

The Locke Family Newsletter

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A Miraculous Deed by a Total Stranger...



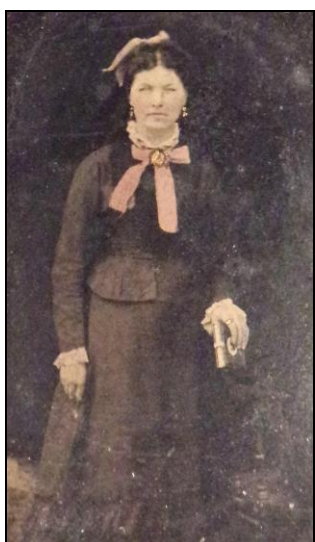
Lizzie and Absalom Locke with Mamie, Sadie, Mattie, and sons Furman and Walston, in March, 1905

In early December, an e-mail arrived from Don Locke of Colorado. He is the central clearing house for all things Locke, and when he saw the following e-mail from a gentleman in North Carolina concerning some old photographs, he forwarded it to me.

Donald, my name is Jan Lane. I was helping a mortgage company foreclose on a home around the Rock Hill, South Carolina area last year. Everything was being thrown away, I came across some old pictures that are very special to someone and decided to keep them from being thrown out. They are very old! After researching some names through the world of Google I came across your name along with an email address.

*I feel pretty certain that these pictures belong to your family in some way. Can I have your address to send them to you?
Thanks, Jan*

I immediately wrote to Mr. Lane, who offered to overnight the entire collection to me. In his e-mail, he included one of the photos, and I was amazed to see the above image of my Grandmother Mattie's entire family. This was totally new to me, and it brought tears to my eyes. The next morning a box arrived containing hundreds of photos from our family. The question now was to find out how these photos ended up in a house in South Carolina. It didn't take me long to realize that most of the pictures were of my Aunt Margaret's family. She was my dad's youngest sister who passed in 1998. Also in the box were albums that had belonged to my grandmother.



Lizzie Campbell 1876



Lizzie Campbell Locke

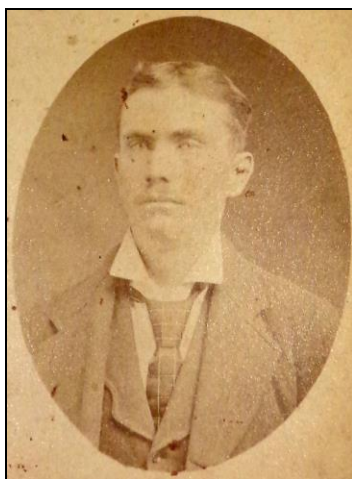


Furman, Mattie, Sadie, Mamie



Mattie Locke 1896

When my Aunt Margaret passed in 1998, her house in Charlotte was sold, and most of her belongings went to her youngest son, Jeff, who had been living with her. He bought a house in Richburg, South Carolina, and lived there until last year. This is the house that Mr. Lane was paid to clean out. Jan told me that he found the box of photos on a shelf in a bedroom closet, and the top photo was of a little boy and the Easter Bunny. It grabbed his heartstrings, and he couldn't throw it away with everything else. It sat in his house for over a year until he was looking for Christmas boxes, and rediscovered it. Without the kind action by this Good Samaritan, all of the priceless photos that follow would have been lost forever. Included in the collection are early images of my great-grandparents and their children and grandchildren. Also in the box were albums from my grandmother Helms, with one-of-a-kind photos of her children and my grandfather Helms' family. I had seen none of these photos before now.



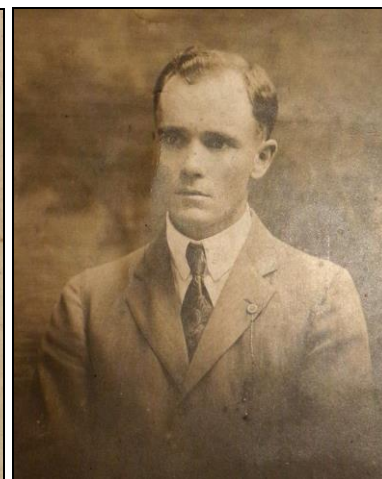
Absalom Lewis Locke 1880



Bea Locke Ballard 4 Years



Great Uncle Fulton Helms



Great Uncle Edd Helms



Left to right: Henry Helms, oldest brother to Lonnie, Fulton, Edd, and Raymond. Jay, son of Raymond. Nell, daughter of Fulton. Edd Helms, Jr. Harold Helms, third son of Mattie and Lon, 1913. Nora Etta, daughter of Harold. Helen and Kelly Helms, son of Mattie and Lon.
My Grandpa Helms came from a large family of nine boys and one girl. Lex and Fulton moved to Hope, Arkansas, and Edd moved to Brownsville, Texas. Nephew Jay went to Rockingham and owned a jewelry store there.



