

The Locke Family Newsletter

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A Celtic Music Virtuoso in our Locke Family



Ed Harris

John Calhoun Locke and his wife **Nancy Ferguson** had seven children. Their youngest daughters, **Virginia Hope**, and her twin sister, **Callie**, were born in 1887 in Lesslie, South Carolina. Callie passed as an infant, but “**Janie**”, as Virginia would be called, grew into a beautiful woman, and married **George William Culp** in 1908. Over the next twenty years, nine children would come from this match, with six of them giving Janie and George sixteen grandchildren.

The oldest daughter was **Frances Elizabeth Culp**, born in 1910, and she married **William Adolphus Byrd** in Lancaster, South Carolina, in 1930. They had four children, with the oldest daughter, **Frances Geneva “Fran”**, born in 1932. Fran would marry **Walter Edward Harris** in 1950, and they would raise five children in Opa Locka, Florida, a northern suburb of Miami. By an extreme coincidence, my mom and dad also moved to Opa Locka in the late 1950’s, and would raise four children there also. In an even more bizarre coincidence, the Harris family lived less than two miles from the Helms family, and we never knew each other. The oldest son, **Walter Edward Harris, Jr.**, called **Ed**, would go to school with my sister, **Nancy**, in junior and senior high, and would graduate a year apart. Ed’s younger sister, **Susan Marie**, would go through all twelve grades with my brother, **Wade**, who was a month younger than Susan. Wade remembers Susan very well.

From the time Ed was very small, Fran recognized that he had a very musical bent, and she used to sit with him at their old upright piano. Fran played by ear, but had a strong musical background from her dad, who used a pocket knife on a flat guitar, and played it like a Dobro. She bought him a Sears Roebuck guitar when he was just five, and tuned it from the piano the best she knew how. Ed loved to strum the guitar, but soon chose to play the trumpet, which he did into college, where he played in a jazz ensemble, and was first chair for four years in an orchestra. Ed always was drawn back to his guitar because he liked it so much.

