on a narrow two-lane road. Mountains on one side and nothing on the other! Obviously we made it, but I was sore for a week.

**April, 1945** A munition ship blew up in the Bari Harbour at noon one day. I had left my work desk and was looking up the coast and saw all this stuff falling. Then the concussion hit and our windows came in. One small piece of glass hit me below my eye. Then we all hit the floor. Our shop was a mess and we never got back in full operation again. The European war ended on May 8, 1945.

**May–Sept. 1945** Not enough points! I got a five day leave to Paris, France and then got to go to Florence, Italy to a "G.I. University." We never got the school organized. I think I met two classes. I did enjoy visiting in and around Florence, a very beautiful city.

Went back to Bari in late August and was officially moved to the 31st DRS Headquarters on Bari Field. This was the first time that I had actually been a part of the 31st since they left us in Tunis. The war in the Pacific ended August 15th, 1945.

**Sept.–Nov. 25, 1945** My work was over. It was just a matter of waiting for shipping orders. I found one guy to play tennis with me on a concrete court. We played one or two hours in the morning and again in the afternoon. I couldn't find a chess player. We saw a movie every night. We watched planes landing and taking off carrying British soldiers on Rest and Recreation and leaving for their discharge. The weather on the Adriatic Coast is beautiful in the fall.

My orders for home arrived on Nov. 6, 1945. We left Bari on Nov. 7, and stayed at Naples two nights. Left Naples on Nov. 9 on a Liberty ship,

the U.S.S. *Sea Snipe*. Two years, six months, eight days service overseas, according to their bookkeeping.

After thirteen days the shores of the United States appeared through a light fog. We anchored at Norfolk, Va. about mid-afternoon November 20. We were transported to Camp Henry, assigned barracks and told where to find telephones and when we would eat. I was afraid there would be a line on the phones but just looked anyway. No wait so I called and said I was home and ran out of words. Wow! I was home!

I can't recall what we had for our evening meal, steak I think. I do recall breakfast. German prisoners asking how I wanted my eggs! Two over light! What a treat! I saw the egg shells!

We left Camp Henry by train the afternoon of the 21st. Arrived at Ft. Knox, Ky., after dark on the 23rd (Friday). Called home on the 24th but didn't know how soon I would be discharged. Got a haircut.

Sunday, Nov. 25, I was told to get everything in order and start processing. It was fast. I was handed my papers at noon and pointed to a bus leaving in five minutes. Didn't have any time to call until we had a bus stop in Linden, Tenn. I called Lester Riley and asked him to let Mary know that I would be in Jackson at 7:30. She was there and so was I—home again after three years, three months, and twenty-seven days, according to their count. I would say five to ten years.

— O. Kenneth Watlington, Feb. 1995

## More Stories of the 117th Infantry Regiment, World War II

George E. Morris and John W. Watlington had left Jackson, Tenn. together in September 1940 and were together in the same Company L of the Third Battalion through training and frontline action in France, Belgium and Germany until December 1944. The following accounts of war experiences were written by Bettie McKnight Morris, George's sweetheart during those years and wife since 1945. With her permission we share them here as a part of the World War II memories of the 117th Regiment which included many Madison County soldiers.

**Pearl Harbor** No one old enough to remember December 7, 1941 will ever forget where they were or what they were doing on that Sunday afternoon.

I had gone home from church with my friend, Aileen Haltom. We had eaten lunch and were talking and half-way listening to a ball game on the

radio with her brother, Billy. He was hollering and carrying on like he was at the game but we didn't see anything to be excited about.

We heard the announcer say, "I interrupt this program to tell you the Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor." We couldn't believe what we were hearing at first. How dare that little island attack the United States! With repeated announcements we had to believe it.

I thought immediately of the boys, and George Morris in particular, who had been called up in the National Guard in 1940. They would surely be the first to go!

A community prayer service was held at the Methodist Church. Mother and I went and everyone was in a state of shock. The next morning during Chemistry class, Mr. Copeland, our principal and teacher, let us gather around the radio to listen to President Roosevelt ask Congress to declare war. Everything in the country was thrown in high gear. If you weren't helping in the war effort you wanted to be. Everything else lost importance.

The Red Cross asked women to meet at the "Y" and make hospital gowns and bandages to send to the front. I never was convinced that they would actually be used but it was an effort to be involved in so Mother and I signed up.

### **The 117th Infantry, 30th Division**

Since being called up with the National Guard, George E. Morris of Bemis, Tenn. had been in the 117th Infantry, 30th Division. They were stationed at Fort Jackson, S.C. and had been training since September 1940. Although they were on duty when war was declared they were not the first to go overseas. The powers-to-be had other plans for them.

The 117th was sent to Fort Benning, Ga. to train officers and to Camp Forest, Tenn. two summers to train soldiers in field practice. To Camp Blanding, Fla., they were sent for further training. George applied for parachute training but at that time they were not taking any more to train. George stayed on in the 117th and went to Camp Atterbury, Indiana where he received Ranger training. From there they were sent to Camp Miles Standish, Mass., to await orders to sail. They shipped out of Boston Harbor in February 1944 for England. They were stationed not far from London for several months.

So many soldiers assembled so quickly in England that the supplies could not keep up with the demand. Rations were short, security was tight and letters were censored. To save space on ships, mail was microfilmed. It was called V-mail.

General Eisenhower was in command of the European theater. George saw him when he was inspecting the troops in England during the time when

secret planning was going on for the invasion of Normandy. D-Day was June 6, 1944. The 117th Infantry followed six days later on Omaha Beach. Inch by inch, those lucky enough to survive, made their way up the beaches to the hedgerows. K-rations were all they had to eat and after six weeks their teeth began to get loose. Soon orders were given to use the packets of lemonade containing Vitamin C that the soldiers had been throwing away. After using this for a while their teeth tightened up.

From listening to the radio, reading the papers, and bits and pieces that George could write in his letters, I tried to keep up with the events and where they were fighting. The news was full of hard fought battles and casualties, some of whom I had known. When I got a letter, the first thing I wanted to know was the date so I would know George was alive on that date.

The 117th Infantry received two bombing attacks at St. Lo, France from American planes. It was there that Lt. Rudell said he liked to get in the foxhole with George because he tried to take his mind off the bombings by talking about his mother's fried chicken.

Sometimes the soldiers were lucky enough to find a basement to set up their commands in and sometimes food had been left in the basements. Occasionally, George would send something in a letter that he had found in an abandoned house. Once they were so close on the heels of the retreating Germans that the fires used for cooking were still smoldering and the food still warm.

As they moved through the French towns, civilians would line the street to cheer the soldiers. Sometimes they would be given bottles of wine. The French women who had fraternized with the Germans would be caught and their heads would be shaved as a sign of being a traitor.

In one town the 117th entered all of the civilians had been killed and left in the streets, men, women and children. On they pushed through France, Belgium and Holland. Christmas 1944 the Germans launched a massive attack that was known as the "Battle of the Bulge." They gave the attack all they had but, fortunately, it was not enough. Their line was broken and the Germans began to be pushed back.

In March 1945 the 117th entered and crossed the Rhine River in Germany. There was hope that the war was winding down and German soldiers were surrendering on every side to the Americans to keep from being taken by the Russians. Some soldiers with the most combat time were being sent home on leave. Now George was selected for a forty-five day leave. He was sent back to a rest camp and sailed from Cherbourg, France on a ship bringing five hundred German prisoners back to the states. The ships were "Liberty boats" and they were in a terrible storm that tossed them about for days. They were five weeks crossing the Atlantic and landed at New York on May 1, 1945. George's remark when he saw the Statue of Liberty was: "She'll

have to turn around for me to see her face again.”

After riding a train to Fort McPherson, Ga. for processing, George arrived safely back in Bemis May 3rd. When his mother heard he was outside the gate she began to run and shout. Finally he had come home. George was safe from war but, as one man told him, he'd never know the war was over because we were married on May 9th. That's a whole other story that will be told elsewhere.

On May 8th the Germans surrendered and the point system was put into place to begin discharging servicemen. By the time George's furlough time was up, he was sent to Fort McPherson, Ga. to be discharged. He was a civilian again for the first time in five years.

President Truman ordered the atomic bomb dropped on Japan and in August the war ended in the Pacific. Demobilization of the country began. The Gold Stars in the windows across the nation were proof of the heavy price paid for victory.

**Buried Alive** At St. Lo, France, the American pilots were given the wrong information and the bombers dropped bombs on the 30th Division, not once but twice. The soldiers dug into foxholes but many were killed or injured. Aaron Hailey and a buddy were buried by a pile of dirt. Aaron kicked his way out and when George saw him, he was scratching with his hands in the dirt. George thought he had been shell shocked but he was trying to get to the other soldier. George helped uncover the man but he had been crushed. They carried him to the medics but he died soon afterwards.

**Password** While still in the hedgerows of France one of the Bemis soldiers, J. W. Gore, was killed by his own men. He was asked for the password one night but when he didn't respond the guard fired and killed him.

**The Enemy Marches Through** Part of the 117th had taken a position on one side of the road and part on the other. During the night a German Platoon marched through their lines and not a shot was fired. The officers knew that if a shot was fired it would be bedlam and many of their own men would be killed.

**To Paris and London** As the war drug on and fighting intensified, soldiers with the most combat time would be sent back for some rest. Once George got to go to Paris. He actually got a bath, clean sheets, and good food. He also got to see many of the sights of Paris.

At another time he was given a weeks leave to London. He had the Red Cross wire his mother to send him one hundred dollars but it didn't catch up with him until too late. Some of the soldiers gave him cigarettes though



so he had collected a bag full and sold them on the Black Market in France so he had spending money anyway.

**The French Connection** During a lull in the fighting, George and John Watlington decided to investigate a cave they had heard about. When they arrived there were a lot of French women, children, and old men standing around the entrance. They began trying to talk to George and John but they could only understand that they didn't want them to enter the cave. John thought he'd bluff his way and continued to converse with them. George got bored so he laid down on the ground and went to sleep. He awoke with coats piled all over him. When he got uncovered and raised up he saw John frantically motioning for him to come on and quick. What the French had been trying to tell them was that German soldiers were in the cave. When the soldiers came out they covered George up and hid John with their bodies. One more close call!

Everything was fair game in war so the soldiers took whatever they found that they could use. It might be bicycles, food, dishes or cover. Once it was pickled eggs.

**Nicknamed "Rock"** While training the officers at Fort Benning, Ga. it was necessary to have all kinds of field practices. One day, George was in the pit setting up the targets for shooting practice and a thirty pound block hit him on the head. It knocked him out and he was taken to the hospital for stitches. Having determined he was going to survive, the doctor sent him back to his barracks. His buddies nicknamed him "Rock" because they were amazed he could take such a blow. The name stuck.

**Hunting near the Rhine** After the 117th Infantry crossed the Rhine River and had the Germans on the run, they began to relax a little. George saw some deer grazing so he shot one, then another, and another. He got help to drag them to the field kitchen and they had fresh meat for a change.

— Bettye McKnight Morris, Oct. 1987 to March 1988<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup>Collected in *Family Stories From My Point Of View* [6]. Used with permission of the author.

## John William Watlington

*b.* May 26, 1921

*m.* February 1945, Frances Shirley Johnson

(*b.* September 3, 1923)

*d.* November 29, 1950

John William Watlington is the only member of our Watlington-Hammond families to give his life in the Armed Services of our country. On our trip to Honolulu and Los Angeles in Nov. 1980, we discovered that John is included in the memorial list of fallen comrades in Pacific wars in the “Punch Bowl,” the National Cemetery of the Pacific, above Honolulu, Hawaii. The “Punch Bowl” is a crater of one of the ancient volcanoes that helped build the island of Oahu. Many sailors, airmen and others who died at sea or who were never memorialized in other cemeteries are included in this beautiful memorial overlooking Honolulu, Diamond Head Mountain and Pearl Harbor.

John was a Master Sergeant and served with Headquarters Company as Sergeant Major of the Third Battalion, 31st Infantry Regiment, Seventh Division, when it shipped from Sapporo, Japan via Yokohama to the Inchon Beach landing in Korea in September 1950.

His wife, Shirley Johnson and son, John Wesley, were with him in Sapporo prior to the outbreak of the Korean conflict, and returned to the U.S.A. a few days after John’s unit left Yokohama for Korea.

The Seventh Division landed at Inchon, near the capital city of Seoul, then occupied by North Korean Communist troops. They took part in several operations previous to the “break through” in November 1950 which permitted United Nation forces to advance into the far north of Korea, near the Yalu River and Chinese Manchuria. John had already suffered an injury, but had returned to his unit on recovery.

It was near the Chosin Reservoir that the Seventh Division, along with U.S. Marines, encountered the first Chinese troops to enter the war. The surprise attack in strength in the fearful cold decimated the Third Battalion, with only forty-nine reported survivors who were able to join other outfits and fight their way through to a seaport for evacuation. Because of the catastrophic losses, confirmation of John’s death was slow in reaching the family, and then with so little detail as to leave doubt of the reports.

As further reports from friends and acquaintances came they confirmed that John was killed outright in the early attacks that destroyed their battalion encampment in the snow of a night or early dawn attack across the frozen Chosin Reservoir.

A memorial marker for John William has been placed in the lovely National Cemetery at Shiloh National Military Park, near Savannah, Tenn., on

the Tennessee River. Thus John William Watlington has been honored in the cemeteries of Hawaii and Tennessee, remembering his service and sacrifice for his nation and his people. His grandson who bears his name is now in service with the U.S. Marines and is one of the Marines at the service of the U.S. Embassy in Seoul, South Korea. The Ambassador at this time is the Rev. James Laney, a native of Memphis, Tennessee, and a former missionary of the United Methodist Church to Korea. The younger John William is the son of John Wesley Watlington and Karen Kinsey of West Tennessee.

## Military Chronology of James L. Watlington, Sr.

28 Oct., 1942	AAFD Advanced Flying School, Blytheville, Ark (Enlistment)
2 Nov., 1942	Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Little Rock, Ark (Processing)
4 Nov., 1942	Attached 704 Arfates, Blytheville, Ark (Basic)
13 Jan., 1943	Promoted to Corporal
14 Jan., 1943	AAF Technical Training School, Gulfport, Miss. Aircraft Mech. Sch.
16 June, 1943	AAFTYC Chevrolet Motor Car Co., Detroit, Michigan. Engine Specialist on Pratt and Whitney R 1800 Aircraft engine.
19 July, 1943	1st AAF Base Unit, Fourth Staff, Squadron, Washington D.C. A.P. Mech. Desk job with unit Records office.
28 June, 1944	Promoted to Sgt.
5 Nov., 1944	To Replacement Depot, Greensboro, N.C.
25 Dec., 1944	Replacement Depot, Greensboro, N.C.
26–29 Dec., 1944	Enroute by train to Repd. Depot. Camp Anza, Riverside, Ca.
30 Dec., 1944	Camp Anza, California, Wait for transport.
10 Jan., 1945	Boarded U.S.S. <i>General McRae</i> , dest. unknown.
11 Jan., 1945	Departed Port of Los Angeles, dest. unknown.
22 Jan., 1945	Our troopship went the southerly route to India as it traveled unescorted and the war still raged in the Pacific. Crossed International Date Line. Stop over later at Melbourne, Australia for supplies on the way to Calcutta.
20 Feb., 1945	(Birthday present) Docked in Hoogly River. Calcutta, India.
21 Feb., 1945	Disembarked and to 148th Replacement Co. (AAC) Cansharapara, Calcutta, India
14 March, 1945	Left Cansharapara for Agra, U.P., India, south of Delhi by railroad.
16 March, 1945	Central India Air Depot; 82 Depot Repair Squad, (747 Mech. MOS)
6 April, 1945	Assigned to ground crew C-46 Area for maintenance
1 Oct., 1945	Promoted to Staff Sergeant
14 Nov., 1945	Good Conduct Medal

- 6 Jan., 1946 In charge of a group of 21 Enlisted Men who went to visit Mission projects at Clancy High School at Mathura (Muttra) and a Hospital at Urindavan nearby. Rev. Wood Whetstone, a Methodist missionary at the school had served the Agra Base as Volunteer Chaplain.
- Jan. 1946 Long weekend trip by train to Jaipur, a major city west of Agra.
- 4 March, 1946 Replacement Depot No. 3; 142nd Gen. Hosp. at Cansharapara.
- 19 March, 1946 (Tues) Boarded U.S.S. *Marine Jumper* (3000 GI's & officers—no women) for trip to U.S.A.
- 20 March, 1946 (Wed) Moved into Hoogly River & dropped anchor to await high tide.
- 21 March, 1946 (Thurs) Anchor raised—steamed down river.
- 22 March, 1946 (Fri) British pilot & his bearer left ship. Entered that A.M. the Bay of Bengal and left India.
- 23 March, 1946 (Sat) Passed mountain peaks of Narcodan Island.
- 24 March, 1946 (Sun) Mountainous coast of Malaya was visible as ship cruised thru Straits of Malacca & towards evening numerous islands announced our arrival in the Strait of Singapore. We anchored in the bay and the lights of Singapore were visible. "Crossroads of the World."
- 25 March, 1946 (Mon P.M.) Ship left Singapore harbor and was soon in the South China Sea. Making good time in calm water between French Indo-China and Sarawak. Reduced rations (poor quality—water rationing).
- 29 March, 1946 (Fri) Detour to Manila for food. Ship turned to east and into Manila Bay during night. Surface of bay pierced by masts of sunken Jap ships. Shoreline was visible and that night a million dollar fire blazed there.
- 31 March, 1946 Sunday at dawn we headed westward. Corregidor was passed with the Bataan Peninsula in the background. Cameras recorded spots made famous by the troops of MacArthur and Wainwright the Spring of 1942.

	Out of Manila Bay the ship turned north. A typhoon was raging in the Marianas as we steamed up the west coast of Luzon, soon bucking a fifty mile an hour gale. The waves mounted as the northern point of Luzon was rounded and the Phillipines left behind. Decks were empty as seasick troops stayed below.
4 April, 1946	(Thurs) More troops on deck. Japanese Island of Sofu was 52 miles away. Continued food shorage. Cmdr. announced that stores were not sufficient in Manila. Would be reported in Seattle. BIG HELP!
8 April, 1946	(Mon) Halfway mark passed in voyage home.
9 April, 1946	(Tues. 1st) at 0523 hours we crossed International Date Line. "Horned" floating mine sited 50 feet off port side.
9 April, 1946	(Tues 2nd) Temperature declined. Jellyfish, seaweed and albatrosses visible.
10 April, 1946	Headed NE on 2nd circle of route.
11 April, 1946	(Thursday) Debarkation "dry run."
12-13 April, 1946	(Friday-Sat) Thoughts increasingly of home, of Roosevelt's death a year ago. Mileage to Seattle now in three figures.
14 April, 1946	After 27 days and 9400 nautical miles, the U.S.A. Juan de Fuca Straits. A pilot comes aboard for the 61 mile, 4 to 5 hour run to Seattle. Debarkation, trucks to Fort Lawton, Wa.
15-16 April, 1946	Fort Lawton (Seattle). Waiting for train.
17-19 April, 1946	Train to North Little Rock, Arkansas.
20-22 April, 1946	Camp Chaffee, Ark. Processing for end, terminating in transfer to Army Air Corps Reserve, Enlisted Reserve Corps, S/Sgt.
23 April, 1946	Enlisted Reserve Corps, Memphis.
26 Sept., 1947	U.S. Air Corps Reserve.
22 April, 1949	Transfer to U.S. National Guard, S/Sgt. Ammunition Officer
12 Dec., 1949	National Guard. Promoted to 2nd Lt., Ammunition Officer
1 May, 1951	National Guard. 2nd Lt. Ammunition Officer, 30th Armd. Ord. Battalion, 30th Armd. Div., Tennessee National Guard, Jackson, Tenn.
15 Feb., 1952	National Guard. 1st Lt. Ammunition Officer.

- 1 Dec., 1954     National Guard. 1st Lt., Co. Cmdr. Co. A, 30th  
A.O.B., 30th Armd. Div.
- 28 Feb., 1959     National Guard. Armament and Artillery Sec.,  
Co. A. Artillery Regt. Officer.
- 19 Aug., 1959     National Guard. Shop Officer, Co. C Fwd.  
Support.
- 1 Dec., 1962     USAR Con. Gp. (Reinf) XII U.S. Army Corps,  
Atlanta, Ga. USAR Con. Gp. (Retired) USAR  
Center, St. Louis, Mo.

— James L. Watlington, March 6, 1996

## Paul H. Watlington's Memories of World War II

We<sup>3</sup>rode the train to Chattanooga, Tenn., then went by truck to Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga. About the third day we parted ways and the next time I saw Lloyd was in January 1946.

I shipped from Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., to Atlantic City, N.J. Living in a large hotel in Atlantic City I went into basic training. We walked the Boardwalk to get to the parade ground. I had just as soon been elsewhere as we had to keep the room spotless with four men to the room.

After about three months we shipped to Drew Field, Tampa, Fla. I was assigned to the Signal Corp and I went to Air Warning School (Radar). We went through all kinds of training plus school. We camped several places around Tampa while doing training. Most of the time we spent at Drew Field.

