

SOUTH KENTUCKY COLLEGE



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PROFESSOR JAMES EDWARD SCOBEEY was president and vice-president of South Kentucky College from 1884 to 1890.

PROFESSOR JAMES EDWARD SCOBEEY

Born: January 3, 1834

Died: July 6, 1923



Compiled By

JOHN EDWARD SCOBEEY

OCTOBER, 1956

In the following pages will be found the history of the Scobey family, as written by him, as well as other data in his own life. Compiled by John Edward Scobey, October 1956

MURFREESBORO FEMALE INSTITUTE

1872-1882

HAYNES INSTITUTE

1883-1884



MURFREESBORO FEMALE INSTITUTE

Professor Scobey founded this School and was president for thirteen years. The School name was changed in honor of J. M. Haynes, a long time friend and public spirited citizen, who owned the property, and dedicated it to the cause of education. The property included a full city block.

MEMORANDA PERTAINING TO THE SCOBNEY FAMILY.

As written by James E. Scobey on October 28, 1920

The progenitors of this family, in the United States, were a man and woman, who emigrated from Ireland to America, and settled in the Colony of North Carolina before the Declaration of Independence in 1776. The given names of these original Scobneys I do not know; and what I do know, I gathered from statements made by my grandfather in his conversations with others, when I was quite a lad.

My great grandfather, the original Scobey, when the Revolutionary War broke out, joined the Colonial Army to fight the British, and for the independence of the Colonies. He never returned to his family. He either died from disease or was killed in battle. His wife was left a widow with a family of seven boys, most of whom were small children.

After independence had been achieved, several families, and others without families, conceived the idea of emigrating to Tennessee, then a part of the State of North Carolina. Others had already preceded them and had settled in an exceedingly fertile valley, near the Cumberland River, which is now in Trousdale County. They had built a strong fort, to protect themselves from the hostile Indians who roamed the country at large, and often attacked the settlers whom they would massacre, if possible.

The fort was located at a point now between the towns of Gallatin, in Sumner County, and Hartsville in Trousdale County. They named the fort Bledsoe. There is a fine flowing sulphur well near where the fort stood, and the village settlement near by is called Castalian Springs.

My great grandmother with her seven boys formed a part of the emigrating party which made a start from North Carolina, with Fort Bledsoe, in Tennessee, as their objective. There seemed to be a community interest in the means of transportation. Mrs. Scobey furnished a one horse cart, and those of her family unable to walk, and herself, with what supplies and plunder could be loaded in the cart, were pulled into Tennessee by a faithful old horse.

Over the mountains of Western North Carolina and East Tennessee the train of emigrants came into the fertile valleys watered by streams uniting farther south forming the great Tennessee River. In these valleys were prosperous settlers, who bestowed on them a genial hospitality. Here they replenished their dwindling supplies, and though besought to remain and settle there, they had started to Fort Bledsoe, and to Fort Bledsoe they would go. So resuming their journey to the west, in due time the Cumberland Mountains were reached, and after a rough passage, together with some delay in travel, they finally reached the long sought fort.

Here Mrs. Scobey reared her family of boys to manhood. However, one of the boys was killed by the Indians, leaving her only six. Their names, as I now remember, having heard my grandfather call them, were Hamilton, Matthew, Madison, James, John and Joseph.

After the country had been rid of hostile Indians, immigrants flowed in, and the country was being rapidly settled up. Matthew Scobey settled on the banks of the Cumberland River south of Gallatin, established a ferry called then Scobey's Ferry. He subsequently sold his possessions to a Mr. Bender, and the ferry, still in operation, for years past, and until now has been called Bender's Ferry.

James and John settled in Wilson County, and soon went west to the territory of Missouri, Joseph (if that be his name) went to Texas, then a state of Mexico. Matthew, after selling out, emigrated to the territory of Illinois, and from him there has sprung a large connection of Scobeys in Illinois, Michigan and contiguous states. Madison Scobey went to West Tennessee, and settled in or near, a village called Mooresville. There are several families of Scobeys living in and around Newbern, of whom he is the progenitor.

James Scobey—my grandfather—reared a large family in Wilson County, consisting of seven daughters and one son, whom he named John Berry; after his brother John and his wife's maiden name. For he had married a Miss Berry whose parents had emigrated from Ireland to Kentucky, settling near the village of Adairsville, Ky.

My father, John Berry Scobey, was born ten miles east of Lebanon April 9, 1809. He lived and died in Wilson County. He was twice married. His first wife—my mother, died when I was seventeen months old. My father married the second time and from that union there were five children, three boys,—Joseph, John and Robert—two girls, Mary and Sallie. Of my father's children only two are living,—the youngest, Mrs. Sallie Colyar of Mt. Pleasant, Texas, and the oldest, myself. My half brother, Robert Scobey, died leaving one child living, a son—Lloyd Scobey, married and living in Nashville.

I am, I believe, the patriarch of all the living Scobeys. Born January 3, 1834, I am now past 86 years, in the enjoyment of splendid health, and retain in a wonderful degree all my faculties. I graduated at Franklin College near Nashville, under the Presidency of Tolbert Fanning, July 4th, 1885, past the age of twenty-one years.

I chose teaching for a profession. I began my work in the fall of 1855 and taught continuously till 1862. In the meantime, on the 31st day of August, 1859, I married Sallie Alice Harris, a daughter of Major Jas. S. Harris, and a graduate of Mrs. Fanning's School and of Franklin College. She was my assistant teacher after our marriage till the first year of the Civil War. I enlisted in the Confederate Army, was elected Captain of my company, and led them in the battle of Shiloh.

After the war I began to teach again in February, 1867, and since then I have taught continuously up till I was seventy years old, having been the principal of two academies, the president of two colleges, and a professor in another. I have taught forty-seven years in my life. In 1871 I began to preach some, as opportunity offered or occasion required, and this I continued during my school work; but since I quit teaching I have mainly given my time to preaching. In the last eight years, I have failed to preach only on nine Sundays. So far this year I have not missed a single Sunday.

I have been twice married. My first wife bore me seven children, four girls and three boys. Of these I have lost two, an infant girl and a grown daughter, Alice. The other five have all been married, and three have living children. I will give the names of these living children in the order of their birth; Sarah Jane, Mary Augusta, James Berry, John Edward, (Alice dead) and Robert Harris. My first wife died in Murfreesboro, August 26th, 1881, where I was President of Murfreesboro Female Institute for thirteen years. On June 25, 1884, I married Miss Fannie P. Sowell, daughter of Col. W. J. Sowell of Maury County. She had been a pupil of mine at Murfreesboro some ten years previous to our marriage.

We have had born to us five sons and one daughter. All of these have reached the age of manhood and womanhood, save an infant boy which died when five days old; and all are actively engaged in business, save the youngest, Herndon, who is twenty-two years old. He is now a student at Vanderbilt University. Carrie Gates, the girl, belongs to the faculty at Peabody College, and teaches there. Edward and Wilburn are both business men of the city. Only one of my last wife's children is married, the oldest boy, William Powell, who belongs to the U. S. Army. He is a Captain in the 44th Infantry, and he now, with his wife, is at Schofield Barracks near Honolulu, N. T.

All of my children live in Nashville, where I now live, except the one in the Army, and a daughter in Hopkinsville, Ky. Both married daughters have reared families.

I do not know at what age or where my grandfather's mother died; whether in the fort, or at the home of one of her sons. I would be glad to know. There is no son or daughter of James Scobey living; there are only five grandchildren, three women, and two men, and I am the only one bearing the name of Scobey.

I have given few dates, for I did not know them, I could only have made a rough guess at best. But I will give you the dates of birth and death of some of those I have mentioned. James Scobey born in North Carolina Feb. 24, 1777. Died in my father's home in Wilson County, Tenn. (where he and his wife had made their home for a few years) Sept. 2, 1861. His wife Polly Berry Scobey died just eight days after he died, both being 85 years old.

My mother, Sarah Caroline Sweatt was the daughter of Edward Sweatt born in North Carolina, May 13, 1786, his wife, Mary Rash born Aug. 15, 1793. My mother born Dec. 21, 1817. My stepmother Sarah Neal (Widow Branch) my father's second wife born January 11, 1818. She died June 7th, 1897. My mother Sallie C. Scobey died Sept. 30, 1835.

My great grandfather, Sweatt was of English and Irish descent. My grandfather, Edward Sweatt, was well educated and taught school both in North Carolina and Wilson County, Tenn. He had represented the County of Yadkin in the Carolina Legislature prior to his coming to Tennessee. He became a preacher after he had been converted and baptized by Barton W. Stout. He was twice married. He reared a large family of seven children by his first wife, and seven by the last wife. He emigrated to Texas in 1852, and died in Ellis County, Jan. 12th, 1854.

—James E. Scobey.

October 28, 1920

MEMORANDA OF SOME OF THE INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF JAMES E. SCOBEY

As written by Him on January 31, 1921

Born January 3, 1834 and reared in Wilson County, Tenn., my mother having died when I was only seventeen months old, my grandparents, James Scobey and his wife,—took me to their home to care for me, which was well done. I could not have fallen into better hands. For five years I was principally all the time with them.

My father married the second time, then my father took me home to live. I was sent to the free school, for a few weeks each year, but there was little progress made, because the teachers were usually poorly prepared for their business. Up

to the time I was seventeen or eighteen years old my advancement educationally quite meager. I had been taught to work on the farm; and had pulled the bellcord over a mule's back and ploughed my row "with the balance of the negroes." My father owning a negro blacksmith, had a shop and carried on the business. When I was seventeen years old he gave me the choice of working on the farm or in the shop. I chose the latter, and for about two years wielded the sledge hammer. Old Jim—the smith—and I made money for father.

In my nineteenth year, I said to my father, "Father, I would like to have a good education." He replied saying I should have the opportunity: and I could select the school. I chose Franklin College near Nashville, which was under the presidency of Tolbert Fanning. In February 1853, I entered college, and by studying some two summer vacations, besides the entire sessions, I graduated July 4, 1855, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

After teaching three years the college conferred on me the degree of Master of Arts. I also received in 1874, while president of Murfreesboro Female Institute, the degree of Master of Arts, conferred on me by Peabody College for distinguished service as a teacher.

After my graduation in 1855 I began to teach in August the free school in my father's neighborhood. It lasted three months, and I was paid \$125.00. Early in January 1856, a friend of my father's traveling from Nashville to his home six miles east of Lebanon, stopped at our house to spend the night. Learning I had been to college, and had been teaching, said he had stopped especially to see me. He said they needed a good school in his neighborhood: that they did not want a free school; that if I would agree to take charge of the school, they would go right to work and build a good comfortable room for the school: that he himself had five children of school age, and he would guarantee me forty pupils.

I agreed to his propositions, and by the first of March 1856, the room was ready and the pupils secured, and I began to teach. We named the school Union Academy. In the summer of 1856, they built an additional room to accommodate the increasing patronage. I taught there, having an assistant teacher, and generally from 80 to 100 pupils 'till the fall of 1861; and from the school room January 1862 I went into the Confederate Army. (And that forms another chapter of my life which I have written.)

After the war, having engaged very successfully in buying and selling all kinds of live stock, I had a desire to enter upon my older work of teaching. I was living at the place, and in the house which my grandfather, Edward Sweatt, had built for his residence prior to his removal to Green Hill, a place he had purchased, because of its elevation, fine freestone water and other things he thought conducive to health.

In the rear of the dwelling house was a large log-house, which had been used as a dormitory for slaves. I conceived the idea of converting it into a schoolroom. I did so, and opened the school in March 1867. The patronage was generous, and I had more pupils than I could well provide for in room or teaching. So I determined to build a good school room, and to make the school permanent.

During the summer of 1867 I built the room. I could now accommodate all who would come. My dwelling was commodious; and by furnishing it fully, I could take under my care about one dozen girls. I let it be known I would take a few boarders. It was but a short time till applications for board were sufficient to fill the rooms. I then named the school Oakland Academy.

The session opened the first Monday in September with a largely increased patronage. I converted the old building into a primary department, and the new building I carried on as a High School, with a full course of academic work. From that date forward to January 1872 the school prospered. Young men, from various sections of the county, sought board in neighboring families and attended school. I continued to have more applications for board than I had room. By some means I learned that a large boarding school in Murfreesboro, Tenn. could be acquired. I went there, saw the Principal, learned the terms upon which he would transfer his position and interest to me. With some modifications suggested by me, we agreed, and I was to take possession the 12th of January, 1872.

I continued the Oakland School up to the Thursday before I was to take charge at Murfreesboro the next Monday. So Friday I had all my furniture packed, loaded in a car, and Saturday my wife and every boarder took train and landed in Murfreesboro the evening of the same day. The Monday morning succeeding I began to teach in Murfreesboro.

For thirteen years I was President of Murfreesboro Female Institute. The school, all the while, was well patronized. I was induced in 1884 to become connected with South Kentucky College at Hopkinsville, Ky. I was Vice President and had charge of the boarding department, as well as the Music Department, for two years. The patronage was good. In 1887 I became the President.

In 1890 I resigned in consequence of not harmonizing my views with the Board of Trustees. The difference did not arise with reference to school management nor to school work, but because I would not agree to be a party supporting instrumental music in the worship in the church and also the societies, and conventions to which the church there had been committed since I had become connected with the College.

The Trustees took property from me that had cost me \$6000; and for which I could have obtained \$4500 in cash, *provided* the Trustees would elect O. A. Carr to succeed me as President. But this they refused to do because he had written a tract opposing the use of instrumental music in the worship. They said they had a man at the head of the school opposed to the instrument, and they would not have another. All the furniture and all the furnishings in the building I had supplied. I could sell to no one, and was compelled to accept the Trustees' proposition to give me \$1700. It broke me flat. But I did not lose my self respect, nor sacrifice my conscientious convictions of religious duty.

I left Hopkinsville in June 1890. I opened a school at Pulaski in September and taught ten months, my son, James, assisting me. We had a fine patronage, and we made money. In '91 I moved to Franklin and taught several years, and from there to Hillsboro, teaching there for some time. From there to Franklin, and in a short time to Maury County teaching a school at Andrews, east of Columbia.

I then in January began a school in Columbia, renting a room from Dr. Smith who owned the building Atheneum. After teaching there a month or two, the Trustees of the city schools proposed I consolidate with them, and I did and taught in the public school to the close of the session in June. But no more public school teaching for me.

During the summer I made a contract with Miss Charlotte Henderson, Principal of the May Long College, Mt. Pleasant, to teach. I was to have no pecuniary or disciplinary responsibility in the school. All I had to do was to be in my

recitation room at the proper time, hear and teach my classes, and when through my day's program depart in peace. I taught there for five years, and I can say that I never passed more pleasant days in teaching. And besides, the stipulated salary was promptly paid at the end of each month.

And here I ended my career as a school teacher, having taught forty-seven years of my life, ten months in the year.

I then moved back to Franklin in June, having purchased a small residence of three rooms adjoining a lot of four acres we had purchased some ten years before. The residence and the acres were both within the corporate limits of the town. I soon made additions to the dwelling, enlarging it to seven rooms. The church at Franklin made me the offer to become its minister, and I accepted and served them four years to the best of my ability.

I then accepted an offer of the St. Bernard Land and Development Company whose headquarters were at Houston, Texas, to become a general agent for the sale of their lands located in Brazoria County on the St. Bernard River. I remained in their service until the great European war destroyed all desire for land investments, and desire to seek new homes by emigrating. It was a profitable business and I did well. But in my travels going to Texas, and while there, I seldom missed a Sunday I did not preach.

Since 1915 I have done no business, but have continued to preach, and for the last ten years have missed only nine Sundays preaching. And though now 87 years old, I preach every Sunday, and will continue to do so, as long as the Lord gives me health and strength.

In September 1915, having purchased a house and lot, No. 859 Bradford Ave. in Nashville, Tenn., we moved to the place, where we now reside. We have reared (my second wife and I) five children, one daughter and four sons to womanhood and manhood, four of whom are still with us, and who give us much comfort in our declining years. While my children (and I have ten living—three daughters and seven sons), live, we, (neither myself nor my wife) have any fear that we shall suffer either for the necessities of life or its comforts or its pleasures.

For the blessings we have enjoyed, and still enjoy, and for the hope we entertain of eternal life, and pleasures evermore, we sincerely thank and praise God, our kind and merciful Heavenly Father.

—J. E. Scobey

January 31st., 1921

MEMORANDA OF THE WAR RECORD
of JAMES E. SCOBAY.

As Written by Him on October 28, 1920

In the fall of 1861, I volunteered with a number of others from Wilson County for the service in the Confederate Army. We all assembled and were transported to Camp Trousdale to a training camp in Sumner County near the Kentucky line. In the organization I was elected Captain, and with other companies formed the 55th Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers. McCain was elected Colonel, Wiley B. Reed, Lieutenant Colonel, and—Jones, Major. When the Federal troops were moving on Fort Donelson, we marched to Nashville, and were stationed at Fort Zollicoffer just below the city on the Cumberland River.

Fort Donelson fell into the hands of the Federals, and General Albert Sydney Johnson ordered all troops south. I remember to have seen the fine suspension bridge across the Cumberland in flames, as we marched through the city towards Murfreesboro. From Murfreesboro we leisurely continued our march through Shelbyville, Fayetteville, Huntsville, Decatur to Corinth, Miss. where General Johnston collected his army prior to his attack on Grant and his forces at Shiloh battleground near the Tennessee River, where Grant's army was encamped.

Friday night we camped within hearing distance of the enemy's bands. Saturday the line of battle was formed and General Johnston expected to begin the attack, but General Polk's division failed to reach the position assigned them in the line, so we remained in line during the day and bivouaced at night sleeping on our arms. Before sunrise we were marching on the enemy's encampment. They were thoroughly surprised, and confusedly fled, leaving their morning's rations unconsumed. By noon we had driven them back upon the bank of the river; and 3 P.M. we had captured Prentice's whole brigade.

Soon General Johnston was killed and General Beauregard called a halt. By next morning Grant's army had been reinforced by General Buell's, and the Confederates, against this reinforced army, now largely superior in numbers, held their line 'till late in the afternoon, when we were ordered to fall back. Later, orders came to return to camp at Corinth.

