

Clyburn Family News

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Clyburn Family News - on-line..... <http://homepages.msn.com/PicnicPI/franklc/index.html>

Francis Irene (Clyburn) McMaster

11/12/1913 to 8/11/1992

-by Fae McBain

Frances was born in Hilt, CA. Having a little girl arrive after having seven boys must have been a happy event in the Clyburn family. All those boys must have spoiled the little sister too!!

As a baby, Frances was carried on a pillow into the gold mine on Beaver Creek. I don't know if they mined in the summer time or during the Winter. I'm sure they didn't live on the Soda Creek/Beaver Creek place all year.

One time while Frances was quite young she became very ill and they had to take her out to Hilt, CA and take the train to Hornbrook to get her to a doctor. I don't remember the doctor's name, but Mom said if they hadn't of taken her out she would have died. The illness had to do with one of her ears. She never could hear very good with one ear.

When they boarded the train in Hilt, Joe didn't want to get into the passenger car, he wanted to ride on top with the brakeman!

Frances grew up mostly at Lime gulch on the Klamath River along with the rest of us. She was a good student at the Honolulu School at Gottville. Elsie DeAvilla taught her for a few years and I always admired her penmanship. It was just like the writing in the penmanship book that we practiced from. Her writing was just beautiful!

We shared a bedroom and I can't remember any problems that we had. One thing did happen as we got older - if she was gone for a few days, I would change the furniture

around in our room. It always was returned to the original state when she returned!

She liked to embroider and she made many lovely things with needle



and thread. Frances crocheted edgings and doilies also and also used Mom's peddle- operated sewing machine. She also helped Mom cook and clean house.

The only magazine that I remember having in those days was "*Ranch Romance*." Frances amused herself with a few Pen-Pals from those. She corresponded with one fellow for quite awhile and when he said he was going to come to California for a visit she quit writing to him. He lived in the mid-west somewhere.

Frances was 5'3" tall and always slim. She had long brown hair until her teens. She never had it cut or trimmed until age 13 years. It was first cut just before the trip to Texas in 1926.

She was popular with the boys in her teenage and young adult years and had several boyfriends. I remember a few names of boys she dated - Bob Head, Finus Harris, Emil Lacher, Hank Weinzinger. Not in that order!

In 1939, while with me in Marysville, CA, Frances and current boyfriend, Alvin McMaster were married. The wedding took place in the Methodist Church in Marysville. It was a nice wedding with the Wilson girls, Helen and Nadine, and myself in attendance. Alvin lived on a ranch at Hornbrook, CA.

They (Francis & Alvin McMaster) lived in Hornbrook, CA most of their lives. They built a new 3 bedroom house in place of an old one where they settled. They had a girl (Nancy) then three boys in succession (Steve, Gary and Larry).

Narcie, my daughter, loved to go to Hornbrook and stay while I went elsewhere. She had three boys and a girl to play with and Francis spoiled her! My husband Ernie McBain, always said that Francis made the best yeast rolls that anyone could make. We would arrive there sometimes when she was taking them out of the oven and he would say "We are here because I smelled the



Francis McMaster holding baby Steve

bread cooking!" Ernie was six months older than Francis and had fun teasing her about who was oldest.

Francis was a good cook and prepared many wonderful holiday dinners for the family.

When Nancy and Steve were young and we were living in Mt. Shasta, Francis brought them down for a visit. They came from Hornbrook by train and we had a real nice visit.

My Mom

by Steve McMaster

When I was little Mom would sometimes read to me. She had a real gentle voice and she always made me feel secure and loved.

Saturday was shopping day in Yreka and all five of us would pile into Mom and Dad's 1939 Chevrolet and go to town. Most of the time Mom and Dad would let us go to the

Kiddie Matinee. That was a big highlight of going to town.

One time as we were going back home and had already passed the Pioneer Bridge north of town when Nancy noticed Gary wasn't with us in the car. We turned around and went looking for him. As luck would have it he was standing across the street from Lakes Jewelers when we found him!

Mom was always a stay-at-home type of person and she never wanted to drive a car but she was a very good homemaker.

I remember many times when Dad and us boys would be out in the hills hunting and someone would say "Boy, I sure hope Mom has something good cooked when we get home." She always did.

I'll always remember my Mom, Frances Irene (Clyburn) McMaster.

Excerpts from the Book "*Our*

Clyburn Family” by Angela (Clyburn) Butler.

Stephen Franklin (SF) Clyburn. Born Aug. 5 1871 in Camden, Kershaw Co, SC. Died 25 Jun 1961 in Yreka, CA. Buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Yreka, CA.