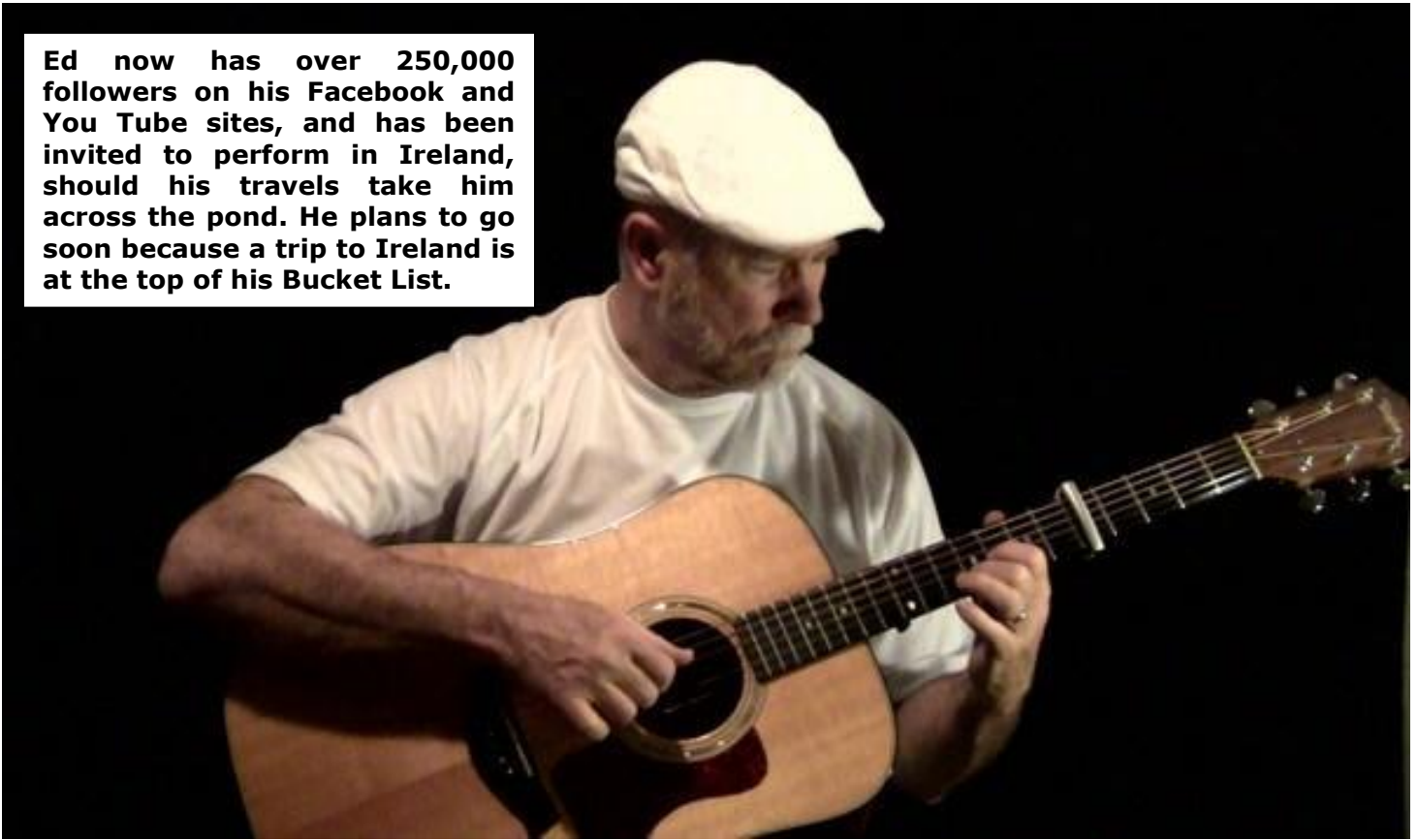


He liked James Taylor, Jim Croce, and John Denver in the 70's and '80's. He liked the work of Loggins and Messina, as well as Chet Atkins, Django Reinhardt, and Leo Kottke. Although he played electric, he always preferred acoustic, and studied classically for two years in Arizona under the tutelage of the legendary Jose Serrano, who played with Carlos Santana.

After his discharge from the Navy in 1979, He married Judy, and they moved back east to eastern North Carolina, where they formed a group called "*Timbercreek*" and became fixtures in the local music scene there. Judy was a strong vocalist, and they were fortunate to have teamed up with a wonderfully talented flat-picking guitarist in the area as well. They performed some pretty hot bluegrass fiddle tune standards, strong three-part harmony tunes, and the like. It was a great time. It was also during this time back in 1993, that Ed started taking up the fiddle, mandolin, and mandola, as his interest in Celtic music started to peak. The music was conducive to his Scots-Irish heritage, and he immediately connected with it. They formed the Celtic group, "St. Stephen's Green", which again proved popular within the community. Earlier, he and Judy had been part of a music society known as the "Fiddle and Bow", which was founded on the Celtic genre, so the connection was inevitable.

In 1999, after his daytime career took him and his family to upstate New York where he established himself as a Celtic musician, his oldest son, Chad, encouraged him to begin recording his music. Chad had become a first rate computer software engineer, and helped his dad to build a state of the art recording studio. *Harris Music Studios* was formed in 2006, and has become a sanctuary and creative space for Ed ever since. As fate would have it, an opening in Eastern North Carolina meant another career relocation, and Ed found himself back in the state that he loved, settling in the historic town of New Bern.

Ed now has over 250,000 followers on his Facebook and You Tube sites, and has been invited to perform in Ireland, should his travels take him across the pond. He plans to go soon because a trip to Ireland is at the top of his Bucket List.