My regiment with another was detailed to guard Prentice's brigade to the rear: and we coralled them in an open field and stood around them the entire night. During the night there were several thunderstorms and heavy rains fell. We were all, both prisoners and guard, thoroughly drenched, and sleep was impossible. Prisoners were detailed under guard to bring in rails from the surrounding fence to burn, and by morning few rails were left. At 9 A.M. the cavalry took charge of the prisoners, and marched them away towards Corinth. We were marched back to the line of battle and entered the fighting about 11 A.M., and did our part in the conflict till ordered to fall back by General Beauregard.

Arriving at our camp, I fell sick from the severe exposure to which I had been subjected. I went to West Point, near which my wife had an uncle living, and where my wife was staying. They took me to his home, and called a doctor. I was a very sick man, but with medical attention and good nursing, after a month, I was able to travel.

During the time of my sickness, the army was reorganized. My company was consolidated with another, and I being away sick, was assigned to no duty, but received a full discharge from the Confederate service by General Beauregard. I left Corinth in company with my wife, going to Mobile, thence to Montgomery, thence to Chattanooga, thence home.

I do not stop to tell of various incidents of our attempts to reach our home. At one time, we unavoidably fell in and among the Federal troops in the Tennessee Valley; but I managed to escape arrest after some detention.

After remaining at home for some time, growing stronger, I mounted a horse, and in company with my father-in-law, Major J. S. Harris, drove out of Middle Tennessee about 1200 head of cattle, down through Chattanooga to Cartersville, Ga. I received from Major Cummings, Chief Commissary, an appointment as Assistant Commissary. I remained in Cartersville for more than a year, bought all the cattle and feed I could in all of North Georgia, and shipped cattle regularly to the army.

I was in Cartersville when the Battle of Murfreesboro was fought. Went with Bragg's forces as they marched into Kentucky, as far as the Red Boiling

Springs, where considerable flour was secured and shipped to the South. I was a civilian agent, and was allowed to do all I could for the collection of food for the soldiers, without specific direction, or restraint. With the retreat of General Hood after the Battle of Nashville, December 1864, I ceased to be with, or to do more, as a commissary agent.

During the battle at Nashville, December 5th, I arrived at my father-in-law's home where my wife was, and that night she gave birth to our first living child. I remained with her, instead of going back to and with the retreating army.

Being a civilian, in the spring following, I, like the great majority of civilians, renewed my allegiance to the government of the United States. And I have this to say, if it were all to be done over again, I would pursue the same course. I have no regrets, nor have I any apologies to offer for the course I pursued during the Civil War.

My original discharge and appointment by Major Cummings are in the archives of the Pension Bureau, Nashville, Tenn.

—James E. Scobey.

October 28, 1920

FORMER PUPILS PAY TRIBUTE TO VENERABLE TEACHER

Feb. 11, 1921

In appreciation of a long life spent in beautiful service a number of the former pupils of Prof. James E. Scobey gave him a "storm party" Friday evening at his home on Bradford avenue. Pupils came from Murfreesboro, Lebanon, Franklin and Hopkinsville, Ky., places where Prof. Scobey had taught.

Prof. and Mrs. Scobey were assisted in doing the honors of the occasion by their children, Miss Carrie and Messrs. Edward and Wilburn Scobey, and Mrs. Jennie Srygley. The house was prettily decorated with gift bouquets.

The interesting program was in charge of Miss Will Allen Dromgoole.

During the evening music was rendered by the youthful members of the Valdes orchestra.

It was first planned to entertain with a banquet for Prof. Scobey, but the pupils decided to give an envelope shower instead, the money intended for each plate to be sealed in an envelope, on which was written a message to the venerable teacher.

Mrs. Mary Webb Haggard read these which expressed much gratitude and affection for the high ideals and influence of a life spent in the work of the Master.

An eloquent response was made by Prof. Scobey, who spoke of his great love for pupils and how their presence brought back pleasant memories of bygone days.

A poem, "Just for Tonight," written especially for the occasion, was read by the author, Miss Will Allen Dromgoole, and was an inspiration to all present.

A pleasant feature of the evening was an old-fashioned "experience meeting," a number of guest-pupils relating interesting incidents of their school life. The presence of the oldest pupil, Mrs. Kate Shipp, who has passed her seventy-fifth birthday, added to the enjoyment of the event. She was one of her cousin's first pupils, and was a student in his school before the civil war. Mrs. Shipp resides with her daughter, Mrs. T. C. McCampbell, on Ordway Place.

The youngest pupil, Mr. Herndon Scobey, was next introduced, and expressed his appreciation of his father's life work.

Miss Dromgoole gave, by request, two of her clever Negro dialect readings, entitled "George Washington's Birthday" and "The 'Possum Trap," and as an encore recited "The Doll's Funeral."

Vocal selections were given by a quartet composed of Messrs. Edward, Wilburn and Herndon Scobey and Douglas Srygley.

In conclusion, the guests gave Miss Dromgoole a rising vote of thanks for her splendid work in arranging the affair.

During the social hour ices, carrying out the Valentine idea, were served by Mrs. Fannie Lillard Hopper, assisted by the following young girls: Misses Frances Hopper, Jean Srygley, Lucy and Dixie Owen.

The beloved honor guest of this delightful affair was born Jan. 2, 1834, on the Lebanon road, seventeen miles east of Nashville. He was graduated from Franklin College at the age of twenty-one, and began his career as an educator at Cedar Hill academy. The following year, Prof. Scobey accepted a position to teach at Union academy, remaining there until the outbreak of the civil war, when he enlisted in the Confederate army at Camp Trousdale. He was appointed captain of his company, which he led in the battle of Shiloh. This company formed part of the Fifty-fifth Tennessee, volunteers under Col. McKoin and Lieut.-Col. Wiley B. Reed.

After the war, Prof. Scobey organized a school near his home, taking a dozen girls as boarders. He successfully conducted this enterprise for five years.

In January, 1872, he became president of the Murfreesboro Female Institute, occupying this position with marked success till 1884. Then Prof. Scobey accepted the position of vice-president of South Kentucky College, the president at that time being Maj. S. R. Crumbaugh, who resigned in two years, Prof. Scobey succeeding him. After spending six years here, he moved to Pulaski teaching in the school there one year, assisted by his son, Mr. James Scobey.

He then became associated with Prof. Patrick Campbell at Franklin academy, Franklin, remaining at this institution of learning for four years, afterward teaching for the same period at Hillsboro academy.

Prof. Scobey next taught for one year at Leftwich academy, Maury county, and later a brief while in the public schools of Columbia.

Miss Charlotte Henderson, principal of Hay Long College, Mt. Pleasant, offered him a position in the college, where he taught five years. There, at the age of seventy years, this prominent educator closed his work as a teacher, having taught for forty-seven years and more.

Prof. Scobey has been the recipient of several well-deserved honors. Three years after his graduation, the Franklin college bestowed on him the degree of master of arts, and while president of the Murfreesboro Female Institute, received the same degree for distinguished school work from Peabody college, under the presidency of Dr. Eben Stearns.

Prof. Scobey has been preaching in the Christian church for over fifty years, as opportunity offered, and since his retirement from educational work, almost all the time.

Prof. Scobey has been twice married, first to Miss Sarah Alice Harris, daughter of Maj. James S. Harris of Wilson county, and after her death to Miss Fannie P. Sowell, daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. W. Sowell of Columbia.

LAST RITES FOR ELDER SCOBEY TO BE HELD SUNDAY

Services to Be Held From Lawrence Avenue Church

Nashville Banner

The death of Evangelist James E. Scobey, which occurred Friday afternoon at his home, 859 Bradford avenue, marks the passing of one of the distinguished figures in the religious and educational life of Tennessee, a teacher and preacher active and widely known more than half a century ago, one of the most prominent ministers of the church of Christ and the patriarch, so far as is known, of all the living Scobeyes. On January 3 he would have been 90 years old.

The funeral will be held from the Lawrence Avenue Church of Christ Sunday afternoon, conducted by Elders F. C. Sowell of Columbia and George R. Bethurum of Nashville, followed by interment at Mt. Olivet cemetery. His six sons, James B., John E., Robert H., James E., Jr., Joseph W., and Herndon S., will serve as active pallbearers.

Was A Pioneer

Elder Scobey's life and activities link back with that of many of the early pioneers in the restoration movement of the Cambells, Barton W. Stone and others, he having been closely associated for years with Tolbert Fanning, under whom he was educated. He was in later years closely associated with such widely known men as D. T. W. Brents, Dr. J. W. McGarvey, David Lipscomb, E. G. Sewell and others. He was the father-in-law of the late F. D. Srygley, widely-known minister and one time editor of the Gospel Advocate.

Elder Scobey was born January 3, 1834, in Wilson county. His father was John Berry Scobey, member of a pioneer family for whom old Scobey Ferry, south of Gallatin, now Bender's Ferry, was named. The progenitors of the Scobey family emigrated from Ireland into the Colony of North Carolina prior to the Revolution. His great grandfather joined the Colonial Army but never returned.

Elder Scobey's mother was Sarah Caroline Sweatt before her marriage, member of a prominent North Carolina family of Irish and English descent. His grandfather, Edward Sweatt, served in the Carolina legislature, and later became a preacher after being converted and baptized by Barton W. Stone.

Elder Scobey graduated from old Franklin College, under the presidency of Tolbert Fanning, in 1855, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and three years later with the degree of Master of Arts. He commenced teaching in 1855 in old Union Academy in Wilson county, which he founded, remaining there until 1861, when he joined the Confederate army. Immediately after the war he resumed teaching, and in 1872 was made president of the Murfreesboro Female Institute, which place he held for thirteen years. In 1884 he became vice-president and three years later the president of South Kentucky College at Hopkinsville. He resigned in 1890 and taught thereafter successively at Pulaski, Franklin, Leiper's Fork, later closing his career as a teacher in 1907 with Hay-Long College at Mt. Pleasant.

In 1874, while president of Murfreesboro Female Institute, Elder Scobey was awarded the degree of Master of Arts by Peabody College for distinguished service as an educator. He was prominent in other educational activities and instrumental in founding Monteagle Summer Assembly.

Elder Scobey, since his active career as a teacher, continued to preach, filling a pulpit somewhere every Sunday with the exception of less than a dozen times, until recently. He served as chaplain at the 1919 session of the state legislature. He was honorary chaplain of the Forrest Scouts.

His War Record

In the fall of 1861 Elder Scobey volunteered in the Confederate army, and was elected captain of his company, which served with the 55th Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers. His company participated in the battle of Shiloh. While being on sick leave his company was reorganized, and he received honorable discharge from General Beauregard. He was later appointed assistant commissary by Major Cummings at Cartersville, Ga.

Elder Scobey was twice married, first to Miss Sallie Alice Harris, daughter of Maj. James S. Harris. There were seven children to this union, three sons and two daughters surviving. They are: Mrs. Jennie Srygley of Nashville, Mrs. F. W. Dabney of Hopkinsville, Ky.; James B., John E. and Robert Scobey, all of this city.

His second wife, to whom he was married in 1884, was Miss Fannie P. Sowell, daughter of Col. W. S. Sowell, of Maury county. Four sons and one daughter survive. They are: Capt. William P. Scobey of the 21st Infantry, Scofield Barracks, Honolulu; James E., Joseph W., Herndon S. and Mrs. Z. P. Beachboard, all of this city.

A half-sister, Mrs. Sallie Colyar, of Mt. Pleasant, Tex., also survives.

Prof. James Edward Scobey

(History of the Scobey Family)

ADDENDA

I am indebted to Col. W. P. Scobey (Ret'd) of Chevy Chase, Md. for the following records.

I am not so certain that papa's information about the progenitors of the family is accurate. Back in 1928 I made a research on the Scobey Family and from research I arrived at the conclusion that the "Scobey" or "Scobeys" who came to America were from Scotland. The name "Scobey" is typically Scot and, as Wilburn can testify, many "Scobies" (a variation of the spelling) still live in Edinburgh and on one of his trips there he met some of the "Scobies."

I first became interested in the research project in 1928 when I discovered the War Department was custodian of the Confederate records. In the course of my research I learned that the War Department also was custodian of such Revolutionary records as were in existence. In searching through the Revolutionary records I found three "Scobey" entries, as follows.

"James Scobey (note it was interesting to see that the name was spelled Scobey)— Elias Dayton's New Jersey Battalion, Enlisted Capt. Anthony Sharp's Company, May 13, 1776. Reduced to rank Jan. 1, 1777. Sent to Albany sick Feb. 23, 1777."

"James Scobey, 2d Lt. 3d N.J., Capt. Elias Dayton's Company, Pvt. Capt. Samuel Flannigan's Company (Note: this remark is of variance with the first statement and appears enigmatic.) Appointed Ensign May 1, 1777 (This could mean that he was appointed Ensign after having been sick in Albany). 2d Lt. Nov. 1, 1777 Resigned Dec. 15, 1777."

Then there was this enigmatic record: "James Scobey, Ensign, Virginia, age 32. Taken prisoner Sept. 10, 1780, in Pennsylvania. Prisoner of war on Island of Orleans and sent from Quebec for exchange Oct. 1722, by sea to New York."

Still another entry: "John Scobey, Spencer's Continental Regiment, Sergeant in Col. Oliver Spencer's Regiment, New Jersey. Benjamin Weatherby's Co. was at Valley Forge March 1778. Died Oct. 17, 1778."

From these records it appears that there were at least two "Scobeys" in the Revolutionary War, both of whom coming from New Jersey, though there is something enigmatic about the "James Scobey, Ensign" from Virginia. However, I concluded that the New Jersey James Scobey must have been with the Continental Army in Virginia at the time the record was made. (Possibly he met a Virginia girl while serving in that state and following the war went back there and married her and then went to North Carolina.

Following the search of the War Department record I discovered there was a "Scobeyville" in New Jersey on the Shrewsbury River, not far from Long Branch. I then wrote a letter to the Secretary of State of New Jersey asking him for any records of the "Scobey" immigration to New Jersey. I received the following reply from him:

"Replying to yours of the 27th inst. (1928) relative to the Scobey family, there seems little to be supplied. The earliest that I find are records in the names of Alexander, 1722, and William, 1758 both of Middlesex County. There is a small settlement in Monmouth County bearing the name of Scobeyville, which undoubtedly, has taken its name from the Scobey family."

FAMILY OF PROF. JAMES E. SCOBEY

Sarah Alice Harris
Wife. Born May 7, 1843. Died Aug. 29, 1881.

Fannie P. Sowell
Wife. Born Oct. 6, 1857. Died June, 1940.

Children of Jas. E. Scobey and Sarah Alice Harris

Sarah Jane Scobey. Born Dec. 5, 1865. Died Sept 9, 1924.
Married Fletcher D. Srygley, Dec. 26, 1888.

Mary Augusta Scobey. Born Sept. 18, 1867. Living.
Married Frank W. Dabney, Aug. 18, 1886.

James Berry Scobey. Born May 25, 1872. Died Oct. 7, 1954.
Married Mattie T. Braeshear, Dec. 27, 1897.

John Edward Scobey. Born June 25, 1874. Living.
Married Annie Sue Moss, Oct. 28, 1903.

Alice Scobey. Born Sept. 18, 1876. Died Nov. 7, 1909.

Robert Harris Scobey. Born Jan. 13, 1879. Died March 11, 1938.
Married Etta May Farrar, Feb. 25, 1920.

Children of Jas. E. Scobey and Fannie P. Sowell

William Powell Scobey. Born Dec. 5, 1886. Living.
Married Vivian H. Darter, Sept. 11, 1916.

Carrie Gates Scobey. Born May 24, 1885. Died Sept. 12, 1924.
Married Z. P. Beachboard, June 21, 1893.

James Edward Scobey, Jr. Born July 2, 1890. Living.
Married Ada Mildred Womack, Sept. 28, 1921.

Joseph Wilburn Scobey. Born Nov. 1, 1895. Living.
Married Joe Elizabeth Thompson, March 3, 1923.

Herndon Sowell Scobey. Born June 16, 1898. Living.
Married Mildred Cisco, Feb., 1936.

(History of the Scobey Family)

In an effort further to trace the geneology of the "Scobey" family and learn from whence they came, I researched to Congressional Library. I discovered the following entry page 1209, Fox-Davies Amorial Families:

"John Scobie, Esquire, DL, JP. (I don't know what these initials mean.) of Keodale, Sutherland." and

"James Scobie, Gentleman, b——. Res. Keodale, Durness, Lairg County, Sutherland."

Incidentally, Fairbank's Book of Crests, shows the "Scobie" crest, to be a dagger held upright in a closed fist.

Back in 1928, when Vivian and I were spending a month on the North Jersey coast I discovered a "Dr. Frederick Scobey." (Note the 'Dentist' spelling) a dentise lived in Long Branch. He could give little information except that his people had "always" lived in New Jersey and a widowed Scobey aunt had had a farm at Scobeyville. He wanted me to meet his father, then in his 70s or 80s I did and his resemblance to papa was striking. As I looked at him I could not help but think that he and papa came from the same family tree.

Papa must be correct about the Scobey widow and her son emigrating from North Carolina to Tennessee, but could it not be that one of the Scobey men emigrated from New Jersey to Virginia and then to North Carolina? Possibly this Scobey married an Irish girl and that is where the Irish comes in. I have been unable to find anywhere where "Scobey or Scobie" is an Irish name or that any Scobies live there now.

After reviewing all of the record, I am inclined to the opinion that the male side of the Scobey family come from the immigrants from Scotland, who settled in New Jersey. Since the only information my father had was handed down from the widow Scobey who settled in Ft. Bledsoe, it was more likely the history of her side of the family than that of her husband, of which she perhaps knew little.

John E. Scobey

June 6, 1956

LAST RITES FOR ELDER SCOBEE TO BE HELD SUNDAY

Services to Be Held From Lawrence Av- enue Church

The death of Evangelist James E. Scobee, which occurred Friday afternoon at his home, 859 Bradford avenue, marks the passing of one of the distinguished figures in the religious and educational life of Tennessee, a teacher and preacher active and widely known more than half a century ago, one of the most prominent ministers of the church of Christ and the patriarch, so far as is known, of all the living Scobeys. On January 3 he would have been 59 years old.