Miles Limuel Clyburn. Born Apr 11 1850 in Kershaw Co. SC. Died Aug 3, 1927 in Lime Gulch, Klamath River, CA. Buried in Carl Cemetery, Creedmore, Texas. Left for Texas about 1880 and settled in Creedmore, Travis County. He was administrator of the estate of Stephen Franklin Clyburn from 1870 to 1880. He died in his sleep while visiting his family in Lime Gulch, California (out of Yreka) at age seventy seven. His body was shipped back to Texas for burial. He married Mahala (Mahaley) Mosely, 1870 in Family Bible.

Stephen Franklin Clyburn. Born 1829 in Lancaster Co, SC. Died Jan 29 1869 in Kershaw Co, SC. In the January 13, 1858 issue of the Lancaster Ledger, Lewis Clyburn’s son, Stephen ran a notice that he requires his father’s will to be proved. In 1830 Census Lancaster County, SC he had 56 slaves. Merchant, in 1850 had Real Estate of &4,000 and Personal Estate of \$4,000. He married Harriet Hilton, Oct 2, 1844 in Kershaw Co, SC.

Lewis Clyburn (Cliburn), Sr. Born about 1778 in Robeson Co, NC. Died May 19 1857 in Lancaster Co, SC. 1810 Census Kershaw County - Lewis Cliburn - Male age 26-45 years, including head of family, 1 - Females age 16-26 including head of Family, 1 - Males under 10 years, 3 - Females under 10 years, 3 - Slaves, 1. 11 November 1817 Kershaw County Deed Book H, Page 389 Lewis Cliburn bought 100 Acres of land in Kershaw

District on the NE side of Hanging Rock Creek from John Roach, James Roach and William Roach. Witnesses: William Chambers, William Cliburn. 31 October 1818 Lewis Clyburn bought 150 Acres of land in Lancaster in Kershaw District bordering James Robinson’s line to Buffalo Creek for \$1,000.00 from William Taylor. Deed Book, Page 129 and 130. Witnesses Levi Pate and Stephen Clyburn. William Clyburn, J.P. 1820 Census Kershaw County - Lewis Clibun - Male 26-45 years, 1 - Male 16-26 years, 1 - Male 16-18 years, 1 - Male 10-16 years, 1 - Male under 10 years, 2 - Female 10-16 years, 3 - Female under 10 years, 1 - Slaves, 5. Lewis was either in between wives or Sallie Baker was only a child when they married having been married in 1816. She would have been the same age as some of his daughters. 12 February 1823 Lewis Clyburn of Kershaw District sold to John Leach a negro woman named Julia, about 30 years of age for \$250.00. Witnesses: John C McSween, Daniel Mcleod, William Clyburn, Lewis (X) Clibourne. Deed Book K page 272, Kershaw County. 25 February 1823 Lewis Clyburn sold to Samuel West for \$750.00 a tract of land containing 700 acres more or less lying on both sides of Hanging Rock Creek bordering on Davidson’s lands, Simon (?) West’s lands bordering on Joseph Clark’s land and William Williams land: Witnesses John Sims, John Rutledge, Eli West. Lewis (X) Cliburn. On the 25th day of June 1823 Sarah (X) Clibon signed her dower release before William Horton. Deed Book K, Page 319 & 320. 1830 Census Kershaw County - Lewis Cliburn - Male 40-50 years, 1 - Females 20-30 years, 1 - Males 20-30, 1 - males under 5 years, 2 - Slaves, 0.

NEXT ISSUE WILLIAM

CLYBURN (CLIBURN), SR Born 1750-1753 NC/VA.

PS...The reason for the many spellings was that lots of people couldn’t read or write so the people who did write the names wrote down the way they were pronounced or sounded to them.

Hi everyone:

Some of us received a letter from Dan E and Marcie Clyburn in Alaska. They seem to be doing all right. Apparently they had a lot of snow last winter and almost got burned out by a raging forest fire and the dozer broke down but they seem happy. Marcie says in the letter that they are “warm and cozy.” What more could a person ask for? Thanks for the letter Marcie and Dan.

I also received a card from Ben McCanna, Patsy’s son and the kids Monica, Jennifer, Jessica and Kaitlin (hope I got it all right). He says they have moved into a new house on their 85 acres.. Wow! That sure sounds nice.I’m going to have to come visit again soon!

I received a nice card from Jim Clyburn in Elko, NV. Jim seems to be doing well there. Jim, wish I could come by and visit.I think I will later in the spring.

Diana (Clyburn) Cross has written me asking to receive the newsletter. Well you’ll certainly get it Diana (as you’ll see when reading this). Thanks for asking for it. I hope that everything is going well for you and your children. If your kids would like this just send me their addresses.

