

The Josias Locke Family Newsletter

Publisher Vann Helms

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Reunion is Saturday, October 10

There is a *major* change in the reunion for this fall. Mark your calendars for **Saturday, October 10**, at noon. We will be meeting again at **Bruce and Ray Howell's farm in Huntersville**. Directions are on the back of this newsletter. We're hopping that this change will allow many more **Locke** family members and friends to join us. Plan to spend the entire afternoon socializing, listening to music, riding the boats, and, most importantly, enjoying the best *home cooking* this side of **Rock Hill**. As usual, bring those priceless family photos to share, and any other memorabilia that will remind all of us from where we came.



Cousins at 1946 reunion. Top, Ray Howell, Helen Boyce, Felicia Winchester. Bottom, Betty and Butch McAuley, Hope Boyce in braids. Others?

We've lost too many family members since last year, which only reminds us how important these reunions are to us all. You're encouraged to invite your close friends to join with us. Where else can they have such a relaxing Saturday afternoon and also eat such good food? And make sure you call the older members of the family and offer them a ride. One day, the younger people will do the same for you. This **Locke** reunion has been going on, uninterrupted, for over eighty years. Let's make this year's our biggest one yet!

Letter from Leopold Locke

Fifty-nine years ago, on August 30, 1950, **Leopold Locke**, son of **Jesse Culp Locke**, and grandson of **Jesse McCullough Locke**, wrote a letter to his cousin, **Mrs. Emmett Moody**, who lived in Shubuta, Mississippi. He was 75 years old at the time. The purpose of the letter was to answer a request to tell his cousin as much as he could remember about their families. **Leopold** was a lawyer, as mentioned in an earlier 1938 letter. His organization of thoughts was suffering from age, and his letter has been edited for clarity and understanding. The facts were not changed. They have been researched, and follow-up articles explain them more clearly. Notes have been added throughout his letter to help you understand a little better.

Dear Cousin,

(I don't have the cousin's first name. She was a daughter of **John Locke**, who was the son of **Judson Lafayette Locke**, whose grandfather was **Jesse McCullough Locke**, a son of **Josias**.)

I received your letter this morning. Interesting indeed. I have had regrets for some years that we did not organize and "clan" together some years ago, and establish our family tree. Like most other family trees that I know, some branches would not stand out so much, but on the whole, it would certainly stack-up on average, the equal of any that I have known.

*Now, I have a fairly good line on the **Lockes** from colonial days down to date. Old man **Jud**, (**Judson Lafayette Locke**) **John's** father, (and her grandfather) and I were first cousins. That is, our fathers were brothers. My dad was **Jesse Culp Locke**. His brothers were **Henry Locke**, **Newell Locke**, **Dr. Joe Locke**, a **Ben Locke** who went against the Confederacy, and was never recognized by the rest of the bunch, and **Judson Lafayette Locke**, an old bachelor who died up about Marion or Green Pond, Alabama. The latter is for whom **John's** dad was named. **John's** father had some brothers; **Jesse**, **Hayes**, and **Ben Frank**. They called him **Ben Frank** because there was a **Ben** in our family too.*

***Judson** is a **Locke** name. I think it came from the old Baptist pioneer who founded the Judson Institute at Marion, Alabama. His name was **Adoniram Judson**. All the Baptists have some kind of history of him. This is merely my conjecture.*

*The original **Locke** bunch came from Tennessee. They filtered in from colonial times through Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas, into Tennessee. I have a nephew, **Judson Locke**, Chief of Police at Gulfport, Mississippi, who had a sister called **Juddie** as a feminine for Judson. But your grandfather had more sisters than "**Toke**". **Eutoka** also was an Indian name. Just what it*

means I have never learned. There was **Mary**, (**Mrs. Vineyard**), who died up in the same region that old man **Judson** died. She had one son, **Zellicoffer Vineyard**, who lives at or about Marion, Alabama. He was called **Zellicoffer** by old **Judson** because of his devotion to his Confederate General who was mortally wounded at the battle of Mill Spring, Kentucky, and old **Judson**, then just a lad, bore him from the field.

Aside from **Mary**, there was **Mrs. Alice Diamond**, **John's** aunt, and **Eutoka**, who married **Frank Lee**. **Mrs. Diamond** is buried at Lumberton, Mississippi, just a few minutes drive from my home. Her husband, old **Mr. Lucius Diamond**, is there too. I helped to place him there. The rest of the **Diamond** family is at Columbia, Mississippi. I'm sure that **John** remembers the **Diamonds**.

All of **Jud's** brothers are dead now. **Hayes** at Laurel, **Ben F.** on Crighton Rt. 7, at Sommes near Mobile, and old man **Jess**, from Oklahoma. I saw **Jess** two or three times before he died. He died in his nineties. An interesting character he was. I only hope that I grow old as he did.