In Dec. 1943 our Company was with the 551 Signal Air Warning Battalion. I was in Co. B, 1st Platoon. We were attached to the Army Air Corps. We took a troop train headed northwest but of course, no one knew where to. We traveled to Nashville, Tenn., on to St. Louis, Mo., then headed west through Missouri, on to Denver, Colorado, on to central California. We finally stopped at Camp Stoneman, California. It was across the bay from San Francisco. We were there only a few days. They loaded us on a ferry to cross the Bay to the pier at San Francisco.

We were loaded on a troop ship and left dock before Christmas, 1943. We waved goodbye to the Golden Gate Bridge and to the U.S.A. There were about twenty-five hundred men on the ship. After about three hours out there were lots of sick men, including me. I was sick for about three days,

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<sup>3</sup>Paul Watlington and brother-in-law Lloyd King were drafted at the same time, 5 March 1943.

but after that, things went smooth. Our boat ride lasted 30 days and landed us on Guadalcanal Island, Solomon Islands in the South Pacific (Jan. 1944).

We lost no time setting up the Radar Unit and started operating. The U.S. had repaired an air strip there and were flying missions and bringing in supplies. They hadn't cleared the Japanese Army off all the island, just off what they needed to operate an airfield. They had to have border defense all around the area. It was rough for the men on patrol.

We set up camp on a river bank next to ammunition storage. At this time most of the air combat was away from our island. When we landed on the canal it was only our Platoon, about forty to fifty men. The other platoons were assigned to other places. We were to ourselves.

There were very few Jap planes over this island at this time. The border patrol was quite busy with the Japs still on the island. We were a non-combat group but were on alert at all times. We took tablets each day for malaria fever, but very few cases broke out. Fungus was bad because of the climate. We worked three shifts a day seven days per week. Each week you changed shift. There were five men to each group. We rotated jobs on the hour. The electricity was furnished by a generator on the job. There were men to take care of maintenance.

One platoon served for a time on New Georgia Island in the Solomons. The war was moving west so we went by boat to Bougainville Island. This was about the same condition. They had built an air strip and were flying from there. After being in Bougainville for a time, we went on west to Green Island. This was a very small island. It was a coral island in a crescent moon shape but had a good deep channel coming in to it. All the time we were moving toward Japan. This place had a short air strip and could only land twin engine planes and fighters. Most of the flights were escort or bombing runs. . The fighters were flying two to three missions each day. The target was to the far north. There was a Company of Seabees (a construction unit) stationed near us. They used this island to store ammunition and other supplies. Also there was a Navy unit of Patrol Torpedo (P.T.) boats near our Radar site.

P.T. boats patrolled the island all the time plus Pontoon Patrol Boat airplanes which were used for rescue service. There were no Jap troops on this island and very few natives. Coconut was the principal crop on these islands. Of course, there were other fruits also, but no real farming. This island had no place for ships to dock, so everything was unloaded with small Ducks, a sea-land unit that could land on a beach.

Working in shifts we would have a day or day and half off at times. This wasn't free time; they always had things to do. Guard duty was one of them. There wasn't much to do on the islands or places to go. To get to the airstrip you had to ride a barge. It made two trips each day, picking up mail and



supplies. We would go over and watch planes come and go.

We were on Green Island through December 1944 and had a wild pig barbecued for Christmas dinner. It was an improvised barbecue so the meat was tough, but good. Providing whiskey for the cook may not have helped any.

After a few months we loaded on a freighter (ship) and headed out from Green Island to another location. They had no quarters for the men so we lived and slept on the deck. The good part was that we had no duty—just played cards and ate K-rations. (No cooking facilities for us.) We were seven days moving north to the Phillipines Island of Mindanao. This was the southernmost Island of the Phillipines. When the ship came near the port of Zamboanga, the natives came out in small fishing boats to meet us. These were the first civilized peoples we had seen on any of the islands. What they wanted was for the G.I.'s to throw coins in the water so they could dive and catch them. They didn't miss many. It was better than being met by Japs.

We set up our Radar unit but there was very little air traffic (1945). The Jap Air Force was now no threat, nor was the Army or Navy. We had more free time, but nothing to see. While we were here they paid us in Phillipine money (occupation currency). The Japs had destroyed what little the people had, including the electric plant. The city of Zamboanga had no electricity or waterworks now. There were plenty of boat people. It was a sight to see them all in the dock. All was very simple and the boat was where the whole family lived and made their keep. Dried fish was the main food. They had open markets (and it was open). It offered fresh fruit.

This area was being used as storage for men and materials, airplane parts, motor vehicles, ammunition, gasoline and all else. The Army food was some better here. We did some work opening roads and building bridges, trying to help the people. While here the Chaplain wanted a chapel for worship. So they asked, or told me, to oversee the work. They hired natives to do the work. This was a way for them to make money. With the Army machines and local labor we built a nice simple chapel.

It was real interesting to see the way they worked and the tools they used. The women and children came along to help. All materials came from the forest, except for a few nails and canvas for windows. The seats were logs; the floors were of packed dirt. This was standard (dirt floors) for most homes I saw.

We were here when the war ended, August 15, 1945. When our time came to leave, we left all our equipment there. We went by plane to Manila's famous Clark Field. We were there about a week and had some time for sightseeing but there was little left to see in war-torn Manila.

We left Manila by ship headed for home. This was about Dec. 3, 1945 on the U.S.S. *General Brewster*. They loaded all that could get on. The good

part was no duty, no air raids or such drills. About five days out we hit stormy weather and for three days it was real rough—warm and windy.

We sailed for seventeen days before reaching the Golden Gate Bridge at San Francisco. It was just before Christmas 1945 and there were so many troops coming in that they couldn't process them fast enough. We had to stay on the ship. All we had were work clothes and Phillipine money. They gave us \$10 and a coat so we could go ashore. We stayed on the ship till after Christmas. They let us go ashore each day and return at night. This was in San Francisco, California. We could get money exchanged at the beach. We rode the cable car and ate lots. Al and I were together all the time overseas. He lived at nearby San Jose, Ca., so he knew his way around town and we made it fine.

The people were real nice to the men returning. Finally we left the ship by ferry back to Camp Stoneman across the bay. As soon as they could run us through, I was headed for Camp Chaffee, near Little Rock, Arkansas.

At Camp Chaffee they made me a free man again. I left there by bus to Memphis, Tenn., then on to Jackson. At Memphis I met Bill Robley, a neighbor from Malesus. I got off the bus at Rileys Store. Papa and Rachel were there to meet me. Maybe others don't remember Jan. 1946 but for me it was celebration time. On Feb. 14th Rachel Weir and I were married at the Malesus Methodist Church.

— Paul H. Watlington

### Paul H. Watlington's Itinerary

Paul Hammond Watlington (*b.* 1923) was a soft spoken member of the family, easy-going and modest. Taller than several of the brothers, he played a good game of basketball in Malesus High School and in his senior year of 1940–41, the boys team was the runner-up to Spring Creek for County Championship. Carl Young, Woodson Hall, Franklin Day and Raymond Love were team mates with him that year. Within a few years each of them were in military service around the globe.

Paul was nicknamed "Duffy the Irishman" by his father as he grew to be a strong quiet young man. (We had plenty of Irish blood through our Mother's family.) You could count on him to be there and do more than his share of the work. He learned from Papa to use a ditching spade well and also an axe and hammer. About Fall 1939, Mr. H. A. (Gus) Thompson asked that Paul come to live on his adjoining farm and help with the farm chores for his room and board and a few dollars a month. Paul was willing to do this and the family permitted it. This gave him some ready cash, independence, and responsibility at an early age. He cared for the two horses, a few cows and the chickens, which became a commercial operation for the

Thompsons. Mr. Thompson was a cabinet maker/carpenter with the Piggly Wiggly Furniture Co. in Jackson, Tenn., and he and Paul built a modern hen house for the chickens and then incubated their own eggs for baby chicks. (The Watlingtons had always let the hens do that job.)

After graduation from High School in May 1941, Paul went to work at Piggly Wiggly factory also as an apprentice carpenter on the recommendation of Mr. Thompson who appreciated Paul a lot. Later that year Camp Tyson was being built at Paris, Tenn., and they were paying good wages. Mack, Sam and several neighbors were involved in the project so Paul ventured into this new outdoor construction work. From there he went with brother Mack and Sam to other military construction projects in Alabama and Florida until the time of his induction into the Army in March 1943. These years were a great apprenticeship for him in the construction trades.

According to Paul's memory record, he was inducted March 5, 1943 at Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga. and after processing was sent to an Atlantic City, N.J., hotel along the boardwalk for basic training and orientation to Army life. He was then assigned to the Signal Corps and sent to Air Warning School (Radar). Besides learning to operate the needed machines their basic training continued around Drew Field, Tampa, Fla. They learned tent living here though most of the time was study time.

He became part of the 551st Signal Air Warning Battalion, Company B, 1st Platoon, attached to the Army Air Corps. The platoons were trained to operate separately where needed, including the operation of a diesel powered generating plant for the electricity needed for their radar. The radar equipment they used was made in England, and as they shipped overseas equipment went along with each platoon of the Battalion.

During this time at Drew Field, Paul was able to visit Sam and Mary at their quarters in Bartow, Florida, occasionally. He never had a furlough or a delay in route to visit the family in Tennessee during his three years of service with the Army. Upon finishing their training at Tampa, the Battalion went as a unit on troop trains to Nashville, Tenn., St. Louis, Mo., Denver, Colorado, and on to Central California and the Port of San Francisco. They went by ferry across the bay to the pier in San Francisco and loaded on a troop ship with about twenty-five hundred men in all. They sailed before Christmas 1943 for a still unknown destination across a wide ocean. After thirty days on the water his platoon's destination was Henderson Field, Guadalcanal, in the Solomon Islands.

After some weeks on Guadalcanal the enemy air traffic came to a halt so the platoon was moved to a new location on Bougainville Island where the Marines had established a beachhead and airfield in Dec. 1943. Another platoon which had been located on another area of Guadacanal moved with them to Bougainville. The planes from the airfield on Guadalcanal were now

on the offensive and were making bombing runs on Rabaul, the center of Japanese plane and ship movements at this time. The Bougainville location made it possible to monitor better movements out of Rabaul, on New Britain Island.

After some months on Bougainville, the first Platoon was sent even closer to Rabaul, setting up on Green Island, which lies N. W. of Bougainville and nearly directly east of Rabaul. The Allied Forces had decided to skip over Rabaul and not try to take it by force, but they needed to neutralize it as a military supply port for Japanese troops in the area. And there were a lot of Japanese troops on Guadalcanal, Bougainville and areas around them but if they could not renew supplies they were no longer a threat to the area.

Green Island may be on your map but not carry a name<sup>4</sup>. It is the second of two larger unnamed islands northwest of the northern tip of Bougainville Island. To the west of it is the southern tip of New Ireland Island, and further to the west is New Britain. It was captured by the Japanese on March 30, 1942 and retaken Feb. 15, 1944 by New Zealand forces. It served as a war material storage place and an airfield for small bombers, fighter and observation planes although there was no deep water port there. The First Platoon continued there through Christmas of 1944. By that time Rabaul had become useless to the decimated Japanese Navy and was effectively bypassed as the war moved north and west toward the Philippines and Japan.

On Guadalcanal and Bougainville there were many Japanese troops at the time Paul and the First Platoon were there, but on other parts of the Island. They had to stay on the alert but were not in a fire-fight with enemy troops in either place. Green Island was so desolate and rocky that no Japanese troops were left on it when their radar installation was there. The New Zealand troops had retaken Green Island in February, 1944, only months before their unit moved there. The First Platoon was the only Signal Corps operation on Green Island and stayed there through Christmas 1944.

In the first months of 1945 two platoons of the Battalion and their equipment were put aboard a Dutch cargo vessel headed for the Philippine Islands. They had no troop accommodations but the 70 men were given the open deck and K-rations and by this time knew how to care for themselves. They were eight days and nights traveling northwest to Zamboanga, at the southwest tip of Mindanao Island. They set up their radar outfit there also outside the town but by this time there was very little enemy air or surface sea traffic in the region. The action had moved past Mindanao on toward Japan with the landings on Leyte in October 1944 and the Invasion of Luzon Isle Jan. 9th, 1945.

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<sup>4</sup>Paul knew where Green Island was but he didn't have maps with the Island identified. An Atlas of World War II (such as [52]) will provide maps and text that pinpoint the Island and struggle for it.

Japanese soldiers still controlled parts of Mindanao but had concentrated their forces in the eastern part of the Island where they continued until V-J Day and afterwards. The First Platoon thought they had gotten back to civilization after so many months of isolation. It was here that they began to use their time to help rebuild the destruction of the war. Paul helped plan and supervise the construction of a chapel here for the unit which could serve the community also. It was a thatched roof, bamboo sided chapel with open windows protected by the over hanging roof. Located at lat. 6°54' N, open air was an important defense against the heat. Green Island had been at lat. 4°12' S, so it had been hot and humid also.

The Battalion was at Zamboanga when the War ended suddenly, on August 15, 1945. The unit left their equipment at Zamboanga as opportunity came later that year to return stateside. They were transported by air in a C-47 to Clark Field, Manila and about the 3rd of December loaded aboard the U.S.S. *General Brewster* to return stateside. They arrived at San Francisco December 23rd but still had to stay a week aboard ship as more troops were coming home than they could process properly.

Getting home, getting married, and going back to work at Piggly Wiggly Furniture factory made 1946 look like a good year. But the Atabrine tablets taken to avoid malaria fever had given Paul the "look of the Tropics" and it took some time to regroup his healthy "Irish" look.

Following up on Paul's life it is good to note that he found satisfaction in staying close to home base and as opportunity permitted he purchased a lot in Malesus next door to George and Betty Morris. There he was able to serve as his own contractor and supervise the building of a home which has served his family for forty years.

Paul worked several years at Piggly-Wiggly and became a fine finish cabinet maker. When Watlington Bros. Construction Company began to expand and needed more foremen, Paul was invited (persuaded) to work with them. He supervised many jobs for them, especially in buildings at the University of Tennessee at Martin, Tenn. and in public housing centers in various places. One major job was with the building of a water processing and storage plan for the city of Jackson, Tenn.

Rachel continued to work at Western Union Telegraph office for many years as they started their family. Her mother and others helped care for the little ones. Afterward she worked some years in the offices of Watlington Bros. until her health failed her. They have three children and six grandchildren.

## Elton A. Watlington

### World War II Journeys

Elton A. Watlington entered military service in April 1945 at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. and was then sent to Fort McPherson, Ga. in downtown Atlanta for outfitting. Assigned to basic training at Fort McClellan, Anniston, Ala., he was in the Infantry Replacement Training Corps at the same time as brother Sam in Camp Wheeler, Ga. On a weekend pass he visited Sam at his quarters at Camp Wheeler.

IRTC provided a seventeen week training program at this time, and was already oriented toward the war in the Pacific. On V-E Day we had a total Fort parade; even the cooks had to march. Over twenty thousand troops passed review that day. Before our training was over the Atomic bombs had fallen on Japan and on V-J Day we likewise celebrated with a parade for the benefit of the Commanders of the Fort. (I didn't understand how these things were then, but later came to know a few military commanders too well.)

We faced sun, rain, mud, guard duty, marching, rifle practice, small arms training, survival instincts, survival tactics in personal and group conflict, health care; but also the reality of being taught to kill and taught to hate the enemy. It was an intense Spring and Summer with a dramatic backdrop on a cosmic scene.

Following a home furlough I joined several thousands at Camp Funston, Kansas (Fort Riley was nearby) for new assignments, most of whom were going to the Pacific theater to replace veteran troops soon to come home. We were organized into train loads and sent across the plains and mountains to San Francisco and on to Fort Ord at Monterrey on the Pacific Ocean. From there my group was sent to a secret Port of Embarkation which was Camp Anza, near Riverside, south of Los Angeles and our Port was San Pedro. After a few trips into Los Angeles and days of waiting four thousand of us were loaded on the U.S.S. *General Sherman* sailing for Yokohama, Japan and the Army of Occupation there.

On our arrival there we were soon put on an overnight train to join the 27th Infantry Division in Niigata Province on the Sea of Japan, across the mountains from Tokyo. The Division was still on full alert and all guards and troops had live ammunition handy. This was about November 1st, 1945 and the zone was pacified, though some search parties were still sent out regularly. Six weeks later the Old New York National Guard Division was ordered back to New York State and greenhorns like me were sent to other outfits. Fortunately for me I was sent to Tokyo to join the 7th Cavalry Regt. of the First Cavalry Division which had guard duty at the Imperial Palace and other vital areas of the Tokyo Area. I was assigned to the Headquarters

Troop of the Headquarters Battalion of the Seventh Regt., Gen. George C. Custer's old unit. We were in Tokyo for Christmas, 1945.

Guard duty pushed me to volunteer for orderly duty in the Officer's Mess, which soon led me to Post Exchange duty nearby. So many men were leaving for the States that lots of jobs were opening up.

I served as "Armor Artificer"—gun polisher and repairman for a few weeks, spent some days in St. Luke's Episcopal Hospital with an eye injury, went to "G.I. Kollege of Knowledge" at Division Headquarters for six weeks and then was assigned to the Regimental Headquarters S-3 training desk as a clerk. At Regimental Headquarters I got acquainted with the "Old Army," the regular volunteer army with a military mentality. One Lt. Colonel had been with that Regiment his whole career of twenty-nine years. I figured out that he had added a stripe (promotion) every three years as he signed on again. And they were openly offering additional stripes to any draftee who would sign on for additional time.

By December 1946 I was on the list to be discharged and sent to a Port of Embarkation Depot for Yokohama. Our ship this time was a "Liberty Ship" freighter adapted for provisional troop transport. We were at sea before Christmas, 1946 and it was a "Christmas to Remember."

We returned via the Golden Gate Bridge and our ship slowed down so that we could enter in the Bay in full daylight. *Joy!*

We had a couple of days liberty in San Francisco from our quarters in Oakland and then were sent by troop train eastward, passing through Denver, Omaha, and on to Fort Sheridan, Illinois, on the shores of Lake Michigan for discharge. I was at home in early January and in Lambuth College by the 20th of March 1947, still making my home on the family farm.

## **A Christmas to Remember: 1946**

Going into U.S. Military service in April 1945, I was prepared as an infantryman, for what was called "Infantry Replacement Training", meaning that we were to be sent into battlefields to "replace" those who were casualties of combat. I knew enough about what was going on in Europe and the Pacific Island warfare to take seriously the training in ground warfare. I learned to appreciate the eight-shot Garand M-1 Rifle which was our standard fighting equipment and was to be by our side in seventeen weeks of IRTC training at Fort McClellan, near Anniston, Alabama.

We were delighted to hear of the end of the war in Europe even though it required us to stage a massive parade in honor of the victory in Europe, V-E Day. Before the long hot summer was over the Atomic Bombs fell on Hiroshima and Nagasaki and there was an end to the Pacific Conflict as well. Again we were paraded in mass—about twenty thousand happy junior

soldiers in the August heat of Alabama.

Our war was still not over. We had a furlough home but then were gathered at Fort Riley, Kansas, for new orders, most of us going to Japan for occupation duty. A troop train was prepared with enough food to supply our own kitchen and started west. We meandered across the west through Denver, Ogden, Reno, Sacramento, San Francisco and ended up at Fort Ord, Monterrey, California, some four days later. Our heads were “peeled” at the barber shop, our clothing and equipment checked carefully and some two weeks later we were on a troop ship to Yokohama, Japan.

Fourteen months later I was on the list to be “demobilized,” and left Tokyo for the Port of Embarkation—going Home. One of the first things I noticed there was that President Truman’s order for “integration” of Negro soldiers was taking place. The First Cavalry Division had no Negro units, although there were Negro soldiers in Tokyo near where we were stationed.

When we were assigned to a “Liberty Ship” for returning stateside, we were all lined up alphabetically and marched in to take our places. No one complained; no one fussed; for we were coming home. It was only a few days before Christmas and this ship was headed in the right direction. The Liberty ships were basically cargo ships but could be adapted to carry troops by the hundreds by installing compartments attached to upright poles in the “Cargo Holes” of the ship. On our level there were about two hundred men sleeping in the same room, bunked together in groups of eight bunks tied to two upright poles, with about twenty-two inches between the canvas above or below you and less than that to the one to your side. These were men you had never seen before or known before. Black men, white men, educated, uneducated; enlisted soldiers for whom the war was over and we were going home. We were happy. We didn’t know where we were on the Pacific Ocean, but we knew we were going home.