Paul Clyburn and his wife Judy sent a real nice Christmas letter also. Thanks for the letter Paul and Judy. Glad that you are recovering well from the motorcycle accident. Is Tonya at the same address as before moving to Florida?

I also received a real nice letter from my cousin Kelley Shannon. Kelley is my Aunt Patricia (Knight) Elway’s daughter. She also sent me a picture of her daughter Elissa Marie Shannon 6-13-84 and her son

Richard James Shannon 1-19-87. Thanks for the photo's Kelley. I'll send you an e-mail soon. Say I've lost your sister's address can you send it to me please.

My oldest daughter Joie Clyburn was down her for a short while visiting. She's left to go back to Wrangell, Alaska (where we lived when she was born). I'll miss her and her children. They are a handful!

I hear from my youngest Ronnie (Clyburn) Lee every once in awhile. She seems to be doing well in her marriage and in her business. Keep up the good work Ronnie!

Guess where I was at Christmas?! I was visiting my sister Darlene (Douglas) Sederstrom in Fortson, Georgia! Yes, I finally made it for a visit. What a nice family she has. I had never met her husband before so I didn't know what to expect. What I found was the most wonderful, loving, caring husband and father a person could possibly be! I really enjoyed getting to know him. He did all he could to make me feel welcome and he/they certainly succeeded. I felt really good while there and slept in a very comfortable bed that I had to kick their son, Troy, out of! Thanks Troy for letting me use that comfortable bed while there.. Ha. I got along so well with Darlene's kids that I hated to have to leave. Wish they were mine. Hey, Bria, Cayla, Gina, Troy and Elena, I love you kids. Come visit me again soon here in California.

I really enjoyed watching Darlene hunt for her Christmas gifts from Scott, her husband. He had several clues set-up. When she got a clue right it had a gift. The last clue led to a gift that caused Darlene to lose control and down she collapsed - it was a new car all wrapped in a big Christmas ribbon!
! What fun I had there.

Well, I went to South Carolina to visit a lady friend of mine. She's also a fifth cousin...well let's put it this way - sometime in the late 1700's her GGGGG Grandfather William Clyburn, Jr and mine/ours Lewis Clyburn were brothers. She was born Angela Clair Clyburn but has a married name of Angela Butler. Anyway I visited her at her beautiful home outside of Marian, SC. We went to many graveyards (some very old and even Civil War and Revolutionary War ages). These were around Camden where our Grandfather Steven Franklin Clyburn was born. I learned much of the Clyburn Family. Our family is a very wealthy and prominent one and extremely well respected in SC. I was shown some plantations (farms) that are still owned by Clyburns there although I didn't meet them. They are a very private sort of people and really don't want company or so it seemed. Anyway I had much fun roaming around the countryside with Angie.. I often thought that I must have crossed many times some of the same roads/paths that Grandpa Steven Franklin or G Grandpa Miles Clyburn walked or rode over. I sure wish that I knew exactly where they lived there but alas that I didn't find out.

I also visited some graves of some Parkes...probably some of Grandma's relatives. Angela showed me information that showed that Grandma's family tree had married into a family that had married into the Clyburn Family long before Narcy Hulda did. I hope to have Angie write that for a future newsletter to share the information with other family members.

The country where Grandpa was born is kind of swampy and still it has pine trees. Not as big or as good a timber as here in CA but kind of pretty in it's own way. But I understand that it has all kinds of

poisonous snakes and biting bugs etc. I know that fire ants have taken it over and people just seem to live with them there...don't think I'll be tempted to move back there.

Frank Clyburn gets Engaged!

