

The Locke Family Newsletter

Publisher Vann Helms Mountainvann@gmail.com Volume No. 16 Issue No. 2 December, 2021

Reconnecting after Covid...

By now, I would hope that you have weathered this pandemic storm, and come through in good shape. If for some reason you have made the decision to avoid vaccinations, I would hope you might reconsider that choice, and think about your responsibility to protect those who might be vulnerable as this virus and its mutations continue to spread. Personal freedom does not include actions that threaten people other than yourself.

I do not know if anyone of our extended Locke family has passed because of Covid. Locke Boyce, son of Mamie Locke Boyce, and his late wife, Josephine, both survived the virus, and did not require hospitalization. If you or any of your family was affected, please let me know. Ray Howell, son of Mae Helms Howell, and grandson of Mattie Locke Helms, suffered a stroke in late October at his home in Boone. He has been recovering in a rehab facility in Raleigh. You'll remember that from 2007 to 2009, our Locke reunions were held at Ray and Bruce's home in Huntersville. Please keep Ray and his family in your prayers. During this holiday season, be thankful for the blessings that you have, and treasure the time that you spend with your loved ones.



My home north of Lake Lure after a 16" Snowfall

Celebrating Christmas in the Old South...

The wealth of our Christmas customs came from the Southern colonies. As the years went by, and colonists there increased in wealth, so did the elaborate celebrations for the holiday. By the last half of the 18th century, Christmas time had become the social, as well as religious season for Southerners. Many Southern settlers during early colonial days considered Christmas primarily a religious festival; and although the religious meaning of the season was never neglected, the observances leading up to "Twelfth Night", or Epiphany, which commemorates the visit of the Three Wise Men to the Christ Child, were often the most popular and written-about times of the season, even outshining Christmas Day toward the end of that period. All the traditional English merrymaking customs and revelry were widely and heartily observed.

The Christmas tree was soon borrowed from German Moravian and Lutheran colonists, but from the beginning, Southerners gathered evergreens such as holly, smilax, pine, cedar, laurels, magnolia, and mistletoe, to "deck the halls. Wreaths were woven and mantelpieces and pictures festooned. Juniper or incense might have been burned to protect the household from harm. Another aroma of the season came from the kitchen where Christmas cakes and cookies were baked from long-standing "recipes" passed down from mother to daughter. Gifts were exchanged and carols were sung, and specially made "Christmas Candles" illuminated the whole house.



At the center of all the celebrating was "Father Christmas," from earliest times called "The Lord of Christmas". Southerners did not take readily to what they called "the dapper little Manhattan goblin called Santa Claus." Father Christmas was large and regal, with features bold and expressive, yet gentle. He was, all in all, the emblematic representative of the classic Roman god Jupiter, rather than the quick, merry, and elfish figure Santa Claus has come to be.

Christmas “tippling” was widespread. Servant’s employment contracts stipulated a bonus for Christmas drinking. Enslaved workers had leisure time for dancing and singing around holiday-long bonfires. Usually, new clothes and extra food were furnished them during this season. "Christmas Gift" was a cry heard on every plantation as servants claimed their yearly tip. The old English "Boxing Day" custom of bringing "Christmas boxes" to the master to collect gifts had been transplanted to the South and it thrived even though gifts here were less often money than was usual in England.

The main event on Christmas day, of course, was Christmas dinner. It was as festive as could be managed, set before a roaring fire. On this much-anticipated, once-a-year occasion, Southern cooking reached the heights of early American quality and quantity. Traditions in Christmas fare varied from house to house, but a large colonial plantation Christmas feast that required days or weeks to assemble and prepare might include: eggnog, oysters on the half shell, scalloped oysters, clear soup, roast stuffed goose with sauce, baked country ham with mustard sauce, lamb, roast wild turkey with cornbread stuffing, venison, and several other wild game dishes, including, perhaps, a grand "Christmas pie." The recipe for this special treat called for a turkey stuffed with goose, chicken, pigeon, and seasonings, with rabbit and quail set around, all inside a heavy crust. There were brown and white breads, Brussels Sprouts with chestnuts, turnips and greens, baked sweet potatoes with apples, beans and peas. Mary Randolph's Salad, fig and plum puddings, orange tarts, bourbon pecan cake, fresh fruit, walnuts and pecans, and hot cider were popular desserts.