I remember the dice games on the floor between the bunks, and in any available space. There were a few card games also. But I had brought with me a Catholic version of the New Testament with only the Gospels and the Book of Acts in a modern translation. I found it at the Chaplain’s office back in Tokyo and brought it to read on the trip. Not knowing any modern translation of the scriptures, it read like a novel to me—and it was Christmas time. We had no chaplain on that small troop ship, but some men organized a Hymn Sing and Scripture service to celebrate Christmas Eve—and then Santa Claus came for each of us. It was a Red Cross Christmas Gift Box especially planned for servicemen. Only about 4 x 6 x 4 inches in total size, there were sweets, a greeting, some toilet articles and reading material. Not much, probably worth less than one dollar, but a reminder of other gifts, and other times, and a Giver. It was so good to know that we were remembered. It was good to know that Christ was remembered. It was so good to have



His word in new words to read and to share. It was a Christmas I have treasured—yet it was such a strange Christmas in a strange place among strangers. But there was a Presence there, and I knew it.

## Tennessee State Guard

Elton Andrew and Joseph Conrad Watlington were the “little boys” and stayed with school and farm life. The State of Tennessee was now without a National Guard contingent on which to call for emergencies, and therefore organized a “Tennessee State Guard,” a voluntary militia. At first it was a ragtail group formed by men deferred or exonerated from the Selective Service by reason of their health, dependent status, or their essential war related jobs, and from sixteen to nineteen year old boys (men?) We were issued one Khaki uniform of used military clothing and one or two sets of fatigue work clothes and shoes. Army rifles were hard to come by, so single-barrel, single-shot hunting guns were used for drill purposes. The older Army rifles were available for target practice in summer camp experiences which we enjoyed. The Guard did get good instructions for helping in riot control and emergency situations.

Joe and I joined up when I graduated from High School and accepted a year’s draft deferment to farm with Papa. We went for drill and instruction one night a week, and tried to make the Summer Training Camp at Camp Forrest, Tullahoma, Tenn. In the spring flood of 1945 along the Mississippi River, volunteers went for a week to patrol the levees north of Dyersburg and Joe and I were both there. We were to patrol and advise (by walkie-talkie radios) of any eminent break in the levee so families could be evacuated. And the levee did break. We were at Tenemo school house inside the levee a few miles west of Bogota, which was on Highway 78. The levee broke north of us and one patrolman was on the north side of the break and had to find another exit. The river was fearsome, and the rain was still coming down. It was not a war zone, but sleeping on the floor and sharing rough meals made it a real adventure for teenagers.

Learning the marching commands and some military discipline made me a squad leader in IRTC and kept me off the kitchen and latrine duty, as well as opened other doors to learning as a squad leader.

## Joseph Conrad Watlington in World War II

After graduating from J. B. Young High School at Bemis in May 1945, Joe turned eighteen years of age on July 7 and was drafted for military service immediately. He requested no deferment, which he could have had since all his brothers were in the Armed forces at that time. He was inducted in the U.S. Marine Corps in early August and sent directly to Parris Island for twelve weeks of intensive boot camp training.

About Dec. 1st he left by train for Norfolk, Va., and went on board the U.S.S. *Wakefield*, formerly the luxury liner S.S. *Manhattan*. This ship was fitted out to carry fifteen thousand troops, but only loaded about five thousand when Joe was on it. He sailed from Norfolk to Balboa, Panama, and through the Panama Canal. They got off the ship for a few hours in Balboa. From the Canal they went to Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. At Pearl Harbor they permitted the men to get off the ship but they were restricted to the dock area.

From Pearl Harbor they sailed for Tsingtao, China, where about two thousand men of the 1st Marine Division disembarked in early January, 1946. Joe did not disembark there but was put on an LSM landing ship and went to a little port nearby where they caught a train the next day to Tsientsin. They were based in Tsientsin the rest of his stay in China.

Their work there had been to repatriate the Japanese Army which was in that part of China. The Marines were in China to receive the Japanese Army's guns and troops. The U.S.A. wanted to get the surrender of arms of the Japanese Army before the Red Army of Mao Tze Tung got them. At this time Chiang Kai Chek was still in control of parts of China but in this coastal area the Japanese were in control, and the Red Army was in control of much of the country side throughout China.

When they first got into Tsientsin, some of the troops went by trucks into Beijing (Pekin) for recreational purposes. However, Red Army guerrillas began operating in the countryside and made such trips very dangerous. The Armies controlled the ports and cities but not the countryside.

As a draftee, Joe and others were permitted to leave their units in September, 1946 and return by a small "Liberty Ship" directly to San Diego, Ca. Joe was discharged there in September and was able to visit with Aunt Clara Harton and family in Los Angeles before returning to Tennessee by bus. He visited his brother Herman and Lynn in Memphis, then continued on to Jackson.

The U.S.S. *Wakefield* on which Joe C. went to Tsientsin, China, was the same ship on which Ulrich Mack Watlington went from Boston to England in 1944. Joe C. was the only one of the Watlington kin to have duty in China

during the World War II period. Paul was in the Philippines, Sam was in Korea, Mack in Okinawa, and Elton and John W. saw occupation duty in Japan proper. Elton served in Niigata Prefecture and in metropolitan Tokyo while John's duty was mostly in the northern island of Hokkaido. John later went to Korea, landing at the port for Seoul as allied troops entered the Korean conflict in great numbers in September 1950. James Leonard Watlington served with the U.S. Army Air Corps in India which helped supply military supplies by air to the Chinese forces of Chiang Kai Shek.

## William F. Watlington, Jr.

William F. Watlington, Jr., grandson of Frank W. Watlington, grew up in Pinson, Tennessee, where his father operated a store and was a principal officer in the bank. When he completed high school in the 1930's he volunteered for service in the U.S. Army. He later was able to follow his inclination for mechanical work in the care of motors in the U.S. Army Air Corps. He re-enlisted and then stayed with the armed services throughout World War II. He was a corporal, Army Air Corps Technician #14-001-251. He served in the European, African and Middle East Theatres, in the Asiatic Pacific theater, and with the American Defense as a pre-War soldier.

His Army Air Corps technical training was later supplemented by other diesel engineering studies and served him well as he followed a career in aircraft maintenance with the growing Delta Airlines, starting in Memphis and transferring later to their terminals in Miami, Fla., and Atlanta, Ga.

## Military Service of Leonard Needham Watlington

*b.* March 6, 1913

U.S. Army Air Corps Enlisted Service Dec. 1933-Dec. 1936

U.S. Army Air Corps, Sept. 8, 1942-May 1945

L. Needham was a good athlete and his prowess at high school athletics made him an object of recruitment by the 1930's peace-time Army. He signed up with the Army Air Corps for a three year period of service in Dec. 1933 and served 2 years, 10 months active duty. Most of his effective duty, though, was on playing fields across the South.

He played football, baseball and basketball for Barksdale Field at Bossier City, La. where he was based for his period of service. Quite a group of athletes were recruited at the same time that he was and many of them went

from there to other areas of service with the Army Air Corps. Needham has continued an active participation in athletics all his life and at 82 years of age seems much younger and still plays a very good game of golf. He got acquainted with the game through caddying for golfers in 1923 in Pineville, La. and has continued to play as opportunity permitted since then. In retirement he works two or three days a week as starter for a golf club and earns playing privileges.

After his service experience he worked four years at Angola. When they moved to Baton Rouge and John Leonard went back to work with the railroad, Needham found himself a job with the Dupont Chemical Co. plant at Baton Rouge where he worked for two years before signing up with the Army Air Corps for Glider Pilot training on September 8, 1942. A part of his training was at nearby Louisiana State University; then he went to an Airfield at Hamilton, Texas, and other bases for further training. He later attended gunnery school and then engineer school for medium airplanes. Before going to England he had qualified as a gunner-engineer for the flight crews of B-26 Martin bombers.

In England he served with the U.S. Ninth Air Corps, 574th Squadron, 391st Bomber Group. After the invasion of Europe in June 1944 he was based at an air field in France, then in Belgium in order to fly bomb and strafing flights in close coordination with ground forces. His squadron, flying out of Waterscheid, Belgium, was granted a Presidential Citation for their participation in stopping the German offensive called the "Battle of the Bulge," Dec. 23–26, 1944.

He took part in fifty-three combat flights altogether and completed his overseas assignment on May 3rd, 1945. He had been recalled to the States to attend an Army Air Corps Officer's Gunnery School which would have made him a commissioned officer. His last two flights were in the new A-26 planes which were attack fighter-bomber planes. He held the rank of Tech. Sergeant as he returned to the U.S.A.

After reaching England and failing to secure a transatlantic flight, he took passage on the U.S.S. *George Washington* out of Southampton for New York. While at sea Germany surrendered May 7th but their convoy proceeded to New York under full war-time alert as all German submarines may not have received word that their war was over. Arriving in New York on May 15th, he flew to Hattiesburg, Miss. where he discovered that under new regulations, he had enough service points to be discharged should he request it. This he did, and was back in Baton Rouge within a few days, and after two weeks rest reported back to Ethyl Corporation, the new name for Dupont Chemical, for work at his old job.

## Hubert H. Williams in World War II

Hubert H. Williams of Boone Lane near Bemis, became a part of our family as he was united in marriage to Betty J. Watlington on July 20, 1950. He is a son of Andrew Leroy Williams and Claribel Robinson of Madison Co., Tenn. On his mother's side he is a descendent of Mathias Boon (*b.* 1786) who was an early settler in Madison Co., Tenn.

Hubert grew up on a farm on Boone Lane and attended school at J. B. Young High School. He entered active service in the U.S. Army June 30th 1943 and took training in various places but ended up in the Infantry Replacement Pool and sailed for the European Theatre on 11 Sept. 44 and was assigned to Company G, 16th Infantry Regiment, 1st Division. The First Division was already engaged in combat with German forces in Germany. They had entered Belgium Oct. 12th and Germany Oct. 13th, southeast of Aachen, Germany. The First Division of First Army had surrounded the city. He went to a foxhole in a defensive position which they held for several days and nights. On November 8 he was wounded in the arm by an enemy shell burst in front of their fox hole. Only slightly wounded, he stayed with his unit which was near the Huertgen Forest.

On November 19th Hubert was severely wounded in the back by the explosion of a large caliber shell from the German heavy artillery. He was taken as soon as possible to a field hospital in Germany, Nov. 21-23, then transferred to another temporary hospital in Viebairs, Belgium. for Nov. 23-27. They feared for his life at this point and sent him to a major Catholic hospital in Paris where a thoracic surgeon, Capt. Robert Shaw, was his doctor. They performed two major surgeries and three minor surgeries on him between Nov. 27th and January 5th. Hubert credits this Dr. Robert Shaw (later a Lt. Col.) with saving his life, for some physicians had already given up on him.

On Jan. 5, 1945, he was transported by air on a C-47 Transport plane to England, still belted down to a stretcher. This was Hubert's first airplane ride and he couldn't even watch the scenery!! At the 140th General Hospital in England he continued to recover but was hospitalized until he sailed to the U.S.A. on the U.S.S. *George Washington* hospital ship, landing June 13th, 1945. He was then sent by train to the Kennedy General Hospital in Memphis, Tenn., where treatment was continued but by then he was well enough to visit his family in Jackson where he arrived on June 23, 1945.

His medical care continued at Kennedy Hospital and with private physicians until his discharge on March 8, 1946. Even then his injuries were so extensive that the full recuperation of his health seemed unlikely and thus he was awarded a medical disability discharge with a partial disability pen-

sion. Hubert had two brothers in the Army at this time also, Andrew Leroy Williams, Jr. and David C. Williams.

Within a few months Hubert was enrolled in college at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville where he earned an engineering degree. After graduation he found employment with the Rural Electrification Program in Somerville, Tenn. and later worked many years with the Southwest Tennessee Electric Membership Corporation at Brownsville, Tenn. where he served as manager for many years.

## Chapter 9

# More Recent Allied Families of Watlington Descendents

“There is no end to this,” Janice said as she added family pages to the computer database. Indeed, let us hope that there is no sudden end to the family and relationships. The major part of our story ends with the family coming through the Great Economic Depression and Social Reformation of the 1930’s and the following World War II. The fifth generation of George and Catherine Tabler Watlingtons in West Tennessee were now scattered and it was a new epoch.

Though the story cannot all be told in one volume, we can point to the future by naming some of the younger generation and some of the allied families which their marriages have brought. With an increased interest in genealogy for scientific and health purposes, the interconnections of past and future families is of increasing importance. Better governmental records and public collections will make it easier to check on specific persons. At the same time, the wide scattering of the children of even the fifth generation makes the common knowledge of kinship patterns more difficult. Unless someone in the family intentionally and conscientiously works to make known the kinship patterns the relationships will be lost to coming generations. Therefore every generation must tell its own story and circulate it as it sees fit. Family reunions will also help restore relationships.

An attempt is made here to point the way to relationships of the sixth, seventh and eighth generations in West Tennessee of the Watlington families. In the collected family pages<sup>1</sup> there is much more information on other allied families for the studios. The family pages have many blank places which can be filled in by relatives as more information is shared. We have been limited by the lack of more details but even the “connections” will prove valuable.

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<sup>1</sup>Not included in this volume. To obtain them, please contact the author or the Genealogy Dept. of the Jackson, Tenn., Public Library.

A name, a place, and a date as offered in the family pages will send many off in search for more data about persons and relationships. Enjoy the search!!

## Educators Among the Watlington-Hammond Families

Orson Ward Hammond came to know his wife, Mary Eliza Jameson, as he taught grammar school in Hanover, Jo Davies Co., Illinois as a young man. He later learned cabinet making as an apprentice and moved out to Texas to join the crews building railroads, railway stations and railway crew houses across Texas. But he mastered the “highest class” in public school of his time and place and turned to teach others a few years. As his children came of age he prepared to offer them higher education and each in turn had that opportunity. Jennie Sophronia went to Jackson, Tenn. to study at a business school which was interrupted by an early marriage. Clara Matilda took some additional studies in Jackson, Tenn. after completing the public school at Malesus, and went to Hanover, Illinois, her parents home town, to teach for a year or two in the Hanover Public School. Emma Mai thought she might like nursing and got a chance to go to Nashville to Nursing School. She returned home after looking over the quantity of books she would be expected to study. So it was only Clara Matilda Hammond who put her hand to the task of teaching among her siblings. Emma Mai later put in a long life teaching at the church Sunday School, and serving as its literature secretary.

But there were some good seed sown along the way. Five of the children of Ulrich and Jennie Hammond Watlington were encouraged to “keep on” and four of them chose education as their life career. The proximity of Union University and Lambuth College as places of preparation helped make this possible and the good church and school connections of the colleges made them very present to the students of Malesus High School, our public elementary and High School after 1909. In fact, the Malesus elementary school of 1895–1909 was considered the equivalent of the best schools in Jackson at that time. The High School at Malesus became the first high school in Madison Co. outside Jackson because of the fine record of the elementary school and the support of the families of the community.

Thus from Clara Mai’s first year in school in 1915 until Betty Juanita graduated in 1947, the Ulrich Watlington family had one child or more at Malesus Public School. There were five or more children in Malesus School from 1925 through 1940. Joseph Conrad broke the line by transferring in September 1943 to the J. B. Young High School at Bemis in order to take manual arts woodworking classes. By that time other county schools had



surpassed Malesus in attendance and materials offered. Though the teaching careers of the Fifth generation are mentioned in other articles, a resume is in order here:

**Clara Mai Watlington King** — Thirty nine years teaching at elementary level in Madison County schools, interrupted by W.W.II for one year in 1943–44, and for four childbearing years, 1949–1953. She began in 1928 and retired at the end of the school year in 1972.

**Orson Kenneth Watlington** — Kenneth graduated from Lambuth College in 1938, with science and mathematics as his field of preference. He began teaching in 1938 at elementary level at Malesus and later moved to high school. He also coached the boys and girls basketball teams while at Malesus School. He left in July 1942 for military service. He returned from military service in Nov. 1945 and went to George Peabody College for Teachers for a Masters of Arts Degree in Education Administration. Upon graduation in 1947 he went to Livingston, Tenn. as principal of their high school, Livingston Academy. In the fall of 1953 he served as principal at Red Boiling Springs until Christmas when he welcomed the opportunity of returning to Madison County as Assistant Principal and Math teacher at Jackson High School. He later was principal of Alexander Elementary School for ten years, then principal at Jackson High School for one and a half years. In January 1967 he was named Assistant to Fred Standley, Supt. of Jackson City Schools and as they were good friends the relationship lasted until retirement Dec. 31, 1980 with forty-three years of service.

Kenneth took an active part in civic affairs in Jackson, becoming a member of the Rotary Club and keeping an interest in Lambuth College Alumni affairs. He served as President of the Lambuth Alumni for a year, and has received several honors for his diligent education work across the years. His wife, Mary Nanney Watlington, worked for many years as a school secretary in the city system. He befriended his nephew, Joe T. Watlington, by aiding his commuting to Lambuth College from his home with Ulrich Watlington, 1971–75. Kenneth, of course, did it for his own enlightenment. Young folks just out of high school have a lot of answers.

**Joseph Conrad Watlington** completed high school at J. B. Young High School in 1945, after attending the first ten years at Malesus. As soon as school was out he was seeking out the recruitment office and signed on for the U.S. Marines. After service in the U.S. and China he was soon at home again and enrolled in studies at Lambuth College. He married Deloris Dorris and found some part-time work to support them as he studied. He graduated in 1950 with a B. S. in Sciences (with honors) and found a teaching job at

Crockett Mills High School in nearby Crockett County. They lived in an apartment in Alamo, Tenn. and he also coached the girls basketball team. Joe liked to teach and liked basketball. He was soon a favorite among the students. Later he went to Ripley High School to teach science and coach the girls basketball team there.

Along with his teaching he continued to study extension courses offered by Memphis State University (now University of Memphis) and attended summer courses there. He received a Master of Science degree there in June 1956, while still at Ripley, Tenn. Soon thereafter he applied for, and received, a National Science Scholarship for studies at the University of Colorado, Boulder. He moved there with his family and completed a Master of Biological Science Degree there in 1959 or 60. He then was offered a job teaching Physical Science at Lambuth College, where he taught for eleven years, and was director of the new Planetarium at the college.

After teaching and developing guidelines for a pilot course in Astronomy for Tennessee High Schools, in 1971–72 he went to the new Volunteer State Community College at Gallatin where he taught until bad health forced his early retirement in 1987. He is honored at Volunteer State by a Science Scholarship Endowment Fund established in his name.

In the meantime his early marriage to Deloris Dorris was dissolved after Kathy, their youngest child, finished high school. In 1982 Joe married Mrs. Linda Witherspoon Claude, a registered nurse, who was continuing her studies at Volunteer State and Tennessee State University. They lived at Castalian Springs for the ten years of their marriage as she continued her work and studies. She is now head of the School of Nursing at Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tenn.

**Betty Juanita Watlington Williams** never slowed down as she completed high school with honors in 1947. She entered Lambuth College and proceeded to graduate with honors in 1951 and earn a Masters Degree from Memphis State in 1976 in Special Education. After marriage in July 1950 to Hubert Howard Williams, Sr. and completing her degree she initiated her teaching career in the Madison Co. Elementary Schools. She taught at Uptonville a year, then three years in Bemis Elementary School before starting their family and interrupting her teaching career for thirteen years. Even so she taught for a total of twenty four years, the last nineteen being at the Malesus Elementary with various classes. For seven years she taught special education classes at Malesus.

Though better known as a homemaker and for her church and community activities with her family, Betty was an effective teacher at public school. She also instilled the educational urge in her children as all went to college and on toward graduate degrees in their specialities.

Among the other siblings, Elton chose church ministry and foreign mission work which in turn put him into a teaching ministry as well as preaching among the Methodists of Perú. In their travels and mission work both Janice and Elton have been much in the classroom on a regular basis; then at other times as "substitute teachers."

The story continued in the sixth generation as twelve of the twenty-five Watlington-Hammond grandchildren prepared for teaching careers, though hardly so many stuck with them for long years. The following list indicates those who pursued higher education and did some teaching, as well as the career teachers:

Jenniebeth King, Elem. Teacher, Jackson, Madison Co.

Emma Jane K. Williamson, Librarian, Memphis Theological Sem.

Judy Watlington Barker, Teacher and Librarian, Ky. and Alamo, Tenn.

Charles Lee Watlington, Ph.D. in Physics, Clemson Univ, and Montreal, Canada.

Jennie Lee W. Longmire, H.S. Teacher, Hardeman, Lewis, and Madison Co.

Joy W. Meriwether, Elem. & Kindergarten teacher, Memphis, and Augusta, Ga.

Susan W. (Harden) Sheppard, Jr. High Teacher, Madison Co.

Becky W. Hoskinson, Sr. High Teacher, Memphis, Tenn., and Osceola, Ark.

Mary E. W. Sieger, Kindergarten & Elem. Teacher, Puerto Rico, and Shelby Co., Tenn.

Jo Lynn W. Jones, Phys. Ed. Teacher, Adm., Memphis and Cheatham Co., Tenn.

Molly W. Warren, Ph.D., Food Sciences, College Science Teacher.

Jane Cox Watlington is an experienced teacher and homemaker, Jackson City Schools.

Janna Barker is the first teacher of the seventh generation, graduate of Union University, teaching in Jackson.

Of other close Watlington kin, James L. Watlington, Jr., is an experienced teacher and school administrator as well as organist/musician.