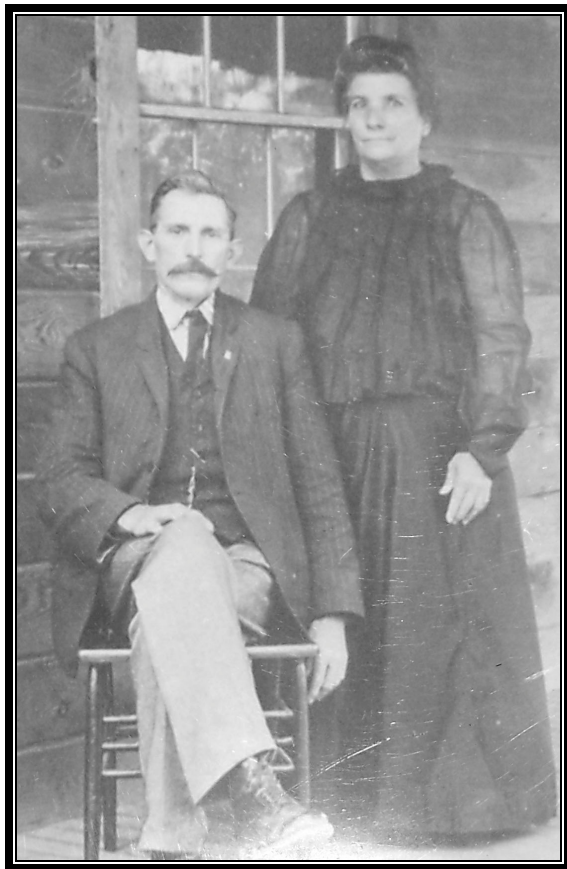
Now, before I get off the subject, **John's** grandfather was old **Mr. J. H. (Henry) Locke**. He was a brother to my dad. I was at the place when he died. It was at the home of **Frank Lee** and **Eutoka**. His wife, **Aunt Matilda**, who was **John's** grandmother on his father's side, had gone some three or four years before that.

Now, as for **Jud's** family, I'll give you all I recall. I am the "guy" who never forgot anything and never learned anything. The last distinct recollection that I had of a meeting with **Jud** was up at **McMillin's**, just after the "**Sims War**". **John** remembers that. As I remember it, **Jud** was one of the "marked" men that they didn't get. (An article follows about "**The Sims War**")

So you are the daughter of **John**, who was the son of **Judson**, who was the son of **Henry** and **Matilda**. You'll have no trouble in establishing that fact and more, but as I recall, your grandfather was married to **Sallie McKenzie** somewhere in Texas, but where? They must have married at least 70 years ago. If **John** can remember from the "fireside" talks that families have, the name of the towns in which his mother was a girl, you might go back to the public records and trace **Grandmother Sallie** that way. I recall **Sallie's** Indian features as being an unmistakable index, but what tribe would have to be revealed. Now, I want to see you get in on the "pot" mentioned, and there is no mistake about your carrying your share of Indian blood. You can prove that **John** is your father, that **Judson** was your grandfather, and that **J. H. (Henry) Locke** was your great-great grandfather, and that your great-great-great grandfather can be had if necessary, but that doesn't throw any light on **Grandmother Sallie's** background. You are necessarily forced to make your proof through her line. Is there anybody anywhere that can give you a lift there?



Judson, Sallie, John, Judson A. (Jake), Matilda Rogers Locke, Linnie, & Rosa Lena (circa 1888)



Judson Lafayette & Sallie McKenzie at home in Chicora, Miss. (circa 1890's)

*You know that Texas is a big state. I was out there some two years. I always thought that **Jud** was in South Texas. That would have thrown him close to the Mexicans, who are, for the most part, Indian and Spanish. So, get in after that feature of it. It's the **McKenzie** blood that you need to establish.*

*As I recall it, I am about three years older than **John**, then came **Jake**, with HIS Indian features, and two girls called **Lena** and **Linn**. The latter might have been named **Linda**, but they gave her **Linn** for short. To be a little more personal before I close, just where is **John**, and why in the heck doesn't he reveal himself some time? Some years ago, I heard that **Jake** came here, bought and dismantled a saw mill or something, and hauled it away. I heard about it some months after. As I recall, **John** married the little **Gilder** girl. Perhaps that's your mother, unless something happened.*

The following piece appeared in a newspaper called *The Beacon*, on **March 28, 1903**. It reports on the wedding of **Linnie Locke** to **Mr. J.P. "Powell" Davis**.

