

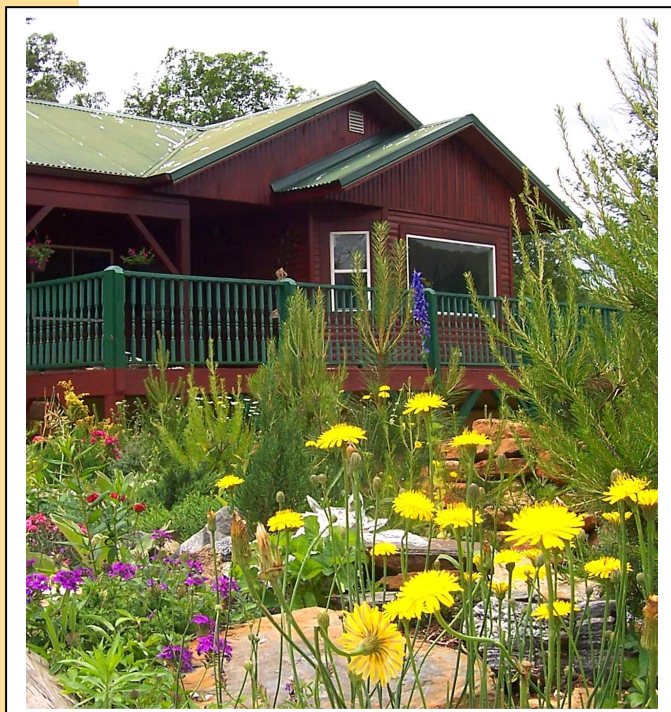
The Locke Family Newsletter

Publisher Vann Helms

Volume Number 6

Issue Number 3

June, 2011



Reunion is August 13

Start dusting off those old **Locke** recipes, and digging out that old **Tupperware** that you thought you would never use again. Pull out those old photos of Great-grandma Locke, and those ancient letters from Grandpa Ferguson when he was in **World War I**, and bring them all to Vann's house near **Lake Lure** the weekend of **August 12th and 13th**, for the biggest round of "**Show-and-Tell**" you're gonna have all year long. Be here on Friday afternoon for the pontoon boat ride on spectacular **Lake Lure**, and then for the incredible dinner at **The Rumbling Bald Resort's Lakeview Restaurant**. Check out this video.... <http://youtu.be/0a9a8Bb7FdY>

let him know if you intend to be here for the boat tour and Friday dinner. The price of the boat is \$15 a person, and each boat carries fourteen people. They have two boats. Detailed directions and two maps are on the last page of this newsletter. Even if you've been to **Lake Lure** before, you haven't seen it until you experience its tranquility from one of these slow moving craft. We'll make sure the captain takes us to the **Dirty Dancing** cove where that famous scene was filmed.

E-mail Vann at Mountainvann@gmail.com to



Last year we had more food that we could eat. This year, make sure you have a travel container that will let you take food back to the rest of the family that couldn't join us. Let's hope that Cindy and Bill are back with their Locke "**Low Country Boil**". Mmmmm good! Be at Otter Creek by 11 a.m., and we'll eat by 1. It's only a two hour drive from Charlotte and Rock Hill. Bring the younger ones. There's lots to explore in "these here" mountains.

Joseph Wofford Locke, Sr.

You'll recall the article last year about the young sailor who enlisted at the end of *World War II*, and ended up on a ship that was part of the atomic bomb testing in the *South Pacific*. That sailor was an under aged **Wofford Locke**, and on May 4th, at the young age of 85, **Wofford** lost his final battle, and joined his loving wife **Betty**, and so many other **Lockes** and **Woffords** in that eternal sleep of *Heaven*.

Wofford was the son of **Joseph Green Locke** (bn. 1894), and **Leila Merle Wofford** (Bn. 1901) of *Spartanburg*, and grandson of **Henry Jefferson** and **Margaret "Annie" Simpson Locke** of *Chester County, South Carolina*. **Henry's** father was **Josiah Henry Locke**, who died in the *Civil War* near *Petersburg, Virginia*. He descends from **Josias Lock** through his son, **Benjamin**, all of *Chester County*.