## Perseverance in Higher Education

We have written about early Medical Connections in the family, going back to Dr. Alfred Newton Tabler of 1840–1859 in Henderson Co., Tenn. (now Chester Co.—Jack’s Creek). We want to say a word more about some family members who have shown the perseverance to continue in the educational system to obtain degrees of higher education and thus contribute in special ways to their communities.

Among the early ones to work in this (outside the medical field<sup>2</sup>) is Orson Kenneth Watlington (*b.* 1913) who went back to George Peabody College after World War II for a Master’s degree in the Administration of Education and served from that time until retirement as a public school principal and/or administrator of various school programs in Jackson City School systems. Following Kenneth were his younger siblings Elton, Joseph C., and Betty Juanita who all received graduate degrees in their specialities. Joe C. earned two Master’s degrees in science teaching, and afterward taught science at the college level at Lambuth College and Volunteer State Community College in Gallatin, Tenn.

In the Sixth generation graduate degrees were more common among our families. They have been earned by the following:

Charles Lee Watlington, A.M. and Ph.D. in Physics,

Jennie Lee Watlington Longmire, in Education,

Jenniebeth King, in Education,

James Leonard Watlington, Jr., in Education,

Jane King Williamson, in Library Science,

Jo Lynn Watlington Jones, in Education,

Judy Watlington Barker, in Library Science,

Molly Williams Warren, M.S. and Ph.D. in Nutritional Sciences.

John Andrew Watlington, in Electrical Engineering,

Michelle Watlington Archer<sup>3</sup>, A.B., M.S., Marketing

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<sup>2</sup>See article on Medical Connections, page 57.

<sup>3</sup>Actually of the 7th generation

As we get to the Seventh Generation we find that there are many who are pursuing degrees in Higher Education in various fields including medicine, education and engineering and that chapter in the book is by no means closed yet. We are encouraged by the wide interests and the discipline and perseverance shown by members of the family pursuing higher education, and careers that they represent. Such studies represent personal and family sacrifices to make the studies possible, but also represent a lot of personal determination and hard work to reach a personal goal. Among students in higher education it is commonly recognized that they do not necessarily represent the brightest of their college classes, but the more persistent, persevering ones. They represent those who are able to attempt a difficult task and stick to it; and the community needs leaders who will study and are persevering.

## Papa's Family: The Watlington-Hammond Chronicle

**Ulrich Armstrong Watlington** and **Jennie Sophronia Hammond**  
*b.* 1885, Madison Co., Tenn. *b.* 1887, Madison Co., Tenn.  
*d.* March 3, 1981 *d.* Aug. 13, 1941  
 Both are buried at Ebenezer Cemetery, Malesus, Tenn.

### Summary as of June 20, 1995:

13 children: six have died: Mary, Mable, John,  
 Mack, Clara Mai and Joe C.  
 25 grandchildren: (Howard Williams has died)  
 41 great-grandchildren: (includes one adopted)  
 4 great-great grandchildren  
 Total of 76 living descendents

- I. **Mary Frances & Mable Lee** Twins, died as infants, 1908  
*b.* & *d.* Dyersburg, Tenn.  
*pb.* Neely's Chapel Cemetery
- II. **Clara Mai** 2 yrs. college. Certified teacher for 40 years, Madison Co.  
*(b.* May 30, 1909, *d.* March 8, 1982)  
*m.* 1941, Clarence Lloyd King (1914–1971) Mechanic, iron worker.  
  - (a) Jenniebeth, B.A., M.S., Teacher
  - (b) Emma Jane, B.S., M.L.S., George Peabody College, Librarian,  
 Historian  
*m.* 1972, Ernest Franklin Williamson III
- III. **Ulrich Mack** Skilled mechanic, carpenter foreman, contractor.  
*(b.* Dec. 24, 1911, *d.* Jan. 27, 1976)  
*m.* April 14, 1946, Mary Golden Azbill, bookkeeper & homemaker, (*d.*  
 Aug. 31, 1994) They had no children, but helped tremendously to raise  
 us all. They were founders with Samuel S., Sr. and Mary Rivers of  
 Watlington Bros. Construction Co.
- IV. **Orson Kenneth** Teacher/Adm. in Education B.S., M.Ed. (Retired)  
*m.* May 1, 1942, Mary Elisabeth Nanney, Secretary, Jackson City  
 Schools, (Retired)  
  - (a) Judy Elisabeth B.S., M.S. Lib Science, Teacher  
*m.* 1968, Jerry Hubert Barker, B.D., D.Min. (Baptist Minister)

1. Janna Elisabeth
2. Kenneth Jeremy

V. **Samuel Stephens** Carpenter, Contractor, Businessman (Retired)

*m.* 1939, Mary Selma Rivers

- (a) Samuel Stephens, Jr., B.S. Building Construction, Contractor  
(*b.* July 1, 1941, first grandchild)

*m.* 1962, Fanny Jane Cox, B.S., Teacher, Arts

1. Angelyn Michelle, (*b.* 1965, first great-grandchild)  
B.B.A., Lambuth University, M.B.A., Univ. of Alabama  
*m.* June 9, 1991, Hugh Alan Archer, B.S., Management Information Systems, Jackson, Tenn.

i. Ethan Andrew Archer, *b.* June 8, 1995, Jackson, Tenn.

2. Samuel Stephens III, B.S. Engineering

*m.* May 22, 1993, Melissa Hannon, Sam S. Watlington home

i. Samuel Stephens IV, *b.* Jan. 24, 1997

3. Christy Jane, B.A. Lambuth University

*m.* July 23, 1994, Mark Lott, Malesus U.M.C.

4. William Alf

- (b) Charles Lee, B.S., M.S., Ph.D. in Physics (Clemson), Contractor

*m.* 1980, Susan Gail Gass, B.S. Social Work

- (c) David Rivers, B.S., Business Administrator

*m.* 1967, Sandra Suzette Raines, B.S. Marketing

1. Jeffrey David, B.S., University of Tenn., Civil Eng., Knoxville, Tenn.

*m.* August 12, 1995, Nikki Claudette Sanders.

2. Gregory Rivers

VI. **Evelyn Sophronia**, Western Union Telegraph Operator & Manager (Retired)

*m.* Dec. 18, 1954, Lon Bennett Black, Jr., (*b.* 1916, *d.* 11 March, 1992, Jackson, Tenn.)

VII. **Herman Lee**, Army Air Corps Officer, Salesman, Building Contractor (Retired)

*m.* Dec. 4, 1944, Ora Carolyn Miller, (Athens, Tenn.)

- (a) Jennie Lee, B.A., M.A., Teacher, Music

*m.* (1) 1969, David Alan Arnold, B.A., M.A., Teacher, History (Divorced in 1988)

*m.* (2) 1992, Gerald Longmire

(b) Michael Walter

*m.* (1) Sept. 4, 1971, Mary Frances Frizzell Carpenter, (Divorced)

1. Tammy Joy Carpenter

*m.* (1) 1984, Bradford Kent Nerren (Divorced)

i. Ashley Nicole Nerren

*b.* 1984 (first great-great grandchild)

ii. Kelsey Elisabeth Nerren, *b.* June 10, 1986

*m.* (2) James Champlin (Divorced 1993)

2. Mack Alan, U.T, Knoxville

*m.* (2) 1981, Freida Cupples Replogle

(c) Joy Lynn, B.A., Teacher

*m.* 1981, John Henning Meriwether, B.S., M.D., 1985, Urology, Practicing in Jackson, Tenn.

1. John Caleb, *b.* June 1986, in Augusta, Ga.

2. Laurel Ayres *b.* April 16, 1988, in Augusta, Ga.

3. Hunter Lee, *b.* Oct. 19, 1989, in Augusta, Ga.

4. Chloe Rose, *b.* Sept. 20, 1993 in Jackson, Tenn.

VIII. **John William** (*b.* 1921, *d.* 1950)

M/Sgt. U.S. Army Seventh Division, 31st Infantry Regiment, 3rd Battalion. Killed in Action by Chinese troops, Nov. 29, 1950, Chosin Reservoir, near Sinhung, North Korea. The Third Battalion was virtually wiped out by large numbers of Chinese troops; only forty-nine men survived.

*m.* Feb. 16, 1945, Shirley Johnson, Clerk, Sears Catalog Dept. (Retired)

(a) John Wesley, South Central Bell Telephone Company

*m.* (1) 1968, Lenna Karen Kinsey (R.N.), (Divorced)

1. Lenna Kathryn

*m.* (1) July 6, 1990 to Tommy Leon King (*d.* 23 July 1990, Jackson, Tenn., age 41)

Walter Gunter, 1991

*m.* (2) June 4, 1994, Steve Whitehead (Divorced)

2. John William, U.S. Marine Corps.

*m.* (2) 1985, Joloy Blankenship Renshaw



IX. **Paul Hammond** Master carpenter, Foreman, Watlington Bros. (Retired)

*m.* 1946, Rachel Rebecca Weir, Western Union Operator, Clerk

(a) Barbara Susan, B.S., Teacher, Jackson City Schools

*m.* (1) 1967, Anthony Warren Harden, B.S., M.S., (Biology)

1. Kimberly Ann

*m.* Matt Battles, September 1995

2. Anthony Warren, Jr.

*m.* (2) 1984, Lee Calvin Sheppard, Jr., M.D.

(b) Dora Rebecca, B.A., Teacher, English

*m.* 1975, Darius Hoskinson, B.S., Industrial Engineer

1. Jennifer Rebecca

2. Blake Eugene

(c) Nancy Ann

*m.* 1974, Danny Glenn Tignor, B.S., Electrical Engineer

1. Kyle Anthony

2. Kevin Paul

X. **Elton Andrew** Methodist Minister, Missionary 20 years, B.A., M.Div. (Retired)

*m.* 1948, Martha Janice Threadgill, B.S., Teacher, Accountant, Missionary

(a) Martha Kate, B.S. in Nursing, UTCHS

*m.* 1972, George Alan Morris, B.S., Contractor

1. Elizabeth Anne

2. Jennifer Kate

(b) Joseph Thomas, B.S., M.D., UTCHS, Nephrology studies in Augusta, Ga., Practice in Chattanooga, Tenn.

*m.* (1) Jan. 15, 1983, Debra Ann Wise Carter, R.N., Chattanooga, Tenn., *d.* May 1987 in Chattanooga, Tenn.

1. Laura Janice

2. Emily Jane

*m.* (2) March 10, 1990, Marsha Lynn Orner, R.N., Chattanooga, Tenn.

3. James Andrew, *b.* Dec. 21, 1992 in Chattanooga, Tenn.

4. Mark Thomas, *b.* May 9, 1994 in Chattanooga, Tenn.
  - (c) Mary Emma, B.A., Teacher, Shelby Co. Schools, Flight Attendant  
*m.* March 16, 1985, Richard George Sieger
    1. Jeremy Alan, *b.* Sept. 1, 1986
    2. Margaret Grace, *b.* June 17, 1989
  - (d) John Andrew, B.S., M.S. Engineering, M.I.T., Cambridge, Mass.,  
*b.* April 5, 1965, San Isidro, Lima, Perú—youngest grandchild—  
*m.* May 7, 1994, Santina M. Tonelli, B.A., Arizona State Univ.,  
in Cambridge, Mass.
- XI. **Joseph Conrad** Professor of Science, High School and College, B.S.,  
M.S., M.Ed.S. (Retired)  
*b.* July 7, 1927 in Madison Co., Tenn.  
*d.* July 7, 1992, in Gallatin, Tenn.  
*m.* (1) 1947, Deloris M. Dorris
- (a) Mack Rob, B.S., D.D.S., Dentist Orthodontist, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.  
*m.* July 1976, Deborah Elkins, B.S., Dental Technologist
    1. Alexander Patrick
    2. Elizabeth Ellan
    3. Benjamin Robert
  - (b) Jo Lynn, B.S., Teacher, Physical Ed., M.S. in Ed. Adm., (1992)  
*m.* 1980, Marshall Bryan Jones (Divorced)
    1. Jennifer Laura
  - (c) Katherine Ann  
*m.* 1980, Bobby Joe Gourley, (Divorced)
    1. Robert Joseph
    2. Brandon Lee
    3. Rebekah Jo, *b.* Jan. 9, 1990, Springfield, Tenn.
- m.* (2) Oct. 1982, Linda Sue Witherspoon Claude, R.N., B.S, M.S.,  
Director of Nursing, Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.
- XII. **Betty Juanita**, Teacher, Elem. Ed., B.S., M.S. Ed. (Retired)  
*m.* 1950, Hubert Howard Williams B.S., Engineering, Elec. Corp Manager, Farmer (Retired)
- (a) Clara Ellen, B.S. in Pharmacy, M.S. Adm 1985  
*m.* Feb. 1987, Tom Milton, M.D., Radiologist, Asheville, N.C.

- (b) Betty Serena, B.S., M.S., Medical Technologist, California  
*m.* 1980, Mark Alan Jackson, B.S.
    - 1. Wesley Alan, *b.* Feb. 21, 1991 in Orange Co., Ca.
  - (c) Hubert Howard, Jr., Student, Lambuth College 1978–1980.  
*(b.* June 2, 1960, *d.* March 13, 1980, Jackson, Tenn.)
  - (d) Molly Boone, B.S. 1984, M.S., Univ. of Ark,  
 Ph.D. in Food Sciences, N. Carolina State University, 1992.  
*m.* June 12, 1982, Harry Walter (Sam) Warren
    - 1. Caroline Jean, *b.* Aug. 2, 1993 in Conyers, Ga.
  - (e) Daniel Watlington, B.S., Memphis State University, 1986  
*m.* (1) Dec. 20, 1986 Emily Smith, B.S. 1992, Teacher, (Divorced  
 September 1993)
    - 1. Anna Grace, *b.* Feb. 22, 1988, Cincinnati, Ohio
    - 2. Sarah Lynne, *b.* Feb. 15, 1990, Phoenix, Arizona
- m.* (2) Aug. 30, 1997, Martha Sue McMurray, in New Ellenton, S.C.

Of these children, eleven lived to adulthood, four became teachers and one a minister, four of these earning advanced college degrees. The eight sons all served in the U.S. Armed Forces during World War II, 1940–47, one dying in service in the later Korean Conflict, Nov. 1950.

Of the twenty-four living grandchildren, twenty already hold college degrees, and thirteen have earned advanced college degrees. Nine have entered the field of Education as a career, and among the others are two engineers, an accountant, a Ph.D. in physics, a Ph.D. in Food Sciences, a teaching nurse, a medical technologist, a pharmacist, a dentist and a doctor of medicine. At present twelve of them are in Madison County; one in Alamo, Tenn.; two in Memphis; four in Middle and Eastern Tennessee; and five are in five other states.

## Watlington-Hammond Descendants: Sixth Seventh, and Eighth Generations of West Tenn.

Sixth Generation	Seventh Generation	Eighth
Jenniebeth King		
E. Jane & Ernest Williamson		
Judy & Jerry Barker	Janna Elisabeth Barker Kenneth Jeremy Barker	
Steve & Jane Cox Watlington	Angelyn Michelle Archer <i>m.</i> Hugh Archer, 1991 Samuel Stephens, III <i>m.</i> Melissa Hannon, 1993 Christy Jane Lott <i>m.</i> Mark Lott William Alf	Ethan Andrew Archer <i>b.</i> June 8, 1995 Samuel S. IV <i>b.</i> Jan. 24, 1997
Charles & Susan Gass Watlington		
David & Sandra Raines Watlington	Jeffrey David <i>m.</i> Nikki C. Sanders Gregory Rivers	
Jennie & Gerald Longmire		
Michael & Mary Frizzell Watlington	Tammy Watlington <i>m.</i> (1) Bradford K. Nerren <i>m.</i> (2) James Champlin  Mack Alan Watlington	Ashley Nicole Nerren <i>b.</i> 1985 Kelsey Elizabeth Nerren <i>b.</i> 1987
John & Joy Meriwether	John Caleb Meriwether Laurel Ayres Meriwether Hunter Lee Meriwether Chloe Rose Meriwether	
Wesley & Karen Kinsey Watlington	Lenna Kathryn <i>m.</i> (1) Tommy Leon King <i>m.</i> (2) Steve Whitehead John William	Walter Gunther King, <i>b.</i> 1991

<b>Sixth Generation</b>	<b>Seventh Generation</b>	<b>Eighth</b>
Susan & A. W. (Tony) Harden	Kimberly Ann Battles <i>m.</i> Jerry Matthew Battles Anthony Warren Harden, Jr.	Matthew H. Battles <i>b.</i> Nov. 4, 1997
Rebecca & Darius Hoskinson	Jennifer Rebecca Blake Eugene	
Nancy & Danny Tignor	Kyle Anthony Tignor Kevin Paul Tignor	
Martha & Alan Morris	Elizabeth Anne Morris Jennifer Kate Morris	
Joe T. & Debra Wise Watlington	Laura Janice Emily Jane	
Joe T. & Marsha Orner Watlington	James Andrew, 1992 Mark Thomas, 1994	
Mary Emma & Richard Sieger	Jeremy Alan Sieger Margaret Grace Sieger	
John A. & Santina Tonelli		
Mack Rob & Debbie Elkins Watlington	Alexander Patrick Elisabeth Ellan Benjamin Robert	
Jo Lynn & Marshall Jones	Jennifer Laura Jones	
Kathy & Bobby Joe Gourley	Robert Joseph Gourley Brandon Lee Gourley Rebekah Jo Gourley	
Ellen & Tom Milton		
Serena Williams & Mark Jackson	Wesley Alan Jackson	
Molly Williams & H. Walter Warren	Caroline Jean Warren <i>b.</i> 1993	
Dan W. Williams & Emily Smith	Anna Grace Williams Sarah Lynne Williams	

## King-Elkins Family

Clarence Lloyd King, who married Clara Mai Watlington in February 1941, was from one of the three early King families of Carroll Co., Tenn. His lineage was from Jeremiah King and his wife Ridley, both of whom were born in North Carolina. Jeremiah's son, Wiley B. King, married Harriet Gardner Butler of Carroll Co., Tenn., and they farmed and reared their family in the Spanish Grove Community. The local church and burying ground seemed to be the Oak Grove Baptist Church near Buena Vista in east central Carroll County. Lloyd's mother, Addie Elkins King, attended school in Buena Vista. His father, Ivey (or Iron) Largee King, was the third of six children of Wiley B. and Harriet who grew to adulthood. Largee and Addie Elkins were married in Buena Vista on August 15, 1907 and their five children were born there between 1910 and 1924. About 1925 they moved to Spring Creek where the children had a better opportunity to attend high school. As well as doing some farming at Buena Vista and Spring Creek, Largee worked at lumbering, bridge building and many kinds of daily work to support a growing family. In later years he lived at times in Jackson, Tenn. where he was able to find work.

While Wiley B. King lived into his 83rd year, and his mother died at 92, Largee King died at 54 years of age while living on the farm at Spring Creek, on January 25, 1942, less than a year after Lloyd King had married Clara Mai Watlington. Although they had lived at Spring Creek several years, the family ties to Oak Grove Baptist Church at Buena Vista took him there for burial in the Spanish Grove Cemetery.

Mrs. Addie Elkins King continued to live near Spring Creek where their oldest daughter, Fannie G., had settled with her farmer husband, Eddie R. Seavers, of the Lavinia community.

Of Lloyd's siblings, Len moved to St. Louis where he started his family and worked most of his life. He had five children, one of whom died young. Three of his children were raised by his sister Fannie and Edd Seavers at Spring Creek and Lavinia. His brother James Birdie (J. B.) worked on the G.M. & O. Railroad and settled in Mobile, Ala. His youngest brother, Paul Wilbern, finished high school at Spring Creek and following World War II graduated from Union University and taught school in West Tennessee and Florida. His wife, Lucille McKnight also taught school and their two daughters are now school teachers near Williston, Florida. All three of their children are graduates of the University of Florida at Gainesville, Florida.

## Nanney-Tenry Family

Mary Elizabeth Nanney, (*b.* Aug. 26, 1920–Madison Co., Tenn.) was married to Orson Kenneth Watlington on May 1, 1942 at the home of her parents, Spurgeon Arthur and Vora Tenry Nanney, on Manley Road near Malesus, Tenn. Her parents had lived and worked in several places before settling on a farm near the home of his Grandmother Mary Ada McVey Nanney. Mrs. Mary A. C. Nanney had come from Itawamba Co., Miss., in the 1880's with seven children to live near relatives in Madison Co., Tenn.

Further investigation has traced the Nanney lineage into Brunswick Co., Va., to John Nanney, Sr. (*ca.* 1720–1788) who married Frances Howard. Their son Uriah Howard Nanney was an Ensign in the Navy during the American Revolution<sup>4</sup> and is a direct ancestor of Mary Elisabeth Nanney through his son John Howard Nanney and Spurgeon Arthur Nanney.

Research for the Nanney ancestry has been done by Frances Elaine Nanney, a cousin of Mary Elisabeth, and circulated by her and Lynn Edward Fussell<sup>5</sup>.

