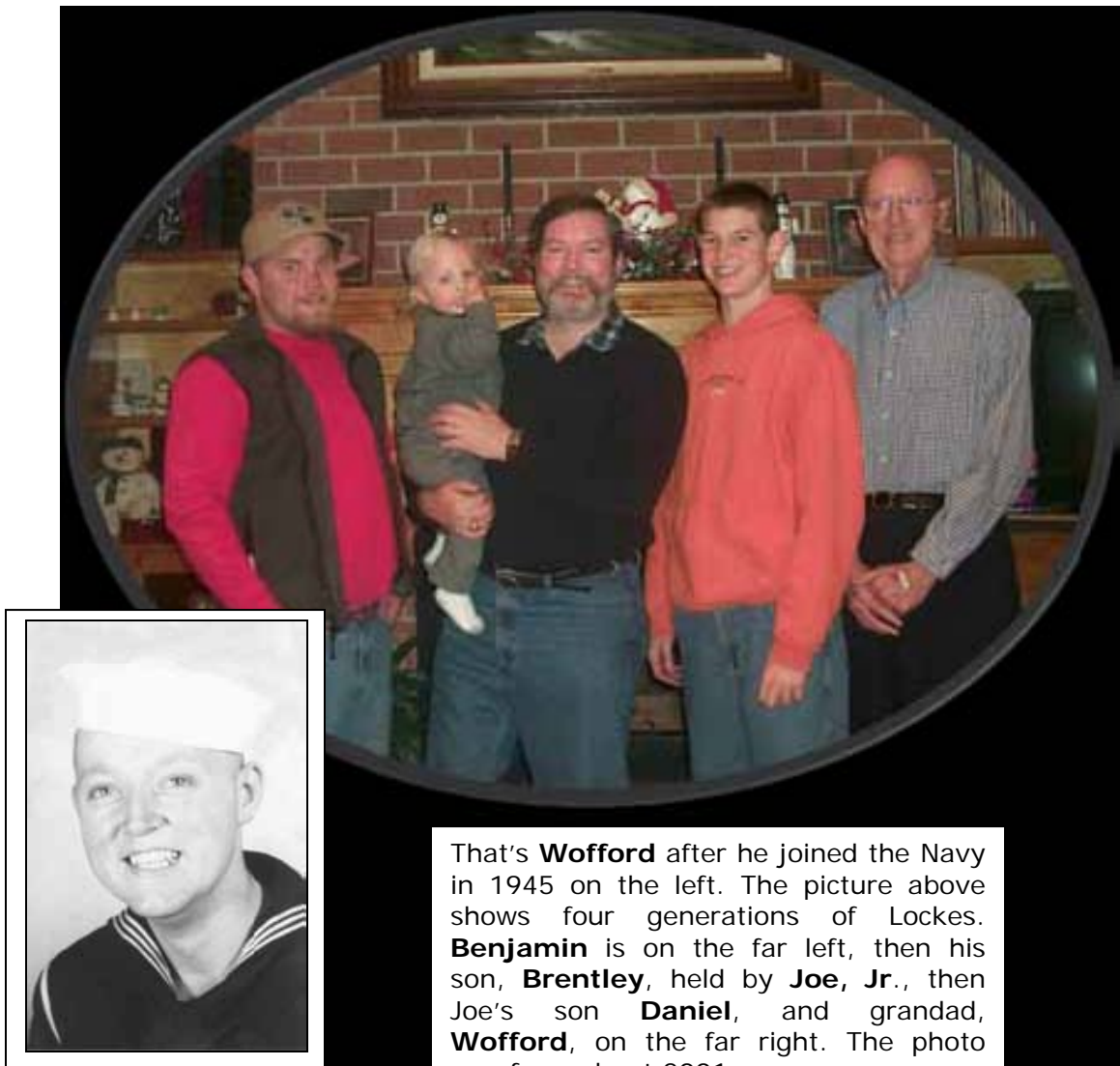


# The Locke Family Newsletter

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## Joseph Wofford Locke's Navy Memoirs

Seldom does a family have the genuine pleasure of reading the actual memoirs of one of its members. Now, we have that opportunity. In **1945**, **Joseph Wofford Locke**, g-g-grandson of **Benjamin Lock**, enlisted into the *United States Navy* at the age of seventeen. The war was over in *Europe*, but the *Japanese* were holding on until the last man, and *America* readied the ultimate weapon that was to end that war in a matter of days. **Wofford Locke** was right there in the thick of those monumental events. With the **65<sup>th</sup>** anniversary of that fiery conclusion fast approaching, it seems the perfect time to share the memories and memorabilia of a brave midshipman who was a witness to that remarkable history.



That's **Wofford** after he joined the Navy in 1945 on the left. The picture above shows four generations of Lockes. **Benjamin** is on the far left, then his son, **Brentley**, held by **Joe, Jr.**, then Joe's son **Daniel**, and grandad, **Wofford**, on the far right. The photo was from about 2001.