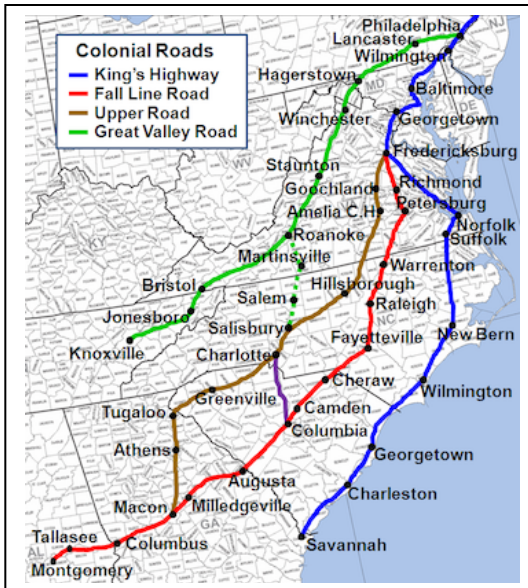
Christmas was also celebrated with the Wassail Bowl, another English tradition familiar to all of us because of the popular verses in the old carol "Here We Come A Wassailing." Wassail, or wes hal (be whole) in Anglo-Saxon, was a toast or greeting which is associated with celebrations of Christmas and New Years from the earliest days. According to tradition, the head of the household invited his family to gather around the bowl of hot spiced ale with roasted apples floating on it. After drinking to their health and prosperity in the coming year, the bowl was passed around to each member of the family who returned toasts to joy and happiness for all. Gradually, this ale became

known as wassail; and the Wassail Bowl, usually decorated with garlands of greenery, particularly holly, was a popular custom in America from the beginning. Eggnog was widely substituted for spiced ale in the colonies by the time of the Revolution. There was much drinking of these and other cheering and warming potions at the homes of friends and neighbors over the holidays.

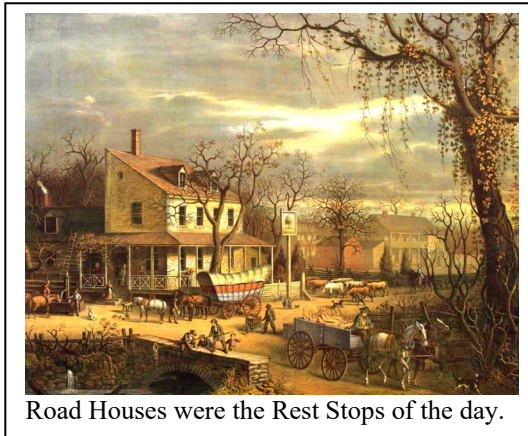
Our observances of Christmas represent a rich mosaic of customs based on the winter festivals of many ancient cultures merged with Christian tradition. The lion's share of the credit for preserving and enhancing this universal holiday in America, like so many of the other good things in our unique cultural inheritance, belongs to the traditional Old South.



The Great Philadelphia Wagon Road



When John and James Locke brought their families from Maryland to Halifax County, North Carolina, in the 1760's, they would have crossed the Potomac River to Fredericksburg, Virginia. Passing near Richmond, the Lockes continued into North Carolina along the "Upper Road" to the Roanoke River Rapids area, where they would live until the early 1800's. Just after 1800, William and Josias Lock, sons of James and Susannah Green Locke, would leave Halifax, and move their families to Chester County, South Carolina, where they would settle along Fishing Creek west of the Catawba River. They would have followed the "Upper Road" to Salisbury, then to Charlotte, then into South Carolina along the Catawba into Chester County. Today that same trip would take about four hours using interstates with modern bridges, but in 1800, that trip would have taken weeks or months. The covered wagons, farm animals, and the grown-ups would have moved at a walking pace, with smaller children secure in the wagon. They had to stop at twilight every night to feed and water the animals, cook for themselves, and try to get a good night's rest to be ready for the next day. Roadhouses were located along the road, and they offered a safe place to keep the animals, and replenish supplies if that was necessary. The road was actually quite busy, with wagons traveling in groups, often all from one family. The Lockes traveled this way.