Wofford is survived by his daughter, **Alice Elizabeth DeLamar**, her husband, **Jacob Thomas**, their children, **Benjamin** and **Christina**, and their grandchildren, **Mykayla** and **Brentley Thomas**. He is also survived by his son, **Joseph Wofford Locke, Jr.**, Joey's wife **Debra**, their daughter, **Jordan**, and their son, **Daniel**. It's interesting to note that when the genes for height were passed out, **Wofford** inherited them all. He was in excess of six feet and four inches, as are his son, **Joey**, and his grandson, **Daniel**. His daughter, **Alice**, and granddaughter, **Jordan** are also tall. The funeral was well attended in *Spartanburg*. **Wofford** was a respected *CPA*, and had many friends and business associates.



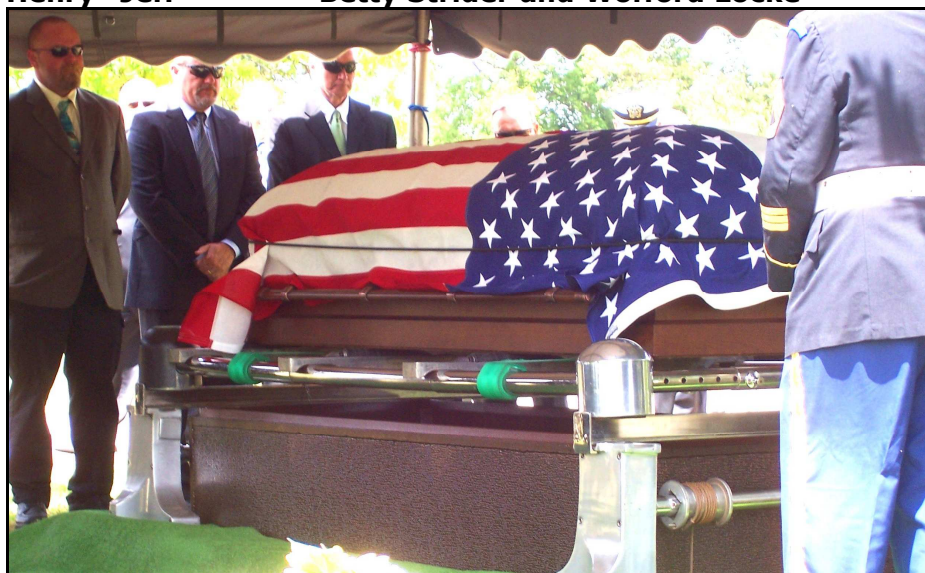
Henry "Jeff"



Betty Strider and Wofford Locke



Wofford's family in 1999



Wofford was buried with full military honors...



Daniel and Jordan...



Wofford served in the U. S. Navy during World War II and the years that followed...



Grandson Daniel



Daughter Alice with Christina



Locke Family Gallery



Locke Reunion Catawba Baptist Church 1997



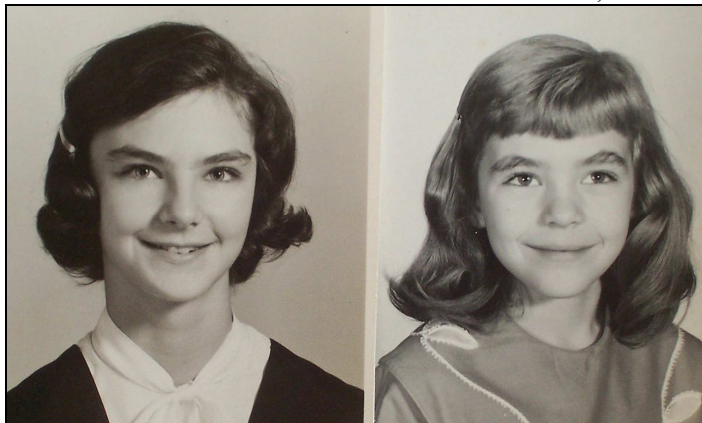
Harold Wilson Helms, son of
Mattie Locke Helms 1943