Research on the Tenry (Tenery) family has been less extensive, but Tenry relatives were Methodists at Morris Chapel, Milledgeville and Adamsville in West Tennessee, which are in Chester, Hardin and McNairy Counties. Allied families included those of Mary Elizabeth Jane Fields, Newton Fields and Mary Ann Cherry.

A recent publication, *Chester County Tenn. 1882–1995, History and Families*[22], on page 140 traces the Tenry/Tenery families in Tennessee thru a William Daniel Tenery (*b.* 1789) who came to Giles County, Tenn., before 1815. He raised twelve children by two wives, eight by Nancy Young and four by Casey McCormick (*b.* 1786). The oldest child by Casey, Lewis Washington Tenery (1836–1897) came to Marl Bluff, Henderson Co., Tenn., where he married Margaret Elizabeth Vernon (*b.* 1834) and had two children: William Thomas (1856–1884) and James Robert (1860–1934), who was the father of Katy Vora Tenry who married Spurgeon Nanney. Both Vora and Spurgeon Nanney were born in Chester Co., though his Grandmother Nanney settled with her seven children near the Parkburg Community in Madison, Co., Tenn.

Tenery descendents in Chester Co. include children of Dennis Hall Latham, Jr. who married Joyce Evelyn Stanfill (1937–1974) and Joel Thomas Stanfill who married Eva Ida Tenery, a sister to Katy Vora Tenry.

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<sup>4</sup>Daughters of American Revolution #613199 for Frances Elaine Nanney Spencer, Okolona, Miss.

<sup>5</sup>435 Crestover Circle, Richardson, TX, 75080

## Azbill-Scott Family

Mary Golden Azbill (1912–1994) and Ulrich Mack Watlington (1911–1976) were united in marriage April 14, 1946 after Mack returned from some hard years of service with the Armed Forces. Golden was born in Henderson Co., Tenn., where the Azbills had been for two generations. The emigrants were Allen and Keziah \_\_\_\_ Azbill who are believed to have come from South Carolina to West Tennessee. Allen (*b. ca. 1790*) was born in North Carolina but Keziah \_\_\_\_ was born in South Carolina *ca. 1800*. Golden reported that the family believed Keziah had an Indian mother. Their youngest son Harvey (Harve) (*b. ca. 1842*) is reportedly born in Henderson Co., Tenn. The family is identified in the 1850 Census (Henderson Co., Tenn., #41–366) as **Asbell**, Allen (age 60). Harvey is reported in the 1870 Census as Azbill, Harry (age 27), living near three other Azbill families, which are his brothers. The parents of James Henry Azbill then are Harvey (*b. 1842*) and N. J. (or M. J.—Mary Jane, *b. 1841, pb. Hare Cemetery ca. 1914*).

James Henry, often known by the initials, J. H., had a son Eugene by his first marriage and then later married (*ca. 1909*) Lula Susan Scott who gave birth to two sons and seven daughters. About 1930 he moved his family to Madison Co., Tenn., near Malesus where there was more opportunity for high school studies.

J. H. Azbill had a good voice and a devout faith which led him into gospel singing and by 1907 he was leading shaped note singing classes at the Old Bethel Methodist Church in Henderson Co. He passed on his love of gospel music and his good voice to his children also. Both Hubert and Ruble Azbill made sweet music for many church occasions.

The parents of Lula Susan Scott were Lucian and Florence \_\_\_\_ Scott of Henderson Co., Tenn. They were buried at the Old Bethel Cemetery, related to the church where J. H. led a singing class in Dec. 1907. A photo of J. H. Azbill with this large class identified by name is still circulated.

The family of Everett and Mable Azbill Webb<sup>6</sup> are collecting more details of the Azbill genealogy.

## Miller-Ayres of East Tennessee

Ora Carolyn (Lynn) Miller, married Herman Lee Watlington at Athens, Tenn., in December 1944. Her parents were Ezekiel Ora Miller (1900–1996) and Carrie Lee Ayres (1905–1994), who lived long years on a few acres just south of Athens, Tenn., where they built their home and for many years cultivated a few acres of tobacco. “Zeke” worked as a boiler maker on the railroad

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<sup>6</sup>456 Parksburg Rd., Jackson, TN, 38301



some years and then at other metal manufacturing jobs. Farming was not his major employment, but a sideline. They reared two daughters, Ora Carolyn and Mary Fern, offering them the opportunity of higher education at nearby Tennessee Wesleyan College.

They were active Methodists with Carrie's grandfather, Rev. Robert Owen Ayres (1831–1907), being a Methodist Circuit Rider from Ohio who moved south. He was born in Hillsboro, Ohio and married Eliza Smith (b. 1835, in Pennsylvania, d. 1904). Robert and Eliza retired and died in McMinn Co., Tenn.

Their ancestral lineage is given in a *Family Genealogy Book of McMinn Co., Tenn.*[41] which was found in the Chattanooga Public Library in 1987–88; and also in *The Family of Samuel Henderson (1786–1867) of Monroe County, Tenn.*[42] by Reba Henderson Mitchell<sup>7</sup>. Both Carolyn and Fern have descendents to add to the lineage now.

## Johnson-Wilson Family

Frances Shirley Johnson (b. Sept. 3, 1923) married John William Watlington in Feb. 1945. She is a daughter of Floyd Wellington Johnson (November 11, 1890–September 19, 1961) and Martha Ivar Wilson of Madison Co., Tenn. The Johnsons lived and worked in Bemis, Tenn., for many years and thus were no strangers to the Watlingtons of nearby Malesus. Shirley had three brothers and four sisters as follows: Henry Charles, known as “H. C.”; Floyd W., who married Helen Oxley of Jackson, Tenn.; David Leroy; Alma Kate, who married J. L. Rush, Jr.; Joann who married James O. Reagan; Mattie Sue who married Joe Roark; and Vivian Arlan who married Billy Rogers.

Floyd W. Johnson's mother was Harriett Ethel Love, daughter of John M. Love, whose sister Molly married Albert A. Stone of Jackson, Tenn. John M. Love (1832–1906) was born in Caswell Co., N.C. and died in Madison Co., Tenn.

Helen Frances Oxley Johnson<sup>8</sup>, widow of Floyd W. Johnson, is a current source of information on the Johnson-Wilson family as she works closely with the Mid-West Tennessee Genealogical Society. Floyd W. and Martha Wilson Johnson were buried in the Lester's Chapel Cemetery on Harts Bridge Road, south of Jackson, Tenn.

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<sup>7</sup>Route 2, Kefauver Hills, Madisonville, TN, 37354

<sup>8</sup>4079 Bells Hwy., Jackson, TN 38301

## Early Threadgills in West Tennessee

When West Tennessee was opened up to settlement, the high ground in what is now Henderson County was a favorite place for families seeking a family farm and relatively healthy living conditions. In the years 1818 through 1840 the hilly land was much more appreciated than the flat lands in West Tennessee.

About 1830, Temperance Murrell Threadgill (*b. ca.* 1785), accompanied by her step-son Joseph Henry Threadgill moved from Anson County, N.C. to Henderson County Tennessee. Temperance Murrell had married John C. Threadgill early in 1816. His former wife, Mason Kirby Colson Threadgill, had died after Dec. 1, 1815, perhaps following complications at the birth of Calvin J. (*b.* August 2, 1815.)

Temperance M. Threadgill cared for Mason's children and gave birth to three known children in the following years:

Martha I., *b.* Dec. 4, 1818, who died soon

Elener/Ellen, *b.* 1820

James Marshall, *b.* Oct. 23, 1821

These last two children were listed in the household of their grandfather, Col. Thomas Threadgill, in the 1830 census. There is no record of them in West Tennessee.<sup>9</sup> In his will, written Oct. 16, 1825, John C. Threadgill named five children but not his wife Temperance Murrell, which may indicate an estrangement between the two but not necessarily. All the property was left to be divided equally among the five children. The three older children of John C. Threadgill all migrated to West Tennessee, as well as Threadgill relatives from Anson Co., and Temperance and her younger child, Lucy (*b.* 1830, *d.* Jan. 28, 1909) lived with or adjoining Joseph Henry Threadgill and his son James Sykes in the Crucifer Community of Henderson Co. the rest of their lives.

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<sup>9</sup>Ellen is said to have married John Stacy who died before June 1880. Ellen is said to have moved to Asheville, N.C. In the Henderson Co. Census, dated Sept. 6, 1850, District 2, we have the following entry (#30) which indicates that Ellen (Elener, Elizabeth) may well have been in Henderson County at that time:

Alexandria Wright	M	27	farmer	Tennessee
Elizabeth Wright	F	36		North Carolina
Timpy Threadgill	F	60		North Carolina (illiterate)

This was in the same district as Joseph Henry Threadgill (entry #47), Frances Taylor, and their young son Wm. H. Joseph was also listed as illiterate. Therefore Ellen, who married Alex Wright, may have settled in Henderson County after a frustrated marriage to John Stacy. See *Threadgills, Book II* [43], p. 52.

Exact information concerning events in the life of Temperance and the children of John C. Threadgill in the 1820's is lacking. Col. Thomas Threadgill evidently provided a home for the younger children as the older children and step-mother Temperance migrated west (N.C. 1830 Census). The will of John C. in 1825 indicated there was considerable wealth in slaves and land at that time. Harvey Gilbert (*b.* 1809, *d.* after 1869), Joseph Henry (*b.* 1814 *d.* 1899), and Calvin J. (*b.* 1815, *d.* after 1860) had been left one negro named Amy by their grandmother, Mary \_\_\_\_ Kirby Lanier in her will of Oct. 2, 1821. The five living children were left eleven negro slaves, but they were not to be divided until Harvey Gilbert was twenty-one years of age, which would have been on Oct. 8, 1830. Evidently at approximately that time Harvey and Joseph Henry moved westward.

The indications of an early date in Tennessee are: 1) a daughter, Lucy, was born to Temperance in 1830 in Tennessee, 2) A deed granted only on Sept. 18, 1849, to Temperance Threadgill—87  $\frac{118}{160}$  acres in Henderson County, Range 3, Section 9, was surveyed Dec. 31, 1831. (Deeds and grants were often many years in coming for early settlers.) This location corresponds to the homeplace of Joseph Henry and his son James Sykes Threadgill (1867–1921).

Both Harvey Gilbert and Calvin J. also migrated to West Tennessee but at different times than Joseph Henry and Temperance, although it is very possible that they may have made the initial move to Henderson Co. and then went elsewhere. Prior to the move it seems that the three brothers lived in 1830 with their grandfather Col. Thomas Threadgill.<sup>10</sup> Harvey was in Mississippi during part of the 1830's, where Sarah and Joseph were born. In 1841 he was at Lexington, Tenn., and in 1850 Harvey and his second wife Elizabeth, (*b.* Oct. 24, 1820, in Tenn.) were living in adjoining Carroll County, Tennessee.

Calvin J. Threadgill married Ann Smith (*b.* Dec. 27, 1820) on July 28, 1836 in Montgomery Co., N.C. In 1840 they lived in Henderson County, Tenn., in 1850 in nearby Carroll County adjoining brother Harvey, and in 1860 in Gibson County just west of Henderson County where some descendants still live.

Joseph Henry Threadgill married Frances Elizabeth Taylor (1822–1916) on Feb. 14, 1849 in Henderson County and they reared a family of nine children. All of his years in Tennessee seemed to have been lived on the family farm at Crucifer, which began with Temperance's eighty-seven acres but was enlarged to nearly three hundred acres across the years. They worshipped at the Nebo Methodist Church and buried in the Nebo Cemetery on the western border of Henderson County.

A prominent settler in Henderson County about 1830, after appearing in the 1830 census in adjoining Madison County, Tennessee was George W.

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<sup>10</sup>See *Threadgills, Book II* [43], p. 92.

Threadgill, (*b. ca.* 1790–92 in Anson Co., N.C.) a first cousin to the John C. Threadgill who married Temperance Murrell [43, p. 29].

We know that migrations were often fostered and stimulated along family lines and these cousins may have influenced one another. George W. was an older nephew of Col. Thomas Threadgill in whose home Joe Henry, Harvey and Calvin were living in early 1830.

Descendents of George W. have been influential citizens of Henderson County and its county seat of Lexington. They are also to be found in Memphis, Jackson, Brownsville and Nashville.

Temperance and her son Joseph Henry settled at Crucifer, Tenn., in the western part of Henderson County and the family stayed on the same farm there. In the fall of 1920 James Sykes Threadgill and his wife, Mary Etta Reid moved with their family to the Cedar Grove Community near Bemis, only three miles from the town of Jackson.

Joe Henry had raised his large family on the farm and so had James Sykes. Now the second generation were all nearly grown. In February 1920, two of their grown children, Zadie May and James Reid died of influenza and pneumonia. Two other children had died in childhood. Two others had wedding plans: Gertrude (Gertie) married Will C. Gilliam on September 15, 1920 and Roy married Opal Winslow at Christmas 1920.

The maturing family and the opportunities for high school education for the younger children, Ruby L., and James Sykes, Jr., may have helped promote the move. The family farm at Crucifer continued in the family until the 1960's, being farmed by a son, Joseph Ernest, for several years and then let out to tenants. As late as 1967 the old two room log house with a dog trot between the rooms was still standing. Here it was that Temperance, Lucy and Joe H. had lived for many years.

The Threadgill farm at Cedar Grove began with forty-six acres purchased from Bob Grove, a son-in-law of the Chester family. Additional acreage was purchased from neighbors Sam Fielding and John Jordan to make a total of seventy-two acres. This land was farmed by the family and by the youngest son James Sykes, Jr., until it was sold to Willard Brent after the death of both James Sykes, Sr. (*d.* 1921) and Mary Etta in 1948. James Sykes, Sr., died of typhoid fever after two months illness. James Sykes, Jr., inherited part of the farm and continued to live there and farm the land. When he sold the farm *ca.* 1950 he bought a home on South Royal Street in Jackson, Tenn., the city where his brothers Joseph Ernest and John Grady were also living.

The Threadgills at Crucifer worshipped at the Nebo Methodist Church near the Madison County line, on the road toward Beech Bluff. They buried in the Nebo Cemetery there and have continued to use that cemetery in Henderson County.

Through the patriarchal system of preserving the family name only among the male heirs, the Joseph Henry Threadgill family has been dispersed among Gilliams, Crowells, Milams, Crawfords, Watlingtons, Morrisises, Matthews, Townsends and others. The surviving members bearing the name are L. Grady Threadgill of Memphis, Tenn., son of John Grady; Robert York Threadgill, son of James Sykes, Jr.; and two children, who now reside in Tampa, Florida. But where the family lineage is known, most of the West Tennessee Threadgills trace their lineage back to Col. Thomas Threadgill of Anson County, N.C., his father John, and grandfather Deodatus who is the first of the family lineage in America<sup>11</sup>

— Elton A. & Janice Threadgill Watlington<sup>12</sup>

## Dorris-Spurlin Family

Deloris Mae Dorris, who married Joseph Conrad Watlington, May 9, 1947, was the only daughter of Nathaniel Bradford Dorris and Blanche L. Spurlin of Hardeman Co., Tenn. The Dorris family had arrived in Hardeman County in 1845 from Robertson Co., Tenn., and settled in the Forest Hill community of east Hardeman Co. Bradford and Blanche returned to Toone, Tenn., for their retirement years.

Blanche L. Spurlin grew up in Bemis, Tenn., where she worked as a young girl in the Bemis Cotton Mill prior to their marriage. Her parents were John Neely Spurlin and Mary Ann Mayfield, who also were from Hardeman Co. Her mother died when Blanche was only four years old, *ca.* 1908, and her father remarried. She had two half-brothers, J. M. and Wilford Spurlin and two half-sisters, Mrs. Jewell S. Johnson of Hornsby, Tenn., and Mrs. Ruby Spurlin Talley of Bolivar, Tenn.

Bradford and Blanche lived in Detroit, Michigan several years where he was employed in the automotive industry. Later they both worked in a state hospital in Tiffin, Ohio. As they returned to Tennessee they operated a service station on U.S. Highway 45 near Bemis. They also have a son Kenneth who married Ann Hampton and worked many years at the Dupont Chemical Plant in Memphis. Kenneth and Ann have one son and one daughter<sup>13</sup>.

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<sup>11</sup>Written from notes of the James Sykes Threadgill family and Family Bible, research done by Mary Threadgill Wells, and references to the family geneological record in *Threadgills, Book II* [43] and *Threadgills, Book III* [44]

<sup>12</sup>Published in *Family Findings* [7], Vol. 29, No. 3, July 1997, p. 86.

<sup>13</sup>See *Hardeman Co. History Book* [47] for more on ancestors and kin.

## Williams-Robinson Families

The Williams name has been in use since the Norman Conquest and it is believed that Morgan Williams was the first to use the name in Wales, England about 1086.

In the 1600's and 1700's many Williams families came to America, settling in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas. Later in the 1840's Eliphalet Williams, son of a large land owner named Obediah Williams of N.C., moved his family of four boys and four girls to the banks of Beech River just north of Lexington, Tenn. His son traded a skillet, lid, rifle and three quilts to the Indians for 1,102 acres of land on the east bank of the Beech River which is now Beech Lake at Lexington.

Eliphalet's great grandson was Andrew Leroy Williams, father of Hubert H. Williams. Andrew Leroy Williams, son of Timothy Cornelius Williams and Nancy Jane Harris Williams, was born and raised in the Madison Hall community of Madison Co., Tenn. Timothy, born and raised in Henderson Co., in early life worked for and helped build the railroad from Tennessee to the Gulf Coast of Mississippi. Later he settled in Malesus to cut wood for the trains that took on fuel at that station. Timothy then left the railroad company to farm and run a cotton gin for two old maid sisters in the Madison Hall Community. They provided schooling at Malesus and Jackson for their only son Andrew Leroy. Andrew attended Union University one term in Jackson during 1917.

Andrew Leroy's mother's parents, born and raised in the Huntersville Community of Madison Co., were farmers, hunters and fishermen. Andrew, his parents and sisters, were charter members of the Madison Baptist Church in the Madison Hall Community.

Hubert's mother Claribel Robinson's great grandfather, William Robinson, moved from Kentucky to Smith County, Tenn. In 1822 he arrived at Jackson Port by the way of a flat boat up the Forked Deer River and staked out a claim near Golden Station, south of the river. He filed for and received a land grant of one hundred and twenty-five acres from Governor Sam Houston of Tennessee for his service in the War of 1812. It is still owned by a member of the fifth generation.

Claribel's father, Orrin Easton Robinson, was a leader in his community. He served as Justice of the Peace for many years and fourteen years on the County Court. Her mother, Mary Lou Boone, was a descendent of the Boone and Lacy families of Madison County. Grandmother Boone was a descendent of a brother to the famous Daniel Boone. Claribel received her education and graduated from the Jackson High School. She and Andrew were married in 1920 and raised four boys and three girls. They met their goal when all seven graduated from High School. However, encouragement was given to the seven

in helping them get their college degrees. Four of the seven received Masters degrees. It was a labor of love and prayer was their secret in managing a family throughout the year on laborer wages and what little they could get out of part-time garden and farming.

There were twenty grandchildren born and, as of this date (Jan. 1995), twenty-seven great grandchildren are alive and well<sup>14</sup>

— Hubert H. Williams, Feb. 1995

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<sup>14</sup>Two of the grandchildren and a great grandchild have died. See section on Hubert H. Williams, Jr., page 325.

## Watlington-Needham Descendants of John Leonard Watlington

- b.* January 5, 1889  
     *bp.* Madison Co., Tenn.
- m.* February 11, 1912, Velma Idell Needham, in Delhi, La.  
     (*b. ca.* 1897, *d.* August 3, 1990)
- d.* December 5, 1955  
     *pb.* Forest Park Cem., Shreveport, La.

### I. Leonard Needham Watlington

- b.* March 6, 1913, Rayville, Richland Parish, La.
- m.* (1) 1937, Evelyn Taylor, of St. Francisville, La.
- (a) John Needham, *b.* July 26, 1938 *m.* (1) 1959, Dana Paul DeWeese,  
     Baton Rouge, La.
  - 1. John Needham, Jr., *b.* August 22, 1960
  - 2. Dana De, twin, *b.* February 4, 1965,  
     *m.* 1992, Randall Wayne Womack.
  - 3. De Ann, twin, *b.* February 4, 1965
- m.* (2) March 3, 1946, Iola May Mire, Baton Rouge, La.
- (b) Karl Mire, *b.* 1962, Baton Rouge, La.  
     *m.* Marilyn Brooks, of Lake Charles, La.
  - 1. Jacob Needham, *b.* October 28, 1993

### II. Albert Edwin

- b.* 1919, Milltown, Rapides Parish, La.
- m.* October 1939, Victoria Eugenia (Genie) Powers,  
     (*b.* 1911, Pine Grove, St. Helena Parish, La.)
- (a) Eugenia Louise (Lou), *b.* 1943, Baton Rouge, La.,  
     *m.* 1962, Robert Jule Hutchinson,  
     (*b.* 1938, Greensburg, St. Helena Parish, La.)
  - 1. Vicki Louise, born 1963,  
     *m.* 1987, Marc Eric May
    - i. Mary Rachael Louise, born 1989
    - ii. Robert E. Spencer, born 1991
    - iii. Caroline Grace, born 1992



- iv. Gabriella Rose, born 1995
- 2. Cynthia Lynn, born 1964, Baton Rouge, La.  
*m.* 1988, David Wharton Lestage (*b.* 1964), Baton Rouge
  - i. Juliet Victoria, born 1991, Houston, Tex.
  - ii. Katherine Shelby, born 1992, Houston, Tex.
  - iii. Lauren Olivia, born 1995, Houston, Tex.
- 3. Timothy Albert, born 1966, Baton Rouge  
*m.* 1989, Christine Louise Normand, (*b.* 1966, Baton Rouge, La.) in Baton Rouge, La.
  - i. Lara Nicole, born 1993, Baton Rouge, La.
- 4. Wendi Sue, born 1968, Baton Rouge, La.  
*m.* 1992, Gary Wallis Poirrier, (*b.* 1966), Baton Rouge, La.
  - i. Hillary Claire, *b.* 1993, Baton Rouge, La.
  - ii. Madaleine Eugenia, *b.* 1994, Baton Rouge, La.
- (b) Albert Edwin, Jr.,  
 (*b.* 1944, *d.* 1965, Auto Accident, Baton Rouge, La.)