Road Houses were the Rest Stops of the day.



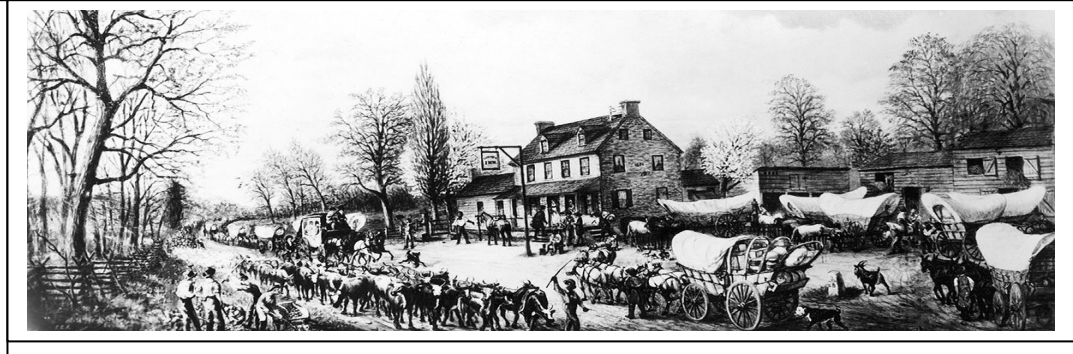
The majority of people today are unaware of the number of roads in existence before 1750. The colonies, in a sense, were identified by the conditions and quantity of their major routes. During the years of the great migration, new roads appeared throughout the southern frontier, and the piedmont section of North Carolina reveals a significant increase. For many historians, the routes are not that difficult to determine. The names, however, are much more complex and confusing. In North Carolina, many of these new roads connected to already existing major routes at some point. The research data from the piedmont region confirm these connections as modest lesser-known roads link to major thoroughfares, such as the Great Wagon Road and the



Trader's Path. For the people, the minor routes allowed passage to local businesses, such as a mill or a tavern. Reaching neighbors, churches, forts, and other areas was vital to their survival and their chosen way of life during this period.

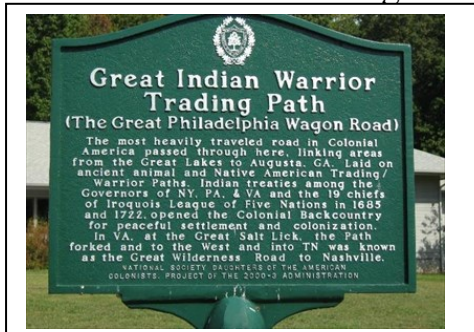
They rode horses — if they were lucky. But many times, they walked. And they walked alongside wagons that carried everything they owned, traveling through the toughest time of year: winter. They didn't leave until after harvest, and they wanted to be settled on new land in time for planting season. On horseback, they covered 20 miles a day, maybe. With a wagon, they went five. So, their trip took months. Rivers flooded. Wagons broke down. Supplies gave out. Sickness came — with no doctors. And they still traveled south.

Sometimes, when the Great Wagon Road turned tough, travelers disassembled their wagons and carried them piece by piece — along with everything inside — until the road leveled out and didn't rise and fall like an angry sea.



The Conestoga wagons were masterpieces of design and craftsmanship. The Indian trails that served as early roads between Fredericksburg and Chester County were incredibly rough, and only a flexible, yielding structure could stand the strain of a shifting load. Accordingly, the box of the wagon was designed as a giant basket that would yield under stress. Furthermore, this "basket on wheels" grew more and more concave to minimize load shifting as the terrain of travel changed. The short hills of the Piedmont presented a relatively minor problem, but in the foothills of the Alleghenies, the shift of a four-ton load could prove disastrous. The wagons, however, could not float across rivers or even ford the deeper streams because of the loose, woven like construction of the wagon box.