Don and Ron Locke with mother Nancy
Rock Hill, South Carolina 1970



Margaret Helms, daughter of Mattie
Locke Helms 1940



Kay and Kim Locke 1965
Daughters of Furman and Mabel Dover Locke

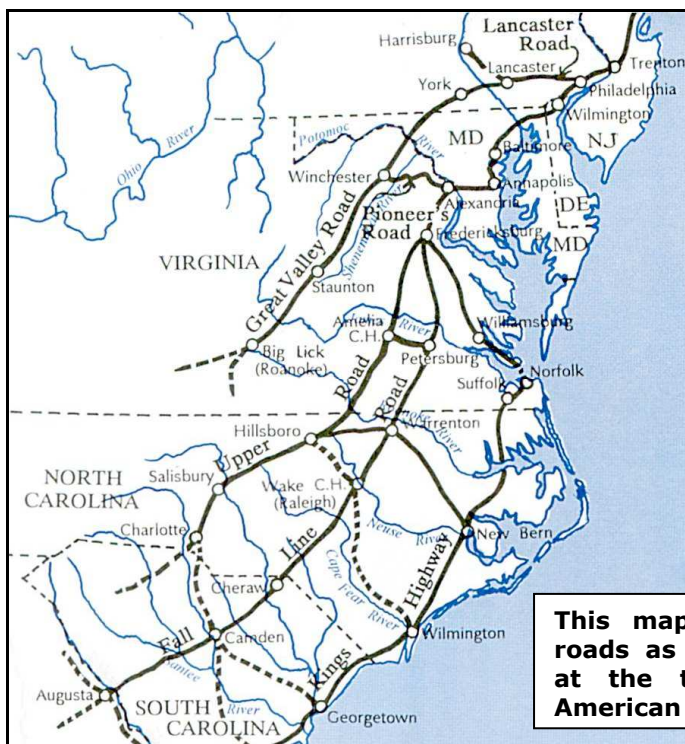


Home place of Mamie Locke and Hugh Boyce
located between Waxhaw and Monroe, N.C.

The Great Philadelphia Wagon Road

The Great Philadelphia Wagon Road is the story of the Scots-Irish settlement in America. North America remained a green wilderness for nearly 150 years. There were only trails cut thorough the forest which spread from New Hampshire to Georgia. The Appalachian Mountains were a stern barrier between the Atlantic and the unknown interior of the continent. The settlers moved inland, and followed paths that the Indians had hunted and traded. Many of these trails were worn down by the buffalo that once roamed the uplands in search for food. These paths followed valleys and river shores, and extended southward to the Carolinas. This movement of families, individuals and communities from one place to another has been the shaping of history.

In these eighteenth century migrations, few trails in America were more important than the Indian route, which extended east of the Appalachians from Pennsylvania to Georgia. This Ancient Warriors Path had long been used by the Iroquois tribesmen of the north to come to the south and trade or to make war in Virginia and the Carolinas. By a series of treaties with the powerful Five Nations of the Iroquois, the English acquired the use of the Warriors Path. After 1744 they took over the land itself. The growth of the route into the principal highway of the colonial back country is important in the development of the nation. Over this vast wagon road came the English, the Scots-Irish and the German settlers to claim land. The Great Warriors Path led from the Iroquois Confederacy around the Great Lakes through what later became Lancaster and to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to York, to Gettysburg, into western Maryland around what is now known as Hagerstown, across the Potomac River at Evan Watkins Ferry following the narrow path across the "back country" or "up country" or "Piedmont" to Winchester through the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia to Harrisburg, Staunton, Lexington, Roanoke, to Salem, North Carolina, to Salisbury, where it was joined by the east-west Catawba and Cherokee Indian Trading Path at the Trading Ford across the Yadkin River, in Rowan, North Carolina, thence to Charlotte, to Chesterville (Chester), South Carolina, where it branched to take two routes to Augusta, and Savannah, Georgia.