*Chicora, Mar. 26. The home of **Mr. Judson Locke** was the scene of a beautiful wedding party, the contracting party being **Mr. J. P. Davis** and **Miss Linnie Lee Locke**, both of this place. **Mr. Davis** is the oldest son of "the only **Powell Davis**" ...the bride is the daughter of **Mr. and Mrs. Judson Locke**. **Mr. W. H. Oliver** acted as best man, and **Miss Etta Fail** was the bridesmaid. **Mr. John Locke** and **Miss Dinah Gilder** also stood with the couple. **W. E. Fail** officiated.*



Linnie Locke Davis with Arnold and Judson



Powell and Linnie Davis at Chicora, Miss., 1960's



Estelle Davis Thielen Linnie's daughter, still with us!

*If you see your dad soon, tell him that I was over in Choctaw a few months ago, the first time since I left there in 1900. I saw the **FROST** bunch; **Albert, Gaston**, etc. I know he remembers them.*

*You spoke of writing **Sid** and **Dave**. (These were **Leopold's** brothers, **Sidney**, born in 1872, and **David**, born in 1877) I'm glad you did, and hope that you can get something helpful from them.*

How about your giving me about a day's notice and drive down and see us? The way isn't hard to find. Just hit U.S. Highway 11 at the nearest point to you and drive right on down to a few feet from our door. Would be glad to have you visit me, and wish every best wish for you in this undertaking, etc. I am...

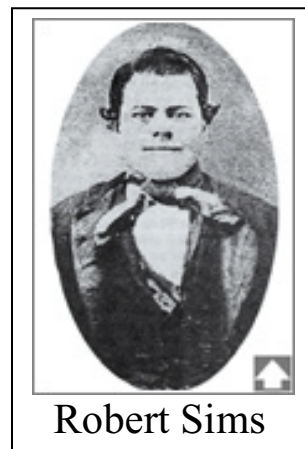
Sincerely yours,

Leopold Locke

Many thanks go to Estelle Davis Thielen for providing this letter and the many priceless photos that you see here. Estelle lives with her husband, Bob, in California. Her mother, Linnie Locke Davis, was born May 14, 1884, in Chicora, Alabama. She lived to be almost 90 years old, passing on June 3, 1973, in Mobile, Alabama. Estelle is the only surviving member of her family which had eight boys and two girls. Hang in there, Estelle!

The Locke Family Involvement in the “Sims War”

You’ll recall that **Leopold Locke** mentioned the involvement of his cousin, **Judson Lafayette Locke**, in the event known as “*Sims War*”. First, let’s discuss what actually occurred in *Choctaw County, Alabama*, in 1891 and we’ll learn how **Judson Locke** might have been involved.



In the 1890’s, *Choctaw County* received national media attention for what would become known as “*Sims War*”. **Robert Sims** was a *Confederate* war veteran turned preacher, who amassed a following of over 100 parishioners, many white, some black, and declared that he and his followers owed no allegiance to an earthly Government, should not pay taxes, and had the freedom to make and distribute whiskey. He was probably a forerunner to the *Seventh-Day-Adventists* in the area, and chose to worship on Saturdays. He could quote freely from the *Bible*, and often used scripture to back up his positions on taxation and other unusual beliefs. **Sims** rubbed the Federal government’s face in his tax free moonshine, and people were afraid to stand up to him, his family, and his followers. Although the citizens were scared, the local sheriff wasn’t, and harassed **Sims** and his clan at every opportunity.

His troubles really began when a Baptist preacher, **Richard Bryant Carroll**, was murdered on the night of *May 1, 1891*, while standing on the front porch of his house. **Carroll** had preached fervently against **Bob Sims**’ practices and beliefs. On that fateful night, one of **Sims**’ followers had come to court one of **Rev. Carroll**’s daughters, but when he tied his horse too close to the front porch, and the horse “did his job” all over the ground near the front gate, the reverend sent the courtier away, scolding him that if he didn’t have sense enough to tie his horse out away from the house, he didn’t have sense enough to be courting his daughter. Though it could not be proven, some of **Bob Sims**’ followers were accused of shooting **Rev. Carroll** as he drank from a cistern next to his porch later that night. **Bob Sims** was accused of ordering the assassination.

The anti-Sims sentiment increased after the incident, and local citizens began to plan a way to have **Bob** and his followers removed from the county. Most likely, **Judson Lafayette Locke** was one of those citizens. They reported to the Federal government about the illegal whiskey stills, and the Feds tried on four separate occasions to bust the operation. On the fifth try, Bob was taken into custody, but his men were able to arrange for his escape. In a hail of gunfire, **Bob**’s brother, **Bailey**, was killed, as was an innocent bystander. Another brother, Jim, was also wounded, and was shortly captured.

Rumor quickly spread that Bob and his group were planning to return to *Bladon Springs* where the escape had happened, and take revenge on his captors and their accomplices. Guards were posted around the area, and **Judson Locke** was most likely among those guards. During the night, the men accidentally shot and killed a deaf black man on his mule when he didn't hear their commands to halt. This further incensed the citizens, and a few days later, they took **Jim Sims** from his jail cell, and hanged him from a tree. At that point, most of the **Sims** followers joined with **Bob** who was hiding out across the state line in *Mississippi*.