### III. **Velma Louise**

*b.* June 18, 1922, Pineville, La.,  
 Graduate of Louisiana State Univ.  
*m.* January 10, 1942, Karubah Carnahan, Baton Rouge,  
 (*b.* July 22, 1922, Mooringport, La., Graduate L.S.U., U.S. Army Air  
 Corps in World War II, U.S. Air Force.)

- (a) Misty Louise, *b.* Jan. 26, 1945, Shreveport, La. *m.* Alexander  
 (Zan) Guerry
  - 1. Chad Paul, *b. ca.* 1970
  - 2. Glenn
  - 3. Johnny Guerry
  - 4. Jeff Guerry
- (b) Velma Demarest, born October 14, 1947, Panama Canal Zone,  
*m.* H. F. (Peppy) Keplinger, Houston, Tex.
  - 1. Krissy
  - 2. Karen
  - 3. Kim
  - 4. Charlie

## Carnahan-Watlington Families

Louisiana—California—Tennessee—Oregon

Velma Louise Watlington (*b.* 1922, Pineville, La.), daughter and youngest child of John Leonard and Velma Needham Watlington, was studying at Louisiana State at Baton Rouge when she met her future spouse, Karubah Carnahan (*b.* July 22, 1922, Mooringport, La.) who was studying there also. He is the son of James Andrew Carnahan and Lula Styers who at that time lived near Shreveport, La., where he was a Gulf Oil Distributor for the Minden, La., area.

He was an active Mason and the name for his son may have come from the Masonic Ritual. They also had a daughter who became a registered nurse and a son called “Cotton.”

In the early 1940’s Europe was at war and the importance of an Air Force was in the minds of many students. At Louisiana State Karubah directed his studies toward that end and his attentions toward Velma Louise. They were married Jan. 10, 1942. As Karubah (Karo) continued with his training as a U.S. Army Air Corps Pilot, Velma Louise completed her studies at Louisiana State University and joined her husband at his military bases when possible. During Karo’s overseas service she spent many months with her parents who now lived in Shreveport nearer to her husband’s family also. Their first child, Kubbie Louise, was born in Shreveport Jan. 26, 1945. In later years her name was legally changed to “Misty,” by which she has been known for many years now.

Karubah completed his training, was made an officer in the Army Air Corps and was assigned to overseas duty in the Mediterranean theatre of war, flying A-20 two motored fighter-bombers out of Malta in the invasion of Italy. Later many of their flights were night missions over Germany.

Upon completion of his assignment in Europe, Lt. Carnahan volunteered for duty on the experimental jet fighter planes at the end of the war. He chose to continue a career with the U.S. Air Force and completed nearly twenty-three years with the Armed Services before retirement as a Colonel. His service had literally taken him and his family around the world with service in England, Panama and Germany. In retirement they lived in southern California where he continued to teach pilots from other countries how to use the Northrup military jet planes and related products. This task took him to the Philippines, Saudi Arabia and other countries.

In retirement he also worked as a real estate agent and developer in southern California. In recent years they have made their home in the mountains at Sisters, Oregon. Their daughters, Misty and Velma Demarest each have four children and in recent years have settled at Lookout Mountain, Tenn.,

where Misty's husband, Alexander (Zan) Guerry, is related to his family's pharmaceutical supply company (Chatham Drugs).

## Watlington-Glover Descendants of Albert Eugene Watlington

*b.* June 28, 1896

*m.* June 10, 1917, Antoinette Anthony Glover, in Jackson, Tenn.

*b.* Feb. 12, 1899, daughter of Robert and Frances Morris Glover

*d.* August 20, 1965

*pb.* Hollywood Cemetery, Jackson, Tenn.

### I. William Eugene Watlington,

*b.* March 21, 1918, *d.* June 30, 1993 in Del City, Okla.,

*m.* March 20, 1942, Emily Ruth Forbis, in Pensacola, Fla.,

(*b.* Oct. 24, 1921, Jackson, Tenn.)

(a) Doris, *b.* Feb. 14, 1943, Jackson, Tenn.,

*m.* March 21, 1975, Jimmie Warren Reese.

1. Larry Michael, *b.* Jan. 1963. He has two children.

2. Gregory Alan, *b.* Sept. 28, 1970. He has two children.

(b) William Eugene, Jr., *b.* Jan. 7, 1944, Jackson, Tenn.

*m.* Shearida Antell (now divorced).

1. Raymond Eugene, *b.* July 29, 1964.

(c) Edward Earl, *b.* May 1946, Jackson, Tenn.,

*m.* Virginia Louise Ore

1. Robert Wayne

2. Kimberly Ruth

3. John Edward

4. Daniel James

5. Barbara

6. April Ann

(d) Gail Lynn, *b.* April 11, 1952, Okla. City, Okla.

*m.* June 28, 1977, Roderick Dean Kuwamoto, Jr., in Roy, Washington. (Divorced)

1. Michael Sean, *b.* March 12, 1978.

Gail and Roderick served in the Armed Forces. Gail currently lives in Columbus, Ga., working for the U.S. Civil Service.

- (e) Donald Wayne, *b.* April 12, 1958, Okla. City, Okla.  
Married three times.

1. Bradley Michael, *b.* May 5, 1974
2. Joshua Christian, *b.* May 22, 1979
3. Jacob Matthew, *b.* May 22, 1979
4. Diedre Marie, *b.* August 6, 1985

- II. **James Leonard Watlington, Sr.**, *b.* Sept. 25, 1950,  
*m.* September 20, 1947, Betty Nell Hammons, (*b.* Oct. 7, 1926)

- (a) Melanie Kay Watlington, *b.* July 11, 1949,  
*m.* Charles Luther Brasher, B.S., M.S., (*b.* May 18, 1945)

1. Alia Catherine Brasher,  
*b.* Oct. 31, 1973, Tripler Hosp., Honolulu.

- (b) James Leonard Watlington, Jr., B.S. Lambuth College, *b.* Sept. 25, 1950, Teacher in Jackson, Tenn.,  
*m.* (1) Sally Alexander  
*m.* (2) Esther Robertson

1. Luanna Marie Watlington, *b.* Dec. 21, 1990
2. Benjamin Patrick Watlington, *b.* April 24, 1992.

- III. **Anne Watlington**, *b.* Jan. 16, 1936,  
*m.* (1) *ca.* 1958, Ray McNeal

- (a) Kay Denice, *b.* 1959,  
(b) Lori, *b.* 1962,  
(c) Ronald Ray, *b.* 1964.

*m.* (2) Nov. 1978, Troy Collett

- IV. **Bobby Mack Watlington**, *b.* April 15, 1934.  
*m.* (1) Patricia Mae Reaves, R.N., *ca.* 1953.

- (a) Kenneth Wayne, *b.* 1954, Okla.  
*m.* (1) 1974, Nancy Carol Williams, Madison Co.,  
*m.* (2) Karen Taylor
- (b) Michael, *b.* 1955, (Served in U.S. Air Force),  
*m.* Brenda Atkins

(c) Leonard, *b. ca.* 1957,  
*m.* Brenda Dotson

*m.* (2) 1959, Berchie Lee Isenberg, L.P.N.  
(divorced Oct. 1971)

(d) Bobby Ray, (cable T.V. technician), *b.* Jan. 3, 1960,  
*m.* (1) Cindy West

1. Greg Eugene

*m.* (2) Rhonda Sensabaugh

2. Sarah Renee, *b.* 1989

3. Rachel Elizabeth, *b.* 1991,

(e) Anna Maria, *b.* July 24, 1961.  
*m.* (1) Michael Laws  
*m.* (2) Laurence Evert Lee

1. Tara Renee, 1981

2. Daniel Everett, 1983

(f) Susan Antoinette, Graduate nurse, *b.* June 22, 1962  
*m.* (1) James Smith

1. Brandi Lea

*m.* (2) John Darak Cooper

(g) Janet Leigh, *b.* Nov. 16, 1963  
*m.* (1) Jason Buchanna

1. Jessica Dawn, 1982

*m.* (2) Daryl Anderson

*m.* (3) fall 1971, Thelma Cotner.

V. **Donald Ray Watlington**, *b.* Feb. 21, 1937, *d.* June 20, 1937,  
*pb.* Hollywood Cemetery, Albert Watlington lot, Jackson, Tenn.

— James L. Watlington, Sr.<sup>15</sup>

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<sup>15</sup>James also contributed much of the information for his immediate family. He was also the first to contact the Watlingtons in Bermuda and to pursue the search for Watlington relatives in the U.S.A. — EAW

## Chapter 10

# Background Materials, Articles, and Documents

The materials listed in the Bibliography offer more extended readings on the setting for the first hundred years of the Watlingtons in West Tennessee. Here we are only able to pull together some of the more specific concerns for the first four generations in southeastern Madison County and portions of what is now Chester County. The center of the area may be considered the Big Springs Community which was the old Indian mound city, known by the immigrants as “Mt. Pinson” from the early post office named for the surveyor, Joel Pinson. It was well drained upland near good hunting and fishing in surrounding creek lowlands. Good water was available in all-weather natural springs or from shallow dug wells.

There were also Indian trails connecting this location to the Tennessee River near Saltillo and the Mississippi River at Fulton, or Fort Pillow, passing near Jackson, Brownsville, and Durhamville, Tenn. The Pinson Mounds State Archeological Area has recently been established there to conserve the historic Indian history at this center for the early immigrants. “Mt. Pinson” or “Big Springs” was an antecedent of places later named Five Points, “Pinson,” Henderson, Mason Wells, Mifflin and Diamond Grove. Jack’s Creek, now in Chester Co. and Bear Creek to the west were also early recognized communities. Mt. Pinson was in Old Civil District #17 of Madison Co., Tenn. Jack’s Creek was in Henderson Co., Tenn. until Chester County was organized in 1882. The 17th District of Madison County was “home base” for the first four generations of most of the Watlingtons in West Tennessee.

### **The Oral Tradition: The George Watlington Genealogy**

The family of George Watlington lived in the Bermuda Islands, off the southeast coast of North America. There were two sons, George and William.

George Watlington left the islands and landed in Virginia. Later he married Catherine Tabler of that state. Leaving Virginia he moved with his wife and family and his wife's brother, a Doctor Tabler, to Mississippi. From there he moved again and settled in Tennessee near Pinson. The time of this last move is dated at 1831.

By the outbreak of the Civil War the family was well established and Mack C., one of George's sons was established with his family on a plantation with several Negro slaves. During the hostilities the family plantation was overrun by Yankees and the horses taken for Federal use. Mack Rob, from whom this information comes, was a lad of about nine years at the time of the Battle of Shiloh in April, 1862, and the guns of the battle could be heard from the plantation home. Mack C. was drafted for service in the Southern Army but spent his time alternately among the Army, home and prison for being A.W.O.L.

William, the only known brother of George, came to America after he became of age and received his share of the inheritance. Though he came looking for his brother they never met. William probably settled in Texas.

So far as is known, all the Watlingtons of western Tennessee are descendants of George Watlington.

— EAW 1953–55



## Early Settlers in Madison County

by Emma Inman Williams

About 1875 an unknown author wrote in pencil some sketches of the various early communities in Madison County. By chance these sketches were preserved and they can be found in the State Archives in Nashville today with other valuable papers concerning the history of Tennessee. Such papers as these often furnish missing bits of information in the story of the county.

There is a tradition to the effect that **Medon** was once upon a time known as "Frozen Oaks" for back in the days when this was a true wilderness, a hunter lost his way and was found later frozen to death under an oak near the present site of Medon.

According to the early records, Medon, a post village through which the Mississippi & Tennessee Central R.R. later passed, was established in 1834, though the first settlement was made near here about 1825 by William B. Boyd and William S. Wisdom, who laid the town out and sold the lots. The original name of the settlement was "Clover Creek" but this was changed to Medon in 1834, at which time Joshua Brown was appointed postmaster.

The first church in Medon was a Cumberland Presbyterian, established in 1846. Four years later a Methodist Church was established. The village was incorporated in the early 1850's with Dr. Joseph C. Steward serving as the first mayor.

Although this was a good farming community, the village did not grow very fast, for there were only one hundred and fifty white inhabitants and twenty-five colored in the 1870's. Small as it was though, the old "Whig and Tribune" in 1875 announced the opening of the Medon Academy in the lower rooms of the large Masonic building. F. H. Williams and Mrs. L. W. Cradle conducted the school. In the same year we find Medon boasting of a modern flouring mill operated by Harrison and Brothers.

During the next decade the village doubled its population and built a new brick school building. This was largely accomplished through the efforts of the community, such as W. H. Harrison, J. A. Haynes, J. P. Cobb, William Pope, G. E. McDaniels and John McDaniels.

Eleven miles south of Jackson was located the village of **Pinson**, situated in the level, healthy, quite rich, productive section in the valley of the South Forked Deer River. About 1821, Memucan Hunt Howard, Joel Pinson, and three other surveyors who were employed by Col. Thomas Henderson proceeded on foot into the wilds of the Western District to the foot of the Forked Deer and the Big Hatchie Rivers and into the swamp south of what was later Jackson. Emerging from the swamp of the Forked Deer about twelve miles south of the later location of the county seat, the party came upon a bold

spring and a mound six or seven feet high and large enough to build a house upon it. They called it Mount Pinson. Most of this land was obtained by Col. Thomas Henderson, who came here from North Carolina to make his home in the early 1820's.

In 1866 the town of Pinson was located upon the lands of A. S. Rogers, and E. R. Lancaster. At the same time the first dwellings were built and a post office was opened with E. R. Lancaster as postmaster. Much earlier than this (in 1834) Mount Pinson was listed as one of the post offices in the Western District, while during the decade preceding the Civil War, C. R. Hearn and A. S. Rogers operated a large commissary in this community, purchasing their goods in Memphis, Louisville and Philadelphia.

Interest in religion and education was manifested very early by the citizens of the community, for the first school in Pinson was taught by Rev. John McCoy in 1867. The Baptist Church, with Rev. Levin Savage as pastor, was established soon after the settlement of the town, followed very quickly by the Methodist, with Rev. E. L. Fisher serving as the first pastor. The latter church was erected on land donated by A. S. Rogers.

This new village on the Mobile & Ohio R.R. grew very rapidly for within ten years it could boast of a population of two hundred, of which, seventy-five were colored, two dry goods stores, two grocery stores, two saloons, one drug store, one blacksmith and wagon shop, one hotel, one Masonic Hall, two churches, one high school with three teachers and seventy-five pupils, three carpenters, two physicians (Dr. John Watlington and Dr. N. A. McCoy), and two grist mills.

— Emma Inman Williams  
Copied from the "Jackson Sun" articles<sup>1</sup>

## Pinson Mounds Community Remembered

Mt. Pinson—Post Office by 1834  
Five Points—Big Springs Community—Pinson Mounds Community  
Madison Co., Tennessee

Johnny Sauls lived on Big Springs Road opposite Ozier House and Farm. His daughter Margaret (Mrs. Ray Childress) and family lived on old Wilde Road near Hart's Bridge Road. Dr. Obe Watlington's home place is about one mile south of Five Points, and in 1972 the house was still standing and in use, much as it was when he lived. His farm adjoined the old Ralph

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<sup>1</sup>Published in *Family Findings* [7], April 1987, pp. 73–74.

Daniel farm which was behind the Obe Watlington farm and was where Eula Daniel lived. Both of these farms are in Madison County but join the Chester County line.

The Paulin Anderson farm is in Chester County about a mile further down the road, on the crest of the hill to the right and extending into the river bottom (south fork of the Forked Deer River). John Tacker bought the Anderson place and his daughter and son-in-law Dwight Nash now own and farm the place.

The old Parchman place (Jim Parchman) is in Chester County, just across the line from Five Points and the old Obe Watlington Place (now occupied by Burros). The Parchman house burned recently. David Parchman still lives there, son of J. C.

The Daniel place was near Five Points Community in Madison County. Eula Daniel's father Ralph (Rafe) died there while Eula was in Texas, Feb. 4, 1891. Ralph married America Anderson, daughter of Paulin Anderson, who had lots of land in Chester and Madison Counties, Forked Deer Bottom. Paulin slipped off a log and drowned in the Forked Deer River bottoms while feeding hogs in high waters. His dog gave warning and guided the family back to the body. Later the dog grieved himself to death over the loss of his master.

There were three sons of Paulin Anderson: one (Alvin) died in Galveston, Texas in a flood; one died in a cotton gin accident in Henderson, Tenn; and one was a Deputy Sheriff in Chester Co., and noted for a big white stallion.

Uncle Frank Watlington also married an Anderson girl, making double cousins with children of Frank Wallace Watlington and Grandpa (Mack Rob) Watlington. Frank W. owned a farm toward Pinson from Five Points, near the Ozier Mound. The Oziers and Sauls owned land north of Five Points toward Mason Wells. The Cemetery here, which included a cemetery for slaves, was older than the Methodist Church at this site. When the church was rebuilt it was located adjoining the older Cemetery.

— from U. A. Watlington, 1972,  
and Beers 1877 Madison Co. Landowners Map [10]

## Cemetery Records of Big Springs Cemetery

The Big Springs Cemetery, located near Pinson Mounds, Madison Co., Tenn., probably began as a private or family burial grounds before the Civil War, but it was not associated closely with the Methodist Church until after 1877. On the Madison County map of that year, the cemetery is identified and the Methodist Episcopal Church was then about a mile to the south, near or on the Paulin O. Anderson farm in what is now Chester County. The cemetery

had a section where slaves and later freed Negroes were buried. It is now grown up in trees but has some stones yet.

Other known burial grounds nearby were on the Chappell-Anderson Place on the bluff near the Forked Deer River, on the Allen Place at or near Mason Wells, and on the Wooley Place near the Billie Watlington home. The latter one has stones indicating burials as early as 1846 and as recent as 1885. Another burial ground, still used, is at New Friendship Baptist Church, several miles distant to the southeast. At Bear Creek, to the west, was another cemetery associated with the Methodist Church there. The present Pinson Cemetery is not an old cemetery. Another was at Mt. Pisgah on the Jackson-Purdy Stage Road to the south of Pinson about three miles. The cemetery on the Allen Place was known as the "Old Pioneer Cemetery." This is where Patrick Sauls was buried.

The above mentioned family burial grounds were in common use into the 1880's. Winnifred Chappell Anderson was buried in the Chappell-Anderson family cemetery in 1887, beside her husband who had died in an accident in flood waters of December 1876.

The Watlington relatives have used many of these cemeteries in the one hundred and forty-five years they have been in West Tennessee, but it is in the Big Springs Cemetery, located between Five Points and the Mt. Pinson Indian Mounds where the greatest concentration of relatives have been buried.

Michael C. Watlington and wife, his daughter Ora, and at least one Winningham child were buried at Holly Springs Methodist Cemetery several miles east of Big Springs, where the Parchmans, Michael C. Watlington and the Joe C. Winninghams then lived. The Parchmans may have used that cemetery also at an earlier date but there are no known stones. Later the Winninghams buried at Henderson Cemetery. Fredonia Parchman Watlington is believed to be buried here beside her husband.

Big Springs became the common burial ground for the neighborhood when the Methodist Church was located adjacent to that site, better roads and more prosperous conditions made travel easier. Mack Rob brought two children from west of Pinson to Big Springs for burial in 1901, and returned the body of his wife Eula Daniel W. from west of Bear Creek Church to Big Springs in July 1903. Other related families who have buried there include Sauls, Daniels, Parchmans, Oziers, Crooms, Kaltreiders, Houstons, Andersons, and Weirs.