Ed Harris video- Roy Ashby's/Buckney Burn

<https://youtu.be/iRIZt6v4o6E>



Presently, Ed is working on his 4th CD which is titled, "*The New Bern Seisiúns*" which he hopes to release very soon. It is his hope to gain an endorsement on the CD from one of the leading movers/shakers of the genre, and submit it for airplay on 60 radio stations in the **UK**. Conceptually, this release is a tribute to all the Celtic Session musicians who meet regularly to play set tunes in the tradition of the Irish Pub get-togethers.

You can view Ed's videos on his You Tube channel <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCMZhgiD4TfG9z82L3klq6yg>

You can also listen to his music at the *Reverbnation* website www.reverbnation.com/wedharris

A few years ago, *Reverbnation* ranked Ed #1 in North Carolina, #4 nationally, and #5 in the world in the Celtic music genre. I'd say that is pretty good praise for a Locke descendant who grew up in Opa Locka, Florida.

Elisabeth Hope “Betty” McAuley Allred

When Buck and Margaret Helms McAuley had their first child in Charlotte in 1942, they named her after her maternal great-grandmother and grandmother. Sarah Elisabeth “Lizzie” Campbell, and Mattie Hope Locke were both still alive at the time, and I’m sure they were pleased with having their names honored. “Betty”, as she would be called, was a beautiful baby.



This photo was made in 1950 in Oakhurst. Betty is on the far right, next to me. My dad, Buddy, is holding Susan and my brother, Eddie. Butch is at the lower left. We were very close as children growing up.

Over the next nine years, brother Butch, and sister, Susan, came along, and the family lived in the Fourth Ward district in Uptown Charlotte with Margaret’s mother and father, Mattie and Lon Helms, in a large two story house. In 1951, the family moved to a brick home in the Oakhurst section of Charlotte, and Betty would graduate from East Mecklenburg High, where she was chosen Homecoming Queen in 1960. In February, 1962, her brother, Jeff, was born, just as Betty was planning her wedding to Andrew “Andy” Price for the following June. In 1963, her first son was born, **Andrew Price, III.**, and she called him Drew. A few short years later, her second son was born, **Christopher Lane Price**, and she called him Lane.

The marriage ended in divorce when the boys were still small, and Betty raised her boys as a single mom. Andy was still a good dad, but Betty had the day to day responsibility of making sure her boys were dressed for school, and that dinner was on the table when she got home from work. She made certain that Drew and Lane had everything they needed to grow into the fine young men that they would become.

Along the way, Betty met Dale Allred from Lexington, North Carolina, and Dale and Betty would marry. Betty went to work for Eddie Smith at National Wholesale Company in Lexington. National had become a leading women's wear catalog house, and Betty was instrumental in that growth, helping to take the company onto the internet in 1995. She was well respected in the direct marketing world, and was a member of the National Association of Direct Marketing, and the New England Association of Direct Marketing, where she served as Treasurer. When she retired from National after twenty three years, she was Vice President of New Customer Acquisition. On a personal note, I was attending a Direct Marketing convention in Montreal in 1985, when suddenly this very attractive young lady stopped at my booth, just looking at me and smiling. Having not seen Betty for many years, it wasn't until I heard her distinctive voice and Southern accent that I recognized her as my cousin. We hugged, and sat together for quite a while, catching up on our careers. By now, she and Dale had built a beautiful home on a lake outside of Lexington, and Drew was in the Air Force in Europe, and Drew was at Appalachian State in Boone. Drew had married Michelle, and they gave Betty two wonderful granddaughters, Kendall and Mary Margaret, named for Betty's mom.

Betty and Dale would find the perfect piece of property in Valle Crucis, west of Boone, and they would build their dream home on a mountaintop facing Banner Elk. It was about this time that Betty was diagnosed with cancer, and would begin a fourteen year battle against the dreaded disease. She had great doctors, and the cancer went into remission, but over the years, it returned, and Betty would be part of an ongoing effort to find a cure. New chemo treatments would once again suppress the cancer, and Betty and Dale moved to the mountains permanently after she retired from National.