Left to right: Washington Locke, Robbie Carter and mother Cordie Locke Carter, Furman Locke, Sr. and wife Sue Winchester, William Jaspas Campbell and wife Sally, Lizzie Locke's uncle, born in 1851. He was only six years older than his niece.



Left to right: Lizzie with daughter Mattie and Mattie's daughter Mae with her oldest son, Glenn. Sadie, Walston, Mamie, Mattie, and Lizzie. Mamie, Mattie, Sue, Ruth, Sadie, and Lizzie. Mattie in 1940.



Left to right: Walston, Lonnie, and Oscar Winchester. Mattie and Lon in 1939. Lizzie with Oscar and Sadie Locke Winchester, Sue Winchester Locke, Mamie Locke Boyce, Furman Locke, Mattie and Lon Helms. Sarah Elizabeth "Lizzie" Locke passed in 1942 in Waxhaw, North Carolina. Before she died, she had remarried to Simon D. Rogers of Lancaster, South Carolina, and they lived in Waxhaw at her home. She is buried beside her husband, Absalom Lewis Locke.

The Children of Mamie Locke Boyce



Wilson and Neal



Neal



Wilson, Neal, and Osborne



Sadie Hope and Helen



Left to right: Mamie's daughter Mary, Mary with Glenn Howell and a friend, Osborne with wife and daughter, with Mattie seated in middle, and Mae Helms Howell's younger son, Ray, seated.

The Family of Walston Levi Locke



Left to right: Walston and wife Ruth with Walston, Jr., Buddy, and Marie. Walston with Buddy. Ruth and Walston. Marie, Buddy, Margaret Helms, and Walston, Jr. The family lived in Washington, D.C.



Marie and Ruth



Marie



Buddy



Walston in World War I

Grandma Locke with Grandchildren and Great Grandchildren



I'll need help on this one. The year is 1935/36. Grandma Locke is holding Ray Howell on her lap, and Ray's brother, Glenn, is standing on her left. Ray and Glenn's mom, Mae Helms Howell is standing directly behind her, and Mae's sister, Margaret, is standing to Mae's left. Oscar Winchester is in the rear left center, and my dad, Buddy Helms, is to his right. Grandpa Lon is in the back row on the left side of that tall guy. I think that is Charlie Winchester in the last row to the far right, and I think the young man on his right is his brother, Orrin. Locke Boyce is behind the dog, and Irma Locke is to his left. Helen Boyce is the little girl in the arms of her sister, Mary. Osborne Boyce is in the upper left next to the woman in the striped dress. It might be Arnold Locke to his left. Most of the kids seem very interested in the dog. If you recognize people in this photo, please let me know by writing me at MOUNTAINVANN@GMAIL.COM.

Margaret Helms, youngest daughter of Mattie Locke



1928 Age 6



1934 Age 12



Graduation 1939-40



1945

The Family of Buck and Margaret Helms McAuley



Buck and Margaret McAuley with Susan, Butch, and Betty



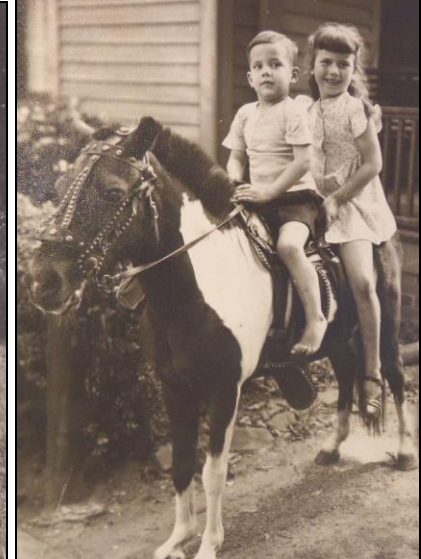
Margaret with Butch, Betty, and Susan 1950 Charlotte



Betty and Butch prepare for Susan's arrival 1949



Mom with Mattie, Butch, Betty 1946



Butch and Betty 1948



Susan 1949



Mattie and Butch



Betty 1942



Butch and Betty 1946



Butch 1948

Mattie Locke Helms at Kure Beach, North Carolina

In 1945, Mattie made a major life change when she bought an old two story house with a four room cottage on the ocean in Kure Beach, North Carolina, southeast of Wilmington. The war was over, and a long ocean fishing pier was within walking distance. After a lifetime of running boarding and rooming houses in Monroe and Charlotte, she wanted something different. Renting rooms by the day to fishermen and beach tourist would be her future. She was still there when she passed in 1965. The following photos were also in the Jan Lane collection, and had not been seen before.