Over the next few months, **Bob Sims** moved in and out of *Alabama*, unrecognized by newly assigned Federal officers. It was at this point that he heard that **John McMillin**, a store owner in *Paragon, Alabama*, was the one who had turned him in on the alcohol tax situation. You'll recall in **Leopold Locke's** letter that **Leopold** had met with his cousin, **Judson**, at **McMillin's** shortly after the Sims War. **Leopold** would only have been 17 years old at that time. It's only logical to believe that Judson was a close friend of **John McMillin**, or some of his family.

Word got out that the **Sims** gang was out for revenge against **John McMillin**, and was coming to *Paragon* to extract that revenge. **Judson Locke** would have been part of a group who assembled there to protect the store and the many family members who lived in the same building. For two nights, they were vigilant, but they let their guard down after no one showed up, and the men went inside to sleep. They even left their guns outside where they had been on guard. Sensing an opportunity to strike, **Bob Sims** and his men set fire to the store. It was *December 23, 1891*. Ten children were in the house, along with seven adults, and when they tried to escape the fire, they were shot at by the **Sims** gang. One adult and three children were killed outright by the gunfire. Nine people were wounded. One of the wounded, **Belle McKenzie**, was a schoolteacher boarding with the **McMillins**. This must have been the connection to **Judson Locke**. His wife, **Sallie**, was a **McKenzie**, and was most likely the sister, or first cousin to **Belle**. They were about the same age. **Belle** died of her wounds three weeks later. It is not known whether or not **Judson** was also wounded in the barrage of gunfire. Most likely, he was.

A siege of the **Sims** farm was mounted by a posse the day after the fire, and it lasted for two days. It was very much like the "*Branch Davidian*" situation at *Waco, Texas*, in the 1990's. After days of exchanging gunfire, **Bob Sims** and his men finally surrendered to the Federal Marshalls. They were promised an armed escort to take them to jail, but, in spite of the protection, they never made it. A group of about 300 men met them at a crossroads near *Old Samuel, Alabama*. The mob was unwilling to wait for justice, and the four prisoners were taken from their escorts. They were all hanged from a tree at the crossroads. No one was prosecuted, including **Judson Locke**, and he took horrible memories with him to his grave years later. Thus, the bloody "*Sims War*" ended.

Why Do You Keep So Many Things?

Surely, someone has asked you that question sometime in your life. Napkins, dried flowers, old photographs, military medals, clocks, furniture, and even rocks are but a few of the items that fill our curio chests, trunks, scrapbooks, Bibles, and attics. Why are these items so important to us? I found this article in an issue of *Architectural Digest* from thirty years ago (*which I saved!*), by the late critic and author, **Brendan Gill**. No truer words were ever spoken.

The Good Magic of Household “Gods”

By Brendan Gill

Whether directly or indirectly, all poets are teachers; moreover, the greater the poet, the greater the teacher. For me, the greatest poet writing in English in the twentieth century has been Yeats; he is first among my teachers.

In one of the more exquisite of his poems—a poem entitled “A Prayer for My Daughter”—Yeats describes pacing up and down beside his daughter Anne’s cradle at Thoor Ballylee, hearing the sea wind scream upon the tower and “imagining in excited reverie that the future years had come.” In the course of his reverie, he draws up a list of the fortunate circumstances he would like her to live among, not the least of which is that her bridegroom should “bring her to a house/Where all’s accustomed, ceremonious.” He then poses a question so profound that at first glance it appears to lack common sense altogether: “How but in custom and in ceremony are innocence and beauty born?”



My own curio chest is crammed full of pieces of my life. Each one has its own story to tell. To anyone else, they are only junk, to be thrown out.

Innocence and beauty are abstractions, developed at high cost over a long period in the human mind, and the stuff out of which we have created them is learned behavior. We have contrived to stitch together a fabric of agreed upon rituals and customs, which keep us safe from our primordial, hitherto

unpredictable emotions—a fabric composed of a thousand threads, or ten thousand.