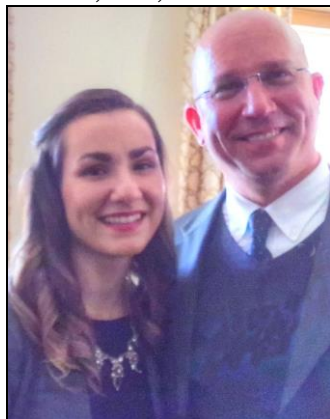
After moving to Valle Crucis, Betty found a position in the **Bob Timberlake Gallery** in Blowing Rock. She had always had an artistic side, and she began to make ceramics, and to paint. She also learned to play the Steel Drum, and was a founding member of a band called the **Bahama Mamas**. She was active in the First Baptist Church of Boone, and volunteered as a caregiver at a Boone nursing facility. When Betty lived in Lexington, she was a fund raiser for the Life Center of Davidson County and served as its president for two years.



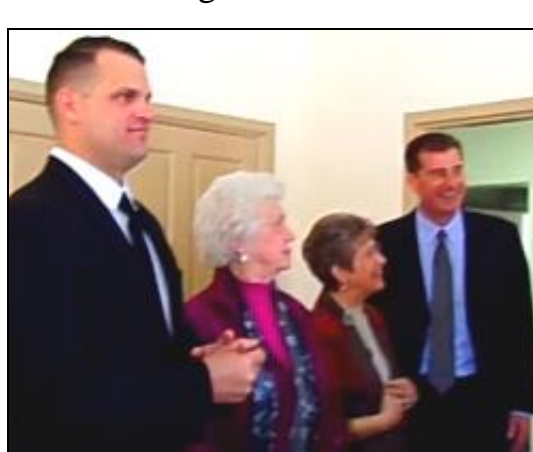
Betty and Dale in 2014

As the years passed, Betty continued her cancer treatments, and she never let the disease keep her from living a full life. She loved to fly fish, and she treasured her time with her two rescue dogs, Bogey, the Chocolate Lab, and Fosco, the smaller, but no less mischievous mutt. She enjoyed having family and friends in her home, and was an incredible Southern cook.

Late last summer, the cancer returned again, and it was back to the routine of regular trips to hospitals in Winston-Salem and in Durham, at Duke Cancer Center. But this time, no matter what the doctors tried to do, Betty's body just wasn't responding any longer, and in January, she was hospitalized again. Her amazing sense of humor managed to keep her family's spirits high, in spite of what she was facing. But she just couldn't hold on any longer, and on February 8th, just four days after her 74th birthday, in a Lexington hospice home, Betty quietly slipped away. Her funeral was a celebration of her incredible life. A Steel Drummer played on the "Pan" before and after her service. Friends and church members from Boone made the journey down the mountain, along with her pastor from First Baptist of Boone. The church in Lexington was full. Husband Dale, and sons Drew and Lane had remained by her side until the end, as had Drew's wife, Michelle, and their two daughters, Kendall with her husband, Kagen, and Mary Margaret. Sister Susan traveled from Florida with husband Paul, and her two grown children, daughter Spencer Putnam from Orlando, and son Taylor Putnam from Jacksonville. Brother Jeff came from Myrtle Beach. Along with yours truly, another cousin, Bo, came to Lexington.



Dale and Friends... Mary Margaret and Drew Kagen and Kendall Susan Papangelou



Jeff McAuley Spencer, Paul, Taylor Taylor, Gladys, son Lane Michelle, Drew's wife

The Family of Harold and Grace Caldwell Helms

This past Thanksgiving, a large portion of the descendants of Harold Helms and his wife Grace gathered at the home of Joe and Belinda Sisk Daniels Clay. Harold was the third born son of Lon and Mattie Locke Helms. Grace and Harold had three daughters. The oldest, **Hazel**, married Bud Brotherton, and had three children, Debra, Michael, and Donna. **Noretta** married Darias Turner, and had four children, Jackie and Johnny, Karen, and Jammie. The baby, **Martha**, married Clyde Sisk, and had three children, Belinda, Tony, and Terry.