First, we need to go back 146 years to the *Battle for Petersburg* in the *Civil War*. A young *Confederate* private from *Chester County, South Carolina*, was part of *Company B, 5<sup>th</sup> S.C. Volunteers* fighting the *Yankees*. He wrote many letters home during his three years on the front lines, letters that told of horrible loss, numbing fear, and personal sacrifice experienced by him and other Chester family and friends. You'll recall that the war letters of **Josiah H. Locke** were reprinted in the first *Locke Family Newsletters* back in 2006. *Josiah* would not survive that war, but his son, **Henry Jefferson Locke** was born just before he died, and would carry his legacy into the twentieth century. "**Jeff**" **Locke** (1862-1937) would have ten children with his wife, **Margaret Annie Simpson** (1867-1937), and their oldest son, **Joseph Green Locke**, would have a son named **Joseph Wofford** in 1928. Following in the military tradition of his great grandfather, **Wofford** couldn't wait until he was 18 to join up. With his parent's permission, he joined the *Navy*, and the rest is history.



This is the Summer Palace in China, 1945.

For decades, the bits and pieces and letters saved from those incredible years were safely stored in boxes, but it was **Wofford's** son, **Joseph Wofford "Joe" Locke, Jr.**, who assembled that material into a document over 100 pages long, to honor his father with a detailed account of this illustrious period in the history of our family and our country.

The best part is that **Wofford** is still with us today, and contributed to the production of the memoir through interviews and personal recollections. **Joe, Jr.**, a devoted son and father, has given us a masterpiece, and you can read it in its entirety by going to his *Locke Family Blog* on the web. Just enter, [www.genealogy.lockefamily.net](http://www.genealogy.lockefamily.net), and download the file to your computer. While you're there check out the other family entries, and also the nearly complete collection of these newsletters. Be sure to let Joe know how much we appreciate the hard work of both he and his dad.



**Baker test, Bikini Atoll, Micronesia, July 25, 1946. Wofford was there!**



# A Correction of Cordie Locke Photo...

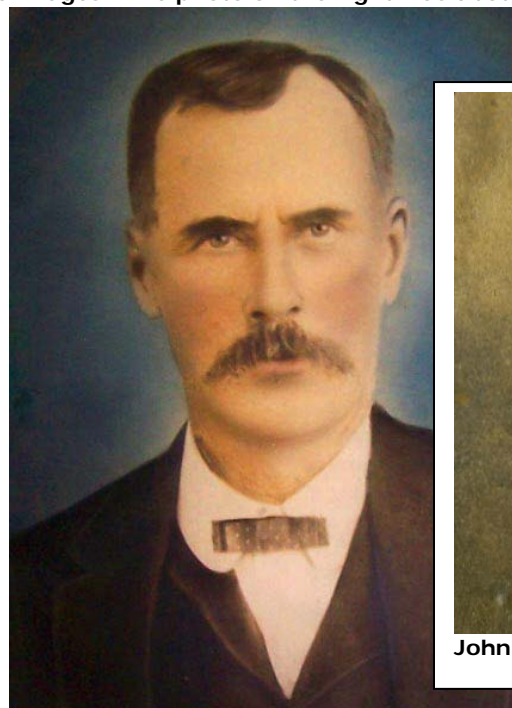
In an earlier newsletter, the following photographs appeared, and were labeled as **Cordie Locke Carter** (1876-1967) and her husband, **Robert Hope Carter**. **Betty Carter Phillips**, the grand daughter of **Cordie Carter**, tells me that she remembers her grandparents, and this *ain't* them. Because **Cordie** was missing from the **John Calhoun Locke** family photo of 1900, and these pictures were part of the collection from the **Jeanette Carter** family, the error was inadvertent. We would still like to know who these people are, and if you can help, we would be most appreciative.



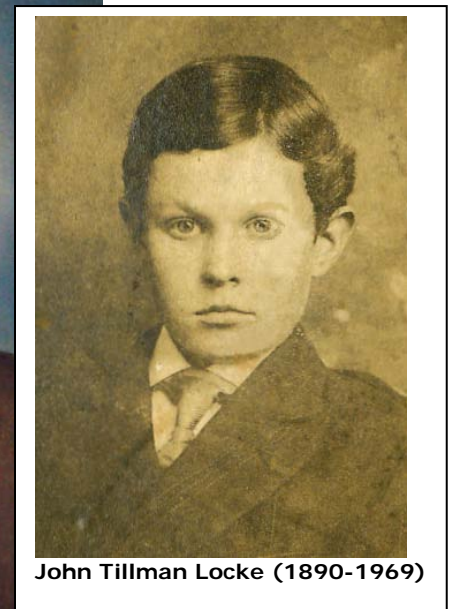
This was a composite from two separate images. The photo on the right was about 1912