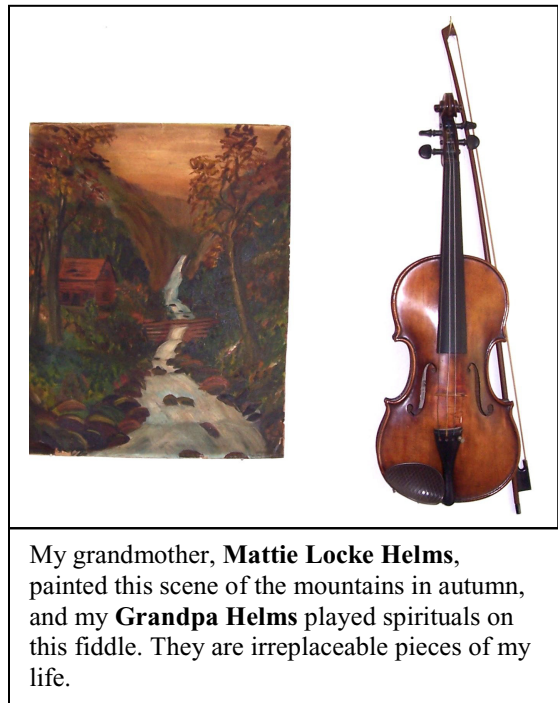
Custom and ceremony require not only space, but shelter, as Yeats foresaw in speaking of the house to which he hoped a bridegroom would one day be taking his daughter. There are shelters on every scale, for every purpose. Throughout history, Popes have been crowned in Saint Peter's, that inhumanly vast marble house of God; monarchs equally adept at pomp have met on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in tents like palaces. In contemporary life we carry out our customs in a modest fashion, among the informal daily collaborations of private and professional life; still, our customs are not less precious to us because of how casually we embrace and (often enough) neglect them.

The Romans had true household gods; guardians of the hearth, who could ward off evil spirits and dangerous occasions. Our household gods, in direct descent from these guardian divinities, are our *possessions*. They cannot guard us—on the contrary, we have to be continuously guarding *them*—but they provide us with the ever-welcome nourishment of the familiar; they are sacred to us as standing for something stronger and longer lasting than we are. This is especially true of those possessions that, however tarnished with age, and of however little value in themselves, have come down to us out of our past and reminded us of where we came from. In my family, such possessions would

appear to the eye of a stranger to be the merest incoherent jumble of imperfect odds and ends of furniture, silver, brass, paintings, drawings and the like, and yet to me and my family they are virtually indispensable.

Caring about Possessions

We cherish as household gods a painting that hung long ago in my Grandfather Duffy's library, of Othello telling Desdemona and Brabantio the story of his life; a nine-foot-high case clock in the Gothic style, which, on striking the hour, shakes the whole house; and an early-nineteenth-century walnut table of immense length and breadth, upon whose polished surface some child now long



My grandmother, **Mattie Locke Helms**, painted this scene of the mountains in autumn, and my **Grandpa Helms** played spirituals on this fiddle. They are irreplaceable pieces of my life.

since dead could not resist scratching in an uncertain hand the name “Mama.” Is it absurd for me—for all of us—to care so much for what are but objects? Fortunately, my great teacher is eloquent on the subject. He believes in the holiness that objects acquire through age and association. He says we do well to keep them for as long as we can and then face bravely, in whatever generation, the likelihood of their loss. I am content with Yeats’ pronouncement. I glance around from a painted leather fire bucket to a Chelsea cow to a red-brown ancient edition of *Roderick Hudson*, and gradually I feel good magic stealing into me. They will keep me, those little, disguised gods, safe against the dark.

The Historic Landsford Canal on The Catawba



View of Catawba in Winter



Rocky Shoal Spider Lilies in May

When **Josias** and **William Locke** moved to *Chester County, South Carolina*, after 1800, they would have had farms that produced cotton. As slave owners, they were enmeshed in the agrarian economy of the northern *South Carolina* Piedmont area. The *Catawba River* was the main source of water, fish, birds, and other wildlife, but, because the river dropped over the “fall” line by 42 feet over a two mile stretch of the Chester portion alone, it was useless in getting the cotton crops to the coastal markets. Around 1815, the large plantation owners convinced the Federal government that a series of canals along the river would make their crops much more profitable for shipping to northern and European ports. The largest public works project in the state’s history was begun. It involved four separate canal projects along the *Catawba* and *Wateree* Rivers, the northernmost one being on the *York County, Chester County* line adjacent to a main north-south trading route at a place known as Land’s Ford. **Thomas Land** was an early settler who managed a river ford on land that he owned at that place. During the *Revolutionary War*, American **General Thomas Sumter** crossed the river there on his way to the *Battle of Hanging Tree*, and British **General Cornwallis** crossed at Land’s Ford in his retreat from the costly *Battle of King’s Mountain*. Indians had crossed there long before white settlers arrived in the area.