On the far left is Joe Clay, Belinda's husband, with Belinda's son Matthew Daniels, and his wife, Tabitha. On the top row of the middle group is Adyson Sisk, granddaughter of Terry Sisk, who couldn't make it that day. Behind her is her mom, Joy Sisk Walter, Terry's daughter. Next is Morgan, holding her daughter, Eleanor, who is also the daughter of Jason Sisk, Martha Helms Sisk's son, who is hiding right behind them. In the white is Shelby Parker, daughter of Donna Brotherton Parker, then Richard Sisk, brother to Martha's late husband, Clyde Sisk. Next is Drew, the boyfriend of Shannon Brotherton, in red, who is the daughter of Michael Brotherton. Next is Tony Sisk and his wife Heather. Tony's dad, known as "Big Tony" Sisk, couldn't make it. Below Shelby is Tracy Brotherton Ginder, holding her daughter, Savannah. Tracy is Deborah Brotherton Fox's daughter. Next is Donna Brotherton Parker, daughter of Hazel Helms Brotherton. Next row down is Mason Lundsford, stepson to Matthew Daniels, then Tucker and J.D., Joy Walter's sons. Elijah Ginder is just above J.D. He is Tracy's son. Next is Belinda Sisk Daniels Clay, daughter of Martha Helms, with her grandson, Coleman Daniels, son of Jason, on her knee. Next to the pumpkin is Ryder Daniels, Jason's son, then Peyton Rawlins, with her head down, the daughter of Christy Turner Rawlins, Tullulah Daniels, Matthew's daughter, with her head down, then Tullulah Daniels, Matthew's daughter, in the pink bow. The top row of the group on the right is James with Clyde Sisk's sister, Diane. Behind her is Wendy Miller, girlfriend of Mike Brotherton, Hazel Helms Brotherton's son, who is standing next to her. The big guy is Ellis, brother to Clyde Sisk. Holding his grandson, Jase Rawlins, is Johnny Turner, son of Noretta Helms Turner. On the bottom row is Debra Brotherton Fox, daughter of Hazel Helms, then Christy Rawlins, daughter of Johnny Turner, then her mom, Wanda Turner. Missing is Johnny and Wanda's son, Chad, and family.



Belinda with baby Eleanor... (she looks like Martha)



Peyton and Tullulah...



Jase Rawlins...



Coleman Daniels...



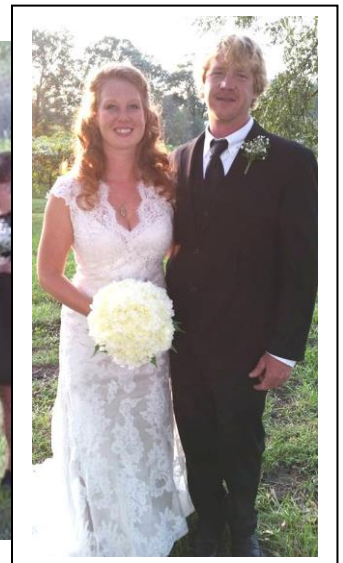
Tullulah Daniels...



Peyton, and Eleanor

Tony and Heather got Married...

Tony Sisk is the eldest of two sons of Martha Helms Sisk. In October, his son, also called Tony, married Heather, the love of his life.



Myrtle and Charlie Winchester Celebrate 75th Anniversary

Reprinted from The Matthews-Mint Hill Weekly Newspaper

A Love Story for the Ages

FEBRUARY 12, 2016 BY HANNAH CHRONIS

MATTHEWS – The year is 1940. Franklin D. Roosevelt becomes America’s 32nd president. Bugs Bunny makes his debut in “A Wild Hare.” Walt Disney releases his second full-length animated film, “Pinocchio.” It’s also the year Charles Winchester meets Myrtle Biggers.