John Calhoun Locke Family about 1900



John Calhoun Locke about 1900



John Tillman Locke (1890-1969)



# Rocky Shoal Spider Lilies at Landsford Canal



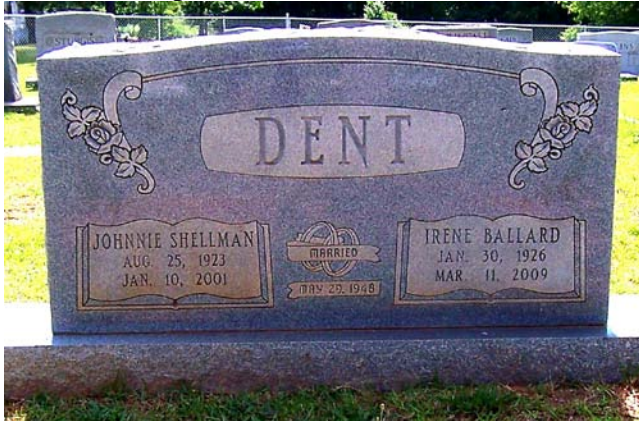
If you've never gone to *Landsford Canal State Park* in *Chester County, South Carolina*, to see the annual flowering of the endangered *Spider Lilies*, you should put that trip near the top of your *Bucket List*. This is the largest concentration of these rare plants in the world, and the display literally takes your breath away. It happens every spring between the middle of May, and the middle of June. Using a kayak or canoe will give you the best view, but these photos were made from the bank of the *Catawba River*. Our **Locke** ancestors must have been thrilled with this sight, just a few miles from their farms near the river. Be sure to also visit the wonderfully preserved canal locks while you're there.





# Catawba Baptist Church Cemetery

Just a short drive north of the *Landsford Canal State Park*, is the *Catawba Baptist Church*. **Levi and Malinda Locke**, along with many of their descendents are buried there, along with other *Civil War* veterans and pioneers who worked the fertile soil around *Lesslie, South Carolina*.



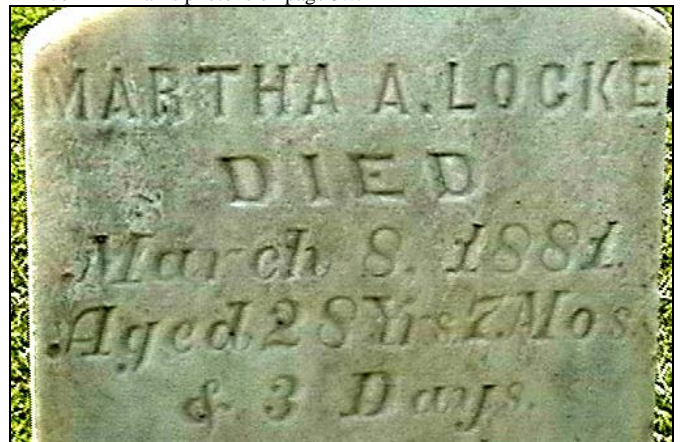
Irene Ballard Dent passed just a year ago March



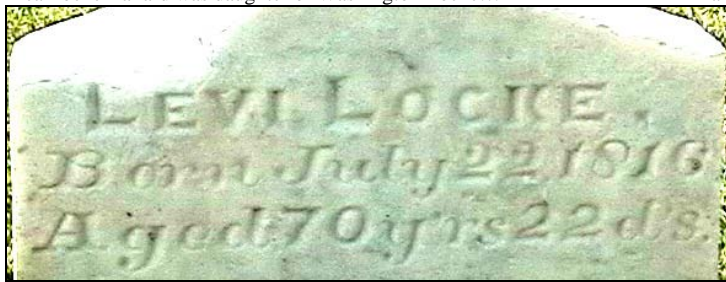
John Tillman's photo is on page 3...



Bea Locke Ballard was daughter of Washington Locke...



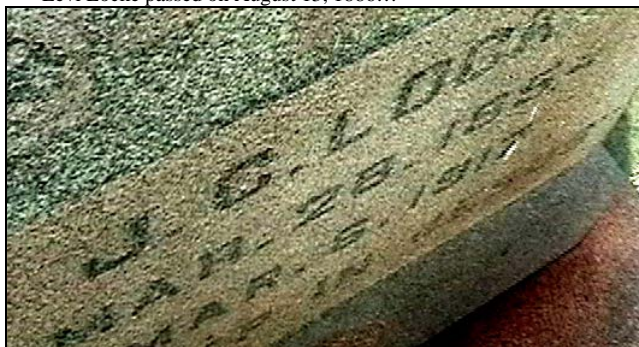
Martha Locke was the daughter of Levi and Malinda Locke...