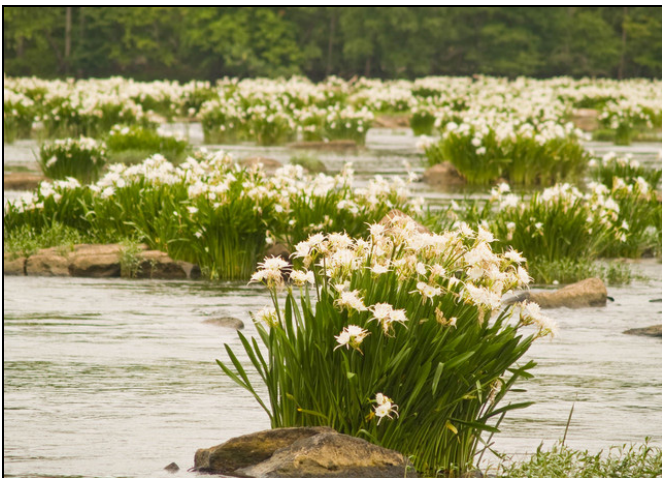
Entry lock, now full of soil, would welcome the long cotton barges as they entered from the north.



To design the canals and their series of locks, culverts, and bridges, the government hired a little known Charleston architect named **Robert Mills**. He was the first native born American to be professionally trained as an architect. After the canals, he earned his place in history by designing the most recognizable structure in the new capital of Washington, D.C. It was the *Washington Monument*, which wasn't completed until well after the Civil War. The task of managing the construction went to a northern engineer named **Robert Leckie**, who came from a long line of Scottish and Irish masons. Slave

labor prepared the land and dug the miles of trenches parallel to the many rapids, and skilled northern stone masons actually built the walls bridges, and culverts.

Construction began in 1820, and took three years to complete. *The Landsford Canal*, as it would come to be known, was the northernmost of the four systems, and, today, it is the best preserved. It was two miles long, 12 feet wide, and ten feet deep, and had five locks, and two bridges. Less than a year after it opened, one of the locks collapsed because of a weak foundation. Rebuilt by 1825, the canal was never a financial success. **Josias Locke** would die the next year, and five years later **Jesse McCullough** and **Joseph Locke** would move their young families to eastern *Tennessee* and northern *Alabama*. River traffic, which was always low, produced little revenue, and ceased entirely by 1840. That's the same year that **Levi Locke** and his first wife, **Ruthie**, would move their family from *Chester* into *York County*. Flooding was always a problem with the canal, and once the wooden lock doors were allowed to decay, the canal filled with silt, and was soon lost to the forest. It is preserved today as the state park.



Rocky shoal tiger lilies cover **The Catawba** from shore to shore near the **York-Chester** county line.

All photographs by **Vann Helms**

Aside from the granite works, there is a reconstructed canal keeper's cabin and compound, as well as hiking trails and river overlooks. At nearby *Waxhaw Presbyterian Church*, you'll find an unusual structure. It surrounds the remains of a number of Scot masons from the same family who died while constructing the canal. The stone work mirrors the technique used to build the walls, locks and bridges. Today, the park is the home to the largest concentration of the endangered *rocky shoal spider lily* in the world. Every spring in late May and early June, the entire river becomes a blanket of the showy white blossoms atop plants that cover every rock from bank to bank to a height of four feet. People come from all over the world to see this breathtaking display. Tours of the park are given every Sunday.

In Memoriam... Furman Master Locke, Jr.

Whenever I think of all my years of attending Locke reunions, the one person that I always knew would be there was **Furman Locke**. When his wife, **Mabel**, was living, they would bring their daughters, **Kay** and **Kim**, and when Kim married **Scott Agnew**, they would bring their two boys, **Nate** and **Max**. Kay's husband, **Barry Godlewski**, also became a regular, even if Kay was off working in London, and couldn't join him. Furman, better known to his close friends and family as "**Smiley**", made every reunion memorable with his sense of humor, his garden fresh dishes, and his many good stories about growing up "**Locke**". In 2005, he agreed to a DNA test to confirm our Locke family line. He passed with flying colors.

On May 13, we lost **Furman**, at age 87, and what a loss! In addition to **Kay**, **Kim**, **Scott**, **Barry**, **Nate** and **Max**, he is survived by two wonderful sisters, **Irma Locke Fields**, and **Bennie Locke Wallace** of Charlotte, many nieces and nephews, and his long list of friends and family. To say that he is missed is the understatement of the century!