These colonists were the people who settled North Carolina, and they came down a road that narrowed and snaked through woods thick with foliage, animals, and who knew what else. The road was a dusty, muddy mess, covered occasionally with planks or stone. It smelled like a barnyard and felt like a circus, filled with oxen and horses, cows and pigs, farmers and craftsmen, big families and lone adventurers. Yet, it turned into the backdrop for the people who helped mold American history and the spine for the personal stories told by families today whose ancestors traveled that rough road.

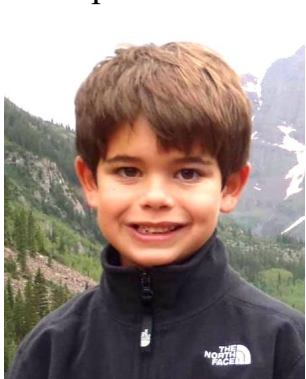


Blake Freedland Settles in at Tufts University



Founded in 1852 on a hilltop in Medford, Massachusetts, Tufts has become one of the most prestigious private colleges in the country. Located just five miles southwest of Boston, it rivals neighbors Harvard and M.I.T. in its academic reputation. When it came time for Blake Freedland to choose his college, he went to Harvard, Princeton, and six other northeast schools to find the one that offered the curriculum that most met his needs.

Blake is the son of Michael and Charlene Helms Freedland. Charlene's grandfather was Walston Edd "Buddy" Helms (1916-2003), son of Lonnie and Mattie Locke Helms (1882-1965). Blake grew up in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. Last year he fulfilled a lifelong dream to become an airplane pilot when he became certified. When the Bahamas was devastated by a horrible hurricane two years ago, Blake piloted a plane that carried crucial medical supplies and other desperately needed provisions to the stricken islands.



Elementary



Middle School



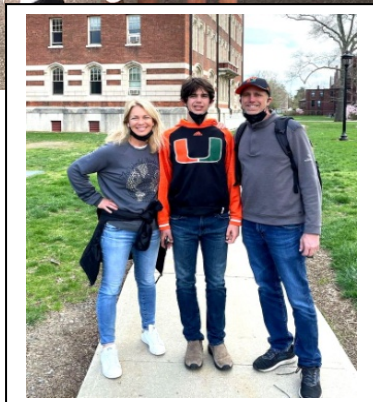
Proud Mom and Dad



With his sister, Ashley...



On the field at Tufts?



Locke Family Photographs...

Eddie Helms- Son of Buddy Helms and grandson of Mattie Locke

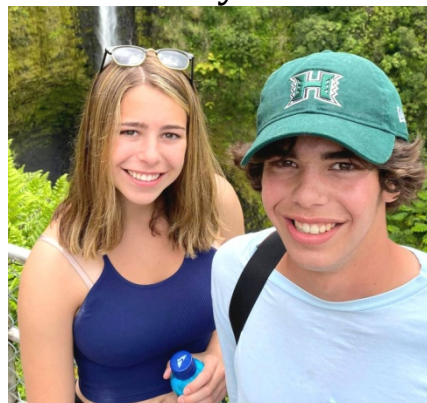


Carol, Eddie's wife, Charlene, Edd, Daryl, Michael, Jerry, Ashley, Blake. With daughters Sherrie and Charlene



Sherrie, Mark, Delaney, Madison Blake, Charlene, Michael, Ashley Mark, Madison, Sherrie, Delaney

Charlene and Michael's Family in Ft. Lauderdale



Charlene turned 50 Daughter Ashley and son Blake Ashley in Hawaii Ashley and mom in NYC