## Mason Wells Cemetery (Old Pioneer Cemetery)

This cemetery is located on Old Allen (Cecil Watlington) Place: south of Hart's Bridge, and north of Five Points, in Madison County, Tenn. This may have been part of Patrick Sauls' Madison Co., Tenn. home place. Known burials of Watlington relatives there are:

- Twin brother of Dr. Obe F. Watlington, *b.* 1861, infant son of Sarah Jane and John R. Watlington
- George Sauls, eldest son of Patrick Sauls. (According to Halbert Watlington)
- Patrick Sauls, *d.* Spring 1871, and wife Elizabeth Watlington. (Stone found in 1994.)
- Kiley Watlington, Son of John R. and Sarah Jane, may also have been buried here. Died young so was probably buried before 1880.
- Sarah Jane Gravit Watlington, wife of Dr. John R., *d.* after 1880.
- Dr. John R. Watlington, who died about 1910, was probably buried beside his wife.
- There is increasing evidence that George and Catherine Watlington were buried here.

Many others were buried here. Some stones were erected but have been covered up in recent years. This is one of the best documented desecration of pioneer graves, often done by their own descendents.

## Government Service Records

### American Revolution 1775–1783

#### Anderson, Paulin

*b.* about 1701

*d.* before July 22, 1784

Public Service, Virginia (Registered D.A.R.)

Grandfather of Paulin O’Neal Anderson (*d.* Dec. 1876, Pinson, Tenn.)

#### Chappell, Robert

Served in Rev. War from Va. (Registered D.A.R.)

*b.* 1746, Amelia Co., Va.

*d.* 1829, left will, Halifax, Va.

Father of Joel Chappell, grandfather of America T. Anderson

#### Watlington, William

Public Service, 1781 (Registered D.A.R.)

Commisary Officer, Brunswick Co., Va.

*d. ca.* 1806, Dinwiddie Co., Va.

### Civil War 1861–1865: Confederate States of America

(See general articles on these persons for more detail.)

#### Houston, (Billy) William Wilson

Served under alias: Campbell, Tommy

Ran away and joined C.S.A. at 16 years of age (1861).

Served in same unit as Sterling M. Watlington.

#### Parchman, John H.

Wounded in battle, possibly at Shiloh. Permanent injury.

Imprisoned by Federal troops.

**Watlington, Michael C.**

Listed as Wadlington, M. C., in records  
Sworn in July 27, 1863, at Jackson, Tenn.  
Pvt., Lipscomb Company, Newsom's Tennessee Cavalry Regiment.  
Newsom's Regt. was org. within Federal lines in West Tenn. in 1863  
Broken up and men distributed to other orgs. in May 1864  
Part of Forrest's troops.

**Watlington, Sterling Malachi**

Enrolled April 10, 1864 at Jackson, Tenn.  
Pvt., K Co., 18th Cavalry.  
This was a part of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest's troops.

**Daniel, Ralph Whitfield** Was deferred from service because of his work as leather worker and shoemaker.

**Parchman, Jacob** Disappeared after 1860 Census. Suspected war victim. Left children, widow married \_\_\_\_ Loftin.

**Sauls, Patrick** Did his fighting effectively and informally on the home front, against the "Featherbed Rangers."

**Civil War 1861–1865: Federal Forces**

Three brothers of O. W. Hammond, uncles of Jennie S. Hammond Watlington, served with the Federal Armed Forces in Tennessee during the Civil War. All from Hanover Illinois, they were:

Charles N. Hammond

Edwin O. Hammond

Royal C. Hammond

They all served with the Illinois Infantry, U.S. Army, and Charles later served with the newly organized Engineering Corps. Their Regiments fought in Middle and Eastern Tennessee and in Georgia. Charles and Royal later returned to make the South their home. One was wounded in South Carolina.

Three of Matilda Craig Jameson's brothers served in the U.S. Army during the Civil War. One was killed and one other was reported "missing in action" and never heard from again. These three were uncles of Mary Eliza Jameson Hammond (see page 81):

**Craig, Samuel**

Killed during war.

**Craig, Seth**

Served with Co. I, 27th Regiment, Iowa Infantry  
Mustered in Oct. 3, 1862  
Mustered out Aug. 8, 1865 at Clinton, Iowa

**Craig, David**

Served in U.S. Army, Civil War.  
Missing in action, he was never heard from again.

**World War I**

There is no record of close relatives taking part in the Spanish-American War of 1898.

**Sauls, Robert Curtis, Jr.** fought in France in World War I (1917–18) and was severely gassed. He never fully recovered and died in 1932. He was a private with the Tennessee Pioneer Infantry.

**Ulrich A. Watlington** was preparing to go in the Draft of 1918 when World War I ended. He had been deferred because of his dependent wife and children until that time.

**World War II and Korea**

(See Chapter 8 for more details.)

**Harton, James Leonard**

Served with the U.S. Navy, 1935–39



**Watlington, James Otis**

Served over twenty years with the U.S. Navy, *ca.* 1918–1940  
Retired as a Chief Petty Officer

**Watlington, William Eugene**

Served a tour of duty with the U.S. Navy, 1940–46.

**Watlington, Claude Brown**

Served in the U.S. Army from 1941 until 1968  
Son of Claude Watlington, great grandson of William T. Watlington  
He died in 1978 in Vacaville, Ca., where he had lived since 1965.  
He was buried at the Unity Cemetery in Chester Co.

**Harton, Leland Wesley**

Served with the U.S. Coast Guard, including Sea Duty

**King, Clarence Lloyd**

Served with U.S. Army, Field Artillery, Belgium & Germany

**Watlington, Ulrich Mack**

Served with the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC), Oct. 1934–1937,  
at Camp Pat Harrison, Jackson, Tennessee.  
Served with the U.S. Army: Staff Sgt., 785th Military Police Battalion

**Watlington, Orson Kenneth**

Served with the U.S. Army Air Corps, Sgt.  
Bombsight Maintenance, North Africa, Italy

**Watlington, Samuel Stephen, Sr.**

Served with the U.S. Army Engineers, Seoul, Korea

**Watlington, Herman Lee**

Served in the CCC, 1938–1940, part of the time at Gerlach, Nevada and the rest near Athens, Tennessee, where he found his future bride.

Served U.S. Army Air Corps, 1st Lt., 1943–45

Served as enlisted man, 1940–41, with Medical Detachment, 117th Inf. Regt. (See stories on page 150.)

**Watlington, John William**

Seventh U.S. Army Division, Tenn. Natl. Guard

U.S. Army, 30th Inf. Div., 117th Inf. Regt.

Died in Korean Conflict, Nov. 28, 1950

**Watlington, Paul Hammond**

U.S. Army, Signal Corps, attached to Army Air Corps

Radar and Air Craft Detection work, South Pacific:

**Watlington, Elton Andrew**

Served with the Volunteer Tennessee State Guard, 1943–45.

Served with U.S. Army of Occupation in Japan

April 15, 1945–Feb. 26, 1947

Hqtrs Trp, Hqtrs Btn., 7th Regt., 1st Cavalry Div., Tokyo, Japan

**Watlington, Joseph Conrad**

Served with the Volunteer Tennessee State Guard, 1943–45

Served with U.S. Marine Corps, May 1945–46

Parris Island, S.C., Tientsin, China

**Williams, Hubert Howard**

Served with the U.S. Army, PFC, Co. G, 16th Inf., 1st Div.  
Wounded on Nov. 8th and severely wounded Nov. 19, 1944  
Purple Heart with one Bronze Oak Leaf cluster

**Watlington, William F., Jr.**

U.S. Army Air Corps

**Watlington, James L.**

U.S. Army Air Corps, Reserve, and National Guard

**Watlington, Leonard Needham**

U.S. Army Air Corps 1934–37, 1942–45

**Watlington, Bobby Mack**

U.S. Navy, 1950–1953

**Carnahan, Karubah**

U.S. Army Air Corps, U.S. Air Force (23 yrs.)

## Documents and Documental Evidence

### U.S. Census Reports

See separate sections on George Watlington (page 6), Michael C. Watlington (page 30), and Mack Rob Watlington (page 102).

### Marriage Records

- Geo. W. Watlington to Catherine Tabler, July 2, 1814, Knox Co.
- Elisabeth Waddleton (*sic*) to Patrick Sauls, 1843
- John R. Watlington to (1) Sarah Jane Gravit, 1859
- John R. Watlington to (2) E. L. Parrish (widow) Chester County
- Serena Wadlington (*sic*) to B. S. Davis, 1903, Chester County
- U. A. Watlington to Jennie S. Hammond, August 28, 1907, Madison County

### Land Deeds

Too numerous to mention all. Incomplete records at Lexington, Henderson County, and Henderson, Chester County. Madison County records are quite complete after 1845 but original land grants are recorded only in State Archives in Nashville, Tennessee.

- Deed (Bill of Sale) of slave from Geo. W. Watlington to M. C. Watlington in 1851, Madison County
- Deed of about two hundred and eighty acres of his land from Geo. W. to M. C. in 1851, Madison County
- Deed of Sale of land of M. C. by M. R. Watlington and other heirs to John R. Watlington, Madison County
- Geo. W. Watlington witnesses gift of slave from Sally Spain to sister Frances, 1811, Knox County, Tenn.

**Nashville Archives, Madison Co.**

- Joel Chappell, purchase from Jesse P. Bruton, Aug. 9, 1838, Book 6, #578
- James McCorkle, relative of Joanna White McCorkle (Mrs. A. N. Tabler), Land Grant 885, one hundred acres, Jan. 21, 1828, Madison Co., Book 1, p. 867 (This is earliest known relation to secure land in West Tennessee. The Daniel Family was on land earlier in Madison Co.)
- Joel R. Chappell, Land Grant 1956, July 24, 1846, Book 3, p. 116
- **Geo. W. Watlington** purchased land from James Doherty, Book 9, #576, part of Grant #17205, March 22, 1845. Deed witnessed by W. T. Watlington. (This is the oldest known land deed to Geo. Watlington in Madison County or elsewhere.)
- **James Parchman** (Parchment), Land Grant #14522, Book 19, p. 24, July 1, 1853
- Deed of sale of land of James Parchman (Parchment) by **Michael C. Watlington** and other heirs in 1874, in Henderson Co.
- Deed of sale of land by Andersons to **John R. Watlington**

**Madison Co. Land Owners, 1877**

The Beers Map of 1877 [10] reveals lands of:

S. M. Watlington

R. W. Daniel

Mack Harvey Watlington

W. T. Watlington (Geo. Watlington Homeplace)

Dr. J. R. Watlington

Andersons, etc...

**School Children Lists**

In a School Children List, 1838, for Madison Co., Tenn., Geo. Wallington (*sic*) appears on the list of parents or guardians who have children of school age, with three children indicated.

Information from Grace Peal Foy, in a letter dated July 12, 1974. This is the earliest known document to reveal the presence of Geo. and Catherine in Madison Co.

## Court Records and Wills

- Poll Tax lists, 1810–28, Knox County, Tenn.
- Federal charge against George W. Watlington, *ca.* 1817, for operating a “tippling house” without license, in Knox County, Tenn.
- Joel R. Chappell, Register, Madison Co., 1866–70.
- Patrick Sauls’ Will, Madison Co., 1871. This document also shows that Frank W. Watlington was a Notary Public in Madison County by 1871.
- Josiah C. Winningham was a Notary Public in Chester County in 1899. (See Deed, J. G. Butler, 1899, Chester Co.)
- O. W. Hammond’s handwritten Will.

## Tombstones

Cemetery	County	Families
Big Springs	Madison	Many, various families
Hollywood	Madison	A. E. Watlington, Stephens, Threadgill, Hammond
Holly Springs	Chester	Watlington, Winningham
Ebenezer	Madison	U. A. Watlington family
Henderson	Chester	Winningham, Tabler
Mt. Pleasant	Madison	Halbert & wife Iva Diamond
Hamlett-Trice	Chester	Mack Harvey Watlington
Newbern	Dyer	Joseph Frank Watlington
Pinson	Madison	Houston, Watlington, McGill
Lester’s Chapel	Madison	Hammond, Stephens
Middlefork	Chester	Claude Watlington
Mason Wells (Old Sauls Farm, Pioneer Cem.)	Madison	Patrick & Eliza W. Sauls
Tabler	Chester	Dr. A. N. Tabler

**Excerpts from Letter:  
Thomas Wadlington, N.Y.  
to James Watlington, Tenn.**

...the story of the Watlingtons, without too many dates and without sources. The founder of the line, of whom there is authentic record was a Saxon duke or chief named Wada—circa 789. Ferguson, in his book “English Surnames” mentions the illustrious race of Watlings who gave their name to the Watling Street—one of the main roads across England, running from Dover to Cardigan. Not that they had anything to do with building it, for it was a Roman highway, but in some way it was associated, by their contemporaries, with the Watlings. Here, I quote from the book. “Certain it is that the family was in existence long before the conqueror came (1066). The name is in itself a proof of this assertion for in the old Anglo-Saxon tongue the meaning of the name is ‘ton’ (the town of) ‘ing’ (the children of) ‘Wada’ (he who possesses a garment). The Watlingtons were therefore dressed in garments at a time when others were not. What better proof than this could be obtained of the great antiquity and high respectability of the clan?”

So, my friend, you are a member of an “antique and respectable clan” that is over a thousand years old. Their lands were recorded by William the Conqueror in his Domesday Book. I have a record of the genealogy dating from Sir Robert de Watlington, circa 1135. Without detail I can tell you that they probably were invaders from the continent that settled first in Norfolk, near what is called, to this day ‘The Wash’ at a place they called ‘atlington’. Over the centuries, this has degenerated to ‘Watton’ (still on the map). Subsequently they migrated south and west to a point near Oxford—about 40 miles west of London and a little north of Reading. Again (they were in a rut) they named the place ‘Watlington’ (It’s still there—thatched roofs and all. You can stand at one end of the main street and photograph the whole town). From this Watlington they went to Reading and provided one of its most influential families during the 12th, 13th, 14th and early 15th centuries. They furnished many Lord-Mayors, Church leaders, etc. during this time. Even to this day there is a “Watlington House” that is a sort of semi-public building, maintained by a group known as “Friends of Watlington House” and used as a meeting place by the girl scouts, garden clubs, etc. It was

originally built by a Samuel Watlington in the later part of 1600's.

The next step, you might say, "is shrouded in mystery," and maybe Hereward is right in his estimation that Watlingtons didn't care to have their movements made too public at this time (and I know why)—they came to Bermuda. This was during the early part of 1600. It is quite possible that some came straight to America then, too, because Paul Watlington of Gloucester Co., Va. married Elizabeth Reade about 1650 and he had been born in America. His sons and grandsons stayed right around Gloucester Co. and the neighboring territory until after the Revolution. Incidentally, the land for what is now Yorktown, Va. famed in American History, was donated for town site by the Reade family.

... Now just before and during the Revolutionary Period, the family had been migrating again—always west and south—and it was about this time 1768 that Thomas—a vestryman in Frederick Parrish, Va. began to use the 'd' instead of the 't' when spelling his name—why, we'll probably never know, but he did and all the 'd's start there.

— James L. Watlington, 1962  
Jackson, Tenn.



## Chapter 11

# In Our End is Our Beginning

In our end is our beginning;  
In our time, infinity,  
in our doubt there is believing;  
in our life, eternity.

In our death, a resurrection;  
at the last, a victory.  
unrevealed until its season,  
Something God alone can see.

—*Hymn of Promise*, by Natalie Sleeth.

There is a sense in which the last things are the first things. “The first shall be last and the last shall be first.” It depends on the priority of the Designer. The dearth of written sources on the Watlington tribe in Tennessee as late as 1950 became a concern for several descendants, including the writer. The attempt to gather some facts and fiction and put it into words has been a challenge that is by no means coming to an end. What is here recorded and what Mary Watlington Wolford has recorded about the family should be a beginning, not an end, of the story.

May it be so. May this be a stepping stone for future family and community story tellers.

## How this book came to be

Stories are to be told, not written. But by the time the Fifth Generation in West Tennessee grew to middle age the “old Story Tellers” were fading away. Mack Rob, Johnny Sauls, Ulrich Armstrong Watlington, Halbert Watlington, Wm. F. Watlington, Emma Mai Hammond, Mable Stephens and others made these stories live for us. Of course each generation creates some good tales of their own to add to the family heritage. The passing of time, the removal to other places and the scattering of the tribe makes writing necessary. Computer science and desktop publishing make writing and circulation more common also. Even the availability of paper—something that was not available until the 1880’s in West Tennessee—helps.

We have not attempted detailed genealogy, biography or history, but we do want to re-tell some of our stories and thus enable another generation to retell the story to others. We have been saddened by the lack of written sources on the Watlingtons in Virginia, East Tennessee, Oklahoma and West Tennessee. We were even pleased to discover that George W. Watlington was fined for running a “tippling house without a license” in Knox Co.—good proof that he was there and was a lively one. Most of them were literate, but were neither affluent nor literary. The tragedy of the Civil War years and following were stories often repeated by the Fourth Generation but so far as we know, none of our kin of that epoch wrote down their stories. We wanted to conserve not only bits of their story, but write some of our experiences of the Great Depression and Social Revolution of the 1930’s and 40’s and of our participation in the World War II, 1939–45, and the Korean Conflict in 1950–51.

The genealogy of our families is faithfully presented though limited. We do hope that what we have done to include the Allied families through marriages will be instructive and encourage all to “look to the rock from which you are hewn.” We are a part of that which has been, is, and that which will be. A life without reflection and meditation on what has been will not likely find guidance for what is to be.

Beyond our Fifth Generation of our Watlington-Tabler lineage we want others to pick up on their story. We believe it will be an even better story than ours has been. The collection of data continues and more detailed genealogical charts and family pages are available from the author<sup>1</sup>. We will attempt to make our genealogical materials available in local Genealogical Societies and County Libraries. Let’s keep in touch.

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<sup>1</sup>Our address is on the copyright page.

## Developing the Watlington Story

The Oral Tradition came principally from Mack Rob Watlington (*b.* 1853) who as a child lived during the short school terms in the Billie Watlington home with George W. and Catherine Tabler, his grandparents. Catherine died in 1865 and George W. in 1866.

Other early sources of information are:

- **Census of 1830** of Henderson Co., Tenn., shows the family near Jack's Creek.
- **Birth of John Roberts Watlington**, Feb. 7, 1830, in Henderson Co., Tenn.
- **Birth of Sterling M. Watlington**, Dec. 25, 1832, in Madison Co., Tenn.
- Listed in **School Census**, Madison Co. Dist. #17, 1838.
- In 1887, **Frank W. Watlington** gives some "Oral History" to Goodspeed, *History of Tennessee* [14]. (Included on page 50.)
- Some **Family Correspondence** of 1910 have survived in Mable W. Stephens materials. Mable also had possession of a **Family Bible**, with sporadic records. Dr. Obe F. Watlington had correspondence from Watlingtons in Bermuda, 1910. James L. Watlington, Sr., has possession of these Stephens records.
- Hammond Family Correspondence dates back to 1880-83 with pictures and some genealogical data. These are currently in the possession of this author.
- No organized effort to delineate family ancestors was made until Clara Mai Watlington made notes and charts from Mack Rob Watlington *ca.* 1930-31. What she wrote down on specific lineage has checked out to be true.

**Grace Peal Foy**<sup>2</sup> of Memphis, Tenn. and **Polly Phillips**<sup>3</sup> were working on our Watlington-Daniel and the George W. Watlington descendents in Knox Co. and East Tenn. in the 1930's. They have continued as health permitted. They were some of the first to organize some materials and documents. Grace worked with a cousin, Elizabeth Daniel Spears of Austin, Texas, on the Ralph W. Daniel descendents. Polly Phillips is a descendent of

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<sup>2</sup>See page 75 for family connections.

<sup>3</sup>222 Lynnview Ave., Knoxville, TN 37918

James W. Watlington, a brother of George W. Watlington of Madison Co., and has worked on ancestral lineage and Watlingtons in Tennessee. She was active in the Knoxville Genealogical Society and did very careful work.

In 1937, William F. Watlington, Sr., wrote some autobiographical notes on his life and family. Excerpts from these are found on page 46.

After Elton and Janice Watlington started writing down and organizing the available materials on the Watlingtons in 1951–53, there was a chain reaction that resulted in James L. Watlington doing some research locally, including oral history from Will and Mable Stephens, his parents, Ulrich Watlington and checking cemeteries. He also made contact with Polly Phillips, H. Sterling Watlington in New York City, Grace Peal Foy and Mary Watlington Wolford (Oklahoma) who were beginning to gather Watlington data seriously. James Watlington also initiated early contacts with the Hereward T. Watlington family in Bermuda, and Watlingtons in Mississippi and other areas.

Uncle Will Stephens, after celebrating 50 years of marriage to Mable Watlington got out the family Bible in 1953 and wrote a fine tribute to the Mack Rob Watlington family but revealed the lack of basic knowledge common to all of the family. At first nearly all of our efforts served mainly to “reveal our ignorance” concerning the Watlingtons.

Two persistent truths stood out: 1) the Watlingtons had come “thru Bermuda from England” 2) Mack Rob had the lineage and the names of many of the first three generations of Watlingtons in West Tennessee. He had not written it down. He knew his father was born in Virginia and his mother in Maryland. It was in his memory and in the family oral tradition. He knew the Watlington-Tabler connection in East Tennessee also.