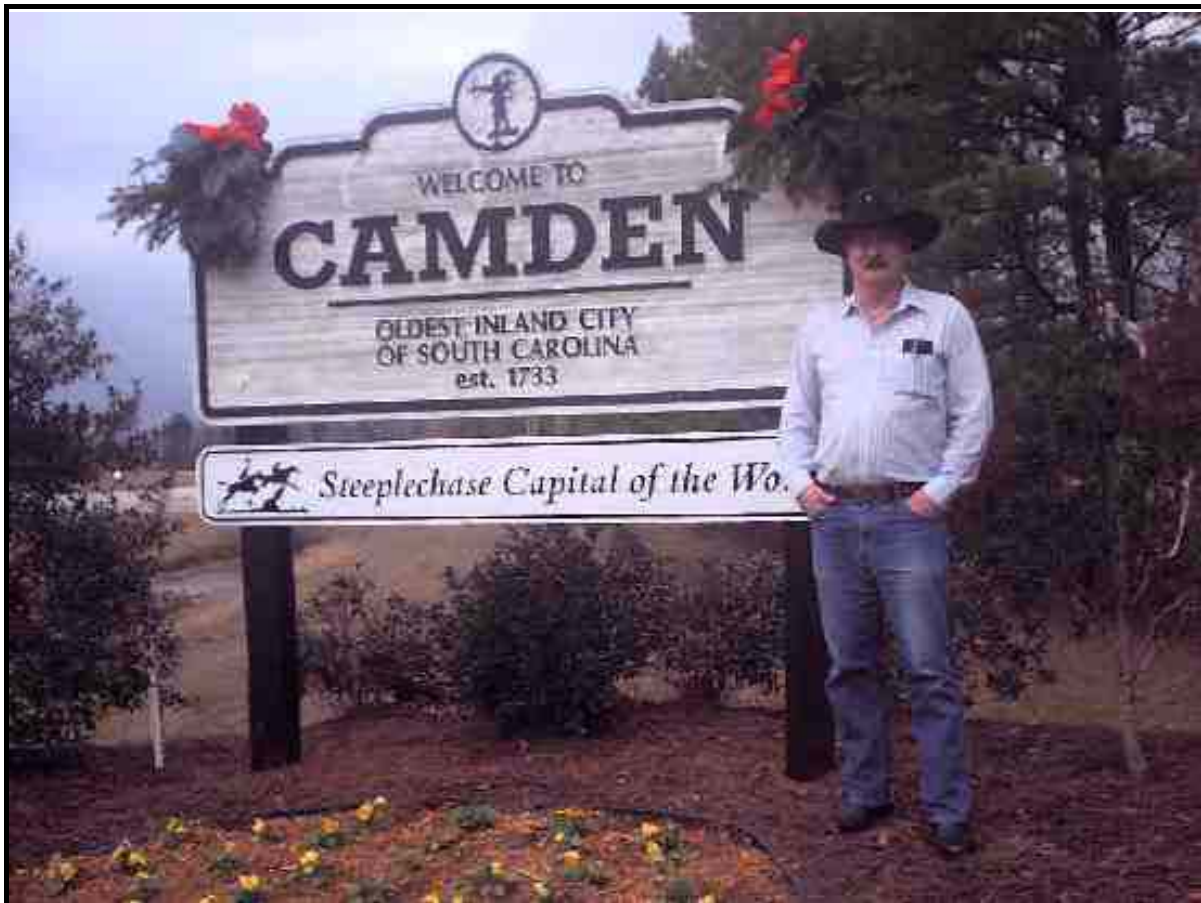
Yes, folks it's true. I met Angie on the Internet while looking for Clyburn things to add to the *Clyburn Family News*. I was referred to her by Shelby of the Genealogical Society in Camden, SC via e-mail.

We started corresponding regarding family and realized that we liked each other. She came out here for a short visit early this last Fall and we liked each other enough to encourage me to visit her on Christmas break. After being hurt badly a few years ago, I don't fall easily so I just couldn't make any decisions while there. Finally after I'd been home almost a week I asked her to marry me!

This happened on the 7th of January, 2000 and I'm excited. We plan (God willing) to marry in July.

She is selling that beautiful home and has already given notice at her job (she is a nurse) and is planning to move West. Isn't that wonderful?! Well it may be selfish of me but I think she's wonderful and very special. How she can move from her ancestral home to this country for me I don't understand, but I'm thankful. I really hope that all of you get to meet Angie -I'm sure that you'll all love her too.

Please wish me luck. I'll certainly need it as my luck hasn't been good in regards to females in a relationship setting. All I truly know is that I love her and want to live my life with her and she loves



Franklin L. Clyburn visiting Camden, SC 12/1999

me the same way. -- Frank C
Grandma's Dried Apple Fried Pies

Originally Made by: Nancy Hulda (Parks) Clyburn
 Written By: Nancy Fae (Clyburn) McBain
 (As she remembers her Mom's Pies)
 Edited By: Jason Andrew Alexander 12/14/1993

First, starting during the fall of the year before you are going to bake a pie, collect a bushel or two of wormy apples. Peel and cut out the worms and the bad spots. Slice and drop them in salty water. After all of the apples are peeled, cut and drained, spread them out on a table. Cover the table with an old sheet or something to put the apples on and spread a single layer of sliced apples on the table and put it in the sunshine. Cover the apples with an old window screen to keep off the blow flies, yellow jackets, etc.

Turn the apples over every day until they are dry. Store them in a flour sack in the seller.

Second, during the next year or the winter of that same year, soak enough dried apples for two pies in water overnight. Cook the apples with sugar and spices until they are tender, but not cooked too pieces.