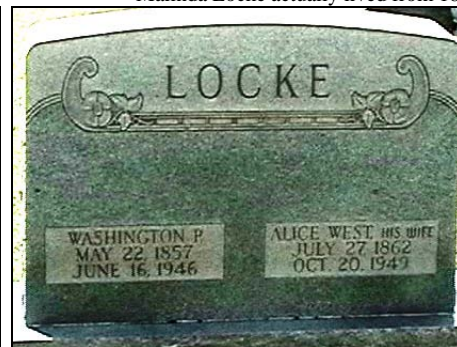
Levi Locke passed on August 13, 1886...



Malinda Locke actually lived from 1813 to 1910, aged 97.



John Calhoun Locke



Washington Pinckney and Alice Locke



Infants of Absalom...



# Pvt. Josiah H. Locke is Killed at Petersburg, Virginia...

The following letter was transcribed by **Dora Locke Carter**, the granddaughter of **Josiah H. Locke**, who had been killed at **Petersburg, Virginia**, during the **Civil War**. The letter was written by **Captain W.H. Edwards** to Josiah's widow, **Dorothy "Dor" White Locke**, Dora's grandmother, informing her of his death. **Dora** was a daughter of **Henry Jefferson Locke**, and was the keeper of the war letters previously published in these newsletters.

Petersburg, Va. June 20, 1864.

MRS. DOROTHY LOCKE: It becomes my painful duty to bear to you the sad information of the death of your husband. It is with a sorrowful heart that I pen these lines, for I esteemed him as a man and soldier and loved him as a friend and comrade. No man in Co. A. whose loss would be more regretted. He was mortally wounded at 2 P.M. and lived until sunset. He was perfectly sensible until a few minutes before he died. I was wounded by the same shell, and came off the field with the litter bearers who carried him to our field hospital. He was terribly mangled, but did not seem to suffer much pain, and his wounds did not bleed very much. I think his system was so shocked he was in sensible to pain. On the way to the hospital, the men who were bearing the litter stopped to rest. It was then I spoke to him in regard to his condition. I found his mind clear and he talked freely. He said he had no fear of death, for he had arranged that matter and put his faith on One who was willing and able to save. He told me he would have been glad to have lived and got home to help you rear the little children, but if the Lord had willed otherwise, he was satisfied to go. He was carried to Petersburg and died at the South Carolina Hospital. He died like one going to sleep, without a struggle. The surgeon told me he would be decently buried and his grave marked. His blanket and knapsack are at our baggageroom in Petersburg in charge of Sergeant I. James, Chaplain of the 18<sup>th</sup> S.C.V., gave his pocket book and tobacco bag to L. Duffy who is going home and will send them to you. The two new shirts you sent by Adjutant Connor are still in his trunk and will be sent to Mrs. Connors's and you can get them from her. I will have his knapsack and blanket sent to you the first opportunity. Mr. James, Chaplain of the 18<sup>th</sup> S.C.V. had a talk with him at our field hospital. He told Mr. James that he had tried to live his religion and that he could die satisfied, trusting the Savior. Mr. James remarked to me when he came away, "I am the one who got the consolation. While we sorrow for his death, let us be comforted by the assurance that our loss is his eternal gain."

The Lord bless you and the little ones and enable you to bear this sad bereavement with christian fortitude, looking unto Him for strength and comfort, and may he raise

up kind friends for you and the dear little children, and comfort and sustain you by His spirit—is the prayer of your husband's friend and comrade.

(W. H. Edwards.)

*The above was copied by Dora (Locke) Carter, granddaughter of Josiah Locke and Dorothy (White) Locke.*



Memorial in Richburg, South Carolina



Dora Locke Carter

# Early Recollections of Mae Helms Howell

As the eldest daughter of **Mattie Locke** and **Lonnie Wilson Helms**, **Mae Helms Howell** was an educated woman who knew the importance of preserving family history. Recently, Mae's daughter-in-law, **Gladys Hucks Howell**, allowed me to rummage through a collection of boxes that had been handed down from Mae, to her late son, **John Glenn Howell, Jr.** These boxes were treasure chests, holding handwritten notes and remembrances from a devout Christian girl who was born in **Waxhaw, North Carolina**, in 1904, and lived a long life in **Charlotte**, passing in 1982.



**John Calhoun Locke**- He loved homemade ice cream, and made some of the best when you couldn't buy ice cream in the store. He used fruit from his own orchard in the ice cream.

He was a successful truck farmer, and made a good living for his family.

He had a cellar where everyone sought refuge from the heavy thunder and lightning storms.

**Washington Pinckney Locke**- He and **Aunt Alice** lived in **Lesslie**, and ran a little store at one time. Later, he did some truck farming, and sold milk and butter to customers in **Rock Hill**. In his later years, he drove a **T-Model Ford** on these trips, and, not seeing very well, he took the middle of the road, and let the others look out for themselves.

He was well loved by his neighbors and church people. He sold milk to one family for many years.