Sherrie and Mark Kukulski's Family in Ft. Lauderdale



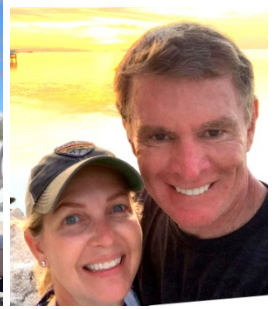
Daughters Delaney, 9, and Madison, 7, in Utah



Delaney



Madison in Snowmass



10 years married

Wade Helms- Son of Buddy, grandson of Mattie Locke



Vicki and Wade



With son David



With sons Matt and David



With David's kids, Penny and Eric



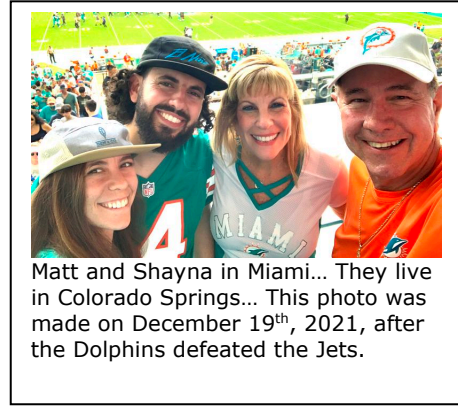
Proud Grandparents...



David and Stephanie



Matt's wife Shayna



Matt and Shayna in Miami... They live in Colorado Springs... This photo was made on December 19th, 2021, after the Dolphins defeated the Jets.



Christmas 2021 in Ft. Lauderdale



At Uncle Vann's home in the mountains...

My Images from the Mountains...



Vann on the Blue Ridge Parkway

On the Biltmore Estate



More Locke Family Pictures...

Descendants of Harold and Grace Caldwell Helms

Hazel was the eldest daughter of Harold and Grace. Next came Noraetta, and then the baby, Martha. Harold's mother was Mattie Locke Helms. Hazel and Bud Brotherton had three children, Debra, Michael, and Donna. Noraetta had a son, Johnny. Martha had three children, Tony, Terry, and Belinda Sisk. Except for Terry, these grandchildren are shown below.

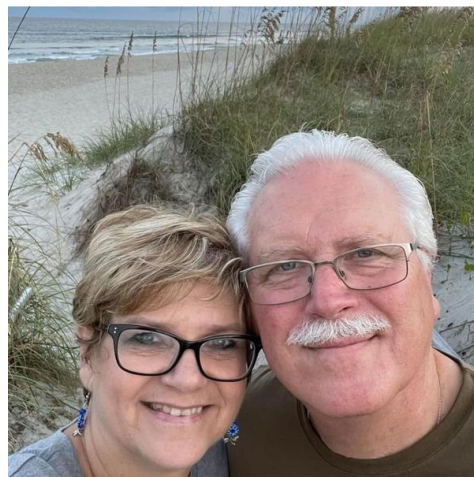


Donna Parker, Debra Fox, Michael Brotherton, Belinda Clay, Tony Sisk, and Johnny Turner

The Family of Bud and Hazel Helms Brotherton



Debra, Mike, and Donna



Debra and Jamie Fox

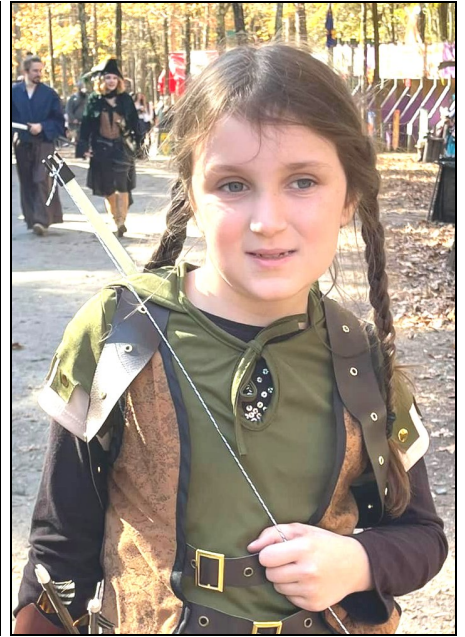
Tracy Fox Adams is the older daughter of Debra and Jamie. She has a son, Elijah Ginder, from a previous marriage. She is married to Ronald Adams, and they have a daughter, Savannah, 8, and Ron has a daughter from a previous marriage, Brinley, 9.