By the 1730's, land around the Lancaster, PA area was becoming expensive, so new Scots Irish emigrating to Pennsylvania and also children of original Scots Irish and German settlers, found it more economically sound to venture further to the south and west. They travelled what became known as ***The Great Philadelphia Wagon Road***. This trek originated in Philadelphia and went as far south as South Carolina.

This map shows the roads as they existed at the time of the American Revolution.

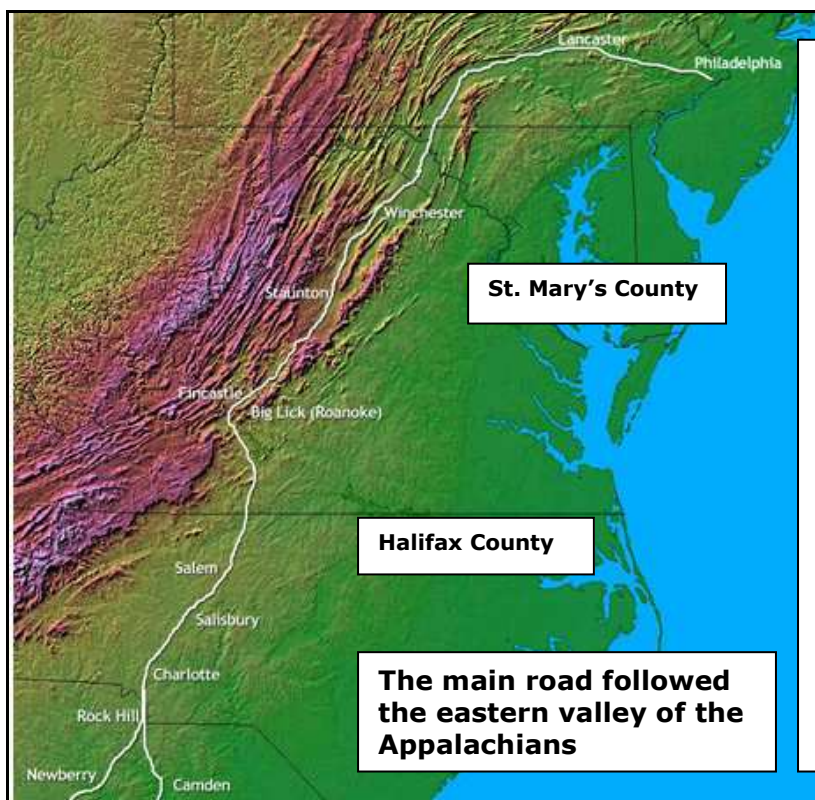


It took a different kind of settler, someone who had cut his ties altogether, someone who didn't really have all that much to lose, to look west at a wilderness and there see something more than raw materials ready for exploitation. It took folks like the Germans and the Scots Irish to put their backs to the ocean and see home in front of them. Escaping devastating wars, religious persecution, economic disasters, and all of those other things that still cause people to come to these shores, the Scots Irish and the Germans had no intention of returning to their native lands. They were here to stay. They didn't look east but to the south and west, toward land. They didn't see wolves and Indians. They saw opportunities. And as different as the Germans and the Scots Irish were, they had what it took to flourish in the backcountry. Not possessions that could be lost in the fording of a river, not personal contacts and the sponsorship of powerful men, but rough and tumble ability and a heavy streak of stubbornness. They knew slash and agriculture, they knew pigs, they could hunt and forage, and they knew hard work. They built their cabins the exact same way. And eventually, they traveled together in that same heavy stream southward along the ***Great Pennsylvania Wagon Road***.