**Absalom and Lizzie Locke** lived in **Lesslie**. He ran a store and also made shoes. He had a blacksmith shop, built buggies, and made coffins. He was a man of many interests. Around 1897, he decided to move his large family to **Union County, North Carolina**. With his wife and five children, he moved to a 540 acre farm near **Mineral Springs, North Carolina**, for which he paid \$3,000. This land was part of the old **Walker** farm, which had belonged to Uncle **Oscar Winchester's** great-great grandfather. (*Uncle Oscar's son, Charles, is still with us, and will be 92 next year.*)

Mae remembered her mother, **Mattie Locke Helms**, telling of the move to **North Carolina**, and how they crossed the **Catawba River** on a ferry operated by the Indians. She told of one of their mules almost falling in the river, and how there was "...a little anxiety for the moment!" Mattie's brother, **Walston**, the youngest, had on a red cap that the Indians were more interested in than getting them across the river. In **Mineral Springs**, they lived in the old **Walker** house.

**Mattie Locke Helms** was married on November 5, 1902, and suffered a miscarriage on May 12, 1903. (*This is new information that has never been shared by anyone.*)

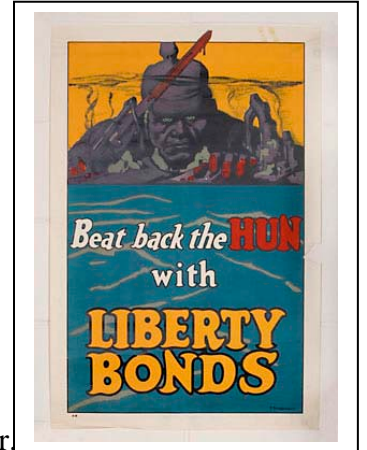
**Listen and Remember**- Things I remember about growing up as a small girl in **Waxhaw, N.C.**

I remember all the old neighbors living on **Providence Street**. There were the **Gambles, Davises, Haiglers, Nesbits, Carters, Tilmans, Cunninghams, Rodmans, Harrises, Houstons, Garrisons, Steeles**, and the **Dr. Guions**.



**I also remember-**

1. Mr. Tilman and his horse and fox hounds.
2. Going to **Rehoboth School** to Mrs. Guion
3. Dr. McCain's little topless red auto, the first car I ever saw.
4. Miss Maggie Davis' store, and the black straw hat with the cherry trimming that rattled when I turned my head, especially in church!
5. Dr. Dan Davis' barn burning down, killing all the livestock.
6. The shows we put on in the Gamble's barn, admission... so many pins.
7. The World War One **Liberty Bond** rally at the old school.
8. The topless buggy in which Mr. Rodman and Miss Lola drove to the rally.
9. The song, "**Buy a Liberty Bond**", sung by Mrs. J. L. Junior.
10. Mr. Rodman's fatal heart attack while speaking at this rally.
11. The rolling over and over of the Massey red Buick while going for a doctor
12. Belonging to the **Junior Red Cross** (Miss Pearl Rodman, leader). We hemmed diapers for needy babies.
13. The First World War and the troop trains on the siding. The whistle around the bend was signal for all of the kids to make for the railroad station.
14. Meeting the "Short Dog" to see who got off and on. Many stayed at **McDonald's Hotel**.
15. The end of World War I, and the parade where people beat on tubs, buckets and anything that made noise.
16. The overhead bridge. The thick dust on the streets.
17. The Saturday crowds in downtown Waxhaw with wagons and buggies everywhere.
18. The **Belk Brothers** having sales with string music packing in the crowds.
19. The gin house owned by my grandfather, **Absalom Lewis Locke**, and the full wagons lined up to be first in line. Farmers slept on the cotton. Also on the same lot, he operated a saw mill, corn mill, blacksmith shop, and operated a thrasher in season. (We might call it a "**Service Center**" today.)
20. The card(?) class taught by my grandmother for years in old **King Street Baptist Church**. I was baptized there by Dr. Burris.
21. The Mark Austin family who lived next door.
22. The young people going on a Mistletoe hunt in the woods at Christmas time.
23. The "**Trailing Arbutus**", or Mayflowers, found only on the high bluffs below town.
24. The day the loafers got the hot seat at Plyler's Garage.
25. The **Fourth of July** horse race down Providence Street by the local "hot shots".
26. **Waxhaw** and all of my old friends, many of whom lie in the cemetery that I remember had begun when I lived there.