The funeral will be held from the Lawrence Avenue Church of Christ, Sunday afternoon, conducted by Elders F. C. Sowell of Columbia and George R. Bethurum of Nashville, followed by interment at Mt. Olivet cemetery. His six sons, James B., John E., Robert H., James E., Jr., Joseph W., and Herndon S., will serve as active pallbearers.

Was A Pioneer.

Elder Scobee's life and activities link back with that of many of the early pioneers in the restoration movement of the Cambells, Barton W. Stone and other, he having been closely associated for years with Phillip S. Park and with Tolbert Frazier, under whom he was organized. He was in later years closely associated with such widely known men as Dr. T. W. Brents, Dr. J. W. McGarvey, David Lipscomb, E. C. Sowell and others. He was the father-in-law of the late F. D. Strygley, widely-known minister and one-time editor of the Gospel Advocate.

Elder Scobee was born January 3, 1834, in Wilson county. His father was Jo' a Begry Scobee, member of a pioneer family for whom old Scobee Ferry, south of Gallatin, now Bender's Ferry, was named. The progenitor of the Scobee family emigrated from Ireland into the Colony of North Carolina prior to the Revolution. His great grandfather joined the Colonial Army but never returned.

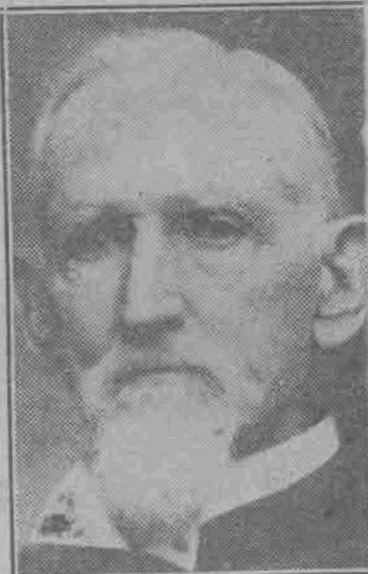
Elder Scobee's mother was Sarah Caroline Sweatt before her marriage, member of a prominent North Carolina family of Irish and English descent. His grandfather, Edward Sweatt, served in the Carolina legislature, and later became a preacher after being converted and baptized by Barton W. Stone.

Elder Scobee graduated from old

(Continued on Page 1.)

Last Rites For Elder Scobey To Be Held Sunday

(Continued from First Page)



JAMES E. SCOBEE

Franklin College, under the presidency of Tolbert Frazier, in 1855, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and three years later with the degree of Master of Arts. He commenced teaching in 1855 in old Union Academy in Wilson county, which he founded, remaining there until 1861, when he joined the Confederate army. Immediately after the war he resumed teaching, and in 1872 was made president of the Murfreesboro Female Institute, which place he held for thirteen years. In 1884 he became vice-president and three years later the president of South Kentucky College at Hopkinsville. He resigned in 1896 and taught thereafter successively at Pulaski, Franklin, Leiper's Fork. Later closing his career as a teacher in 1907 with Hay-Long College at Mt. Pleasant.

In 1874, while president of Murfreesboro Female Institute, Elder Scobee was awarded the degree of Master of Arts by Peabody College for distinguished service as an educator. He was prominent in other educational activities and instrumental in founding Monticello Summer Assembly.

Elder Scobee, since his active career as a teacher, continued to preach, filling a pulpit somewhere every Sunday with the exception of less than a dozen times, until recently. He served as chaplain at the 1910 session of the state legislature. He was honorary chaplain of the Forrest Scouts.

His War Record.

In the fall of 1861 Elder Scobee volunteered in the Confederate army, and was elected captain of his company, which served with the 65th Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers. His company participated in the battle of Shiloh. While being on sick leave his company was reorganized and he received honorable discharge from General Beauregard. He was later appointed assistant commissary by Major Cummings at Chicksaw, Ga.

Elder Scobee was twice married, first to Miss Sallie Alice Harris, daughter of Mr. James S. Harris. There were seven children to this

union, three sons and two daughters surviving. They are: Mrs. Jennie Strygley of Nashville, Mrs. F. W. Dabney of Hopkinsville, Ky.; James B., John E. and Robert Scobee, all of this city.

His second wife, to whom he was married in 1854, was Miss Fannie P. Sowell, daughter of Col. W. S. Sowell of Maury county. Four sons and one daughter survive. They are: Capt. William P. Scobee of the 21st Infantry, Scofield Barracks, Honolulu; James E., Joseph W., Herndon S. and Mrs. Z. P. Benchboard, all of this city.

A half-sister, Mrs. Sallie Colyar, of Mt. Pleasant, Tex., also survives.

Moonlight schools are established in 22 states of this country.

Gold Hill, highest point along the Panama Canal, is 549 feet.



GEORGE W. SHIELDS

George W. Shields Dies; Ex-Chemical Executive

George W. Shields, 71, who retired in January as vice-president and controller of the Federal Chemical Company here, died at 4 p.m. yesterday at his home, 1734 Chichester.

Shields was also a member of the board of directors of the firm, which had offices in the Starks Building.

He was a former president of the Louisville chapter of the National Association of Cost Accountants, and a member of the Controllers Institute of America, the Filson Club, the Elks Club of Louisville, and the Tennessee Historical Society. He was a Scottish Rite

Mason. Shields was a native of Tennessee.

Surviving are his wife, the former Nellie Dru; a son, George W. Shields, Jr.; two sisters, Mrs. Sarah Jobe, Washington, D. C., and Miss Jamie Shields, Nashville, Tenn., and two grandchildren.

The funeral will be at 2 p.m. tomorrow at Pearson's, 149 Breckinridge Lane. Burial will be in Resthaven Memorial Park. *Kuen Anzide*

MRS. BEN C. SHIELDS
1012 GALE LANE
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

This book is more or less a story of my life. I have assembled it from mementoes that my mother and I had collected over the years. I hope that it gives some pleasure to my children and grandchildren and that they will appreciate the great heritage that they have.

I have had many experiences but I have always tried to live one day at the time and know that the Lord would provide.

My children and now my grandchildren have been the greatest joy of my life and I have always been proud of each and everyone of them. I hope that they enjoy this book as much as I have enjoyed making it.

I have written it in the first person for I have lived it over as I pasted. I may have some of the dates wrong for every bit of it has been made from memory as we had very few written dates on any of the mementoes so please overlook any errors in the chronology.

September 15, 1969

Alice S. Shields



YESTERDAY-- TODAY--TOMORROW

There are two days in the week about which we should not worry; two days which should be kept free from worry, fear and apprehension.

One of these days is YESTERDAY with its mistakes and cares, its faults and blunders, its aches and pains. Yesterday has passed forever beyond our control.

All the money in the world cannot bring back yesterday. We cannot undo a single act we performed; we cannot erase a single word we said. Yesterday is forever gone.

The other day we should not worry about is TOMORROW with its possible adversaries, its burdens, its large promise and poor performance. Tomorrow is beyond our immediate control.

Tomorrow's sun will rise, either in splendor or behind a mask of clouds -- but it will rise. Until it does, we have no stake in tomorrow, for it is yet unborn.

This leaves us only one day--- TODAY. Any man can fight the battles of just one day. It is only when you and I add the burdens of these two awful eternities--- YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW--- that we break down.

It is not the experience of TODAY that drives men mad--- it is remorse or bitterness for something which happened yesterday and the dread of what tomorrow will bring.

LET US, THEREFORE, LIVE OUT ONE DAY AT A TIME!

Mrs. BEN C. SHIELDS
1012 GALE LANE
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

My father died August 2, 1900, and I was five years old on August 27, 1900. Since I was so young I do not remember much about him except what I have read in his writings and from the family folklore which has been handed down.

Although he was only forty-four years old when he died he had written four books.

Larimore and His Boys
Seventy Years in Dixie
Biographies and Sermons
Letters and Sermons of T.B. Larimore, Vol. I

This book came off the press just a short time before his death. In fact the first page of the Gospel Advocate which came out the day he died, and of which he was the editor, had letters commending the book which he had entered in the paper before he died. After his death, his brother F. B. Srygley, gathered some of his editorials from the Gospel Advocate and published the New Testament Church.

His father, James H. Srygley, came from England and settled in Northern Alabama at Rock Creek, where he lived for about forty years. He married Sara Jane Coates at a very early age and they had nine children, four girls and five boys. It has always been interesting to me that all five boys had names beginning with the letter "F": - Felix, Fernando, Fletcher, Filo and Floyd.

His parents were poor but honest and when he first married, his father hired out to landowners to make a living for his family. In one of his books my father tells how his father worked about twenty miles from his log home in the mountains and would walk to his work of rail splitting and work all week and on Saturday night would walk home and work all day Sunday getting up wood and provisions for his wife and two babies, then that night walk back to his work at day break on Monday morning. His father was the first Superintendent of Schools in Colbert County Alabama.

My father was educated at Mars Hill, the school of T. B. Larimore, at Mars Hill Alabama. He and Brother Larimore were devoted friends until his death.

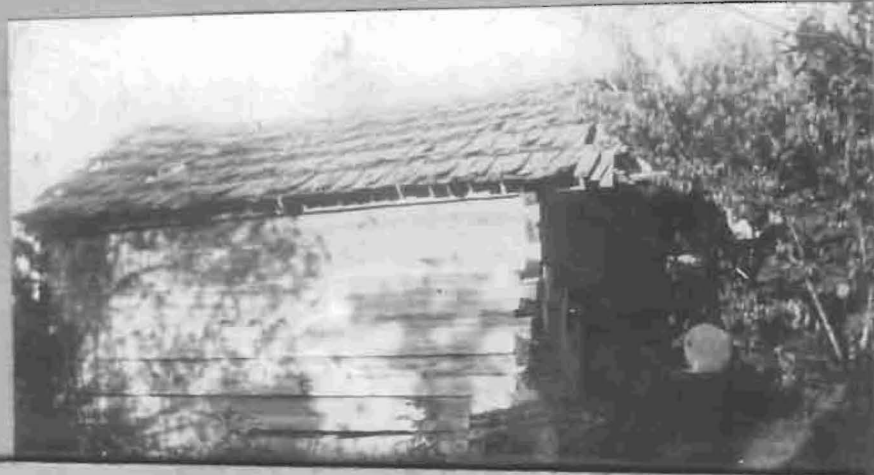
While at Mars Hill he married Ella E. Parkhill, who was also a student, in 1878. They had two daughters, Mamie, who died in infancy, and Jessie Nora, now Mrs. W. C. Skinner, who still lives in Nashville and was 87 years on March 1, 1969.

Ben C. Shields



The original log house
and smokehouse built by
Grandpa Srygley at
Rock Creek, Alabama

Family of Grandpa
Srygley at Coal Hill
Arkansas (1) Papa



THE HOME OF GRANDPA SRYGLEY



Scobey Family Reunion
 Reading from Left to Right
 Front Row - Seated

Mama - Mason Scobey - Grandpa - Grandma
 John Scobey Jr - Aunt Gussie Dabney -
 Elisabeth Dabney - Uncle Bob Scobey
 Back Row - Herndon - Edward - Wilburn- Carrie - Powell
 Uncle John - Aunt Annie Sue - Uncle Rob.



The Scobey Men :
 Front: Mason & John Scobey Jr.
 Grandpa - Uncle John - Edward- Herndon
 Back : Uncle Rob - Powell Wilburn
 Uncle Jim the oldest was absent

Uncle Jim Scobey
 Picture made years later





James E. Scobey
Sarah Harris Scobey



James E. Scobey
Sarah H. Scobey
Jennie Scobey



Jennie Scobey



Fletcher Douglas Srygley
and
Jennie Scobey were
married Dec. 26, 1888
at Hopkinsville, Ky.





This is the home where mama and papa spent most of their married life. Papa and Uncle Filo bought houses next door to each other right in the heart of Donelson. The theatre stands in the corner of what was our front yard now.

In the summer when papa was home from preaching he spent a lot of time on the front porch. Uncle Filo and Aunt Mary had six children at that time and Jeffie always spent the summers there so we always had a yard full of children. Jeffie spent the winters with her grandmother, Mrs Parkhill in Mayfield, Kentucky, with whom she had lived since her mother died when she was a baby. She was eight years old when papa and mama married.

Papa was gone a good part of the time preaching and we had an old colored woman, Aunt Candace, who did the cooking and helped mama with the children as long as papa lived.

Jeffie was eighteen years old when papa died and she married soon after his death. We lived on in this house for a while but the children were getting ready for school, the boys were already driving back and forth to Nashville to school with Uncle Filo's older children.

Mama's brother John Scobey was living in Nashville working and offered to live with us so we moved to Nashville. I don't remember the date but we lived on Holly Street in East Nashville.

F. D. Srygley



F. D. Srygley: "And the Old Guard"

The name of F. D. Srygley will last as long as interest remains in the activities of David Lipscomb and his co-workers of two and more generations ago. Srygley's life is inseparable from the GOSPEL ADVOCATE, Christian education, and the churches of Christ in the later Restoration Movement.

F. D. Srygley was the last to join Lipscomb, Sewell, and McQuiddy on the GOSPEL ADVOCATE. They were referred to as the Old Guard and their passings were especially noted in the ADVOCATE. The contributions of [David Lipscomb](#), [E. G. Sewell](#), and [J. C. McQuiddy](#) to church history is much clearer than Srygley's, but he was not the least among them.

Srygley was born December 22, 1856, at Rock Creek, Alabama. His father, James H. Srygley was a poor hard-working farmer. His mother, Sarah Srygley, who was the daughter of a Presbyterian preacher, was deeply religious and devoted to her family. They were the parents of nine children.

Rock Creek was located in the rough mountain region of North Alabama. F. D. Srygley grew up in Rock Creek receiving the little education that such harsh frontier communities offered. F. D. had four brothers whose names were initials-F. W., F. B., F. G., and F. L. They were of course curious questions raised. To the inquisitive, F. D. Srygley wrote in 1880 -"Those who are curious to know why all of

our names commence with an "F" may write to our dear mother who lives at Rock Creek, Alabama enclosing stamp to pay return postage." There is no record that anyone wrote.

Few travelers from the outside world came to Rock Creek. Occasionally an itinerant preacher came in. [T. B. Larimore](#) preached at Rock Creek in a log cabin church house when Srygley was just a boy and described at Srygley's passing his impressions "a bright little, black-eyed, bareheaded, barefooted boy; perfect picture of health . . . faultless in form and feature, he stood silent, motionless, and erect." Srygley was baptized when he had just turned eighteen.

The story of F. D. Srygley actually begins when he enrolled in the school of T. B. Larimore which was located in Mars Hill, Alabama. The school was established by T. B. Larimore in 1871, and was widely patronized by the brethren throughout the South until Larimore closed it down to give his full time to evangelism. Young Srygley was a bright student and made excellent progress. J. C. McQuiddy, still in his teens, met Srygley at Mars Hill, and they became life-long friends. Srygley had just reached twentyone at that time. McQuiddy and Srygley loved, and honored T. B. Larimore in the same fashion that Timothy revered the Apostle Paul.

F. D. Srygley was first married December 15, 1878, to Ella Parkhill of Mars Hill, Alabama. The wedding ceremony was performed by T. B. Larimore for Srygley and his sixteen-year old bride. Two children were born to them-Mamie and Jeffie. Mamie died at a tender age and her mother followed her to the grave not many months later. Jeffie is still living in Nashville.

Srygley was married a second time on December 26, 1888, to Jennie Scobey. He was a semi-invalid at the time and slowly dying of Bright's Disease. She was a faithful companion and the tender care she gave her husband no doubt prolonged his life.

Srygley will be remembered as one of David Lipscomb's associate editors of the *ADVOCATE* and the author of good books. But F. D. Srygley's indecisive stand on the "missionary society" issue until near the end of his life serves to point up the soul searching that finally led to a clean break away from the forces of "digressive liberalism" in that day.

Srygley first met David Lipscomb head-on in 1881 in a series of articles on the advisability of the "missionary society" as a method for carrying the gospel into virgin fields. His thinking was similar to that of [Alexander Campbell](#), [Moses E. Lard](#), and [Walter Scott](#). Lipscomb studied Srygley's comments and added his own that "no man could write with profit on a subject that he so little understood." However, Lipscomb answered Srygley's articles lest he labor with the delusion that Lipscomb found his position unanswerable.

David Lipscomb well remembered when he himself "halted between two opinions" and actively participated in the Tennessee society before the Civil War. Srygley felt keenly the

brunt of Lipscomb pen and went off "to lick his wounds." The generous David Lipscomb who bore no ill will toward any man left the door open for Srygley's return.

When Srygley turned away from the GOSPEL ADVOCATE he supported the *Old Path Guide*, a religious paper owned and edited by F. G. Allen, for about five years. When Russell Errett of the *Christian Standard* took over the paper and moved its editorial policy into the main stream of "digressive liberalism," Srygley was visibly moved and began his turn away from the unscriptural practices of the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ)

In 1889 F. D. Srygley and his wife came to Nashville with his completed manuscript of *Larimore And His Boys*. While visiting with J. C. McQuiddy in the Advocate office, McQuiddy told Srygley that the Gospel Advocate Company was anxious to publish the manuscript

McQuiddy wanted to bring his friend in on the GOSPEL ADVOCATE staff, and he was confident that Srygley could work with the indomitable David Lipscomb who laid down one "ground rule" for ADVOCATE writers that they could write on any subject that came from the Bible.

Srygley was still far from convinced that the missionary society was an unscriptural device. However, Lipscomb brought Srygley in in 1891 as the front-page editor of the GOSPEL ADVOCATE. David Lipscomb was a wise judge of men and their hearts, and he was confident that the pendulum of Srygley's thinking was moving in the right direction.

There is no doubt that T. B. Larimore's hesitancy in taking a firm stand against the "society" influenced "his boys." This great saint of the church simply believed that the issue should not be made explosive and divisive. J. C. McQuiddy for awhile also shared the view.

A good insight into David Lipscomb's patience with his young associates grew out of some secrets talks that Russell Errett of the *Christian Standard* had with McQuiddy and Srygley about consolidating the Apostolic *Guide* and the GOSPEL ADVOCATE. When the matter came to light, Lipscomb observed that "any harm the boys had done was simply because Errett had taken advantage of them."