Furman singing with Eddie Helms in 2007



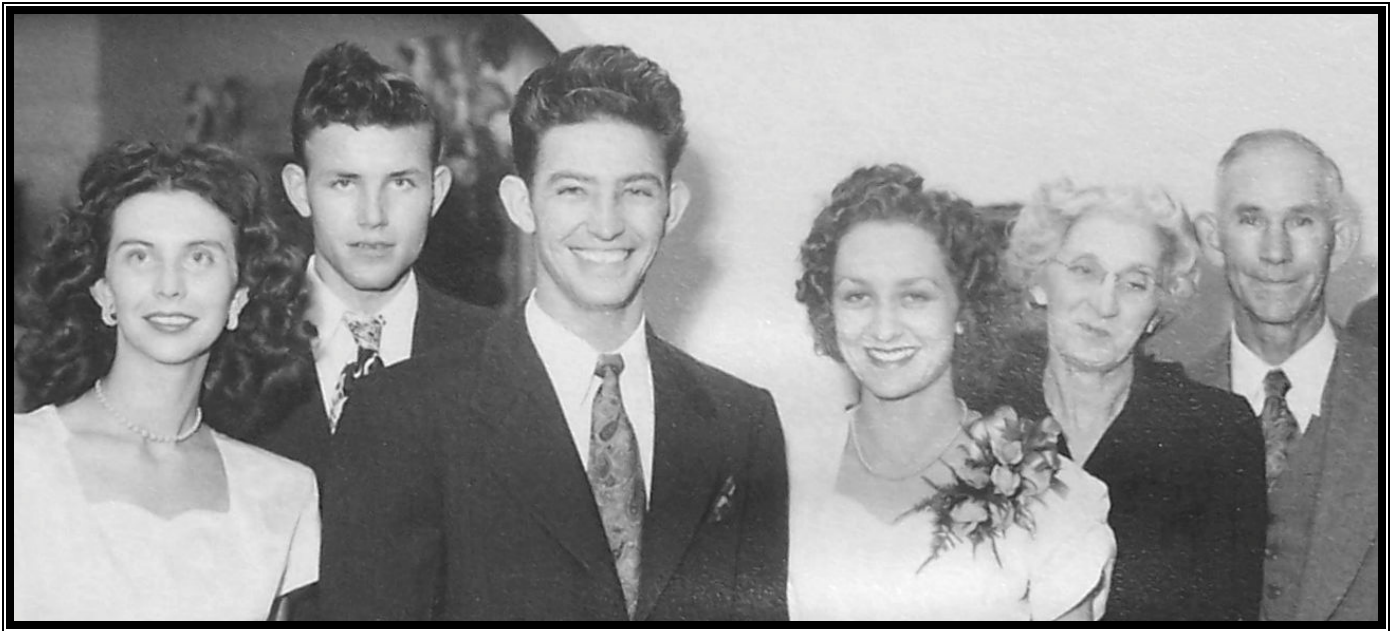
Filling his plate at last year's reunion



Full military honors at Sharon Memorial Park



Flag presented to grandson Nate



"Smiley" with his family after marrying **Mabel Dover**. **Furman Locke, Sr.** is far right



Photos-Vann Helms

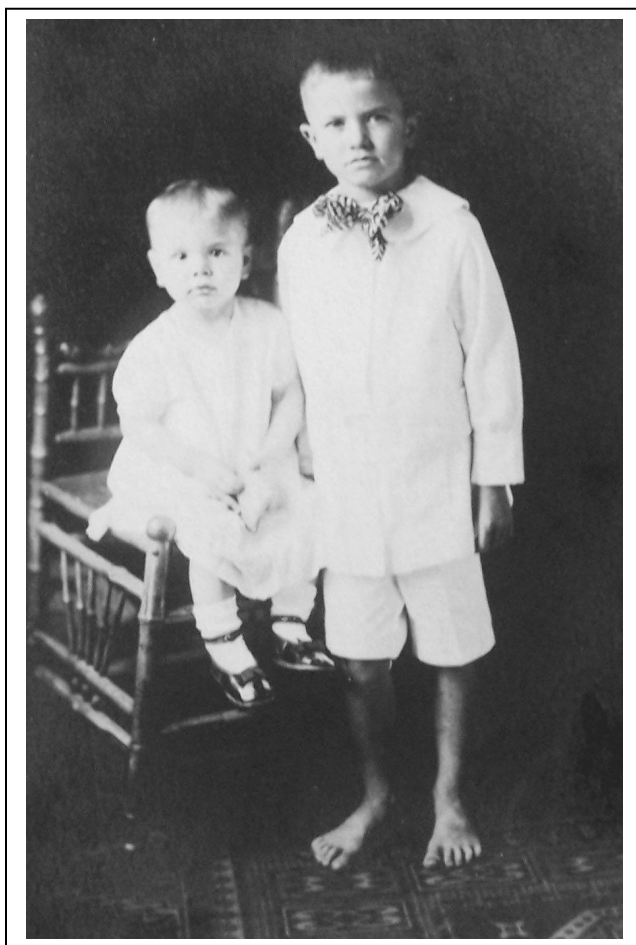
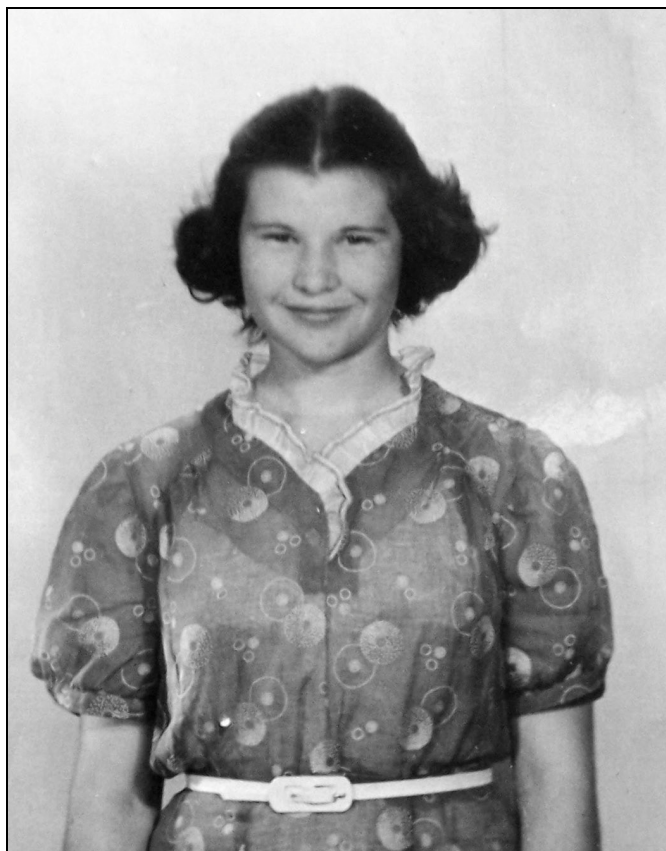
Furman's funeral brought first cousins together. From left to right, that's Furman's sister, **Irma Locke Fields**, **Hope Boyce Flowe**, **Charlie Winchester**, Furman's sister, **Bennie Locke Wallace** (see above), and **Helen Boyce Hendrix**. (See Helen and Hope on page 1). Not able to attend were **Walston Locke, Jr.**, **Marie Locke Herres**, and **Locke Boyce**.