The photo on the left is the earliest known image of the beach house. On the right, this family was one of Mattie's first customers. The rooms went for \$2.00 a night, and the cottage for \$4.00.



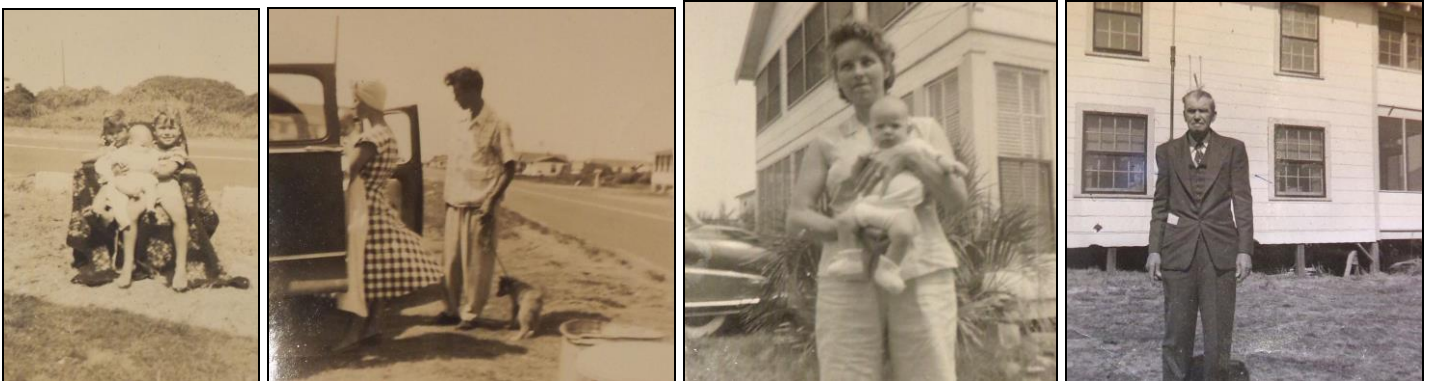
The fishing was good, and she and Grandpa stayed at the Beach from April until November.



On the left is my grandfather sitting on the porch with tourist. This is the only photo showing the missing little finger on his right hand. He lost it in a sawmill accident years earlier. The next photo is of Mattie and Lon with Lon's brother, Edd. Next is Edd and wife Pearl. The right image is of Grandpa's brother, John, Grandma, and Pearl, having dinner in the cottage.



Grandma loved to fish. She extended the back of the house to make a larger room to rent and a back porch. She built a flat roof cottage between the house and the original cottage, and added a third cottage across the road in 1954, along with a storage building. Hurricane damage is shown in the center photo. On the right, Grandpa sits in the front living room with butch on the sofa in 1951. This is the only known photo of the inside of the house. I remember the knotty pine walls in all the rooms. Grandma made the cover on the couch, which appears again in the photo below, taken in front of the house.



On the left is the only photo of me and my brother Eddie and infant sister, Nancy, that was in the collection. Next is my mother, Virginia, on the same day, holding my sister, while my dad loads up the Hudson for the trip back to Charlotte. Next is my Mom with my kid brother, Wade, in 1957, and Grandpa in his last known photo in 1960.



On the left is what might be the last photo ever taken of the old Beach house. Notice the covered porch Grandma added in 1953. Shortly after this photo was taken, the house was sold, and demolished, to make way for a new two story motel. Even the “new” cottage across the road was demolished three years ago to make way for a three story condo. Everything is gone, but the memories can never be erased.