An ancient Indian trading route was retraced by eighteenth century colonists traveling south from Pennsylvania. The path, which became the Great Wagon Road, was heavily used by settlers, Indian traders, soldiers, and missionaries. Such deep ruts were cut into the ground that remnants still survive. The Great Wagon Road has been called the most heavily traveled road in colonial America, with southbound traffic estimated in the tens of thousands. It was used extensively during the French and Indian War and the American Revolution, with a number of battles or skirmishes occurring near the route. The corridor was also traveled by frontiersmen such as Daniel Boone and David Crockett. The Great Wagon Road was a principal artery during America's formative years, so the history of the route is closely tied to that of the nation and its first frontiers.



Stretched from Pennsylvania to Georgia were endless farms, punctuated by an occasional fort, tavern, or village. By 1765 the Wagon Road was cleared for horse drawn vehicles. To maintain the road, county courts appointed overseers and viewers, who were responsible for keeping up with the segments of the road at the county expense. Packhorse trains vied with wagons as carriers of the frontier's goods. A rider on the lead horse lead as many as twelve horses in procession, the belled bridle of each being attached to the saddle of the preceding horse, and each horse equipped to carry up to six hundred pounds. Besides wagoneers and packhorse drivers, the Great Wagon Road was swamped in the summer with drovers that smelled like a barnyard, leading and driving livestock to market, aided by shepherd dogs. Entire families rode horseback along the road to settle a new farm or found a new church. ***The Great Philadelphia Wagon Road*** grew larger and longer, and so did the ***Conestoga*** (named for a town outside of Philadelphia) wagon, ultimately reaching the length of twenty-six feet and a height of eleven feet. In the early days the Wagon Road was the market for livestock; however the growth of the market towns in Virginia and in the Carolinas gradually diminished the drover's journeys to the "*City of Brotherly Love*". The towns that had been way stations for travelers became trading centers; Lancaster, Winchester, Salisbury, and Camden.



From *Salem*, the land was rolling hills, open prairie and more virgin forest. On some days when the weather was good and the land firm and packed, they could make twenty miles. On other days, when it rained, it was possible to sink the wheels up to the axels in the sucking red Carolina mud, and not make three miles. And finally after much determination, the Catawba River was reached. Their last major obstacle, this river was full of huge boulders and sharp angled rocks. It looked almost, as if God had taken a handful of these boulders and tossed them to where they then lay. Added to the boulders was the green slippery moss that seemed to grow on every stone. With the oxen's steady step and with everyone in the family helping push the wagon over the sharp stones, they finally forded their last river. Soon, they occupied their new land.

When **James** and **John Lock** left their *St. Mary's County, Maryland*, home in the late 1760's, they would have traveled west to *Fredricksburg, Virginia*, then south, over the *James River*, and into *Halifax County, North Carolina*. Their father, **James Hulse Lock**, would accompany them. Thirty five years later, James' two sons, **William** and **Josias**, made the decision to take the eastern *Great Philadelphia Wagon Road* south to *Salisbury*, and on into *Chester County, South Carolina*. Salisbury was for twenty-three years the farthest west county seat in the colonies. Through this outpost the wagon road ran, and on that road the immigrants continued to travel even after the area was settled. Governor Tryon wrote to England that more than a thousand wagons passed through Salisbury in the fall and winter of 1765. That works out to about six immigrant wagons per day. The **Lockes** would be among tens of thousands of colonists who would brave the rigors of this difficult highway seeking cheap southern land. Like many colonial roads, most of the *Great Philadelphia Wagon Road* was little more than a wide dirt path. Travel was slow. Rain storms made the road almost impassable. The trip took a minimum of two months. Wagons broke down, rivers flooded, supplies gave out, and there was sickness but no doctors. Wagons were repaired, floods ceded, the wilderness supplied, and the sick were buried or just stumbled on. *This was the first great interior migration in our nation's history.*