The couple grew up just a few miles apart – Myrtle in Wesley Chapel off Beulah Church Road and Charles in Mineral Springs, near Pleasant Grove. They even played basketball against each other at school. But it wasn’t until a fateful Saturday night years later that their paths would intertwine.

Myrtle grew up with five sisters and five brothers. When the older siblings left and went to college, Myrtle's father decided to move the family closer to Charlotte, so they could live at home and help around the house.

Meanwhile, Charles's brother was raising a family in Union County. His 18-month-old suffered a severe asthma attack and was taken to the hospital in Charlotte, just down the street from Myrtle and her family. Because they had an extra bedroom, the Biggers offered up the room to Charles's brother and his wife so they could stay close to their daughter in the hospital.

"One Saturday night, Charles came by my house with his girlfriend to see his brother," Myrtle recalls. "That's the first time we met. That night, they started to leave. He walked his girlfriend out and shut the door. But I remember – he opened that door back up about a foot wide, looked me straight in the eye, then shut it again. The next day, he came back, but his girlfriend didn't."

After a few short weeks, Charles and Myrtle went on their first official date to the Dilworth Theater. Eleven months later, Charles brought the love of his life under a persimmon tree near his childhood home to ask for her hand in marriage.

"He asked me if my hand was cold," Myrtle said. "They were, so he told me to put my hand in his pocket. When I did, there was a ring box in it and that's when he proposed. I was so surprised but he had the whole thing planned out." The couple married on Feb. 8, 1941, just before Myrtle's 21st birthday. This year marks their 75th anniversary, and they've been inseparable year after year.



“We didn’t have any money, but we didn’t know that,” Myrtle said. “We just wanted to be married to each other.” The celebrations this month don’t stop with their anniversary, though. Charles will turn 97 years old on Feb. 23 and Myrtle will turn 96 on Feb. 29. Next weekend, they’ll have their entire family over to their home in Matthews to celebrate the milestones.

And it’ll be quite the celebration; the Winchesters raised four children of their own and have seven grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren, not to mention several cousins, nieces and nephews. The walls of their Courtney Lane home, where they’ve resided since 1971, are full of old black-and-white photos, memorabilia and treasures of a life well lived, a testament to the two things the Winchesters value most – love and family.

But as with any marriage, their 75-year journey hasn’t always been smooth sailing. The couple had only been married two years when Charles received his draft letter to serve his country in April 1943. He trained in Maryland for 30 days and then found out he would be stationed in Boston to wait for a ship to be commissioned. After going on a shakedown cruise, Charles and his unit left for Normandy. Back home, Myrtle started a job in a factory to help make tents for the servicemen. She worked second shift, since that’s when she missed her husband the most.

“We went over for D-Day,” Charles recalls. “After D-Day, we came back to take the President to the Yalta Conference aboard our ship. But each time we came back, I would try to see Myrtle.” Charles was in Tokyo Bay when Japan surrendered.

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to him, Myrtle was back home, pregnant with their first child. “There was a time when Charles was at port in Norfolk, Virginia,” Myrtle said. “I got aboard a train and went to see him. Well, nine months after that...” After the Japanese surrendered and Charles was discharged, he came home to their five-week-old daughter, Cheryl.

This past October, the Winchesters also endured the heartache that comes with losing a child. Their daughter, Karen Simms, died Oct. 10 after a battle with pancreatic cancer. She was 66 years old. Her smile and beauty still lives on in the Winchester home.

What makes their marriage so full of joy, even during the hard times? “I don’t think there’s a secret,” Myrtle said. “It’s about loving one another, respecting one another and raising a family together.” “We try not to go to bed with bad feelings with each other,” Charles added. “We solve that before we go to bed.”