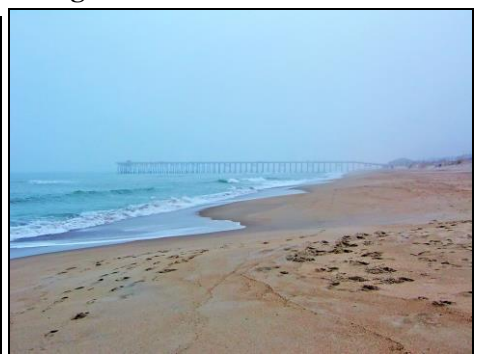
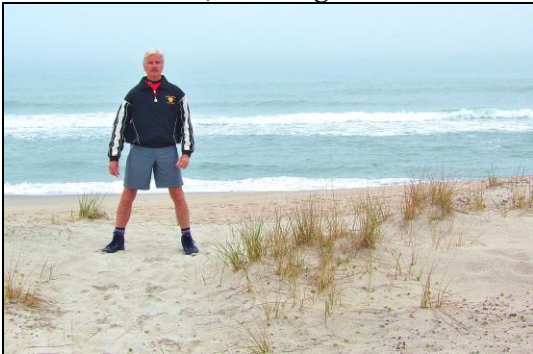
We owe a debt of gratitude to Jan Lane who did a wonderful thing. Because of him, all of these memories were saved for future generations.

Kure Beach Today

Last March, I returned to Kure Beach after 49 years. I thought you might get a kick out of these new photos after seeing the old ones. Everything has changed, but the smell of the salt air is the same, and when I stood on the beach behind the place where Grandma’s house was located, and looked south toward the fishing pier, the feeling was the same, even after all these years. I even collected seashells to give to my brothers and sister.



The left photo shows the new motel where the old house once stood. The middle photo is the view from where the old house stood, showing the new three story condo that replaced Grandma’s cottage.



The Beach is eternal. It looks, sounds, and smells, like the beach I remember as a small boy. Modern homes now line the upper dunes, and a new pier replaced the one swept away by one of many hurricanes. Thomas Wolfe said that “You can’t go home again.”, but I beg to differ. Some things just don’t change.



Visiting with the Boyce Sisters

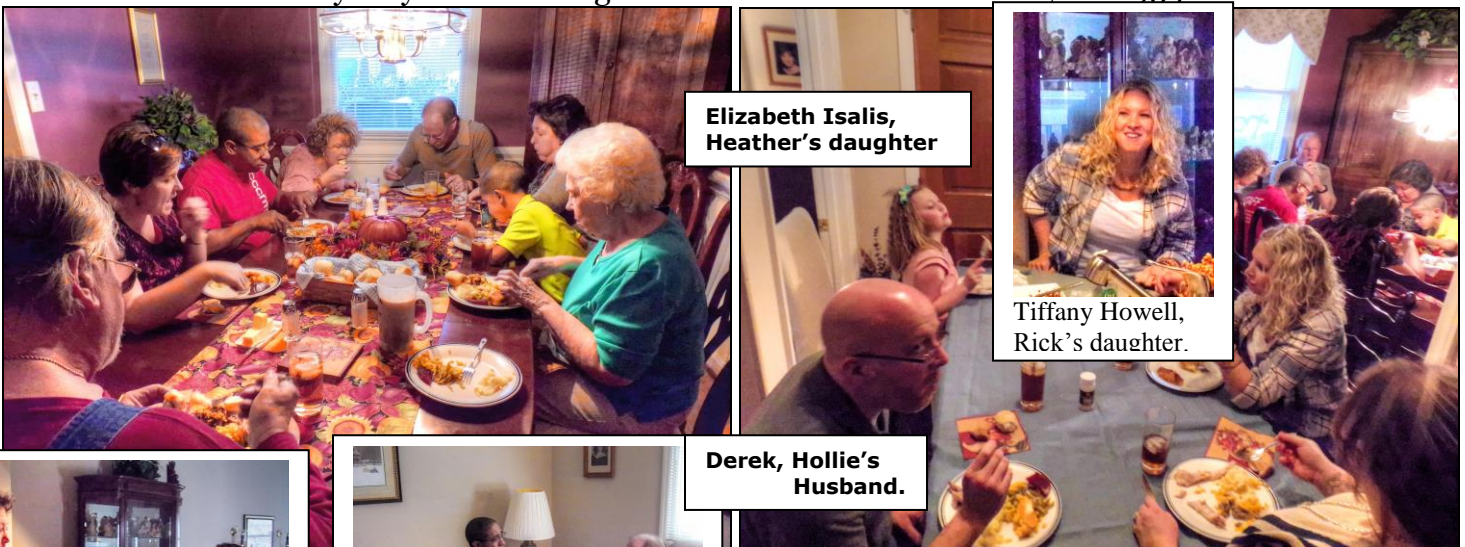
In September, Jimmy Hendrix, the only child of Helen Boyce Hendrix, passed away after a long battle with cancer. He was only fifty-three years old. Learning of this sad event, I called Helen, and she invited me to her home in Monroe. I asked Gladys Howell, widow to my cousin Glenn, if she would go with me. Upon arriving at Helen's, we also found her younger sister, Sadie Hope, visiting with Helen. The funeral had only been two weeks before, and Hope had been staying with her sister almost constantly. They had graciously prepared some lunch, and we sat down at the table to talk, and remember.