F. D. Srygley lived only forty-four years. In the later years of his life, he spent a great deal of his time evangelizing in destitute fields. McQuiddy said -"In those years he did far more of this work than any man known to me." Srygley was not a great preacher in the sense that [James A. Harding](#) and [E. A. Elam](#) were, but his power in the pulpit ranked with the best preachers of the time.

His contemporaries regarded Srygley as a gifted writer. His fine use of humour in his writings led one of his contemporaries to describe him as the "Mark Twain of the Restoration Movement." Srygley's *Seventy Years In Dixie* was written in the style of the humourists of the Old Southwest. The work is based upon the experiences of T. W. Caskey and has since remained one of the best "all-time sellers" on the Gospel Advocate

Company list of publications.

Srygley wrote two other books-*Biographies and Sermons*, and *Letters and Sermons of T. B. Larimore*. All four are good books and hold irreplaceable positions in Restoration literature.

F. D. Srygley was a clear and forceful writer. He wrote with ease and enjoyed his task. No writer on the ADVOCATE staff wrote with greater force and clarity in the defense of New Testament Christianity. His "moving pen" was never stilled; and before his last editorial was printed, Srygley lay in his grave.

Along toward the end of his life, the rumour was being circulated that he would inherit the "mantle" of the aging David Lipscomb. Srygley humorously assured his readers that the doctors had doomed him to a premature grave while Lipscomb was in vigorous health-"I think I can `rustle' around and keep a mantle of my own as long as I live, and the way David Lipscomb is tearing around, I am inclined to think his mantle will be pretty well ripped up by the time he is done with it."

F. D. Srygley died fifty minutes after midnight at his home in Donelson, Tennessee on August 1, 1900. The end came after a lingering illness of two, months. He requested that no mention be made of his illness in the ADVOCATE and his passing came with shocking sadness to the readers of the paper when J. C. McQuiddy wrote the announcement. He was survived by six children. T. B. Larimore preached his funeral and F. D. Srygley was buried in [Mount Olivet](#) in Nashville, Tennessee.

- J.E. Choate - –Gospel Advocate, Vol. CVIII, No. 29, July 21, 1966 - pages 455, 456

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F. D. SRYGLEY

First-Page Editor of the Gospel Advocate from 1889 to 1900

F. D. SRYGLEY
1856-1900

It has not been our privilege to read the writings of any uninspired man who had a clearer conception of the "New Testament Church" than F. D. Srygley. His book on that subject is a classic.



F.D. Srygley

GOSPEL ADVOCATE, Vol. XLII, No. 35 (August 30, 1900), 545-7

[Discourse delivered by T. B. Larimore at the burial of his lifelong friend, benefactor, and biographer, F. D. Srygley, on August 3, 1900, and reported by Miss Emma Page, of Nashville, Tenn.]

The opening song was, What a Friend We Have in Jesus, followed by prayer by Brother Larimore, and the song, Friends Who Have Loved Us Are Slipping Away; after the sermon the congregation sung, Some Sweet Day. After reading from Brother Srygley's own well-worn copy of the Bible, his constant companion for years Job. 14: 1,2; Ps. 23; Rev. 22:14, Brother Larimore said:

When Stonewall Jackson fell, Lee, immortal hero of the lost cause, said: I have lost my right arm. Some of us I am one lost infinitely more than that when F. D. Srygley fell; and the cause that can never be lost, lost much more when our dear brother ceased to write, to talk, to breathe, than the lost cause lost when Stonewall Jackson said, Let us pass over the river and rest in the shade of the trees, and silently passed to the eternal shore. His life was brief, but eventful and important: his life and labors were such that all the ravages and revolutions of time can never erase the impressions he made. The present generation may never properly appreciate him, but generations yet unborn shall know his worth and speak his praises. Such is the history of men who have towered above their fellows. A costly monument marks the place where Burns, the peerless bard of Scotland, died in poverty and want, neglected and despised. America's own Washington, known the wide world over and almost worshiped now, was shamefully slandered, bitterly reviled, and relentlessly persecuted, while living as sublimely patriotic and unselfish a life as sage or statesman hath ever lived; and some poetic scribe hath said,

Seven cities strive for Homer dead, Where living
Homer begged his daily bread,

history teaching that each of those seven cities
claimed the honor of being the birthplace of the
blind, beggar-poet. The heartrending history of the
human race is replete with such lessons as these. Few
are the flowers, filled with the fragrance of love, we
give to the living; many, bedewed with the tears of
regret, we give to the dead. Yea, the hand that
crushes the living sometimes crowns the dead.

Our beloved friend and brother, Fletcher Douglas
Srygley, was born in the hill country of North
Alabama on December 22, 1856. In August, 1874, he
was born into the church, the family of God, the
household of faith, the fold of Christ.

Believing the Bible with all his heart; perfectly
satisfied with the word, the will and the way of the
Lord; hence deeming it his duty, as it was his desire,
to be a Christian— only this, and nothing more— he
never joined anything, never belonged to any
denomination. He was simply a Christian. It was joy
to him to earnestly contend for the faith which was
once delivered unto the saints— pure, unadulterated,
undenominational Christianity.

His not becoming a Christian when he was a little
boy, instead of when he was almost a man, was a
natural result of a marvelous cause— a cause that
should have never existed. The impression prevailed
in that community then that children should not be
encouraged to enlist in the army of the Lord.
Possibly that same pernicious opinion prevails in
some communities now. Why, no mortal may ever
be able to explain. Satan may strive and smile to
have and see it so, but Heaven hath never willed it.
The will of Heaven should be done.

Some of the sublimest of the sublime servants of the
Lord were lambs in the fold of the divine Shepherd
of souls in childhoods happy days. If my information
on the subject be correct, Jesse Sewell obeyed the
gospel when he was only nine years old Isaac Errett,
when only ten years old; and David

Lipscomb known and loved, respected and revered, as a veteran of the cross who would die for his convictions any day when he was only eleven years old. Neither reason, revelation, history, observation, nor experience justifies the thought that children should not be encouraged to obey the Lord.

At Mars Hill, Ala., on December 22, 1878 his twenty-second birthday our beloved brother was married to Miss Ella Parkhill, a sweet, Christian girl, scarcely sixteen years old, who made him a good, faithful, helpful, happy wife.

At Hopkinsville, Ky., on December 26, 1888, he was married to Miss Jennie Scobey, who did her duty as a faithful, Christian wife, so lovingly, so tenderly, so wisely, and so well that his brother Filo, was constrained to say to me, a few moments ago: He was an invalid and had been for years when she married him, and I verily believe she added ten years to his life. He never enjoyed perfect health.

More than thirty years ago I went from Nashville, Tenn. my native State to Alabama, to Rock Creek, to the new historic Rock Creek Meetinghouse. My mission was to preach the word. The church there then numbered seven souls. As, the first time, I approached the door of that old log cabin meetinghouse a penniless stranger in a strange land I saw, standing about thirty feet away, to the right and front of me, twenty feet from the door I was approaching, a bright, little black-eyed, bareheaded, barefooted boy; a picture of health, happiness, peace, and contentment; perfectly beautiful to me then as, on memory's page, now. His cheeks were rosy; his eyes were black. Faultless in form and feature, he stood silent, motionless, and erect.

He was standing there to see the preacher as he passed, probably not caring to ever be nearer him than then. Instinctively I turned toward him, went to him, took his little right hand into mine, put my left arm around him, said something I deemed appropriate to him, and led him into the house. From that day to the day when, in the delirium of death, he,

suddenly recognizing me, enthusiastically grasped me by both hands and thrilled my soul with an expression I can never forget, he was my devoted friend.

The body of that faithful friend, than whom no human friend was ever truer, lies, in the silence and stillness of death, before us.

Notwithstanding he was my bosom friend, having and holding my confidence, love, and esteem nearly a third of a century; my constant correspondent a quarter of a century; and, with jealous care, kept watch and ward over me, even as a brave, true husband shields and shelters the wife that he loves, as a fond and faithful mother cares for the babe that she bears, four and twenty years at least, if not, indeed, thirty; he lacked four months and twenty days of being forty-four years old when he went away, closing his eventful career on earth about fifty minutes after midnight, on August 1, 1900] morning of August 2, 1900] a date long to be remembered in sorrow and sadness by those who know him and therefore loved him.

As a child, he was always submissive, obedient, cheerful, hopeful, helpful, happy, and kind. His loving, unselfish devotion to his mother was simply sublime. Where she went, he was glad to go; where she was, he was glad to be; what she did, he was glad to do. He, though never very vigorous, deemed it not a burden, but a blessing, to make a full hand in the field, cultivating crops, and, while others rested, help his mother card and spin, wash dishes and cook] work with her, from parlor to pantry, anywhere and everywhere she went and worked. He simply bore, gladly and lovingly, as much of his mothers burden as it was possible for him to bear. Blessed be the boy who bravely bears his mothers burdens, and so fulfills the law of love.

As a husband, he was what every husband ought to try to be. O. S. Fowler, prince of phrenologists, says, in a chart furnished him long, long ago: You will make as good a husband as any man. Those who knew our brother best and loved him most believe

the peerless phrenologist tells sympathy and succor, instead of censure and scolding.

Once, a few months ago, when he and I were sitting on his front porch, about sunset, we heard of his little boys crying. He asked to be excused, left the porch; returned, after a few moments, with the little fellow in his arms; resumed his seat, and said to the child: Long ago, in the country called Egypt, lived and reigned a wicked king, called Pharaoh, whom commanded his soldiers and servants to kill all the little Hebrew baby boys born in his kingdom. The Hebrews were his slaves. One Hebrew mother, who loved her baby, as your mother loves you, put him into a little basket, etc. Thus he told the story of Moses, while the listening child forgot his troubles and his tears.

His wife tells me that he, when at home, always prepared the boys for bed, immediately after supper, while she prepared the girls. Then, every member of the family being present, he related some humorous, pathetic, or otherwise interesting story in such a manner as to make it entertaining and instructive to the little ones, as well as to his wife; then they read two or three times as many verses of scripture as there were souls in their little circle— each one who could read, reading; and father or mother reading for each one who could not read, it being thus understood that even baby read as many verses as papa read.

The reading over and comments finished, the entire circle knelt, the baby in its mothers arms excepted, while a fervent prayer went up from that happy home to God; then the children were put to bed, and father and mother talked and worked till nearly noon of night. If you think such a life is not above reproach and adverse criticism, please ask yourself the question: How much better is the life that I am living?

He was never haughty, proud, or boastful. I never heard him boast of anything. The nearest approach to boasting I ever knew him to make was when speaking of his last book, and he was too sad for

anything he said to ever savor of boasting then.

When his work on that book was nearly completed, he said: It will be the best book in the world. After the publishers had sent him a neatly bound copy, only a few days before his death, he said, I may be mistaken, of course, but I honestly believe, the Bible excepted, it is the best book I have ever seen.

While this may seem to sound a little like boasting, those who knew him, heard him, and saw him when, almost in the shadow of death, which he knew was at hand, he said these things, know^{ing} absolutely know^{ing} the spirit of boasting was not there. Fletcher Srygley never boasted.

Long ago he said to me: I am going to write me a book some time. Many a time did I menhat all Gods children should be one, should be Christians^{all} only this, and nothing more^{all} and that all Christians should love one another with a pure heart fervently.

All these things^{all} the law of induction into the kingdom of Christ, the law of the Christian life^{all} and many other things of thrilling importance^{all} creation, redemption, and salvation^{all} were to be woven into that book, his book, the wonderful book that he never wrote, the book that can never be written.

Thinking of that thrilling love story, that none can ever tell or read or write or know, reminds me of what those who knew him and loved him know: a pure river of truest, tenderest, sweetest, sincerest love flowed through his sympathetic heart.

This love and sympathy sometimes led him to do things that cold-blooded stony-hearted men might consider even cranky; but he was never a crank.

To him and Ella were born two sweet little girls^{all} Mamie and Jeffie. Before Jeffie was born, Mamie was taken from the cradle to the grave; was buried at Mars Hill, Ala., where the little family then lived.

Ella, the bereaved child mother, was inconsolable.

Sighing and sobbing as if her aching heart would break, she said: O, if I had only kept one sweet little curl— one of the curls I loved so well and have so often kissed— how precious it would be to me now! But my baby is gone— all gone— and how can I live without her?

The sun was sinking in the west, the day on which little Mamie was buried was nearly gone, when the thoughts of that sweet curl gave birth to that heartrending wail of woe. The Mars Hill school and community were a family filled with sympathy, confidence, and love then— all glad to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

Brother Srygley, his own heart bleeding and almost breaking, in strictest confidence submitted a strange suggestion to some of us. The mere suggestion was all sufficient. The sun set, the moon rose, the stars appeared, midnight came. The bereaved, childless mother slept. The stillness of death reigned supreme over the community. Little Mamie's grave was emptied; her little white coffin was opened. The sweetest curl that kissed her marble brow was clipped— a precious, tiny treasure for which the mother sighed. The coffin was closed and gently lowered into the grave; the grave was filled. At the proper time and in the proper way the curl was given to the mourning, moaning mother; but she never knew the story I have just revealed.

Early in this year— a few weeks before his death— he went to Coal Hill, Ark., the home of his father and mother after their removal from their dear old Rock Creek, Ala., home. There, in the room to which he took his beautiful bride immediately after his second marriage, which was their home during the first year of their married life, and in which he kissed his mother good-by the last time he ever saw her, he wrote his wife the sweetest, and me the saddest, letter he ever wrote. To me he wrote: I cannot stay here long; it is too sad.

That was his last missionary tour. He tried to preach at Marianna, Ark., but Dr. Robinson and others, knowing he was in a dying condition, sent him

home.

At home, immediately after this return, he wrote me:
The doctors sent me home from Arkansas sick.
They say I must not try to preach. I cannot meet you
in Murfreesboro on June 30, as I had hoped. We will
be glad to have you in our home whenever you can
come.

He preached from the pulpit as long as he
could longer than physicians deemed proper, longer
than prudence would permit. Through the press he
preached as long as he lived. In our hearts and in he
shall continue to live. Through the press he continues
to preach. His influence may preach forever.

Solomon (Prov. 17:17) says, A friend loveth at all
times; and (Prov. 27:6), Faithful are the wounds of a
friend. Neither Damon nor Pythias, David nor
Jonathan, was ever a truer friend than F. D. Srygley.
I know whereof I speak when I speak of his fidelity,
friendship and love. He was my friend, faithful and
true, almost as long as the Man of sorrows the Man
divine, the friend of sinners, the Savior of
souls lived, loved, and labored; suffered, sorrowed,
and sighed, in this vain world of sickness, sorrow,
pain, and death. In prosperity, in adversity; at home
and abroad; in sickness, in health; anywhere,
everywhere, at all times and under all circumstances
his friendship was truly sublime.

He was too wise and he knew me too well to deem
me perfect, of course; but he was not willing for man
to mention my imperfections. He frequently said to
confidential friends: Ill criticism him when he needs
it, if I want to; but no other man shall do it.

Not that he loved life less, but that he loved me
more, he would have died any day to shield and save
me.

Shall I revere his memory and try to shield and save
and bless loved ones he has left in loneliness to
lament their loss? If I am a man.

May the Lord love and lead, succor and shield,

abundantly bless, and eternally save them all— give them at last an eternity of bliss with their loved one, not lost, but gone before.

He was sublimely unselfish. When he was preparing his last book, for the press, called me to the telephone—was justly mine.

Those who knew him know there was no affectation, duplicity, or deception in these things. He was honest, generous, and frank; he said what he meant and meant what he said; he was sincere.

He believed and preached that owe no man anything, but to love one another (Rom. 13:8) applies to money matters, as well as to other things. M. H. Meeks, his lifelong friend, confidant, and legal, as well as business, advisor, says there are not complications in his business affairs. It is not known or believed by those who knew him best and loved him most that he left one penny unpaid. If he did, it was unintentionally done; but it is scarcely possible that he did. Moreover, if he did, that penny will be promptly paid.

His name will occupy its accustomed place on the first page of the *Gospel Advocate*; friends who have loved him and who love him still will keep up his page, as well as they can, though knowing they can never fill his place; those who wish to tell of his merits, his worth, and his works can do so in the columns of that page; unpublished paragraphs written by him will appear there; and his loved ones now left without husband and father will, if they will—and I hope they will—continue to draw his salary till the remnant of this century passes away, at least. Such is the expressed purpose and will of the proprietors and publishers of the paper he helped to edit so long.

His writings were strictly—and, to some, sometimes seemed severely—scriptural, as well as intensely logical; and, while they were sweet and precious to those who knew and loved him, some who felt the force of his logic, the facts he related, and the scripture he quoted sometimes thought him unkind.

Though I knew him long, intimately, and well, I never heard an unkind expression fall from his lips never. A brother once said to me: in this weeks *Advocate*, Srygley says Brother ----- has lied. I was sure the brother was mistaken, but I examined the paper to see. Without one word of comment, Brother Srygley had simply quoted two brief paragraphs from the pen of Brother -----, either of which positively contradicted the other. That was all. This is a sample of Brother Srygleys hard sayings. To his writings I appeal for proof. Read what he wrote, that you may know what he said. Please permit him, our brother and friend, to speak for himself.

Christianity, pure and simple, is the religion he practiced, preached, and professed. The Bible is the only book he regarded as authority in religion. How often he read the Bible through, from beginning to end, no mortal knows; but it is known that he read it through consecutively ten times in the last ten years of his life once each year.

He labored as an evangelist, principally among the poor, with whom he always sincerely sympathized. He said: The Savior preached to the poor. It was one of the proofs that he was the looked-for Messiah that the poor had the gospel preached to them. The rich are able to pay for preaching, and many of them have more preaching that they are willing to hear. I want to preach the gospel to the poor; they need it and appreciate it, and in preaching to them I do as my Savior did.

I thank my God that his providence permitted me to spend the last week of our dear brothers painful pilgrimage through this world with him and his sorrowing family. I started home once. He did not protest. Had he done so, I would not have started. A few moments before I started, he said to me: We have parted many a time, parted to meet again: but when we part this time, I think we part to meet no more. I started, but returned. I could not go. I am sorry I started. I knew not what to do. I thought I had to go. It was so sad to see him suffer, so hard to see him die. I thought we could not give him up. We all

did for him all we could; we tried to do the right.