Debra and daughter Tracy



Elijah Ginder



Savannah Adams

Erin Fox Clough is Debra's younger daughter. She is an accomplished vocalist. She is married to Ritchie Clough.



Ritchie, Erin, Debra, Jamie



Erin and Ritchie



Glamorous Erin

Michael Brotherton is Hazel's son. He and Cindy Malcolm Brotherton have two children, Jeremy and Shannon. A year ago November, Jeremy married Madison Warren. Shannon is married to James "Jimmy" Hearn.



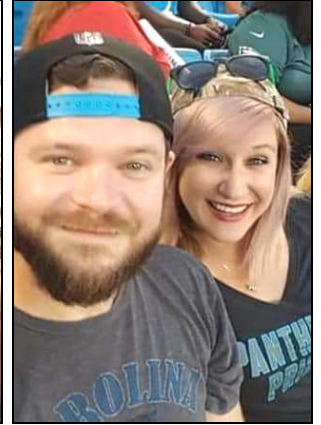
Mike with daughter Shannon



Shannon



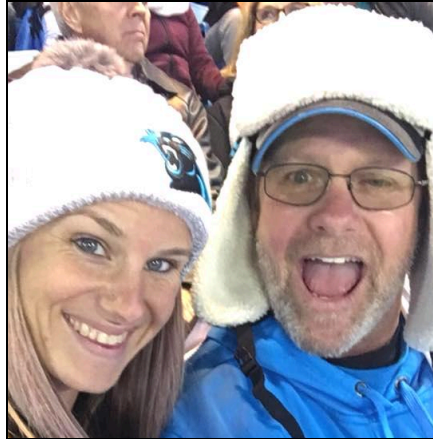
Cindy



Jimmy and Shannon



Shannon and mom Cindy



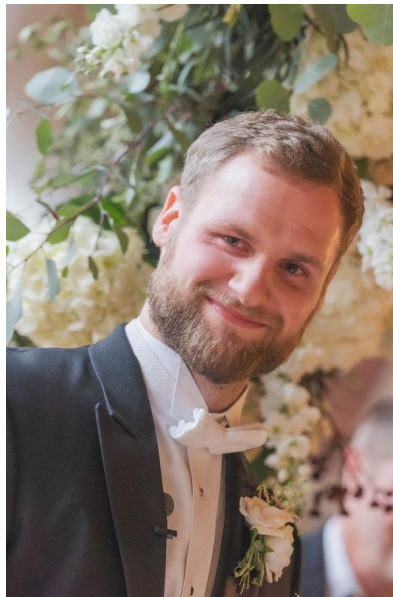
Michael with niece Shelby



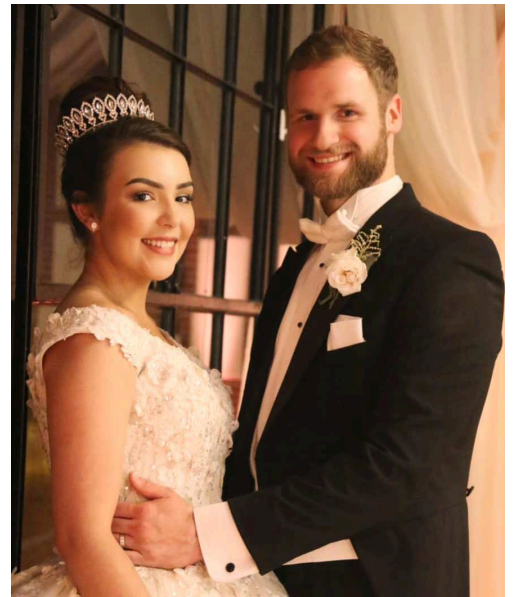
Jeremy with aunts Debra and Donna



Madison Warren and Jeremy



Jeremy the Groom



Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Brotherton

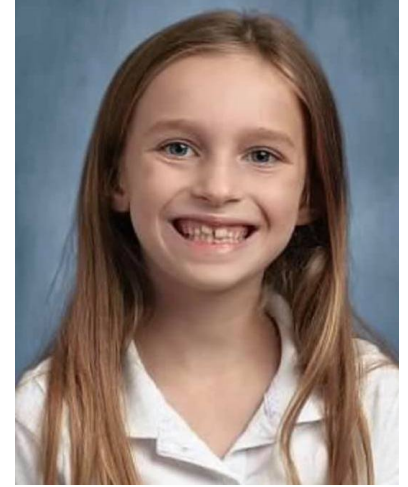
Donna Brotherton Parker is Hazel's younger daughter. She was married to the late Tim Fox, and they had daughter Shelby. Shelby has two children, Raelynn, 8, and Maverick, 2.



Donna



With main squeeze Jim Morris



Shelby's daughter Raylynn



Shelby and Nick's son Maverick



Raelynn, Brinley, Maverick. Shelby, and Nick

Yarn Art by Tracy Fox Adams