In cooperation with Mary Watlington Wolford and genealogical friends in Oklahoma City it was Lucy Hildred Watlington Walker (Mrs. James C. Walker) of Selmer, Tenn., the third child of Boneparte Frank Watlington and Lessie Pearl Haynes who first established the needed documentation of our George W. Watlington as the son of William Watlington of Dinwiddie Co., Virginia, who in turn had served as a Deputy Commissary of Provisions for the Revolutionary Army in March, 1781 in Brunswick County, Virginia. She registered her documents with the Daughters of the American Revolution[51] and then more searching began in Virginia records for knowledge of William Watlington of Dinwiddie Co. Mrs. Mary Watlington Wolford has pursued this and her discoveries are recorded in her 1989 booklet[2]. The Bermuda connection is stronger than ever, but evidently much earlier: it may be that the ancestors only came through Bermuda in the early 1600’s (*ca.* 1610–1660), rather than at the time of George W. in the late 18th Century. The search continues for our origins, and for the trail across Tennessee between 1810 and 1997.

## What has been written?

The Tabler lineage has been quite well researched and documented back to Germany. Many of their family settled in Frederick Co., Maryland and figure prominently in that county's history books [39]. Catherine Tabler was born in Frederick Co., Maryland. Polly Phillips has been our contact person on the Tabler family. In Memphis and Henderson, Tenn., descendents of the Tabler family helped trace it.

In January 1975, Mary Emma Watlington Sieger, a student at Lambuth College, compiled our *Watlington Family Genealogy Historical Notes* [3] in loose leaf form. Much of this material is incorporated in this book.

The Alabama Watlingtons are tracing their history also and share materials with us. Many of them are also descendents of William Watlington through a sister of George W. who was also in Knox Co., Tenn., 1810–1825. Nothing has been published as yet but two families are working seriously at their documentation. Some from this family migrated to Texas, Colorado, North Carolina and Georgia.

The Bermuda Watlingtons published their story in March 1980 in a large expensive volume by Hereward Trott Watlington entitled *Family Narrative* [4]. It contains genealogical charts going back to Sir Robert de Watlington, 1135 A.D. The town of Watlington, Oxfordshire, England dates back to the 6th Century (500–600 A.D.) The earliest known mention of the name “Watelington” was in a land grant of 880 A.D.

The labors of Hereward T. Watlington resulted in the recognition that the Bermuda Watlingtons are descendents of this ancient lineage that reaches back to the 12th century in England. We do not have the documentation but have ever increasing evidence that William Watlington of Dinwiddie is also a descendent of the Bermuda Watlingtons. Thus far it is only “oral tradition” but we persist in searching for the evidence and proof of this connection.

The 1989 booklet of Mary Watlington Wolford<sup>4</sup>, *Watlingtons of Dinwiddie Co., Va., and Madison Co., Tenn.* [2] gives guidance for the continuing search and serves as an intermediary volume between the Bermuda Watlingtons and the West Tennessee Watlingtons. We thank her for her years of labor related to our family heritage.

Other collections of materials are in progress on the Daniel, Anderson, Chappell, Parchman, Hammond, Jameson, Craig and Hale families (see the Bibliography). We invite the interchange of materials on these and other allied families. Genealogy is a collective effort and part of the joy is sharing bits of information with other seekers. We expect the Jackson-Madison Co. Library to be the central repository for records of our West Tenn. Watlingtons.

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<sup>4</sup>Daughter of William F. Watlington. See page 94.

## **Watlington Brothers, Inc. General Contractors, Jackson, Tenn.**

The seeds of the relationship of Mack and Sam Watlington were there in the family struggle during the years of depression and struggle of the 1930's wherein the entire family shared what they earned for the benefit of the whole family.

Sam had worked at day labor in Tennessee, Illinois, Kansas and Nebraska on the farm and crop harvest. He had picked up on the carpenter trade on the farm and working with neighboring carpenters, especially Everett and Liston Murchison. By 1939 he was employed by Piggly Wiggly Cabinet Shop where furnishings were built for modern food market stores.

Mack's work experience had been varied, and included auto mechanics, blacksmith, wood working, landscaping, and nursery and forestry experience as well as practical experience in carpentry.

In late August 1939, Mack had the opportunity earn some money cutting the right of way and service trail for the T.V.A. high tension wires between Jackson and Selmer, Tenn. But he had no cash reserve to work on and no pay was to come until the task was completed. Sam had \$240 he had saved up looking toward marriage in October of that year.

Mack requested the loan and Sam obliged. Mack and his brothers and cousins came through with the project and repaid the funds in time for an Oct. 7 wedding. Sam said simply, "that was the beginning of our partnership." There was an increased trust on the part of each.

Later opportunities opened up to work on military installations in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Florida. Sam first got his union card (Lucille Land helped) and then helped Mack and Paul to get enrolled as carpenters or apprentice carpenters. The three of them worked on many projects together and Sam's wife Mary cooked for them as they shared common living quarters. From work near Hopkinsville, Kentucky to Kentucky Dam to Camp Tyson at Paris, Tenn., they labored and learned.

Then they moved on to Dothan, Alabama and airfield construction at half a dozen sites in northern and southern Florida between 1940 and 1944. All three were drafted for military service in the war years.

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Having returned from military service in 1946, Ulrich Mack Watlington and Samuel S. Watlington, Sr. soon picked up their framing square and carpenter tools and began a new era of their carpentry careers. Both had worked on many Defense Department jobs previous to their military duty in World War II. Sam had also supervised military construction projects in Korea while in service.

Building materials and tools were hard to find in the expanding construction industry required following the war years. Neither had any power tools with which to work at the time. Both had well used family cars which served as their mobility and tool sheds, and at first each worked separately for other contractors. In February and March 1947 they made two basic decisions—the first was to stay in Madison Co., Tennessee. Job offers had come from a former employer in Florida, Charles Jones, to return to work with him. The second decision was to form a legal partnership and secure a contractor's license. Mack had had many years experience guiding a work team and Sam had considerable experience in calculations for construction, record keeping and guiding a construction project. Golden, Mack's wife, had experience in accounting and bookkeeping, which Sam's wife also learned. Sam also had a few hundred dollars savings with which they started to operate on a cash basis. Sam reported that by careful calculations and frugal living they never had to borrow money for the first several years of their partnership. They used 30 day credit to buy materials but paid at the end of the month or job.

During the first months of their contractor experience they worked mostly on repair work-jobs that better established contractors preferred to avoid. The Patton Insurance Agency was able to send some work to them for fire and storm damage. The Jackson Lumber Co., owned and operated by Mrs. Florence Pacaud Patton, a long-time friend of the family, was able to finance some projects and recommend the Watlington Brothers as builders.

In repair work, the cleanup after the work was part of the job and much discarded, used or damaged building material was hauled by a truck to the Watlington farm for recycling. An open sided storage shed was constructed to store safely any remnants that could be used for another project. In a time when building materials were difficult to find these remnants expedited the work on many small jobs, thus saving time as well as money. Soon the family garage became a store house for nails, hinges and hardware items that offered the promise of future usefulness.

Aluminum screen doors and windows became popular and the brothers set up with S. M. Lawrence a workshop for building to order screen doors and window screens for customers. They also did some major reconstruction for the S. M. Lawrence Coal Co. and gained a favorable client for other jobs and a good recommendation in the Jackson business community. Joe C. Watlington, then a student at Lambuth College, worked part-time with them on various jobs, but especially in building the aluminum screen.

An old home had to be moved in Lexington, Tennessee, and with the advice and help of Sam's in-laws, C. D. and Douglas Rivers, Watlington Bros. successfully moved the building and set it on a new foundation. Mr. Rivers had worked on such projects in other years and had some tools as well as knowledge about such tasks.

In describing the way Mack and Sam had built up the trust to work together, Sam recalled how the family had counted on Mack's wages again and again to help the family through the depression years of the 1930's. When he left the Civilian Conservation Corps in 1939 and was unemployed he heard of a temporary job clearing the high-tension transmission line from Selmer to Jackson, Tenn., for the Tennessee Valley Authority (T.V.A). Among Mack's papers we found the original contract for the work which paid only \$275 for the completed task, to be completed in 30 days, August and September, 1939. Mack calculated the work and knew he could get it done, but needed to finance paying some workers until the work was completed. Sam had less than four hundred dollars he had saved for his marriage in October. But he loaned Mack the needed money and helped promote the project which was completed on time and put several relatives to work for a month. Sam and Mary's confidence grew and afterward they worked together on many projects before World War II separated them. On several of those projects Mary Rivers Watlington served as chief cook and bottle washer for Sam, Mack and Paul as they shared rental housing in Alabama and Florida while on construction projects. In the meantime, son Steve, Jr., joined the family and started early learning the trade. Mary was also often the chauffeur as one car served for mobility for the five of them.

While Mack and Sam were getting started at contracting, Paul H. Watlington was working at the Piggly Wiggly Furniture Factory in Jackson, Tenn., and had become a finish carpenter for installation of the finished store appliances they built there. Though given the opportunity to join them, he continued with Piggly Wiggly until the Watlington Brothers had progressed to the point they needed more job foremen, then Paul came on as a foreman but not as a partner. A few years later Herman L. Watlington joined the brothers also as a public relations man and estimator. Across the years his Army officer experience and ability to relate well to the U.S. Army personnel proved especially valuable in contracts with the Defense Department of the Milan Arsenal and at Fort Campbell, Ky.

From their partnership of March 1947 the Watlington Brothers advanced slowly but soundly in their ability to bid and complete repair work, homes and business properties. From the first, Mack was the principal operations superintendent and Sam handled the bidding and office work, though most of this was done before and after work hours. Golden Azbill Watlington served as treasurer and part-time bookkeeper and they used Golden and Mack's house for an office. Later on Sam added an office room to his house and the bookkeeping was moved there. From early times Lawson Crain, C.P.A., helped with annual reports and taxes and has followed the operation through the years.

By 1965, Lawson Crain advised strongly that the brothers be incorpo-



rated to better protect their families and care for their increasing need for bonding for large jobs. Their charter of Incorporation was received in 1965, and in 1968 a Lumber and Supply Division was added. In 1970, a wholly-owned subsidiary of Watlington Brothers was formed, S. & M. Builders, Inc. to handle certain types of constructions. In 1971 the Watlington Brothers Lumber and Supply Company was divided into a retail lumber yard and a separate construction rental equipment division.

At its peak the company had an office staff of thirty and a field employment of two hundred and fifty workmen. After that time the construction business became more specialized and the company started depending more on sub-contractors and therefore did not employ directly so many persons. There were times in which the company had concurrent contracts for over twelve million dollars in progress, without failing to complete any one of them. One of its largest single projects was the ten million gallons-per-day North Water Treatment Plant for the Jackson Utility Division, Jackson, Tenn. This was a five million dollar project.

Watlington Brothers have not only forged a good reputation as a construction firm but has also contributed to the family in many special ways. Besides the employment of several brothers, and at times their wives, the Company offered summer employment opportunities for high school and college students each year. For some it was the beginning of a career, as in the case of Bill Wadley, General Superintendent, after the death of Mack Watlington. For many others the hot summer work taught new skills but also taught students that it was good to “hit the books a little harder” so that they might have an air-conditioned work place in the future. Each of Sam and Mary’s sons were brought into Summer work tasks, as were many nephews, nieces and neighborhood teenagers and then some grandchildren have now been initiated into what real work is at the same time they earned money for school. They also encountered Sam’s philosophy that only workers who earned money for the company had any future with the Company. It had to be work that offered a “win-win-win” position for the worker, for the company, and for the client. Even so there were times when as many as twenty-five relatives were at work in some part of the Company at some time during the year.

A word of thanks needs to be said here also that Sam and Mack personally have encouraged and contributed in various ways to the gathering of family history and genealogy. They helped keep our family reunions going each summer; they contributed a safe space for family records and they kept intact our family farm home. Purchasing the home farm for its center of operations, the old (1895–1905) Hammond home is still in place, though not occupied since 1982. Some of the farm land is still cultivated but much of it serves as storage and parking place for equipment and materials.

## **Dismantling the Hammond-Watlington Homeplace**

The death of Miss Emma Mai Hammond on August 22, 1986 brought about the decision to “break up housekeeping” at the Hammond-Watlington house. The “Home Place” had “the big house” and a smaller one across the stream that was torn down many years ago. Grandpa Hammond had built the major part of the house between 1900–1915, and the kitchen part had been rebuilt by Papa and the neighbors in 1940. It had thus been “home” to four generations at one time or another, and a fun place for part of the fifth generation.

The furnishings, souvenirs and keepsakes were distributed among the children with respect to the requests of Aunt Mai and Papa. The house and land had long since been purchased by the Watlington Brothers for the establishment of their Lumber and Equipment Yard. Most of the original sixty-six acres are still held by the Corporation, but the house was deemed too fragile and costly to keep as a dwelling. Though still standing, it has passed from being “the homeplace” where a good hot meal could be shared.

## In Memoriam: Hubert Howard Williams, Jr.

*b.* 1960

*d.* March 13, 1980

*pb.* Ebenezer Cemetery, Malesus, Tenn.

H. Howard Williams, older son of Hubert H. and Betty Watlington Williams died in March 1980, in Jackson, Tenn. after a losing battle with a malignant brain tumor. Howard had endeared himself to relatives, neighbors, school friends and teachers. He was interested in photography and had a dark-room to print some of his own pictures. He had taken a good interest in 4-H Clubs, Boy Scouts and farm life and was helpful in caring for the cattle and other farm jobs. He had learned to operate much of the heavy machinery of the farm and was in his junior year in high school when a problem with Howard's vision made an investigative medical exam necessary.

After the initial surgery in December, 1976, Howard responded well and after some home instruction was able to return to Southside High School and complete his high school studies. Being an alert, eager student, Howard met such emergencies well, and graduated with his class in 1978.

The following Fall he enrolled in Lambuth College and despite a severe loss of eyesight and physical strength and vitality, he was able to complete a full course of studies in 1978-79 and continued in the next year. But the health problem persisted and in the winter of 1979-80 he had recurring illnesses and treatment. Enduring severe pain the last weeks of his life, Howard died valiantly on March 13, 1980 at Jackson-Madison Co. General Hospital.

Howard had early made his profession of faith in Christ and joined the Anderson Chapel Presbyterian Church at Madison Hall with his parents. His funeral service was conducted at Griffin Funeral Chapel in Jackson and a special memorial service was held at Lambuth College where he had attended the last crucial years of his young life. He was buried in the beautiful Ebenezer Cemetery at Malesus where his mother's parents are buried.

We note here that Howard was the first of twenty-five grandchildren of Ulrich A. and Jennie Hammond Watlington to die, and three generations mourned his passing. His presence is still with us.

## In Memoriam: Debra Carter Watlington

*b.* September 19, 1953

*m.* January 15, 1983, Joseph Thomas Watlington

*d.* May 1, 1987

*pb.* Fort Hill Cemetery, Cleveland, Tenn.

In her thirty-three short years, Debra Ann Wise Carter had touched the lives of many people, and through her marriage to Joseph Thomas Watlington touched us deeply also. The daughter of James B. Wise and Agnes Daugherty Wise, Debra and Joe T. were united in marriage in Chattanooga on January 15, 1983. She was a registered nurse, and certified for specialty work in a trauma unit, where she continued to work on a part-time basis until the last months of her life.

Struck by a malignancy in 1973, during her first marriage to Charles R. Carter, Jr., she lost her right hand and wrist to surgery and also lost a baby boy who died soon after birth.

Working for some years as a medical secretary, she solicited the right to study nursing and graduated in May 1981. She and Joe T. met during his studies at Erlanger Hospital in Chattanooga. They have two lovely daughters, Laura Janice and Emily Jane.

Through her personal struggle against cancer and handicap, and her work as a medical secretary, nursing student, nurse, wife and mother, she was well known and greatly appreciated in the medical community in Chattanooga.

A recurrence of the malignancy was diagnosed in late November 1986 and chemotherapy treatments were prescribed, but to no avail. Knowing of her losing struggle she valiantly faced death even as she had life, with preparedness, hope and resolution.

She was laid to rest in the Fort Hill Cemetery at Cleveland, Tenn., near her father and infant son, Jeremy, by loving friends and family.

## Volunteer State Honors Joe C. Watlington

At his retirement from Volunteer State Community College in December 1988, a JOSEPH C. WATLINGTON ENDOWMENT was established in his honor at the request of his fellow teachers at the school. The income from this fund will be used to provide scholarships to promising student in the areas of mathematics and science at the college. Although this was initiated by his colleagues at the college, donations are welcomed from those who would like to thus honor Joe with a personal gift<sup>5</sup>.

The Science Field Station on the grounds at Volunteer State was dedicated Dec. 7, 1990 as the JOSEPH C. WATLINGTON SCIENCE FIELD STATION. This is a project which Joe worked to develop and includes facilities for a seismograph and telescopes.

## Other Deaths

**Mrs. Leila H. Watlington** Mrs. Leila Hyde Watlington, 80, died at Venice, Florida, in April of 1988. She was the widow of Hays Watlington of Pinson, Tenn., and a sister-in-law to our family historian, Mary Watlington Wolford of Oklahoma City. She was buried in the Big Springs Cemetery near Pinson where so many of our older relatives are buried.

**Mrs. Florence Patton** Mrs. Florence Pacaud Patton, a life long friend of the family, died this past summer. Mrs. Patton grew up on the "Pacaud Place" up Watlington Road from the Hammond home. Her mother was Ellen Swink from the Mt. Pisgah Community near Pinson. After the death of Mr. Pacaud and of Eula Daniel Watlington, Grandpa 'Mack Rob' courted and married Florence's mother, Ellen Pacaud.

In fact, Ellen Pacaud "Wadlington" was the first Watlington member of the old Ebenezer Methodist Church at Malesus. Florence joined at an early age also. Mack Rob and Ellen both had grown children and some still at home, which made "blending the family" difficult. A few years later Mack Rob gave up on the marriage and made his home with Ulrich and Jennie for the last 25 years of his life. He and Papa always held the Pacaud family in high esteem and common friendships and church interests cemented the relationship. Kenneth lived with the Patton's one year while in college at Lambuth, and across the years Bess Bell and Florence Patton befriended the family in many ways. "Miss Florence" will be long remembered by appreciative friends.

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<sup>5</sup>Gifts or inquiries may be directed to Mr. P. Thomas Miller or Mr. James C. Moore, Volunteer State Community College, Gallatin, TN 37066.



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- [52] *The Times Atlas of the Second World War*, John Keegan, ed., Harper and Row, Pubs., London, 1989.
- [53] Documents from Newton, Mass., public library on early Hammond pioneers, 1636–1750. Hammond Park, Hammond Parkway, Hammond Pond, and old Hammond homes on Chestnut Hill exist in suburban Boston. Collected in 1990–92.
- [54] Watlington of West Tennessee Genealogical Database. Contains information on over thirteen hundred Watlington and allied family individuals. Maintained by Janice Threadgill Watlington.
- [55] World War II Watlington stories and related documents of servicemen collected by the authors. More than can be published herein.
- [56] Mary W. Wolford's copious notes on family, letters, etc.
- [57] Military unit records from the Civil War, and subsequent wars are available in many libraries.



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Please note that married women are indexed by their maiden name, and are alphabetized separately at the beginning of each name.

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## *Watlingtons of West Tennessee*

The *Computer Modern* font family used throughout this book was designed by Donald Knuth, based on the Scotch Roman typeface. The text size used throughout is 12 pt., at the request of the author.

The typesetting of a text for publishing typically involves a typographic designer, who decides the overall “look and feel” of the document—fonts, spacing, margins, text layout, etc.—and a typesetter, who turns the general instructions from the designer, and the text from the editor into the pages of type comprising a book. Thankfully, several talented and generous people have built and made freely available tools which allow a computer to help. The first is T<sub>E</sub>X, a computer typesetting program developed in the 70’s by Prof. Donald Knuth of Stanford Univ. The second is L<sup>A</sup>T<sub>E</sub>X, which acts as the typographic designer, using T<sub>E</sub>X to perform the actual typesetting. Both public domain and commercially supported versions of these software packages are available for almost all computer systems.<sup>6</sup> The computers used both in the editing and typesetting of this book were Apple Macintosh.

My mother, Janice Threadgill Watlington, has been entering the information for this tome (as well as a greater amount of accompanying genealogical information) into a computer for ten years. It was her perseverance in mastering the new skills necessary that made this book possible, as she entered and edited the texts eventually compiled into this book.

— John A. Watlington, October, 1997  
Malden, Mass.

An electronically distributable version of this book is available at:

<http://wad.www.media.mit.edu/~wad/watlington/>

### **Recommended Texts:**

Lamport, Leslie. *L<sup>A</sup>T<sub>E</sub>X: A Document Preparation System User’s Guide and Reference Manual*. Addison-Wesley Publishing Co., Reading, Mass., 1994.

Young, Bruce, and Seybold, Catharine, eds. *A Manual of Style*. University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill., 12th edition, 1969.

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<sup>6</sup>Available from the Comprehensive TeX Archive Network (CTAN) at <ftp://sunsite.unc.edu/pub/packages/TeX/>