That's Hope and Helen on the left in 1937. Helen. Hope. The wedding of Helen's late son, Jimmy, a few years ago. That's Ernestine and Locke Boyce on the left, with Helen and Hope. There was a Boyce reunion on November 2nd in Monroe, and I regret that I could not find the church, and missed it. The mother of Helen, Hope, and Locke, was Mamie Locke Boyce, daughter of Absalom and Lizzie.

Thanksgiving with the Glenn Howell Family

I had the pleasure of being invited to dinner with my late cousin Glenn Howell's family in Cornelius, North Carolina. Glenn was the elder son of Mae Helms Howell, who was the oldest child of Lonnie and Mattie Locke Helms. My very first wedding was when Glenn married Gladys in 1954.



**Elizabeth Isalis,
Heather's daughter**

**Tiffany Howell,
Rick's daughter.**

**Derek, Hollie's
Husband.**

Upper left photo: Son, Pat, with daughter, Heather, her Husband, Ray, Rick's wife, Sherrie, son Rick, Pat's wife, Kathy, Ray and Heather's son, Ethan, and Grandma Gladys, who made a great meal.

Kathy, Tiffany, and Hollie

Ray Isalis and Rick Howell

Christmas in Ft. Lauderdale with my Helms Family

Driving from the mountains to South Florida is always an adventure. Christmas breakfast of Lox and Bagels at the home of my brother, Wade, and his wife, Vicki, is a family tradition.



**Eric Scott Helms
11 month old G-son
Of Vicki and Wade**

Left to right: Wade, Vicki, Vicki's parents Corrine and Al, Wade and Vicki's son Matthew and his friend Shaina.



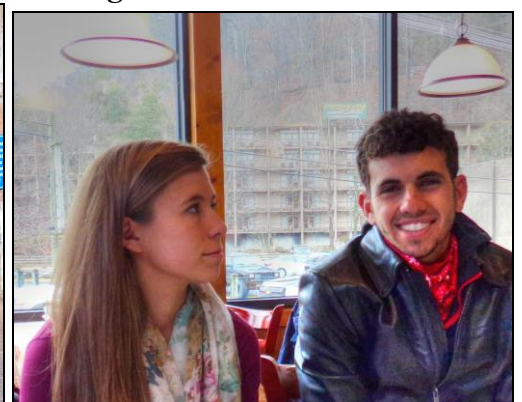
That's my brother Eddie with his seven month old granddaughter, Madison. Next is me with Madison, and last is Eddie with 2 ½ year old granddaughter, Delaney. Delaney and Madison are the daughters to Eddie's younger daughter, Sherrie and her husband Mark Kukulski. Mark has recently become the president of Wyndham Hotels, and the family has relocated from Ft. Lauderdale to Parsipany, New Jersey. Good thing there is good air service to Newark.



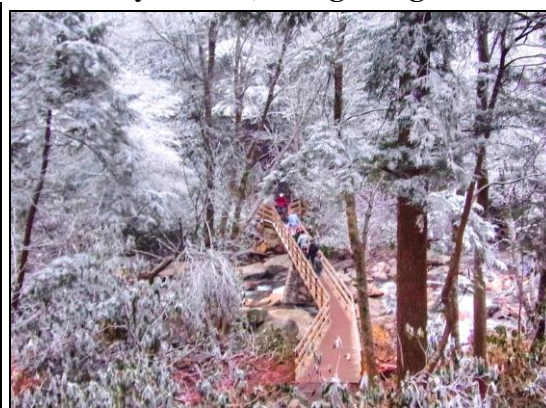
This is my brother Eddie's home on the New River in Ft. Lauderdale, where he lives with his wife, Carol Berry Helms. I had the pleasure of spending a night with them. A 500 pound Manatee surfaced next to the dock as we sat and talked.

Spending New Year's in the Mountains

When I drove back to the mountains after Christmas, my brother Wade, his wife Vicki, their son Matt, and his girlfriend Shaina, flew to Asheville so we could spend New Years together and see snow.