There's a craft out there that you might not be familiar with, but if Tracy Adams has anything to say about it, the whole world will soon know about it. Using multi colors of wool yarn, Tracy uses a technique called "wool painting" or "wool watercolor". Instead of using paint and a brush, Tracy uses wool fibers to create the effect of layering colors, creating texture, and providing depth. The paintings are created by layering wool fibers atop each other on a flat surface. She doesn't use any glue, needles, water, or paint. She uses a similar technique to create her three dimensional "yarn sculptures". Here are just a few of her recent creations.



The Family of Walston Levi Locke, Jr.

Walston Levi Locke, Jr., known as “Junior”, was born in the Washington, D.C. area to Walston and Ruth Locke. This article was submitted by Junior’s Granddaughter, Nikki Locke. Last Spring she was studying at the University of Georgia in Athens, working on her Masters in Horticulture. The family lives in Texas.

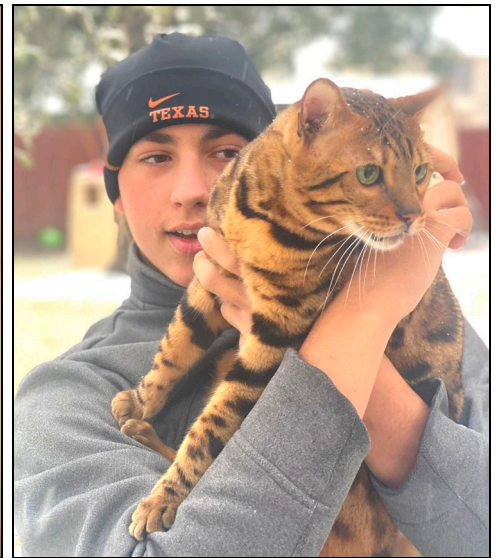
The youngest in our family, Manning Rene just turned six. He is an absolute delight! the oldest boy, Mason Lee will graduate from high school in a few short weeks, we are all so very proud of him! Jean Noel (15) is finishing up his first year of high school. Molly Marie, the youngest girl, will be 24 at the end of May and is working at our step-mother Michele's law firm in Austin. I (Nicole Alexandria) am at grad school getting my masters in horticulture at UGA in Athens, GA presently. My dad (George Richard) and Michele are both doing fine currently, and enjoying having Dad retired. My family came through the big storm that hit Texas a few months back just fine.