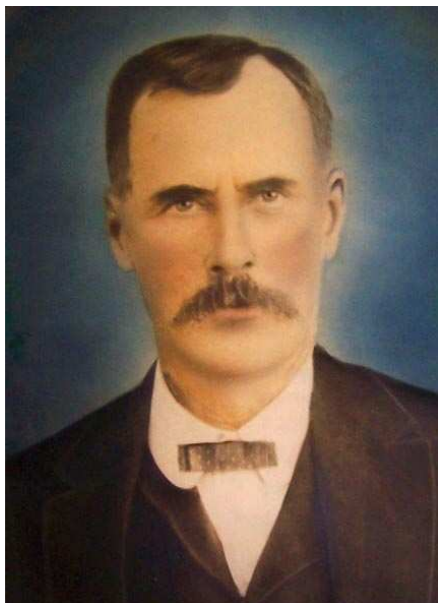
Two hundred fifty years ago our Scotch-Irish ancestors traveling the great wagon road from Philadelphia stopped at the crossroads of two ancient Native American trading paths just east of the *Catawba River*. There they built a settlement. As friends and neighbors joined them, the community grew. In 1768 the town was incorporated and named *Charlotte* in honor of the wife of King George III, the reigning English monarch. Local citizens again honored the Queen when they named the new county *Mecklenburg* after her German homeland.

New Contact from a Shurley Family Descendant



In 1849, **Malinda Shurley** married **Levi Locke**. She was one of seven children of **Philemon** and **Lucretia Walston Shurley** of York County, South Carolina. Because of this ***Locke Family Newsletter***, a descendant of Malinda's sister, **Emaline**, has been in contact with **Vann Helms**. This is important because, before now, the Locke family had no leads on surviving members of the **Shurley** family. **Laura Mueller** has introduced her cousin, **Richard Ferguson**, to Vann, through e-mails, and a relationship has been established that will generate a great deal of information about both families. It seems that both **Laura** and **Richard** descend from **Adams Ferguson** and his wife **Elizabeth Finley**. It was **Benjamin J. Ferguson**, a grandson of Adams, who married **Emaline**. Richard actually found their burial place in ***Scott Cemetery*** in Walker County, Alabama, near the grave of Benjamin's father, **Joseph M. Ferguson**. But the story doesn't stop there. Malinda and Levi's oldest son, **John Calhoun Locke**, married **Nancy Ira Ferguson**, also a descendant of **Adams Ferguson**. This ties the **Ferguson** family to the **Lockes** and the **Shurleys** from two different directions. Nancy's father was named **Joseph L. Ferguson**, perhaps just a coincidence, but worthy of further investigation.

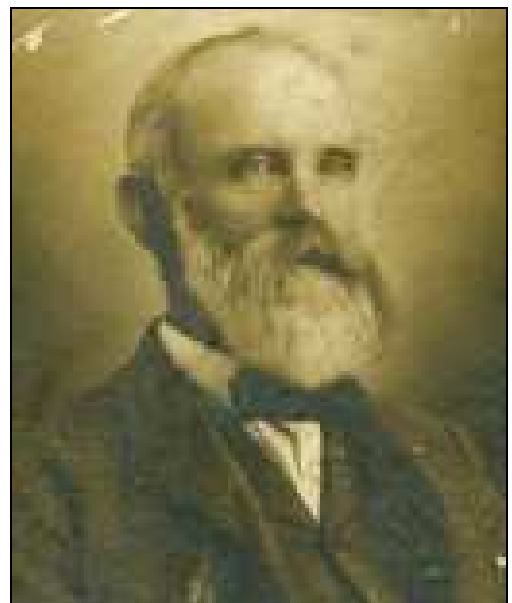
This is an important development for all of those family members who descend from the **John Calhoun Locke-Nancy Ira Ferguson** union. If you have an interest in learning more about Nancy's ancestors, this will be your chance. Richard has agreed to supply the entire Ferguson family tree for our research.