A few hours before his death— after he had been unconscious several hours— Brother Scobey said to him: Brother Srygley, Brother Larimore has come; here is Brother Larimore. He opened his eyes wide. At first he looked startled. The next moment he looked surprised— astonished. The look that immediately supplanted that— his last conscious look— was a radiant expression of rapturous delight that swept me back to the joyous days of his innocent childhood. He was in a gently reclining position; he could not lie prostrate. Grasping me enthusiastically by both hands, he looked steadily into my eyes with an expression of tenderness that almost talked. I said: Do you know me, Brother Srygley? He said: Yes. I said: How do you feel? He said: I feel good. Then he closed his eyes and relapsed into an unconscious state that lasted till, without a struggle, he simply ceased to breathe.

Our brother left, to lament their loss, while in loneliness living without him, a wife, who tenderly loves him; Jeffie, Ellas only living child, about eighteen years old; James S., nine; Fletcher D., six; Sarah Alice, five; Augusta, three; Jean, the baby, only eight months.

Ella sleeps in the cemetery at Savannah, Tenn.; little Mamie lies in the family graveyard at Mars Hill— my home— four miles from Florence, Ala., the body of the mother our beloved brother so tenderly loved rests at Coal Hill, Ark.— no two in the same State and all sleeping among strangers, far away from home and loved ones.

His body is to await the resurrection morn in Mount Olivet— Nashvilles beautiful cemetery— the only city of the dead I have ever seen that looks, not lonely and gloomy, but bright and attractive to me. There would I bury all my dead and there would I be buried, if I could.

Though always armed with sparkling wit, charming humor, and ready repartee, our beloved brother was no exception to the rule: Man that is born of a

woman if of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh
forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as
a shadow, and continueth not. He was no exception
to the rule: Man was made to mourn. He has ceased
to suffer; we are left to mourn. Let us all so live that,
some sweet day, we may meet him and know him
and love him in that love-lit land of pure delight,
were sorrow is unknown.

(Transcribed by Terry Gardner)

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This picture was made shortly after Papa died.

From left : - Douglas , 7 yrs.- Augusta - 3 yrs. -
Jean - 8 mo. - Mama - 34 yrs - Alice - 5 yrs -
Jim - 9 yrs.

I don't remember how long we lived in Nashville but mama's oldest brother Uncle Jim persuaded her to buy a farm in Franklin and let him live with her and run the farm. We had taught school all his life and didn't make a very good farmer. I don't remember much about the farm life but that it was mighty cold in winter and nice in summer and we enjoyed the walks in the woods in the spring .

I remember driving to school in Franklin which was about five miles. Mama would tuck us in when the weather was cold with hot rocks to keep our feet warm and blankets around our legs. Old Ida the family horse would jog along to and from school with Jim, Douglas and me in the buggy.

We finally sold the farm and mama bought a house on Argyle Avenue, in Nashville and rented it and we moved to Franklin to live. We lived in an old brick house which had been a private school and had nice big rooms and we liked to live there.

We went to the Elementary School in Franklin but by the time I was in the Fifth Grade they decided to tear the old building down and build a new school. Since the house we were living in had been a school house at one time and had nice big rooms, they took it for the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades and the big house back of us for the first four grades. We had to move but it happened that the house next door was for rent so we just moved next door. While we were living there Jean was about five years old and just loved to play with our old horse, Ida. One day she was trying to put the bridle on her and for some reason she kicked her and broke her jaw. I will never forget how I felt when I walked in from school and there she lay with her whole head bandaged. She got through this accident fine without any disfiguration.

After living here about two years our house was sold and we had to move again. But as luck would have the house next door was vacant and we rented it. We had lived in the same block in all three houses without leaving the neighborhood.

Here we lived next door to the Owens and old couple and their daughter and old bachelor son, who was editor of one of the County papers, The Williamson County News. Mr. Owen was blind and Jean just loved to lead him around. She was just a happy child and had so much fun with Mr. Owen. She contracted typhoid fever one summer and lay unconscious for about a month, we never thought she would get well, but with good nursing she pulled through. We had to cut off her curls but her came back curly



Franklin Elementary School
Grades 1-4
(1) Alice (2) Augusta

Franklin Elementary School
Grades 5 - 8
(1) Jim - (2) Douglas





Augusta - Jean and Alice
This picture was made before
Jean had typhoid fever.



Jim at work on telephone lines
in Franklin



Douglas



Our Old cow Rose who
furnished us with milk.

We moved to Nashville sometime in June 1909 and had been living here a few weeks when Jim, my oldest brother, who was still working for the Telephone Company and waiting to be transferred to Nashville, took Typhoid Fever and came home sick. He had been staying with some friends until he could be transferred and his transfer went through just after he took sick. He was so ill that mamma put him in St. Thomas Hospital and he died there on July 14, 1909. After his death Douglas got a job with McQuiddy Printing Company and had to drop out of school.

Grandpa Scobey thought it would be a good idea for Augusta and me to go to the Fanning Orphan School so arrangements were made and we entered school there. I knew when I went there that I would have to finish High School and although it was a hard adjustment to make for both of us we made it. The matron was rigid and strict and everything had to be done exactly right consequently I was in trouble a good part of the time for I was impulsive, while Augusta was quiet and obedient to all the rules. I often spent Saturday afternoons cutting kindling, which was one mode of punishment and I really learned how to cut kindling besides doing without my dessert lots on Saturdays. But I learned all I knew about housekeeping, sewing and other household chores including chores for during my senior year I was in charge of the dairy which included churning and molding fourteen to eighteen pounds of butter at the time. I graduated in June 1913 I suppose you would say with honors although there were only three of us in the class.



Jim and Annie Billington
his sweetheart who had
gone through school with
him in the same class.

"You Can't Afford
To Fail"



Charlotte Fall Fanning

We called ourselves
the Big Five
Erma Russell who was
in my class all during
High School - Fairy -
Kate and Rose



Alice and Kate



On the front Steps at
Fanning

When I finished school
Jean went to Fanning
with Augusta for a
year but they were
both so unhappy that
mama brought them home
to stay in 1914 and
they both went to the
City Schools.



This picture was made
the fall of 1913.
(2) Augusta (2) Jean
students and Faculty
Fanning School



A spend the day party
in Franklin at Eula
Wolt's house



While in school at Fanning Augusta and I would spend our
vacations at home. Our happiest times were when we could
go back to Franklin to visit our friends there and have
them come visit us. Our chiefest visit was made to go
to the Sunday School Picnic every year.



Our friends from Franklin
visit us



At Annie's house
Franklin



This is the tallyhoe we would
ride to the Sunday School Picnics
from Franklin.



Annie at my House

After Augusta and I had been in Fanning for a year, Mama got a position teaching in the Davidson County Schools. She was sent to Smith Springs, which is near LaVergne, a one room school. Of course this meant that she would have to board out there. She took Jean with her and rented the house on Argyle partially furnished and stored the rest of the furniture in one of the rooms. Douglas boarded in town but during vacation we would all come home, two summers we rented a house and moved our furniture in and lived for the summer vacation.

After teaching at Smith Springs Mama was transferred to the school in Neely's Bend, which was still only one teacher but a bigger school. She took Jean with her and boarded with the George Shields family who lived on a farm near the school. Mr and Mrs Shields were awfully nice to her and she thoroughly enjoyed living there. Mrs Shields would invite all of us to be together at her house whenever we had holidays or Christmas Vacation. This is where I met Ben who lived with his Uncle and family.

Mamma stayed at Neely's Bend until the year that I graduated at Fanning School, when she was transferred to the Protestant Orphanage which was under the direction of the Davidson County Schools and there were two or more teachers. Mama was the principal and stayed there until her death.



Some of the Shields Family
"At Home" on Sunday
Afternoon.



This is the Shields family
with grandchildren
(1) Mama - (2) Mrs Shields
(3) Mr George Shields





Jean's Sunday School Class
Lawrence Ave (1) Jean



Mama's Bible Class at
Lawrence Avenue Church
(1) Mama



This Family Group was made
in 1913 .
From left :- Alice - Augusta
Douglas - Mama - Jean

The summer of 1913 we moved to 758 Argyle Avenue, this time to stay. Since I had finished High School I felt like I should go to work, since I was not able to go to college. I decided that I would teach school since my Grandfather thought that teaching was the only occupation for a lady at that time. I took the Teacher's Examination and got a Teacher's Certificate. Mr Lipscomb, my Principal at Fanning told me about a place at Coopertown, Tennessee, about five or six miles from Springfield. I applied for this place and the County Superintendent called me for an interview. This was a four teacher County Elementary and High School combined and the vacancy was in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. I went for the interview, riding the train to Springfield in the morning and returning by train in the afternoon. I REALLY FELT BIG !



Mama's house was the gathering place for the family on Sunday Afternoons. From left: - Uncle John, Aunt Annie Sue, Mama, Aunt Etta, Uncle Rob



Mama during vacation



Front: - Jean - Uncle Jim -
Back: - Mama - Douglas -
Aunt Mattie

I was eighteen in August 1913 and when I went for the interview with the County Superintendent, he was hesitant to employ me because of my age, but I convinced him that nobody need know that but him and me so he employed me on probation. I got along just fine until the big boys came in from the tobacco fields and sure enough they were as old or older than I and much bigger and I had a hard time. The principal couldn't do anything with them and he resigned shortly after they came in. I offered to resign but the School Commissioners suggested that I take the first second and third grades and exchange places with Miss Addie Barrow who was an experienced teacher. We did this and got along fine except that I had to teach Miss Addie her arithmetic lesson every night so she could teach the seventh and eighth grades. We stayed at Coopertown for three years, These were happy years I enjoyed my work and made a lot of friends. Ben would drive down on Sundays for dates.



Front view Coopertown School



Ben and his first car
We were both proud of it



My first grade class



Miss Addie and Me



This was our mode of travel
Hattie Miller - Student
Miss Addie and Me



My first faculty



Mrs. Frey with whom we boarded



Front - Teachers
Back - Students

When I had finished my first year of teaching I made my first visit to see Jeffie and family in Mayfield, Kentucky. I went to stay about a week but had such a good time that I stayed a whole month.

After that trip everybody had to go visit Jeffie and they came to Nashville to see us after they got their first car. They drove through and brought all the children and we had such a good time although Douglas had turned the coffee pot over on him the morning they left for Tennessee and had a right bad burn all the time they were with us.



Jeffie and Will at Home



The neighbors



Robertson and Skimmers



Douglas & Henry with Fritz



Douglas and Will G In sandpile



It itches



Tennis party my first visit



I got to be pretty good shot



Jeffie, Mrs Boaz Mama & Aunt Mattie have a good game

While I was teaching I went to Peabody during vacations and took some Educational Courses. I worked in the cafeteria to help my expenses and had a lot of fun. Mama was also going to Peabody during her vacations and we had a class or two together. We were in Peabody the first summer that they were on the New Campus on 21st Avenue.

Although I enjoyed the work at Coopertown and had a lot of friends there, the salary was low and I didn't see any chance for further advancement. I decided to try to get a better position and finally was employed in the City School at Erin, Tenn, a little town beyond Clarksville, Tenn. I taught the fourth, fifth and sixth grades and enjoyed the work. I had a nice boarding place and roomed with the first, second and third grade teacher, Miss Lawrence from Old Center, near La Vergne. In spite of it all I believe this was the most unhappy year of my life.

Augusta was sick all winter with T.B. and was in the T.B. Hospital part of the winter, but Mama finally brought her home for she was so unhappy out there. She died in the spring of 1917.

Ben went to Detroit to work in the automobile factory that fall and didn't come home until he was drafted in December 1917. It was a gloomy winter.



Mama and Augusta at
T. B. Hospital



Our weekend entertainment
in Erin consisted mainly
of Sunday afternoon Hikes

Ben and his friend Jim Stone
who went to Detroit with him



After Augusta died I decided that I just couldn't go back to Erin. The regular school term was out by that time and we were to teach a subscription school whereby the patrons would pay the tuition of the pupils that came. So I decided to stay home and did some substitute teaching in the City Schools thinking that after four years experience I could get a place in the City Schools but did not have any success so decided to give up teaching as a profession and take a business course. I enrolled in a private Business College and concentrated on shorthand and typewriting and in a few months after long hours of practice I managed to get a position at the Graham Paper Company as Billing Clerk. I had never used a Billing Machine but had become pretty good on the typewriter so didn't have any trouble learning. I was continually calling for "bills" from the salesmen so they nicknamed me Bill.



The Girls I worked with
at Graham Paper Co.



I worked at Graham Paper Company for three months, and had just gotten a raise to fifty dollars a month, which I thought was real good, when I was offered a job at Old Hickory Powder Plant as secretary to the Assistant Engineer of the Construction Company which was building the Village at that time. I was overwhelmed by this offer and told the man that I did not feel like I had had enough experience for a position of this kind. But after interviewing several applicants for the job he gave it to me. My salary was twenty-five dollars a week, doubled what I made. I worked with him until the project was closed down after the War was over then I transferred to the duPont Company and worked for them until their work was completed and then transferred to the Government and worked until I married in June 1920.

My experiences during this period were certainly varied. When I first started we drove to work from Nashville via the Lebanon Road and it was interesting to watch the development of the housing area for the employees during that time. Later on we drove out the Gallatin Road and crossed the Cumberland River by Ferry which was a little nearer. Later on they built a suspension bridge across the river. On this route we drove through the Powder Plant Area. All entrances were strictly guarded and the whole area was enclosed in a heavy fence. Each Employee had to carry a pass at all times and show it going in and out of the area. Part of the time I rode the train which was packed with employees. They ran a train for the office employees and one for the laborers and both were always crowded. On the way out we passed the Old Soldiers Home (Confederate), and the old soldiers met the train and waved to us each morning. We would buy the morning paper before leaving the Union Station and throw it off to the old soldiers as we passed. To make the train trip I had to leave home at six thirty in the morning and ride the streetcar to 8th and Broad, walk to the Union Station to catch the train. It would be at least six or six thirty before I reached home in the evening. A long day but I was happy feeling that I at least was contributing something to the war effort



W. W. Mitchell,
Safety Engr.
Wilmington, Del.



Girls in du Pont Office
Miss Moran - Mrs Little
Miss Menefee

ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT, U. S. A. No. 11312

SPECIAL PASS TO OLD HICKORY POWDER PLANT

ADMIT Alice Higley Party

REPRESENTING Employee

BUSINESS _____

NOT GOOD AFTER 6/7/20

ISSUED BY ODUS C. HORNEY,
LT. COL. ORD. DEPT., U. S. A.
COMMANDING

BY W. D. Barberman

FORM OR 30 (OVER)



Sara Beckton and I worked
in same office at du pont

CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS HOME

J. D. HAYS, SUPERINTENDENT

S. R. Johnson HERMITAGE, TENN.

Miss Alice

Please accept the thanks of

a poor lone Orphan 85 yrs old, with only one Father and
three Mothers whom I have not seen for 65-years, and some
of them never, for the box and the papers. In return

I can only offer you some good advice "Take it from
an old man " Never Worry " So far as is known
no Bird ever tried to build more nests than its Neighbor
The Fox ever fretted because he had only one hole in
which to hide " The Squirrel ever died of anxiety lest
he should not lay by enough nuts for two winters
instead of for one " And no Dog ever lost any sleep
over the fact that he did not have enough Bones
laid aside for his declining years " Don't Worry

again thanking you for your kind remembrance of a
stranger - I am respectfully yours - E. D. Noble Soldiers Home
Hermitage Tenn - P. S. Please excuse bad writing
as I have but all my teeth -



After the Armistice Day, Nov. 11, 1918, all construction work ceased at the plant. But all records had to be closed out and Miss Becton and I worked in an office in this dormitory closing out the Safety Records. Mr. Reid, Safety Engineer, was transferred to Wilmington, Del. I had done his secretarial work after Mrs Little, his secretary had gone back to Wilmington. Before Mr. Reid left he offered me a job in Wilmington but I decided that it was too far away from home so stayed on at Old Hickory, transferring to the Government office where I stayed until I resigned in June 1920 to marry.

Reid, Safety Engineer



Miss Becton and I worked together during the close out.



Mr. Massey Asst. Safety Engr. who took Mr. Reid's place until the office was closed



brother - Fletcher Douglas Srygley



Sister - Jean Srygley

Cockrill Bend Takes New Place In History

By ED HUDDLESTON

It's happened again . . . to historic Cockrill Bend, where the vast Ford plant will rise.

History does repeat.

For the third time in fewer than 200 years, men of vision have gazed into the future and put down a big pile of their blue chips on "ye bend of Cumberland River," as a land grant styled her in 1788.

Cockrill Bend bears the proud surname of Mark Robertson Cockrill.

In at least three ways he was like Rhett Butler, the hero of Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind." But the wind didn't sweep Mark Cockrill away . . . because he used his head.

Brilliant Mind

Mark Cockrill was a man of brilliant mind (the son of Nashville's first school teacher, Mrs. Ann Robertson Johnston Cockrill, who arrived on the flagboat "Adventure." And during the

perilous voyage she had used moist boxes of sand as blackboards, in giving lessons to pioneer children.)

Like Butler, Cockrill was later to look into the future—at least 10 years ahead of the men of his day . . . and he foresaw the end of slavery. He foresaw the collapse of huge cotton profits. He saw the war clouds gathering.

He foresaw all this around 1850, a decade before guns boomed in Charleston Harbor and set off the War Between the States. And because he looked ahead, and beheld what many failed to see, he saved an economic kingdom for himself and for his children.

Mark Cockrill beat the emancipation proclamation to the punch. He sold the bulk of his slaves, about 90 souls. He sold his vast cotton plantation on the Pearl River, in Monroe County, Miss. It brought him around \$240,000 in gold.

"He came back to Nashville by horseback, with about 14 slaves he had kept," according to Albert G. Ewing, Sr., one of Cockrill's grandsons.

Buys Land

Mark Cockrill had parted company with cotton. The quarter million it had yielded him he invested in large land tracts around his native Nashville. One was the vast Robertson Bend, which then became Cockrill Bend.