Molly and Nikki



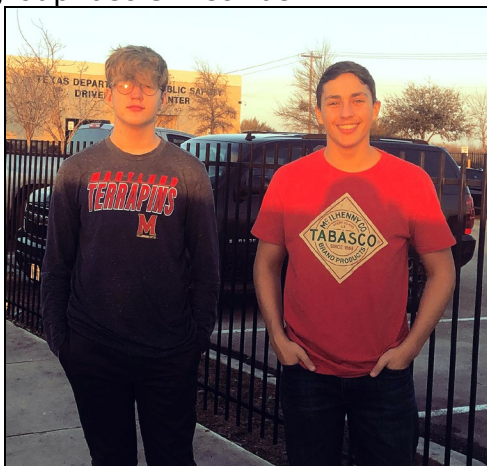
When Manning was a baby, and the Same group last Christmas



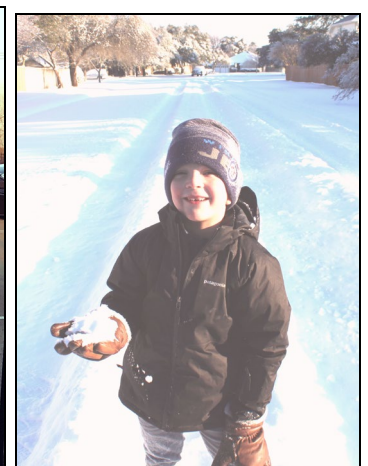
Mason with family Bengal



Dad, George, and Mason



Jean Noel and Mason



Manning in the Big Storm

Ralph Charles Locke, Jr.

Our cousin, Robert Locke, in Kingsport, Tennessee, informed me that his cousin, Robert Charles Locke, Jr., had passed. This was his note....

“Our cousin Ralph Charles Locke Jr., who we always called Pat, died April 7th. I dug around a bit and found an obituary which follows and attached a somewhat older picture. The picture is of Paul Locke (left), Paul's wife Louise Locke, Pat's wife Maureen Hart Locke, and Paul's brother Ralph (Pat) C. Locke, Jr. Paul and Pat are sons of Ralph Charles Locke, Sr., my uncle. Uncle Ralph is a son of Judson 'Jake' A. Locke and Mary Gertrude Lee. And I better not try to go back further than that because, to me, things begin to blur after Josias, even with all the work you and Sandy Wright, another cousin, have done to fill in the gaps.”



Ralph was born on August 21st, 1939 in Mobile, Alabama and is a veteran of the United States Air Force. Ralph was a devout Catholic and attended Saint Cecilia Church every Sunday with his wife, Maureen. He was an active member of the Knights of Columbus, #2898, and was awarded the Greater Columbus Chapter, Family of the Year award in 2018. Ralph also enjoyed giving back to various charitable organizations, including volunteering at the Holy Family Soup Kitchen for 25 years.

Ralph is survived by his wife of 59 years, Maureen, children, Ralph Locke III, Theresa (Kirk) Duffer, Paul Locke, grandchildren, Ralph (Georgette) Locke IV, Anna Locke, Abigail, Jack and Jake Duffer, Whitney and Ryan Locke. He is also survived by his brother, Paul (Louise) Locke, sister, Mary Lee (Wayne) Kirche.

Family of David Boyce at Campmeeting 2020

David is the son of Bill and Dora Winchester Boyce, and the grandson of Mamie Locke Boyce. Every summer, the family gathers at Pleasant Grove Campground in Mineral Springs, North Carolina for the three week event. They have a newly remodeled “Tent” (cottage) on the perimeter of the Camp Commons.



First Row: Evie Kirby, Rosie Kirby standing in front of John Craig Kirby, Maddy Boyce, Brandt Boyce standing in front of Miles Boyce, & Diane Boyce. Back Row: Cody Kirby, Gabby Johnson, David Boyce, Tammy Boyce, Bennett Boyce being held by Matthew Boyce, & Macon Boyce. Evie (Evelyn Rae Kirby) and Rosie (Rosalee Hart Kirby) are Cody & John Craig's daughters. Brandt William Boyce and Bennett Winchester Boyce are Matthew & Diane's sons.

Map of the Carolinas from 1709



This map was compiled by John Lawson, an Englishman (1674-1711) who explored the Indian land in the interior of North and South Carolina from 1700 to 1711. On his third excursion he was captured, tortured, and murdered by the Tuscalora Tribe.