John Calhoun Locke



Nancy Ira Ferguson

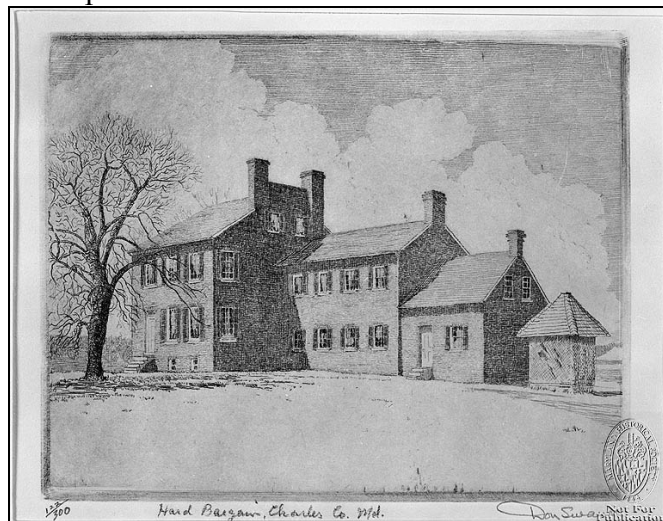
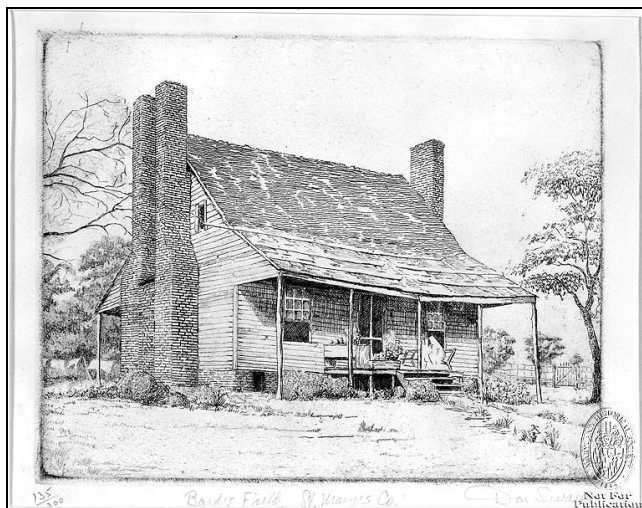


Joseph L. Ferguson

If you descend from Cordelia, William George, James Ira, Minnie Belle, or John Tillman Locke, this information might go a long way in completing your family trees on the Ferguson side. Everyone who descends from Malinda Shurley Locke will benefit from this new contact with Richard Ferguson.

St. Mary's County Houses

When **Philip and Mary Hulse Locke**, our direct ancestors, built their house on ***Hulston Plantation*** near the ***Patuxent River*** in colonial ***Maryland***, it might have looked something like these examples of 18th century ***St. Mary's County*** architecture. Only the large manor houses of that time were built of brick. Most other structures were made of wood with stone foundations and chimneys. Few of these houses survive today, but the ones that do give us a look into the past of our earliest American relatives.



Slave Records of Thaddeus Shurley

When **Thaddeus Shurley**, grandfather of **Malinda Shurley Locke**, died intestate (no will) in 1841, his estate records listed the slaves that he owned on his plantation in **York County, South Carolina**, near the **Nations Ford** of the **Catawba River**. In all, sixteen men, women, and children were shown along with their monetary value. This was a large number for that time. Just a few years later when his wife, Elizabeth, died, her estate listed the same individuals, but at an inflated value. Seldom do we have the opportunity to see so clearly into this institution that placed a monetary price on human beings. As a way to compare the value of these people versus other assets, a riding horse was valued at \$15, and a milk cow was valued at \$10. An entire 200 acre farm might only be valued at \$1,000. At that time, slave ownership was the most valued asset that a plantation owner could show. This is why the idea of emancipation without monetary restitution was so abhorrent to Southern landowners. Most of their wealth was in their slaves. They were willing to succeed from the Union, and fight a bloody **Civil War**, to preserve their tradition of slave ownership. Also, it was possible in those days for a slave to buy his freedom, and by placing the value so high, the prospect of that ever happening was remote.