The earlier name had come from Cockrill's famous uncle, James Robertson, founder of Nashville, who had acquired around 3,000 acres in the great curve of the river in the days of Indian forays.

Near the open end of the bend, where Richland Creek empties into the Cumberland, Robertson had built a "station." Not far from the log station, one of Robertson's sons, Mark Robertson, perished at the hands of the Indians.



MARK COCKRILL

Ford plant brings new luster to bend that bears his name

This log house was about a mile northwest of Charlotte Road's intersection with Lellyett Ave., where his later spacious home, "Richland," was to stand. This later house, built in 1797, has been termed the first brick house in Middle Tennessee. It was called "Travelers' Rest" until about 1816, and burned in the early 1900's.

Loves Area

Mark Robertson Cockrill had been named, for his slain cousin, in 1788. It's easy to see that this storied land held a place in his heart. When fortune beamed upon him, he made this land his own.

"It was purchased largely from the Robertson heirs, and from the Bosley family," Ewing said. "Huge cedars, two and three feet in diameter, once stood on the slope where the Ford plant will be built.

"I am in my 80's, and a few of the great cedars still were there when I was a boy. Few people of today have seen such stately cedar trees as those were.

"Farther down in the bend, beyond the cedars, were poplars, and then the very fertile bottom land, which many hundreds of years before no doubt had been a marsh.

"The spot where the Ford plant will rise was part of 2,900 acres which my grandfather gave to his son, James Cockrill. He sold it to Dr. William Morrow, who later sold it to the state as part of the state prison farm."

When his Grandfather Mark divided his land among his children, 226 acres went to Mark Sterling Cockrill, and 1750 acres to Benjamin F. Cockrill.

Benjamin Cockrill was the grandfather of Benjamin F. Cockrill, asst. director, State Department of Accounts; William C. Cockrill, president of Tennessee Lumber Co.; Miss Emmaline Bell Cockrill, Kensington Place; Mrs. Henry Huddleston, Murfreesboro; Arch Cockrill, of Third National Bank, and Charles Vernon Cockrill, Ridgeway. The latter's son is the fourth in line of descent to bear the name of Benjamin F. Cockrill.

A daughter, of Mark Cockrill, Mrs. Jane Cockrill Watkins, received the Tulip Grove estate on Lebanon Road—about 1,700 acres. Another daughter, Mrs. Henrietta Cockrill Ewing, mother of Albert Ewing, Sr., received 1000 acres on Charlotte Road.

Grazed Fine Sheep

This latter tract is part of the land on which Cockrill's herds of fine sheep grazed—and eventually his sheep were to produce the finest wool of the world. From Queen Victoria of England was to come an award to Mark Cockrill for wool that topped the products of her own subjects.

The Charlotte land now covered by two beautiful new subdivisions, Brookmeade and Horton Heights was Cockrill's, and his sheep were there, even in the days when his cotton fortune was pyramiding in Mississippi. He spent time in both states, but Tennessee was the home of his heart.

His inquiring mind was to reach on and up, probing the mysteries of scientific breeding, exploring the qualities of wool. He imported fine Merino sheep from over the world—including Portugal and old Saxony—and lived to see the day when his product had no equal.

One of Cockrill's contemporaries and adjoining landholders in the roaring days of fortune was Montgomery Bell, the ironmaster. Belle's Bend curves to the southwestern side of Cockrill's, and upon it Bell maintained a gristmill, about a mile north of Charlotte Road.

Mark Cockrill is said to have been born on land granted to his father, Maj. John Cockrill, for services in the Revolutionary War. A granddaughter, Mrs. Ellen P. Coronado, recalled that the early tract swept across the campus of Vanderbilt University and Centennial Park. Cockrill Springs was in the present Centennial grounds, and it flowed serenely near the venerable oak which stands in the park just off West End Ave.

Taught Nashborough Class

Mark Cockrill's mother was "The widow Johnston" on the hazardous voyage of the "Adventure." With her were her three daughters, and these were among her pupils aboardship. She continued her classes after arrival at the Indian-beleaguered Fort Nashborough. Thus the future Nashville had a school teacher before it had a city government or a courthouse. Later she was married to Maj. Cockrill.

Like her far-better-known brother James Robertson, Ann

was faithful to the struggling little settlement, never wavered when Indian outrages were at their worst. Many left for "bloody lands."

She was among the "70" in all . . . to whom the State of North Carolina was to award lands "without price" for "personal bravery and military service . . . in the darkest hours. She was among those who defended Fort Nashborough in the Battle of the Bluffs, 1781, and 640 acres were proffered her by the mother state. This is of record.

Nashville's first school teacher was the only woman thus honored.

"We have never found a record to indicate she claimed the land," said State Archivist Robert T. Quarles, Jr. "But it is possible that she deeded her claim to her husband." His holdings obviously were vast.

She sleeps in the old City Cemetery, and a special marker has been placed at her grave by the Daughters of the American Revolution. It reads:

"Ann Robertson Johnston Cockrill, 1757-1821. First teacher in the Cumberland Settlement. Intrepid pioneer heroine of the Battle of the Bluffs, 1781. Recipient of land grant." In the Davidson County Courthouse, another marker casts luster upon the memory of her son, Mark.

Perhaps Ann would smile, rather proudly, if she could know of the new great things about to transpire upon the land which bears the Cockrill name.



Benjamin Cockrill

Mark Cockrill was the father of Benjamin F. Cockrill who married Sara Foster. They were the parents of Jennette Cockrill who married Oliver Hayes Shields. They were the parents of George, Jamie and Sara and Ben Cockrill Shields.



George Shields



Jamie Shields -
Graduation
Nashville Bible School



Sara Shields
Graduation
Nashville Bible School



Ben Shields
Age 2 yrs

*Ben Shields's hair
age 2 yrs.*



Ben belonged to the Military Police Battallion of the 82nd Division and when he sent me his picture on his motor cycle I had it enlarged and hung it over the mantle in our room. The family all called this picture my "HEADLIGHT."



G. H. Q.
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES,

GENERAL ORDERS }
No. 38-A. }

FRANCE, February 28, 1919.

MY FELLOW SOLDIERS:

Now that your service with the American Expeditionary Forces is about to terminate, I can not let you go without a personal word. At the call to arms, the patriotic young manhood of America eagerly responded and became the formidable army whose decisive victories testify to its efficiency and its valor. With the support of the nation firmly united to defend the cause of liberty, our army has executed the will of the people with resolute purpose. Our democracy has been tested, and the forces of autocracy have been defeated. To the glory of the citizen-soldier, our troops have faithfully fulfilled their trust, and in a succession of brilliant offensives have overcome the menace to our civilization.

As an individual, your part in the world war has been an important one in the sum total of our achievements. Whether keeping lonely vigil in the trenches, or gallantly storming the enemy's stronghold; whether enduring monotonous drudgery at the rear, or sustaining the fighting line at the front, each has bravely and efficiently played his part. By willing sacrifice of personal rights; by cheerful endurance of hardship and privation; by vigor, strength and indomitable will, made effective by thorough organization and cordial co-operation, you inspired the war-worn Allies with new life and turned the tide of threatened defeat into overwhelming victory.

With a consecrated devotion to duty and a will to conquer, you have loyally served your country. By your exemplary conduct a standard has been established and maintained never before attained by any army. With mind and body as clean and strong as the decisive blows you delivered against the foe, you are soon to return to the pursuits of peace. In leaving the scenes of your victories, may I ask that you carry home your high ideals and continue to live as you have served—an honor to the principles for which you have fought and to the fallen comrades you leave behind.

It is with pride in our success that I extend to you my sincere thanks for your splendid service to the army and to the nation.

Faithfully,

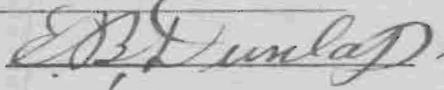


Commander in Chief.

OFFICIAL:

ROBERT C. DAVIS,
Adjutant General.

Copy furnished to Pvt. Ben C. Shields



Commanding.



Ben carried this picture in his wallet during the War

REGISTRATION CARD

23

1 Name in full *Ben Shultz*
(Given name) (Family name)

2 Home address *Madison Farm*
(No.) (Street) (City) (State)

3 Date of birth *Dec 2nd 1894*
(Month) (Day) (Year)

4 Are you (1) a natural-born citizen, (2) a naturalized citizen, (3) an alien, (4) or have you declared your intention (specify which)? *1 Natural born*

5 Where were you born? *Madison Farm*
(Town) (State) (Nation)

6 If not a citizen, of what country are you a citizen or subject? *X*

7 What is your present trade, occupation, or office? *Farmer*

8 By whom employed? *Long farm in Louisiana*

Where employed? *it worked by other persons*

9 Have you a father, mother, wife, child under 17, or a sister or brother under 17, solely dependent on you for support (specify which)? *None*

10 Married or single (which)? *single* Race (specify which)? *Caucasian*

11 What military service have you had? Rank *No.*; branch _____; years _____; Navy or State _____

12 Do you claim exemption from draft (specify grounds)? *No*

I affirm that I have verified above answers and that they are true.

Ben Shultz
(Signature of registrant)

If person is of African descent, color of skin cannot

REGISTRAR'S REPORT

438.1

- 1 Tall, medium, or short (specify which)? Med Hair, wavy or straight (state)? Wavy
- 2 Color of eyes? Blue Color of hair? Light BALT? No
- 3 Has pierced left arm, leg, hand, foot, or both eyes, or is he otherwise disabled (specify)? No.

I certify that my answers are true, that the person registered has read his own answers, that I have witnessed his signature, and that all of his answers of which I have knowledge are true, except as follows:

(Handwritten signature)
(Signature of Registrar)

11 TH-E
 Precinct _____
 City or County DAVIDSON
 State TENN.

JUN - 5 1917
 (Date of registration)

SHIELDS, Ben C OS

1,919,414 W

Madison, Tenn.

Ind: #2, Davidson County, Tenn.

Dec 7/17.

Born: Nashville, Tenn.

Age: 24 Yrs.

Org: Co A 307 MP Co to Aug 29/

18; Hq Tr 82 Div to Disch.

Grade: Pvt 1cl Feb 7/18; Pvt

Aug 29/18.

OS: May 6/18 to May 21/19.

Disch: May 29/19.

Ben got home in June 1919. I knew he would be coming but did not know just when. Uncle Jim had to go to Chattanooga on business and Aunt Mattie persuaded me to ride up there with them. I thought maybe Ben would come to Camp Gordon for mustering out so I went. We drove down to Camp Gordon and found out that the 82nd Division had been mustered out the day before we got there. Ben got home the day I got to Chattanooga and was real outdone that I was gone when he called. But we finally got things straightened out after I got back. He didn't stay at home but about two weeks for he wanted to go back to his job in Detroit. He came home Christmas and brought me my ring and we set our wedding date for June 23, 1920.

*Srygley-Shields
Wedding June 23, 1920*

Miss Sarah Alice Srygley and Ben Cockrill Shields will be married on Wednesday evening, June 23. The ceremony will be at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Jennie Srygley on Argyle avenue. The bride's grandfather, Rev. James E. Scobey, will officiate and the wedding music will be given by Mrs. Robert H. Scobey. During the ceremony vocal selections will be given by Douglas Srygley and Edward Scobey. Miss Srygley will have as her attendants, Mrs. Hugh Ammerman, matron of honor and Mary Emma Scobey and Clara Ledbetter, ribbon bearers. The young couple will leave after the ceremony for Cincinnati and Chicago before going to their future home in Detroit.



Mrs Ben Cockrill Shields
This picture was in the
Banner after we married



This is Ben's picture just before he left Detroit to come home for Christmas. Our last home in Detroit was in the upper apartment in a house similar to the one on his right.

We had a quiet home wedding and left immediately for Detroit. We spent two nights and a day at the Gibson Hotel in Cincinnati. We did a lot of sightseeing including the Zoo where we saw ice skating in summer for the first time. This picture was made there too.



Your Best Work will follow
Shields-Srygley Wedding
Beautiful Home Event

The marriage of Miss Sarah Alice Srygley and Mr. Ben Cockrill Shields was beautifully solemnized Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at the home of the bride on Argyle avenue. Prof. James E. Scooby, grandfather of the bride, officiated in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends.

Ferns and the flowers of the season were used in the artistic decorations throughout the house, and the ceremony took place before an improvised altar of palms, ferns and field daisies.

The wedding register was kept by Miss Elizabeth Dabney of Hopkinsville, Ky.

While the guests were assembling Messrs. Edward Scooby and Douglas Srygley sang several love lyrics, with Mrs. Robert H. Scooby accompanist. As Mendelssohn's wedding march was rendered the bridal party entered, led by the ribbon-bearers, little Misses Mary Emma Scooby and Clara Leadbetter. The matron of honor, Mrs. Hugh Ammerman, of Beech Stone Gap, Va., came in alone, preceding the bride and groom.

The bride, who is the lovely young daughter of Mrs. Jennie Srygley, wore a stylish tailored suit of blue tricotine, with accessories to match and her flowers were Columbia roses.

Both young people enjoy a wide circle of friends who will be interested in their marriage.

The matron of honor was attired in a gown of apricot georgette, combined with

fantase silk of the same tone, and her corsage bouquet was of Ophelia roses.

The ribbon-bearers wore dainty lace-trimmed frocks of organdy.

After the ceremony an informal reception was held. Mrs. Srygley was assisted in receiving by Misses Jean Srygley and Lucille Skinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Shields left on the evening train for a bridal trip to Cincinnati, and after July 1 will be located at 174 Newport avenue, Detroit, Mich.

A large and valuable collection of wedding gifts was received.

Those attending from a distance were: Mrs. Charles E. Harrison of Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Sallie Coisar of Mt. Pleasant, Tex.; Mrs. M. W. Dabney and daughter, Miss Elizabeth, of Hopkinsville, Ky.; Mrs. Hue Ammerman of Cliffwood, Va.; Miss Lucille Skinner of Mayfield, Ky.



Jean and Lucyle
 Taken soon after
 the wedding

Ben had rented a furnished apartment before he left for Nashville and had lived there for a week or two before he left. He had it all ready for me—had even bought bed linens and a bedspread for the bed.

The apartment was real nice but small. We had a living room bed room combination with a folding bed up into a closet and we had to move the furniture to let down the bed every night. There was a bathroom and kitchen breakfast room combination with a screened in backporch with a bed on it. So we had room for company if we wanted to have it. A friend of Ben's met us at the train and took us to our new home.



This was our first home. Our apartment was on the left downstairs.

We got home Saturday night and Sunday morning we rode all across town to go to church. We went to Vinewood where Bro. Shepherd from Nashville was preaching. They gave us a warm welcome for the Shepherds knew both of our families. I liked to go to church there but it was such a long trip that we found a church on our side of town.



We spent a happy summer at 574 Newport Avenue our first home. Mama came up for a short visit and I am sure she felt better about my being so far away when she saw how happy we were. After she left Douglas and Edward Scobey came up for a few days. They were on vacation together and Edward's sweetheart, Mildred Womack was visiting her sister, Mrs David Powell in Detroit, so we all had a good time sightseeing except Ben had to work during the day.

We lived here until sometime in the fall when the automobile business began to slacken off. Ben was working for the Hudson Motor Company and stayed with them until the factory closed down. Our neighbor across the hall, Mr. Lewis was an executive for the Chalmers Motor Company and gave Ben a job and he went to work the day after he was laid off at Hudson. Since his salary was somewhat lower than he had been getting at Hudson we decided that we better get a cheaper place to stay and thus cut our expenses. So we got a room with kitchen privileges with Mrs Wallace with whom he had roomed before we were married. We spent the winter there and in the spring bought us some furniture and furnished an apartment similar to Mrs Wallace's just a few doors down the street from her.



Mama and Me
at Bob-lo Park



This picture was made just after we got off the ferry from -
 for Canada while Edward and Douglas were visiting us. Ben Edward (Center) Polly (Left) and Mildred ()
 is at work that trip.



Mr and Mrs Shields - Mr and Mrs Powers - (?) Mildred Womack

We moved into our Emerson Avenue Apartment in the early spring and Jean and Mama visited us in the late summer. Mama had to get back to her school but Jean stayed with us until about the first of November. Our Baby Jean was born on the 16th of November 1921. Bent's aunt Mrs. George Shields came up and stayed with us three weeks and took care of the baby for us.





Jean Cockrill Shields
18 days old



Granny Shields with Baby
Jean, 18 days old



Her first picture at
18 days old

After Granny left us we had a hard time with the baby. I was trying to nurse her and she cried all the time and we took turns sitting up with her at night. The doctor I had kept telling me she had colic but Ben decided that he didn't know what he was doing so put me on the train and I took the baby to Nashville where her grandmothers decided that she was starving. We put her on a bottle and she soon got straightened out and I went back home to Detroit and got along fine from then on.



Baby Jean at five months with her Mother and Daddy

When Jean was about five months old, Mr. Lewis had an offer of a good job with the Pontiac Motors in Pontiac, Michigan, which was about thirty miles from Detroit. He was a much older man than Ben and had an executive position and insisted on Ben going with him to Pontiac at a much better salary than he was making so we moved to Pontiac renting a house in a Subdivision for the Pontiac Employees. We didn't know anybody but Mr and Mrs Lewis and Ben knew some of the fellows he worked with. But my time was taken up with housekeeping and the baby. Mama visited us that summer and was a lot of help and company. The church was weak only a few members meeting in an old residence but I went when I could get there.



Baby Jean at 51 Oliver St.
Pontiac Michigan



Her First Steps



The next summer



Her first Snow man



After Christmas
with her dolls



Summer of 1922
in Pontiac



Baby Jean - One Year Old



Sunday Afternoon at
the Lewis's in Pontiac

The winter baby Jean was a year old I was pregnant, expecting in March 1923. In December Mama was walking from church one Sunday and as she crossed the street an automobile struck her and broke her foot. She got along very well but had to give up her school and walked on crutches the rest of the winter. She was worried about what I would do when the baby came for Granny Shields was not able to come then since Uncle George had died and she was needed at home. We decided that the best thing for me to do was to go home and help out as much as I could and stay until after the baby came. We had a colored girl to do the cooking, but I did all the housekeeping

This was along hard winter. Ben had to stay in Pontiac where he rented the house furnished to a boy and his wife, that worked with him, reserving one of the bedrooms for himself.