© 2001 Eleanor Saulys  
Trailing Arbutus



Absalom and Lizzie Locke



Mae's mom Mattie



Mae's dad Lonnie

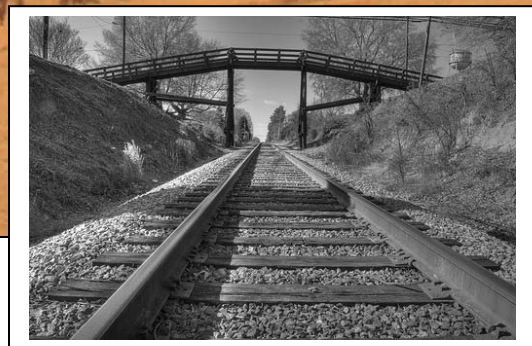
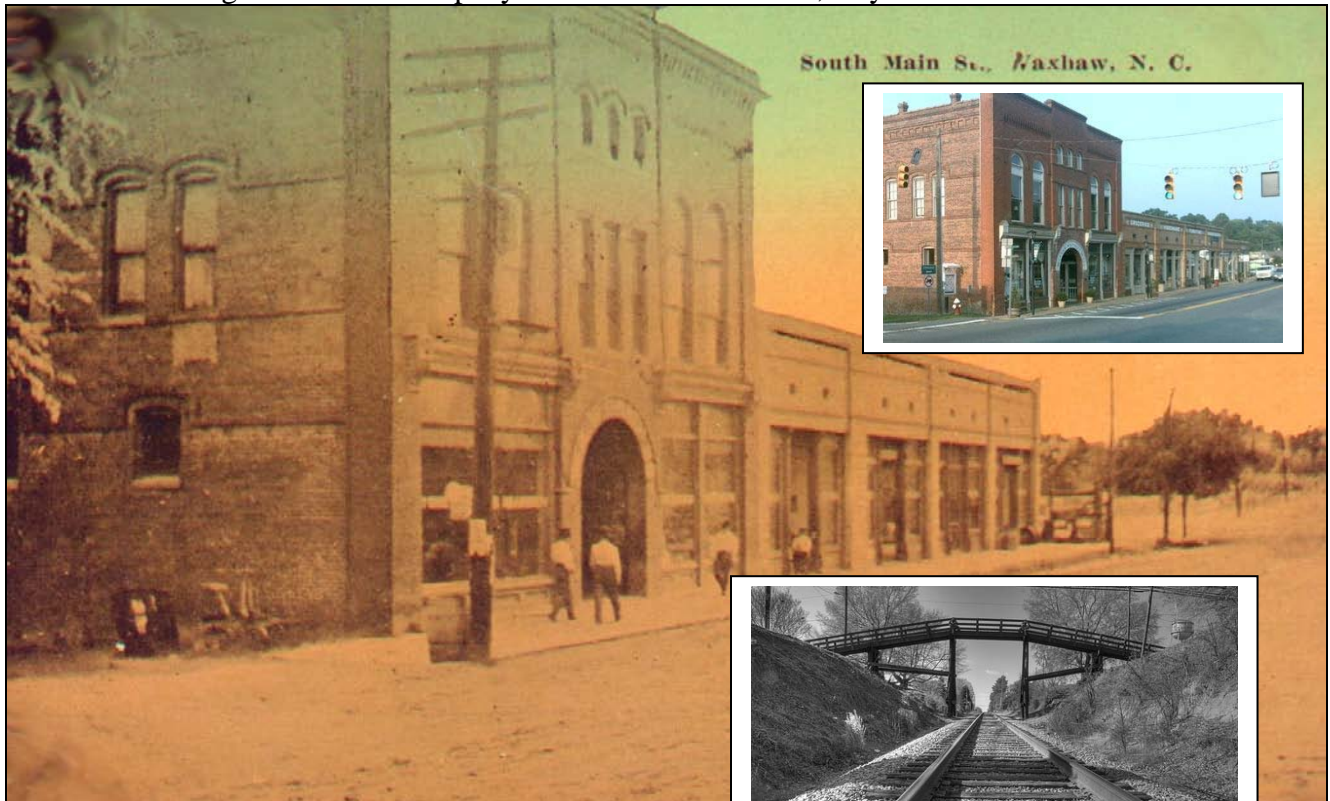


# Images of Old Waxhaw...

While we're on the subject of old **Waxhaw**, I thought ya'll might appreciate these photos. The town has actually changed very little in past 100 years. The railroad still runs through the middle of town. The water tower looks much like it did when it was first erected. The **Overhead Bridge** has been repaired and narrowed a little. My father said that **T-Model Fords** used to be able to drive over the bridge. The old store fronts look much the same, and **South Side Cemetery** continues to grow. My father told me that his grandfather, **Absalom Locke**, donated the land for that cemetery around 1910. "**Lewis**", as he was called, was buried there in 1924, and my great grandmother, **Lizzie**, joined him in 1942. Her old house still stands just a block from the cemetery, and it's now called the **Helms Nursing Home**. How ironic! The **Gamble** mansion still looks the same, as do many of the historic homes all over town. President **Andrew Jackson** was born somewhere near **Waxhaw**, but we'll never know exactly where.



The McCain King Mercantile Company was built in the 1880's, way before the automobile.