In Memoriam... Margaret Irene Ballard Dent



Irene Ballard Dent was the daughter of Bea Locke and Earnest Ballard, and granddaughter of Washington "Wash" Locke. Irene passed away in March. She is survived by her brothers, Earnest J. Ballard, Jr., of *Colorado*, John Ballard, of *Charleston*, and by her children, sons Earnest and Bill, and daughters Pat Fenton and Jean Landrum. Shown in this photo from the 1980's is Irene with her mother, Bea, brothers Earnest, William, and John, and sister, Alice. Her great-grandfather was Levi Locke.

More Treasures Found...



These two photos were found in Furman's collection. On the left is a teenage Mary Boyce, and on the right, is Buddy Helms, at age 2, and his brother, Roy, at age 10. The photo is from 1918.

And Now for Something Completely Different...



If anyone ever suggests that the **Lockes** were never a very “*stylish*” bunch, just haul out this photo from **1918**. It was part of the large collection from the **John Calhoun Locke, Jeanette Carter Walker** photographs that **Betty Carter** found at the garage sale in **Rock Hill**. It was labeled as “**Arthur Carter** and friends” on the reverse. Arthur was one of three sons of **Georgia Cordelia “Cordie” Locke** and **Robert Hope Carter**. Most likely that’s **Arthur** on the far left. He was only about 19 at the time.

The clothes were a rebellious expression of individuality popular during *The Great War*. The style was known as *Edwardian Dandyism*, and was identified with wealthier, artistic intellectuals who wanted to set themselves apart from the crowd. The famous *Irish* playwright, **Oscar Wilde**, was considered the father of this movement. The style foreshadowed the “*Zoot*” suitors of the **1930’s** by almost twenty years. The clothes had to be custom made, and were quite expensive because of all the accessories required to complete the look. Let’s give one to **Arthur** for being way ahead of his time.

All Roads Lead to the Locke Reunion

From *Interstate 77*, north of *Charlotte*, take exit 25 west, which is N.C. highway 73, and also *Sam Furr Road*. Go west toward *Lake Norman*, and stay on *Highway 73*. After about three miles, you will turn left onto *Beatties Ford Road*, and drive south about 1½ miles, until you see *Cashion Road*, and you will make a right turn. Follow the **LOCKE REUNION** signs to *Ray and Bruce Howell’s* home about ¼ mile on your left. Park at the top of the hill, and walk down to the lake house. If that short walk might be a little too much for some of our loved ones, you can drive them down the hill directly to the pavilion. Of course, bring your favorite meat, veggies, biscuits, and desserts! If you get lost, call Vann on his new cell at 828-333-0603.

Vann’s Move Back to North Carolina is Complete



Many of you already know that **Vann Helms** has recently relocated to the *North Carolina* Mountains, just north of *Lake Lure* and *Chimney Rock*. After over fifty years in *South Florida*, it was time for a change. **Thomas Wolfe** said that “*you can never go home again*”. **Vann** will prove him wrong. He looks forward to spending more time with his cousins and friends there. The place is *paradise*, and he’ll be hosting a family gathering there real soon.