The baby came on March the 7th about two months from the time that I arrived in Nashville. He weighed ten pounds and looked like he was three months old. We named him Ben Cockrill Shields Jr. The doctor wouldn't let me travel until the baby was six weeks old but just as soon as he was six weeks old I left for Pontiac and home.



Ben Cockrill Shields Jr.
Three Months Old

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	NMo
Night Letter	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM



NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	NMo
Night Letter	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

RECEIVED AT

6DE AN 10

FY NASHVILLE TENN 1214A MAR 8 1923

BENJAMIN C SHIELDS

000

INSPECTION DEPT PLANT FIVE OAKLAND MOTOR CO PONTIAC MICH

TEN POUND BOY ARRIVED AT TEN OCLOCK BOTH DOING WELL

MOTHER

610A





Ben Jr. was always a happy good baby

Ben met me in Cincinnati, but Jean had forgotten him and wouldn't let him touch her on the train. We arrived in Detroit in a snowstorm and one of Ben's friends from the factory and his wife met us to take us back to Pontiac.

We got within about ten miles of Pontiac and ran out of gas. This upset us terribly for we were afraid that one of the babies would wake up but they didn't and slept right on through. We finally caught a ride, while the man who had met us was gone for gas, with a couple who had been to Detroit to celebrate their wedding anniversary. They took us home and when we got to our house Ben asked Jean if she wanted to go with him to fix the furnace. She went to the basement with him and from that time on seemed to realize where she was and knew her daddy which pleased him.



The summer of 1923 at 51 Oliver St., Pontiac, Michigan



We spent the winter of 1923-24 at 51 Oliver Street. It was a cold snowy winter. Snow fell in the fall and didn't melt until spring. Back in Nashville Mama and Jean were both sick most of the winter. In the spring I went home to see about them. It looked like we would be compelled to move back to Nashville but Ben was doing so well in Pontiac, by this time he had been made Chief Inspector of the Motor Division of the Pontiac Motor Company.

While I was in Nashville, the couple he had rented the house to the winter before wanted to buy our furniture in the house and rent the house. We decided this would be a good thing to do and Ben rented a larger house with three bedrooms furnished and we made arrangements for Jean and Mama to come visit with us as soon as the weather was settled. They spent the summer with us but neither of them was well all summer. Douglas came for them the latter part of August and they had been home only a week when we got a telephone call in the middle of the night that Mama had died suddenly. This was a terrible shock but with the help of the Lewis's we caught the train in Detroit the next night. Ben got a stateroom which made traveling with the children much easier.

After Mama died Jean just had to be cared for. The doctor said that she could not stand the winter climate in Pontiac so there was nothing to do but for me to stay there and take care of her. Before I took the children in the house it had to be fumigated and thoroughly cleaned so we stayed at Madison with Granny Shields and they kept the children in the day time while worked at the house. It took me about a week to get things organized. Ben had had to go back to his work in Pontiac until we made some decision as to what to do. Jean never saw a well day all that fall.



Summer 1924
Jean and Ben in
front yard on
Lake Drive - Pontiac



Ben stayed in Pontiac until November 1924 and just decided he would come on to Nashville and do the best we could. It was just about our happiest day when he drove up late one afternoon. He finally got a job with the Tennessee Highway Department as a mechanic, which was quite a comedown but was a livelihood and we all managed to live comfortably together. Douglas and Ben managed the finances and I did the housework and took care of Jean. She lived just three months to the day from Mama's death.

During the summer of 1925 Ben got his thumb crushed in an accident at the Garage where he was working. His boss was mighty nice to him and although he couldn't pay him sick leave said he could give him a vacation so we had our first vacation and drove to Hope Arkansas with the two children to see Ben's sister Sara Jobe who had a little boy and girl just older than our children.

Aunt Dora, Papa's sister
and Uncle Tab



On the way to Hope we stopped in Coal Hill, Arkansas, Papa's old home place and spent the night here with Aunt Dora, Papa's sister, and Uncle Tab. The next morning all the relatives came in to meet us.



Grandpa Srygley's
first house in Coal
Hill, Ark.

We left Coal Hill after a nice visit and seeing our relatives. We got as far as Arkadelphia, Ark., and drove through a mud hole and broke a spring on the car. We had to lay over there for a day and night waiting for a spring to be shipped from Little Rock. But finally got to Hope and had about a week with Sara and Mr. Jobe and their children.



Mr. Jobe - Jeannette - Tommy



Sara - Jeannette - Tommy



Tommy - Jean - Jennette - Ben



Jeannette and Jean



Ben and Jean on Ferry on way to Hope, Ark

Early in 1926 the new Pontiac Car came out. It was to be handled by the Geo. L. Evans Company who had the Oakland Agency. This was the motor that Ben had worked on when we lived in Pontiac and he decided to try selling Pontiac Cars. Although this was strickly a commission deal we all felt like he would make good and he really did. He loved the work and did real well in sales even though he never had done anything of this kind before . He worked awfully hard and was away from all hours but he sold the cars.

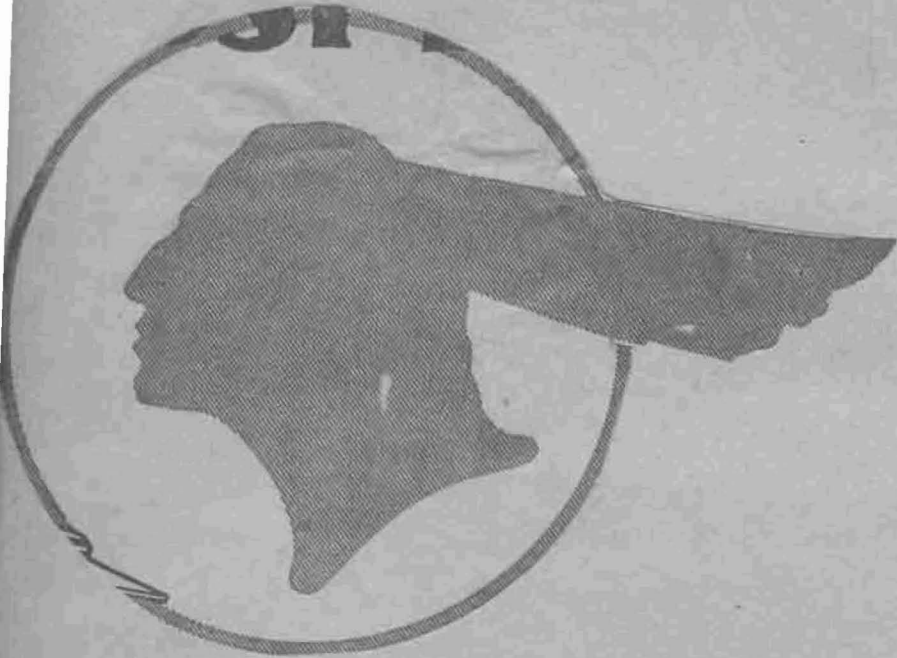


On October 27, 1926, our Little Dougie was born. He was red headed and a good baby but I was pretty busy all that winter with three children now. I didn't have time to take many pictures along in this gap.



Dougie's First Steps

GEO. L. EVANS IN HIS BEAUTIFUL NEW HOME



THE NEW HOME OF OAKLAND AND PONTIAC
1925 BROADWAY



Geo. L. Evans
OAKLAND AND PONTIAC AUTOMOBILES

PRESENTED BY
BEN C. SHIELDS
MANAGER USED CAR DEPARTMENT
7-0743

1210 BROADWAY
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN



December 27, 1928.

Mr. Ben C. Shields,
George L. Evans,
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Shields:

Allow me to personally congratulate you upon being the third man in the nation-wide Oakland-Pontiac selling organization to qualify for membership in the 52 Car Club.

The example you have set to others, not only in your own organization but through out the entire country, cannot help but be inspirational and helpful. It is because of this sort of thing that we initiated the 52 Car Club and you are certainly helping to make it a success.

We would especially appreciate a letter from you telling us how you accomplished this record; your views on retailing of automobiles, together with any suggestion you may have as to the most profitable method, or methods, to follow in securing the signed order. This material will be used in a story in an early issue of the 52 Car Club News or the Oaklander.

Inasmuch as you are the first man in the Memphis District to qualify for membership we would appreciate receiving a photograph of yourself (or in case you do not have one, a good clear snapshot will do), in order that we may use it with the story.

Wish best wishes for a still greater year in 1929 and with the assurance that we here at the factory are interested in you, I remain,

Sincerely yours

Wm. Chamberlin
Manager-Sales Development.

WMC/E



Star Salesman

CORD MAKERS WIN BIG REWARD

Geo. L. Evans Organization
Enjoys Banquet.

Geo. L. Evans, local distributor for the Oakland-Pontiac line, shows his appreciation for the fine work done by his organization during the past month by staging a real nest-to-goodness banquet at the Grand Jackson Hotel Saturday night. This was in celebration of the greatest volume of business ever turned out by this fast-traveling corps of wide-awake salesmen.

A total of 137 new cars were delivered during the month of May, 78 of which were wholesale, while 61 were checked up by the local retail salesmen. In addition to these deliveries, 121 used cars were sold by the salesmen under the direction of Hal Turner, manager of the used car department. In individual effort, Odell Bennett went over the top with 31 used car sales to his credit. Other members of the organization to win special bonuses for the excellent work were Wallace Higginbotham, Ray Cansler and Ben Shields, of the new car department, and Kirk Turner, used car salesman.

Along about the latter part of April Mr. Evans called his organization together and informed his boys that a treat was in store for them if they reached a certain mark in sales during May. A glance at the figures above will prove just how well the boys came up to Mr. Evans' expectations, and their sons, and hence the banquet of last night.

A number of talks were enjoyed by members of the sales force, along with words of congratulation from Mr. Evans, in which he thanked each individual for his efforts in making May the greatest month in the history of his business.

SHIELDS LEADS EVANS SALESMEN

Has Record of 47 Sales of
New Cars in Three
Months.

During the slightly more than two years in which Geo. L. Evans has been engaged in the distribution of Pontiac and Oakland automobiles he has sold an aggregate of 2,187 cars, 1,244 of which were new cars and 943 used cars.

The record for a single month was established last May when 137 new, and 121 used automobiles were sold by the Geo. L. Evans sales organization.

Ben Shields so far holds the individual salesman's record, having sold 47 new cars in three months. In the used car department O. Bennett made 31 sales in one month.



BEN SHIELDS

Here is the "star" salesman of Geo. L. Evans, Oakland and Pontiac distributor. Mr. Shields won that title by plugging away until he had sold 47 new cars in a three-month period. All these sales were made in Nashville.



OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY

PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

August 26th, 1929

DISTRICT OFFICE
769-772 Shrine Building
MEMPHIS, TENN.

Mr. B. C. Shields,
% Geo. L. Evans,
1525 Broadway,
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Ben:

I was very disappointed when I learned, from Mr. Evans, that you were not going to be able to attend our first 52 Car Club Outing in Memphis. As far as I know all the rest of the boys who were able to make the Club this year, are going to be here.

From the looks of the roster, copy of which I am attaching, I know if you had continued on in the New Car Department, that our President would have been in Nashville instead of Searcy, Ark. However, I know that your services have been more valuable to Mr. Evans in the Used Car Department which, of course, has materially helped the other men who were able to make the 52 Car Club.

We have arranged a nice outing over here for the men and I am attaching copies of the roster, menu and song sheet, as well as the badge with your name on it. I am also sending you a souvenir that we are presenting to the members of the 52 Car Club. This is just a little remembrance from the Oakland Motor Car Co. and is something that I know you will be glad to have.

When Mr. Higginbotham and Mr. Cannon return to Nashville they will tell you about the outing and I just want to again say that I am indeed sorry that you could not be here. I hope you are feeling better and I will see you on the 4th of the month when we have our Dealer Meeting in Nashville.

With best wishes and kindest regards from all of us, we remain,

Very truly yours,

W. R. Cartwright:AH
Enc.


Zone Manager

B. C. SHIELDS
NASHVILLE, TENN.

MEMPHIS, TENN.
AUGUST 26, 1929

Salesman Dies



BEN C. SHIELDS

Well-known automobile salesman, Mr. Shields died at his home, 753 Argyle avenue, near noon Wednesday.

B. C. SHIELDS, AUTO SALESMAN, DIES

Was Well Known and Member of Distinguished Family.

Ben C. Shields, one of the best-known automobile salesmen in the city and member of families long prominent in Tennessee, died at his home at 753 Argyle avenue, at 1:15 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, following an illness of about six months.

Mr. Shields, who would have been 35 years old had he lived until Monday, December 2, had been connected with George L. Evans, Oakland-Pontiac dealer, since the firm's opening here three years ago. Since last January he had been manager of the used car department and was generally regarded as the best automobile salesman in the South by that company. Last year he led all other salesmen for the company in the South in the number of sales, coming third in the entire country.

In May 1929 Ben had what we thought might be appendicitis, but it wasn't and he seemed to get all right but felt bad all the summer. The doctor couldn't find anything radically wrong with him and sent him to a Dr. Witt, who was a diagnostician, but he found nothing organically wrong. Our family doctor insisted that he have X-Rays made of his chest and they found a tumor between his heart and lungs. A biopsy showed that it was malignant. The doctor would not operate on him or could not because of the location of the tumor but finally on September 1, 1929, he took a shot of a serum that was supposed to dissolve the tumor. From that day he was confined to his bed most of the time.

I had a colored girl to do the housework and look after the children during the day and I devoted all of my time to Ben. He had to have a special diet and I tried to stay with him as much as possible.

Gertrude Shates, who lived next door and who the children all loved came over every night and put them all to bed.

Ben died the 27, November 1929 after about nine weeks in bed,

Born of a distinguished family, Mr. Shields was reared in Nashville and had spent most of his life here. He attended the public schools, Montgomery Bell Academy and the Nashville Bible school. He was the son of the late Oliver Hayes Shields, well known real estate man here, and Mrs. Jeanette Cockrill Shields.

Men on both sides of his family achieved distinction in the affairs of Tennessee in the past. He was the grandson of Col. B. F. Cockrill and the great-grandson of Mark Robinson Cockrill. On his father's side of the family he was the grandson of George W. Shields and the great-grandson of Senator Ephraim H. Foster.

During the World war Mr. Shields served with a motorcycle unit in the 2nd division, being engaged in several important engagements in France among them the battle of Argonne forest.

In June, 1926, Mr. Shields was married to Miss Alice Srygley, who, with their three small children survives him. They are Jean C. Ben C., Jr., and Fletcher Douglas Shields. In addition, one brother, George W. Shields, of Louisville, and two sisters, Miss Janie Shields, of Nashville, and Mrs. T. C. Jobe, of Hope, Ark., also survive.

Mr. Shields was a member of the Church of Christ and of the Masonic Lodge.

Funeral arrangements had not been made Wednesday night.

BEN C. SHIELDS, 35 AUTO SALESMAN DIES

Was Member Of Prominent Family And World War Veteran.

Ben C. Shields, 35, manager of the used car department of George L. Evans, automobile dealer and rated as an outstanding automobile salesman, died Wednesday at 1:15 p. m. at his home, 753 Argyle avenue, following an illness of six months.

Mr. Shields was a member of a family long prominent in Tennessee affairs. He was the grandson of Col. B. F. Cockrill and the great-grandson of Mark Robinson Cockrill, both of whom are prominent in Tennessee affairs. Through his father, he was the grandson of George W. Shields and the great-grandson of Senator Ephraim H. Foster. He was the son of the late Oliver Hayes Shields, former prominent real estate dealer, and Mrs. Jeanette Cockrill Shields.

During the World war, Mr. Shields saw active service in France with a motorcycle unit of the 2nd Division and took part in several important engagements.

He had been connected with George L. Evans, Oakland-Pontiac dealer, since that firm opened more than three years ago. Last year, his selling record led all salesmen in the South for that company and stood third in the United States.

Mr. Shields was a member of the Church of Christ and was a Mason. He would have reached his thirty-sixth birthday Monday.

In June, 1926, he married Miss Alice Srygley who survives him. He is also survived by three children, Jean C., Ben C. Jr., and Fletcher Douglas Shields; a brother, George W. Shields of Louisville; and two sisters, Miss Janie Shields of Nashville and Mrs. T. C. Jobe of Hope, Ark.

Funeral services will be conducted at the residence Friday at 10 a. m. by Elder A. T. Ritchie and the burial will be in Mt. Olivet cemetery.

Elder L. Evans, J. E. Scobey, J. E. Scobey, W. W. Wilkins, Wallace L. Higginbotham, and Milton A. Ryan will serve as pallbearers.

Hold Funeral Today For Ben S. Shields

Funeral services will be held at 10 o'clock Friday morning at the residence for Ben C. Shields, 35, member of family long prominent in Tennessee affairs, who died Wednesday afternoon at his home, 753 Argyle street, Elder A. T. Ritchie will officiate at the services and burial will be in the Mt. Olivet cemetery.

Mr. Shields, who had been connected with the George L. Evans company, Oakland-Pontiac dealer, as a salesman, since the firm was organized more than three years ago, was a veteran of the World war, a member of the Church of Christ and a Mason. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Alice Srygley Shields; three children, a brother and two sisters.

Pallbearers who will officiate at the services are George L. Evans, J. E. Scobey, W. W. Wilkins, Wallace L. Higginbotham, Milton J. Ryan and J. E. Scobey.

B. C. SHIELDS, AUTOMOBILE SALESMAN, IS BURIED

Funeral services for Ben C. Shields, 35, automobile salesman, who died Wednesday afternoon at his home, 753 Argyle avenue, were held at 10 o'clock Friday morning at his residence. Elder A. T. Ritchie officiated and burial was in Mt. Olivet cemetery.

Mr. Shields was connected with the George L. Evans firm since its organization three years ago. He was a World war veteran, a Mason and a member of the Church of Christ.



Bersey who I'll never forget.

Uncle Doug stayed with me and was almost a father to my children and they all loved him. We stayed at the home place on Argyle Avenue until 1932 when we bought the place at 1012 Gale Lane .