# Finally, a Connection to the Lockes in England

Last October, I received notification that another 12-marker *DNA* match had been found with my cousin, **Furman Master Locke**. This means that there is a very good chance that the two individuals are linked with a common ancestor in recent history. The match was with **William “Bill” Locke**, of *Vancouver, Washington*, a suburb of *Portland, Oregon*. Since that time, with the unselfish help of **Donald Locke**, the lead Locke researcher in *America*, we have been able to trace Bill’s heritage, and the results are exciting to all of us hoping to find a common ancestor in *England*. Donald combed through census records in *America* and in *England*, and a very clear picture has emerged about Bill’s lineage.

Bill’s G-G-grandfather was **William Henry Locke, Jr.**, who was born on June 13, 1851, in *Newton St. Petrock, Devonshire, England*. “**Harry**” as he was called, immigrated to *New York*, landing on September 14, 1875, aboard the ship, *City of Chester* (Ironic in that the Lockes had moved to *Chester County, South Carolina*, in the early 1800’s). In 1876, Harry married **Emma**, who was also born in England, and seven years later, Bill’s Great-grandfather, **Harvey T. Locke**, was born in *Louisiana* on November 11, 1883. Bill’s grandfather, **Charles Locke**, was born after the turn of the century in Missouri. Harry died on May 21, 1918, in *Belleville, Illinois*. He got around in his sixty-seven years. But let’s go back to *England*, and look at Harry’s family.

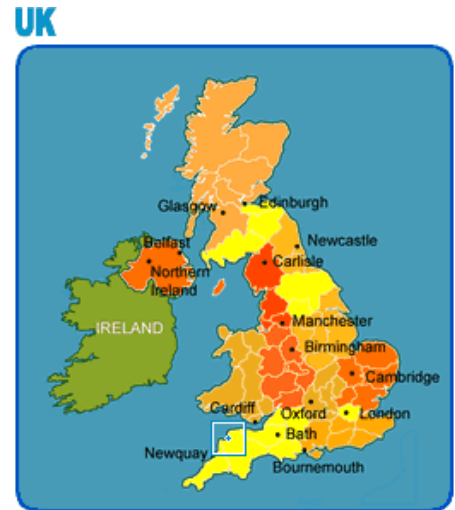


Newton St. Petrock, Devonshire

Harry’s father was **William Henry Locke, Sr.**, born in 1823, in a section of *Bideford, Devonshire*, called “*Lock’s Cottage*”. His father was **James Lock**, born in 1797, and his grandfather was **Robert Locke**, who was born in 1770. They were both also born in “*Lock’s Cottage*”. William, Sr. had married **Lucilla Grovett**, and James had married **Sarah Littlejohn**.