That's me with Shaina, Vicki, Matt, and Wade on my deck near Lake Lure. We spent New Year's Eve in Gatlinburg, center. Matt is the grandson of Buddy Helms, and great grandson of Mattie Locke Helms.



Snow fell in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, and Matt and Shaina were in awe. We went to ski at Cataloochee Ski Mountain in Maggie Valley, North Carolina. We went to the Biltmore House in Asheville for a Candlelight evening.

A Fall Wedding in the North Carolina Mountains

On October 25th, I drove down to Tryon, North Carolina, just north of the South Carolina border for a very special wedding. It was held at the new home of Fred and Pam Herres. Fred is the son of Marie Locke Herres, who was the daughter of Walston Levi Locke. Last year Fred retired from True Value Hardware in Atlanta, and moved to Tryon to begin his retirement. Pam retired from teaching.



They completely remodeled the 1950's era house. It sits atop a high ridge with amazing views in every direction. The ceremony was held in their front yard, right, with the Blue Ridge Mountains as a backdrop. Their daughter, Erin, married Michael Whitney, and the traditional Jewish ceremony was officiated by Michael's grandfather. The happy couple will live in Woodstock, Georgia.

The Passing of Olathe Maretta Harris

When Robert Owen Thompson was born in 1880 to Benjamin McCullough Locke and a black cook, he was given the cook's last name, and had it not been for a benevolent half-brother, he might never have been aware of his Locke heritage. Burnice Harris, one of Owen's grandsons, has made sure that his Locke connection is known, and passed on to his children. One of his daughters, Olathe, died suddenly on October 14th in Toledo, Ohio. She was only thirty-seven years old, but was born with a bad heart that finally gave out. In her short life, she had three children. A son had passed as an infant, but she raised another son, Kierre Rayford, who is now 18, and a daughter, Essence Rayford, who is now 17. In addition to her children, she is survived by her loving parents, Burnice and Linda Harris, of Mobile. Our sympathies go out to the extended Harris family at their loss.



Olathe Harris



Olathe



Sons of Robert Owen Thompson, Plummer, Owen, Robert, and Calvin

Winter in the North Carolina Mountains

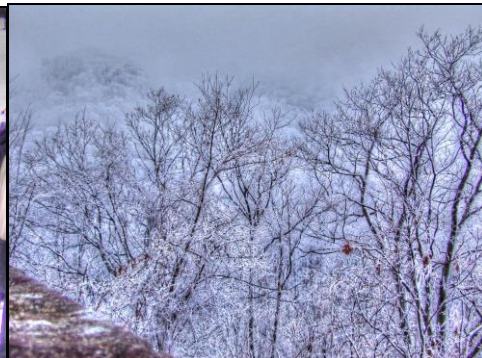
These are a few of the photographs I have made over the last few weeks.



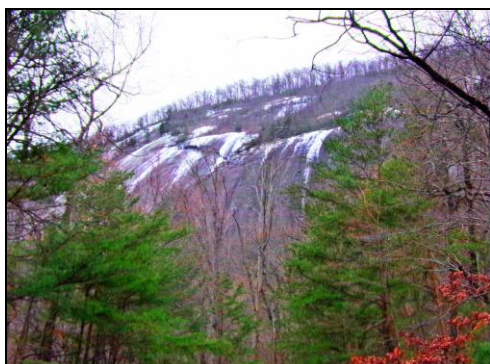
Grandfather Mountain



Nephew Matt Helms at Cataloochee



Great Smoky Mountains



Rumbling Bald Mountain Jan. 11th



Mt. Shumont Jan. 10th



Frozen Otter Pond Jan. 11th



Otter Pond at Sunrise Jan. 11



Along the bank of Otter Pond



My house at Christmas

Locke Reunion is only Seven Months Away

Mark your calendars for Saturday, August 8th. We'll once again gather at Landsford Canal State Park east of Chester, South Carolina. Using the historic log cabin as our base was such a success that we'll be reserving it again. If early interest is any indication, this reunion will be even bigger than last year. If you plan to fly in, the Charlotte airport is the closest destination. Start contacting your family members now so that no one will be left out. We plan to make it an all day affair.

I'm sure you noticed that this issue was filled with photos about the Absalom Locke family, but if you will send me your own photo treasures, I'll make sure future newsletters are as inclusive as possible. MOUNTAINVANN@GMAIL.COM