Segroe Boy Sandy	8 00
Glazer	7 75
Sam	6 50
Tom	4 25
Phillis	4 00
Pat & Child	3 00
Eoster	5 25
Sarah	4 00
Moz	3 25
Jim & 2 Children	9 00
Hannah	3 12
Charlotte	2 75
Caroline	5 00
	<u>67 87</u>

Estate records of **Thaddeus Shurley** showing sixteen individuals. The parentage of the children is not shown.

Elizabeth Shurley	Boy George	9 00. 00
"	Girl & Two Children	9 05. 00
"	Boy Sandy	9 90. 00
"	" Sam	8 05. 00
"	Girl Pat & Child	8 05. 00
"	" Easter	6 20 00
"	" Sarah	4 55. 00
"	" Moz	4 10. 00
"	" Phillis	3 00. 00
"	Boy Tom	4 70. 00
"	Girl Hanna	3 65. 00
"	" Charlotte	2 70 00
"	" Caroline	1 50 00
"	Plantations	10 00 00
		<u>100 67 13 3/4</u>



In 1751 this map was drawn by Thomas Jeffers. As was the custom in those times, a prominent drawing of the daily life of the aristocracy graced the map. Notice the barefoot slave serving wine to one of the gentlemen. Also notice the barrels full of tobacco on the wharf. What appears to be an Indian is standing between the two men. One man has a hammer and wedge in hand, sealing a barrel. Another man is writing down the inventory of barrels. If you look to the second floor window of the warehouse, you'll see more barrels stored. Garlands of tobacco festoon the title plate scrollwork.

Locke Family News...

Helen Boyce Hendrix suffered a stroke in April, but she is recovering well.

I spoke with Marie Locke Herres last week and she sounded in good spirits, although weak. If you haven't had a chance, you might drop her a note or card just to let her know that she is in your prayers. mlockeh@yahoo.com

Please write to me with news of your family. Mountainvann@gmail.com Also, please download and print out this newsletter and pass it on to family members who don't use the internet.



From **Charlotte** take I-85 past Gastonia to US 74, and head toward **Shelby**. Go through Shelby toward Rutherfordton, and take **Exit 178**, which is **US 221** north. Go through **Rutherfordton**, and look for US 64/US 74-A, and head west toward **Lake Lure**. Go just past a Marathon gas station called **Green Hill**, and you will veer to your right onto **Cove Road**, which is also NC 1001. Go 8.6 miles, and you will come to **Bill's Creek Road** on your left, which is also NC 1008. Turn left and drive 7/10 of a mile, until you see **Otter Creek Road** on your right. Turn there, and drive around the hill, and you will see **Fibber Magee Drive** on your right. Turn there, and follow the signs to my house.



If you're driving on **I-40**, **Exit 85** at **Marion**, **US 221**, and head south for 3.7 miles. Just after a church on your left, you will make a right onto **Mud Cut Road**, and go about 3 miles until you run into NC 1001, at **Sugar Hill**. Make a left, and drive about five miles past **Whitehouse** (just a gas station) until you come to **Bill's Creek Road** on your right. Follow the above directions from there.

From **I-26**, exit at **Columbus**, and look for NC 108. Stay on 108 until you get to **Mill Spring**, then turn left onto NC 9, and drive 9 miles to **Lake Lure**. Make a right onto US 64/US 74 A, and drive about three miles until you find **Bill's Creek Road**, NC 1008, on your left. Go 8.4 miles to **Otter Creek Road**, and make a left. Follow signs to my house. Call me at 828-288-4142 if you need more directions.

If you prefer to use your GPS, you must enter the address of a single wide trailer located directly across from the entrance into Otter Creek Road. That address is 140 Bill's Creek Road, zip 28167. Follow signs from there. If you live north of Uptown Charlotte, your best bet is to take the I-77/I-40 route. No traffic lights all the way.

If you intend to fly in, Charlotte is the most economical airport, and is two hours away by car. Asheville airport is one hour away by car, but has fewer flight options. A list of hotel options will be sent in a separate e-mail. Three chain hotels are at I-40 and US 221, and are about twenty minutes away from the house. An RV Camping park has been built next door to my house (I'm NOT happy). Phone 828-286-9006.