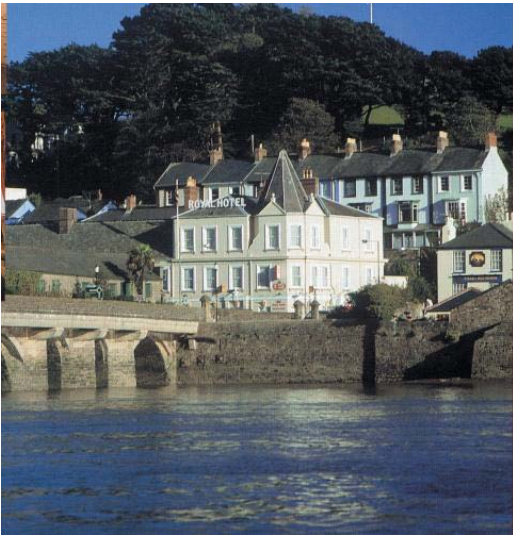
Bideford, Devonshire, England



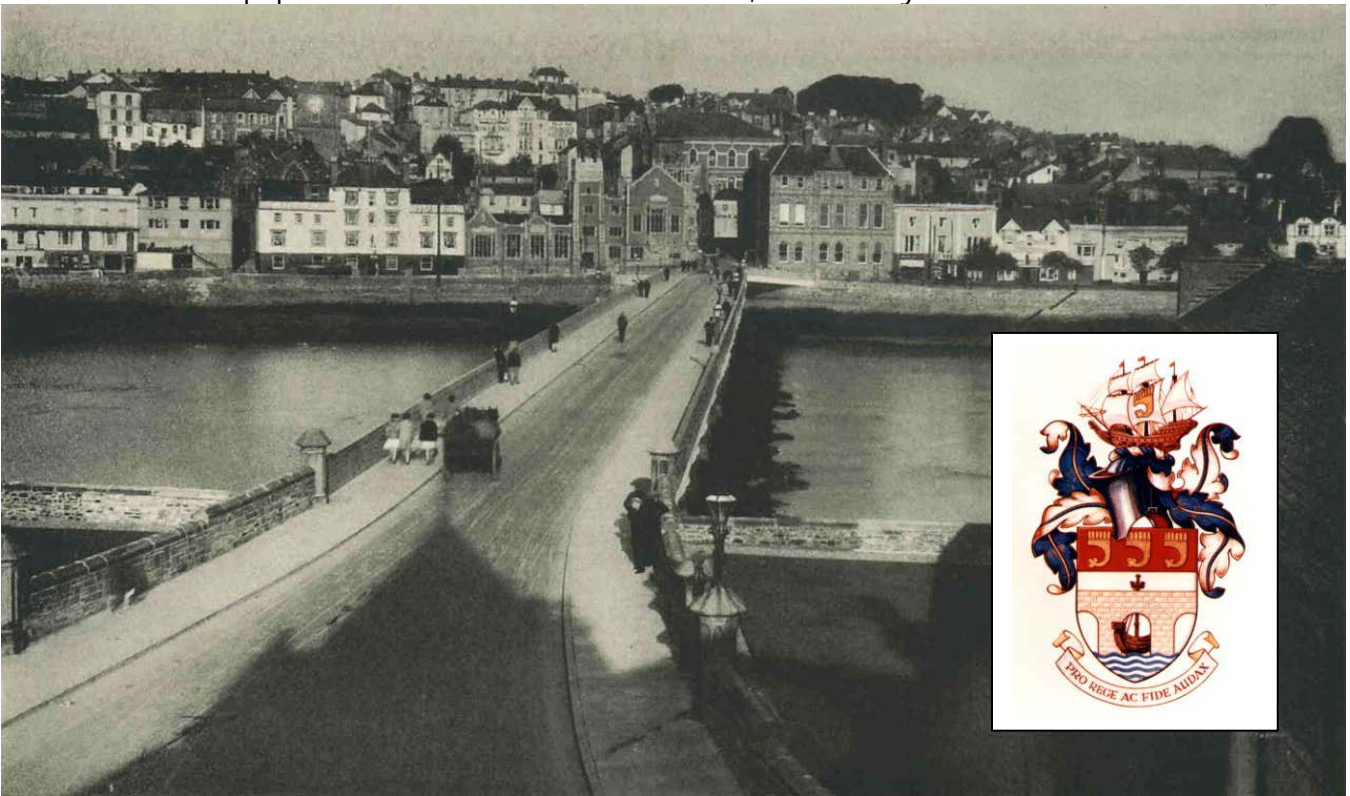
*Bideford* is located on the *Irish Sea*, on the *Torridge Estuary* in northwestern **Devon**, and was a busy seaport in those days. It was known as a shipbuilding center. Many of the ships used to defeat the



*Spanish Armada* in 1588 were built in *Bideford*. It was a major embarkation point for colonists sailing to *America*. **Robert** had been a farmer, **James** was a carpenter, and **William, Sr.** was a coachman.



Bideford is now a popular tourist destination on the sea, warmed by the Gulfstream.



Bideford in the 1930's. The bridge was built in the 1500's.

Our next step is to upgrade the *DNA* test to the *37-marker* level. This will really narrow down the possibilities of a recent common ancestor. Because Bill's G-G-Grandfather and G-G-Grandmother came to the States relatively late, chances are that Bill's gene pool never mixed with the **Lockes** already here. This means that if the *37-marker* test is also an exact match, we most likely share an ancestor in *Devonshire*, which opens up an entirely new avenue of investigation. I can't wait!





# Come to the Reunion on Saturday, August 14



Let's fill this porch and deck with Lockes... Vann is waiting....

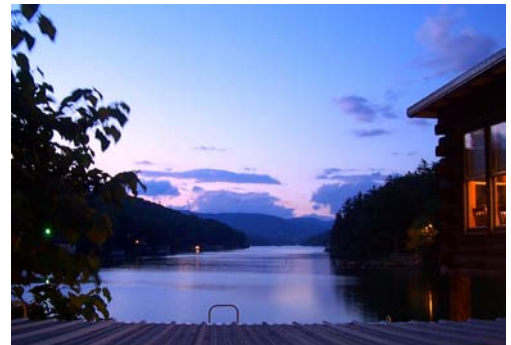
If this is any indication, **Gladys Howell** will be driving up on Friday morning so she can cook and make all the ice tea. All you have to bring is something to eat, and yourselves. Also, don't forget to bring those old family photos, letters, doilies, Bibles, and memorabilia. This is a time to share, and if it's just an interesting family story that you want to bring, that's cool too. Call people who live in your area, and organize car pools. Most importantly, make sure that the older family members are not left out because they don't drive much anymore. Plan to spend the afternoon sitting in the shade, or exploring this beautiful area. All the directions you'll ever need were in the last newsletter, but if you didn't save it, just go to <https://acrobat.com/#d=cxSRrqS9sM7QLHypJ2Nxdg> and everything you need is there. My phone number is **828-288-4142**.



Sunset from the deck...



Chimney Rock



Lake Lure