The couple added, their Christian faith has helped them get through the good and the bad. Through all the ups and downs, Charles and Myrtle have been by each other's side every step of the way, weaving together a simple love story for the ages. It's clear to see they're ready for another 75 years.

On Sunday, February 21st, an anniversary celebration was held at Charlie and Myrtle's house in Matthews. Along with my cousin, Gladys Howell, I had the pleasure of attending.

Charles Locke Winchester is the younger son of Oscar and Sadie Lewis Locke Winchester. Following are candid photographs I made during the party.



Charlie Winchester



Myrtle Biggers Winchester



Myrtle's sister-in-law, Jackie Biggers



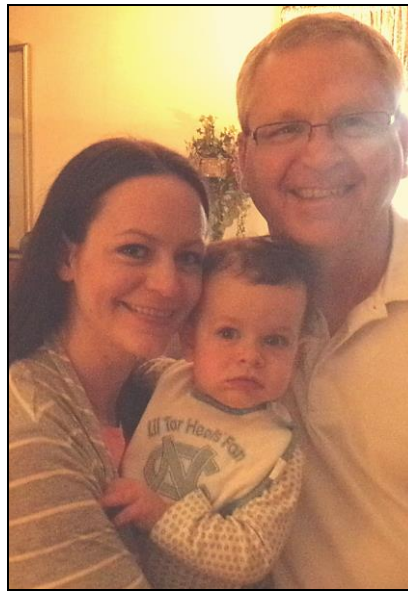
Liza, girlfriend of Christopher, Chuck's son, in khakis, Stephanie, and Don Moseley, Allison's husband.



Chuck and Carol's daughter, Brooke, with daughter, Hannah



Carol and Chuck Winchester



Brooke, Hannah, Chuck



Myrtle's brother, Jim, and Myra



Stephanie, Chad's wife



Chad, Cheryl's daughter, Dana Blanton, Stephanie, Brooke, and Hannah



Chuck's twins, Chad & Brooke, and Hannah



Don Moseley, and Cheryl's daughter, Kelly



Wayne Rayle and Don Moseley



Chad, Carol and Chuck's son



Myrtle with Catherine, her grand-niece



Gladys Howell, my cousin



Charlie and niece, Janet Starns Muller



Jackie Biggers and Charlie



Alice Biggers Smith

These are photos sent by Myra Winchester...



The Newlyweds...



Myra, Charlie, Chuck, Myrtle, and Cheryl



The California Family of Maydell Locke Thomas



Maydell, son Sam, his wife, Linda, Bob and daughter, Norma, daughter Sarah and Greg Prosak standing. Maydell is the daughter of Arthur Hayden Locke, the great-grandson of Jesse McCullough Locke

The Locke Family Reunion is on Saturday, August 20

Make sure you have marked your calendars for *August 20th*, a week later than usual, for our big reunion at *Landsford Canal State Park* in *Chester County, South Carolina*, along the *Catawba River*. Please notify your entire extended family of this date change. We have some fun surprises in store this year, so if you were thinking about going to the Beach instead, think again. When I see the face of my grand nephew, **Eric Helms**, I'm reminded how important this annual gathering is, especially to the young ones. If you've never been, or you've been away for awhile, it's time to reconnect with your Locke roots, and share our colorful history with those kids. Just ask people like **Cheryl, Myra, and Chuck Winchester** what these reunions mean to them. Cheryl attended her first one in 1946. Myra started in 1952, and "Chucky" in 1956.

Please let your kids know how important family has been to you growing up. Just ask **Maddy Boyce**, daughter of **David and Tammy Boyce**, what these family reunions have meant to her. She's just turning sixteen, and has been a regular for years. I knew her great grandmother, **Mamie Locke Boyce** very well, and Aunt Mamie would be so proud of her today.



Eric Helms, son of David and Stephanie, grandson of Wade and Vicki Helms