We moved to 1012 Gale Lane in March 1932. We were so proud of our new house and took pictures of every room but some of them were not good. Ben and Jean stayed in Fall School for the rest of the term and they all started to Stokes School in the fall of 1932. Elizabeth was living with us at that time and I rented another room downstairs. The children and I all stayed upstairs in the big family room we had finished before moving.

For the July fourth weekend we all drove to Chicago for the Worlds Fair. It really was a big trip for us all and we had a good time. But I was so tired by the time we got there I had a time keeping up with the three children and Douglas and Elizabeth. We had a good time though and will long remember it. The next summer Uncle Doug took Jean, Betty, Porch and Ben on the train, back to the fair and they really had a big time.



This picture was made about the time we moved



Silhouette by
Otho Bard



Silhouette
Otho

Uncle Doug took the boys to the paramount about the time it opened and had these made.

In the fall of 1935 I was offered the management of the Stokes School Lunchroom. I had never done anything like this before but it gave me a little something to do and I could be with the children when they were home from school. We moved into the New Building on Belmont Blvd in a few months after we had started school and it really was a big improvement. I got along just fine and the next year, the president Mrs. Marshall, asked me to take charge of the kitchen and serve meals for Vine Street Christian Church. They usually one or two meals a month and I managed to do this work in addition to my work at Stokes School and enjoyed it although it was pretty hard working at night.

In 1940 the PTA didn't agree with the way I was operating and decided to replace me so I was fired for the one and only time in my life. I thought I was ruined but it turned out to be the best thing that had ever happened to me.



Dogie finished at Stokes in 1940



Jean - Freshman at Lipscomb



Aunt Mattie and Uncle Jim's Scobey picnic at Ridgetop



Spooks, Dougie constant compa

Uncle Doug married Mary Leake on June 11, 1936. He left me the house just as it was for the time being. We had bought it together. He and Mary lived in the Sterling Court Apartments until after Fletcher was born and they bought a house on Mayfair Avenue.

Wed at Scarritt Parlor



—Staff Photo.
MR. AND MRS. FLETCHER DOUGLAS SRYGLEY



Fletcher Douglas Srygley III
Six Yrs.



Wm. Leake Srygley
4 yrs



Jane Douglas Srygley
About Two yrs.



THE marriage of Miss Mary Leake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Leake, to Fletcher Douglas Srygley, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Srygley, took place Thursday morning at 11:30 o'clock in the parlors at Scarritt college. Elder F. B. Srygley, uncle of the bridegroom, was the officiant. After an Eastern motor trip the couple will be at home in Sterling Court. Mr. Srygley is connected with E. T. Lowe Publishing company.

By this time Dougie was big enough for me to leave the children at home and I rented me a typewriter and practiced up on my typing all summer. In the fall the Draft Boards were organized and Uncle Doug through Mr. A. J. Baird got me the position of Clerk of Local Board No 9, Mr Baird was chairman of this board and neither of us knew anything about the work but we learned together and from then on I made it fine.



Mrs Gaither, Asst Clerk
Local Board 21 and I.
On way back from Union
Station where we sent off
the First Draft Dec. 8, 1940.



Ben had lunch with me every day
on our way to lunch on Church St

Jean and Douglas both went to Lipscomb High School. Ben went to Central High. Jean and Ben both enrolled in Lipscomb College but Ben was dissatisfied and dropped out of college after his Freshman Year. He got a Job at Ambrose Printing Company and went to work. My office was in the American Trust Building and he met me every day for lunch.



Uncle Doug died on April 8, 1942. Before he died I bought his interest in the place at 1012 Gale Lane. After his death Mary and the boys went out to LaVergne to live with her parents. She was pregnant and Jane Douglas was born on December 29, 1942. She stayed with me until the baby was old enough to take to the country. They finally came back to their home on Mayfair Avenue and Mr and Mrs Leake and Thelma came to live with them. The Leakes sold their farm at La Vergne and they finally bought a larger house on Glendale Lane but it burned and they bought the house on Warfield where they still live.

Jean graduated from Lipscomb in June 1944 and got her a job at the Gospel Advocate Company but didn't stay there very long before she got a government job with the Office of Defense Transportation and worked there all during the War. When the War was over she went to Los Angeles with Hunter, Jean Cosby and Mary Hill McKay. She and Hunter liked it so much that they both stayed and went to college out there.

Srygley Rites Set Tomorrow



FLETCHER DOUGLAS SRYGLEY, 49, vice-president and superintendent of the E. T. Lowe Publishing Company, died at 3:30 o'clock this morning at a local infirmary, and funeral services will be conducted at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon from the Belmont Church of Christ, where he was a member of the board of deacons.

The Rev. I. H. Hams will officiate, assisted by the Rev. James Cope. Burial will be in Woodlawn Memorial Park.

Mr. Srygley, who had been associated with the publishing firm for 24 years, had been in declining health for about two years, although he did not retire from active work until about two months ago.

Born near Donelson October 30, 1893, the son of F. D. Srygley and Jennie Scobey Srygley, Mr. Srygley lived in Franklin as a boy. He was a member of a pioneer family long prominent in Lebanon.

He had for 18 years been secretary of the Belmont Church of Christ. He had also served as president of the Nashville Craftsmen's Club.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mary Leake Srygley; two sons, Douglas III, and William Leake Srygley; and two sisters, Mrs. Ben C. Daniels and Mrs. W. G. Skinner, all of Nashville. The body is at the home, 3705 Mayfair Avenue.

Pallbearers will be: M. N. Young, E. A. Bergstrom, Paul Srygley, N. H. Porch, William Vinson, Joe Schuman, J. E. Scobey, Jr., Herndon Scobey, and H. F. Ambrose.



Ben enlisted in the Air Force in 1942
The rest of the family at home

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1942

Our Prayer

Mighty Father, everlasting God, in whom we live and beyond whose care we cannot drift, we commit to Thee our soldiers, sailors and air-men, in all their places, unknown perhaps to us, but always known to Thee. Guide and protect them by Thy Spirit's presence. Return them to us in victory, if it be Thy will. Make them worthy of their country, their cause and their God and make us worthy of them. For Thy name's sake. Amen.

Dr. Henry M. Edmonds.

*Sweetest & Love
of Nanny*

this was sent to me by "Nanny Porch."



I spent a weekend with him at Jackson when he was in Union University for training.



His first furlough at home



Overseas after he got his commission

PRESENT ARMS



Lt. Ben Shields received the Air Medal for Meritorious Service above and beyond the line of duty. Congratulations Ben—we are proud of you—"That's the real Ambrose Spirit." How about it, fellows?

THE AMBROSE SPIRIT

MAR 11, 1945

A Salute to Both of You on the Occasion of Ben's Birthday



Lt. Ben Shields and His Mother Alice Shields

March Seventh

Five Nashvillians Win Service Decorations

Capt. Winston Folk, U. S. N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Reau Folk of 2200 Elliston Place, has been awarded the Legion of Merit, two other Nashvillians have been decorated with the Bronze Star Medal and two local Air Forces officers have received Air Medal awards, it was announced yesterday.

Captain Folk, a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, was presented the Legion of Merit for outstanding performance of duty as executive officer of the U. S. S. Birmingham at the time of the sinking of the U. S. S. Princeton off the Philippines. The award was made Saturday aboard Captain Folk's new ship, the U. S. S. Woodford, a cargo vessel commissioned at Hoboken, N. J.

Decorated with the Bronze Star Medal for heroic action against the enemy were First Lt. Holland C. Adkisson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Adkisson, 202 Chapel Avenue, and Capt. Albert H. Bryan, Jr., husband of Mrs. Lillian Phillips Bryan, 3513 Byron Avenue.

Lieutenant Adkisson, a member of the medical corps of the Third Army in Germany, was commended for his action at Lemestroff, France, on November 17, 1944, when he directed medical care and casualty evacuation of a tank column through intense enemy anti-tank fire.

Overseas for the past 14 months, Captain Bryan is attached to the Ninth Army and received the Bronze Star Medal for combat action in France from July to September, 1944.

Second Lt. Ben C. Shields, Jr., son of Mrs. Ben C. Shields, 1012 Gale Lane, has been awarded the Air Medal for meritorious achievement in combat flight over Germany as a B-26 Marauder pilot with the Ninth Air Force based in France.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald E. Sanders of Donelson, have received the Air Medal and two Oak Leaf Clusters awarded to their son, Second Lt. Henry Eugene Sanders, a prisoner of war of the Germans.

The medals were authorized for Lieutenant Sanders for his combat record from June, 1944, until November 3, when he was shot down over Germany while on his 30th mission. He was a pilot of a P-38 Lightning fighter plane.



Douglas enrolled in Tennessee Polytechnic Institute at Cookeville, in September 1944. He was eighteen on October 27, 1944, and would have to register for the Draft so he decided that he would enroll in the Air Force and see if he couldn't qualify for Cadet Training. He enlisted and was deferred to complete his college quarter. He was called to active duty on May 7, 1945. The college gave him his final examinations before he left for service and he got credit for his full college year.

After he got started with his training he took the Cadet Training Test although the program was dropped but he qualified as a Cadet. He came home for a furlough before going overseas and when he went back and was at the overseas examining station he told the Sergeant that he was a cadet and that they thought all cadets had been discharged as Excess personnel. They looked up his record and found that he qualified for discharge so he was discharged on December 12, 1945 and came home in time to enter college again in January 1946.



Mr. and Mrs. Neely Hooper Porch
announce the marriage of their daughter

Nancy

to

Ben Cockrill Shields

Lieutenant, Army Air Corps

on Monday the 17th of September, 1945

Nashville, Tennessee



Miss Porch, Mr. Shields Are Married

Mr. and Mrs. Neely Hooper Porch announce the marriage of their daughter, Nancy, to Lt. Ben Cockrill Shields, Jr., United States Army Air Force, son of Mrs. Ben Cockrill Shields and the late Mr. Shields.

The marriage took place Monday morning at 10 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents on Portland Avenue. Dr. E. H. Ijams read the marriage vows before an improvised altar arranged in the reception room before the fireplace. Palms and ferns formed a background for the arrangements of white gladioli and white pompon chrysanthemums. The scene was illuminated with numerous burning white candles. White blossoms were used throughout the home.

The bride was attired in an aqua doeskin suit with which she wore a small black hat with a face veil. Her accessories were black and she carried a cluster of white orchids clasped to a black Corde bag.

Mrs. George Warren Morris was her sister's only attendant and she wore an American beauty colored suit fashioned similar to that of the bride. Her accessories were black and she carried a tailored bouquet of gardenias.

Collier Benaugh served as Lieutenant Shield's best man.

Immediately following the ceremony the couple left for San Antonio, Texas, where he will report for reassignment.

The bride is a graduate of David Lipscomb High School and College and attended George Pepperdine College in Los Angeles, Calif., where she was a member of Zeta sorority.

The bridegroom was graduated from Central High School and attended David Lipscomb College. He returned after serving 13 months in the European theater where he was a pilot with the Ninth Air Force. He was connected with Ambrose Printing Company prior to entering the air corps.

Ben came home from the war in the summer of 1945. He had a thirty day leave before reporting back to San Antonio. He and Nancy decided to get married and before her reported so that she could go with him. They married on September 17, 1945 and left immediately for San Antonio and stayed there until he was discharged.



We built the apartment upstairs in 1949 and Ben and Nancy lived up there. In 1951 they went to Miami for a vacation and to visit Jean and while they were gone we had the big blizzard of 1951. The lights in this area went off and we had no heat or electricity for three or four days. Fortunately we had a big stack of logs in the back yard and we dug them out of the snow and made a fire in our fireplace. We had eleven people for Aunt Jeffie's family came up and stayed during the days and Ben and Nancy got back right in the middle of the blizzard Jean Cosby and Hunter and Marie Brown who worked with me and couldn't get home so I invited her to come stay with us. Aunt Jeffie and I did all the cooking on the fireplace. We were cooking most of the day for as soon as we would get through one meal we started the next one. Nobody went to work for the duration of the snow but we really had fun in spite of the inconvenience



Jean met Ray Starling in Pepperdine

Jean met Ray Starling in Los Angeles. He was just back from the Navy and enrolled in U.S.C. They both went to school that year but came home the next summer and were married on September 1, 1947. Jean still had another year to finish college so they went back to Los Angeles and she went to Pepperdine and Ray taught. She graduated and they came to Miami to live.

*Mrs. Ben Cockrill Shields
announces the marriage of her daughter*

*Jean Cockrill
to*

Mr. Ray Lou Starling

*on Monday, the first of September
Nineteen hundred and forty-seven*

Nashville, Tennessee







JUN • 57



APR • 63



The Draft boards closed out in May 1947 and I was out of work, but not for long. Mr. Homer Brown, Homer B. Brown Company asked me to come work in his office. I worked for him until the the Draft was reopened in August 1948 when I went back to the Local Board to work.

We were quite busy until the spring of 1950 when the boards were put on part time due to cutback in Draft Calls and we moved our office out to State Headquarters at 618 8th Ave., S.

Local Draft Registration Preparations Made



—Staff Photo by Frank Gunter
Machinery for the operation of Davidson County's three draft boards began to move this morning as Chief Registrar Paul F. Jarratt and the clerks of the three boards took possession of office space at 120 Union Street. Shown looking over papers in the joint draft board office are: (left to right) Maj. Joe S. Reeves, chief of registration for State Selective Service Headquarters; Jarratt, and the three chief clerks for Davidson County, Mrs. Alice Shields, Board 21; Mrs. Bertha Goodloe, Board 19, and Mrs. Edith Bates, Board 20.

NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN, Friday Morning, Jan. 30, 1953

Draft Boards Entertain Officials



—Staff photo by Floyd Evans
Davidson county draft boards entertain officials of state selective service headquarters with a square dance at Gossett's 9, Estes ave. From left are Col. John B. Elliott, state selective service director; Maj. Tom Pickle, deputy director; Mrs. Edith Bates, clerk at draftboard 20; and Mrs. Alice Shields, clerk of draft board 21.



My first trip to Miami for a real vacation. The girls in the office gave me the orchid as a going away present

During the lull in the Draft Board Work I decided that I would try to prepare for another job for it looked like there would be a repeat of the closing in 1947. I decided that I would go to Watkins and take a course in Income Tax so that I would be able to transfer from Selective Service to Internal Revenue if the Draft Boards closed again.

I took the course but by 1950 the Korean War broke out and things on the Boards really picked up and we had all the work we could do.

THE INCOME TAX CLASS OF 1949-1950

For a Grandma who worked and needed relaxation
Miss Pattie's Class has been a real recreation.
She started the course in fear and confusion
For the forms on Income seemed a hopeless illusion.
Then came the biggest surprise of them all
When she got the Big Book by Prentice-Hall.
This presented examples and illustrated facts
About Adjusted Gross Income, Normal and Surtax.
The first term ended and Grandma felt great
When she was awarded a real CERTIFICATE.
But there were difficult problems and questions not a few
Which she felt would be cleared up by a thorough review.
So she stuck with the class and has enjoyed every minute
Both the things she has learned and all the folks in it.
Now we have come to the end of the last quarter
And if Grandma can't figure Income Tax she certainly oughta

Alice Shields

At the close of the term the teacher had a dinner party for the class and I compose this poem to read.



Douglas got home from the War on Dec 12, 1945. He returned to Tennessee Polytechnic Institute at Cookeville the first of January 1946. He got credit for the College Work he did at the University of Wisconsin in the Air Corps and graduated in June 1947.

He got a scholarship to Vanderbilt in Physics and entered school there that fall. He got his M.S. Degree in June 1948 and went to work at Oak Ridge, Tennessee immediately.



Douglas and Cora Beal married on October 2, 1948. They lived in Oak Ridge until September 1949 when he went to work as Physics Teacher at Middle Tennessee State College, Murfreesboro Tennessee .

*Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Huntley Hardison
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Cora Beal
to
Mr. Fletcher Douglas Shields
on Saturday, the second of October
at five o'clock in the afternoon
Beech Grove Church of Christ
Carter's Creek, Tennessee*





nd Mrs Hardison - Chinky Brewer - Mrs Shields - Jamie Shields







THE ISLAND QUEEN — BAYFRONT PARK — MIAMI, FLORIDA 1969

WORLDS FINEST SIGHTSEEING



Selective Service System



Certificate of Award

This

is presented to

Mrs. Alice S. Shields

in recognition of exceptional interest in improving the operation of the Selective Service System as evidenced by the contribution of a suggestion which has been adopted.

Issued this 12th day of October 1960



Wm. B. Hastings

DIRECTOR

Selective Service System



Her Certificate of Appreciation

is hereby awarded to

Mrs. Alice S. Shields

in grateful recognition of

Twenty Years of Loyal and Faithful Service
rendered in the administration of the Selective Service System.

Awarded at Washington, District of Columbia,
Her 3rd *day of* January, 1952.

Lewis B. Hershey

DIRECTOR



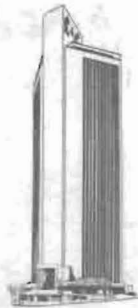
I retired from Selective Service Local Board No. 21, on October 21, 1962. The girls in all three boards gave me a luncheon and invited my Board Members. Mr. Broome, Chairman of the board presented me with the letter below and the girls on all three boards gave me a lovely silver tray.

GUILFORD DUDLEY, JR., PRESIDENT

"A TOWER OF STRENGTH"

PAUL MOUNTCASTLE, CHAIRMAN

Life and Casualty



INCORPORATED 1903

Insurance Company of Tennessee

District Office:

CHARLES M. BROOME, III, Dist. Mgr.
17TH FLOOR, LIFE & CASUALTY TOWER
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Life and Casualty Tower

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

October 26, 1962

Mrs. Alice Shields, Clerk
Draft Board 21
Nashville, Tennessee

Dear Mrs. Shields:

P. G., Billy and I have enjoyed being associated with you these past years. Your patient advise and help has made our work with you most gratifying, and we are sorry for us that you are retiring but are happy for you that you will begin a new and enjoyable experience. To help get it off on the right foot, this is to inform you that when you next wish to visit your family in Miami, you need only call--AL-5-0593 and we will have a round-trip ticket to Miami via Eastern Airlines to be used at your convenience.

All our love and best wishes.

Board 21,
Charles M. Broome, III, Chairman

*Best Wishes on
your
Retirement*