Add some butter and whatever else you want to dump in. Let the apples cool till they are cold. The apples will be thick when they are cooked without corn starch or flour.

To Make a tough pie crust.
 (Do not add too much shortening)

Just mix up the flour, salt, water or milk, and some lard or shortening. Roll it out in rounds. Use a pot lid or something round to shape or mark the crust and cut it with a knife. Seal the edges with a fork. Fill the crust rounds with the prepared apples, the amount depends on the size of the crust rounds.

Have a big can of bacon drippings handy, and heat the old iron skillet on the old wood stove until hot. Put in enough bacon drippings to fry the pies. Drop the crimped pies into a medium hot pan and brown them fast. When brown on the bottom turn them over. Place each pie on the platter and place in the warming oven to keep warm. Serve for desert or for snacks in between meals. Always eat the first one as soon as it is cooked!

Last time I made "Mom's fried pie" recipe:

One can of apple pie mix-chopped
 A griddle
 A small amount of oil
 One package pie crust mix, rolled quite thin but not paper thin

"Brown each pie very quickly. Place on a cookie sheet and cook in hot oven for 30 minutes.
 Use very little oil and don't put butter in the apples.
 These are not as good as the original because they do not have the bacon flavor.

Scientists

There was a group of scientists and they were all sitting around discussing which one of them was going to go to God and tell Him that they didn't need him anymore. Finally, one of the scientists volunteered and went to go tell God he was no longer needed...

So the scientist says to God: "God, you know, a bunch of us have been thinking and I've come to tell you that we really don't need you anymore. I mean, we've been coming up with great theories and ideas, we've cloned sheep, and we're on the verge of cloning humans. So as you can see, we really don't need you."

God nods understandingly and says: "I see. Well, no hard feelings. But before you go let's have a contest. What d'ya think?"

The scientist says: "Sure I'm all for it. What kind of contest?"

God: "A man-making contest."

The scientist: "Sure! No problem" The scientist bends down and picks up a handful of dirt and says: "Okay, I'm ready!"

And God says: "No, no. You go get your own dirt."

Well folks, this is about all for this issue of the Clyburn Family News. Please remember that it is now on-line also at the address in the title of the letter. If any family members would like to receive this Family letter all they need to do is write and send me their address. Also the Family photo's are also on-line and in order to receive them I do need your e-mail address. With that information I can send you access to all the Family photo's that either Aunt Fae or I have access too. If you have some special ones I would hope you'd share with us.

Sincerely,

--Franklin L. Clyburn.

'Twas the Day Before Yesterday

'Twas the day before yesterday, and all through the branches,
Not a name to be found, none of my ancestors.
The journals and Bibles were dusty and worn,
Why should we care, these kinfolk are gone.

The pictures of children and family, long ago dead,
Are scattered, crinkled, and crammed under beds.
I had just settled back with a book, and decided
To give TV a look.

When out on the highway these arose such a clatter,
I sprang to my feet to see what was the matter.
On the way to the window I tripped with a crash,
I tore open the curtains, and looked through the glass.

The sun in the sky was nowhere in sight,
The clouds were so gray, it could have been night.
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
The postman with packages, letters, and cards of cheer.

I knew in a moment things had to get better.
The size of one letter stood out from all the rest.
A distant cousin was asking about family, one and all.
The names of Grandpa and Grandma, Great Grand Parents all,

From cousins and uncles and aunts, just to name a few.
So through the many journals and photos, and stuff I possessed,
My search for my ancestors slowly progressed.
While up the family tree I gradually climbed.

My ancestors names, I was seeking to find.
Upon that tree I have carved many a name,

The branches of which, will never be the same.
The tree is now filled with many I've found,
But in the search for others, now I am bound.
The ancestors whose names, I have written with love.

The Lord has gathered to take to His father above.
With so many names yet to be carved on that tree,
I have little time to waste on games and TV.
Gathering names, photos, histories and places,
Requires a lot of love, patience, and God's graces.

Some were farmers, Soldiers, and such, Mothers and Fathers
Who struggled much.

Some were settlers, who traveled far, some adventurers,
Who followed the stars.

Some were rich, but most were poor,
they came by ship, seeking more.

Some died young, others very old, many their stories yet untold.
I cried when I thought of those brothers and sisters,
For I am who I am, thanks to my ancestors.
My family is but one branch on the Tree of Life,
A tree that grew strong through toil and strife.

Alone, I'm just a bare twig or a stub,
Together we build a Family Tree of Love.
Cousins, unite! Let us find those missing
And set our Histories right, make 2000 the
Year of the Family, Past, Present and Future.