

Clyburn Family News

Great Aunt Blanche Heflin passed away on November 5, 2002. Following is her obituary as printed in the Siskiyou Daily New, Yreka, CA.



Blanche Doggett, 1 yr old 1910

Blanche Lelia (Doggett) Heflin

Blanche Lelia Doggett Heflin died in Yreka on Nov. 5, 2002.

She was the oldest of six children of Lelia Russell Doggett and Harry William Doggett and was born in Yreka on June 10, 1909. Blanche was raised on the family ranch on McKinney Creek.

At age 16 she married Charles Knight of Oak Bar. During their marriage, they traveled extensively throughout California with Charlie's work as a Park Ranger for the State of California. During World War II, Blanche wound motors to help in the war effort.

She worked as a police officer in Ventura and was proud to have worked with the FBI. For 25 years Blanche worked as an operator supervisor for Pacific Telephone Company.

Charlie died in 1964 and

Blanche settled in the Redding area to be close to her mother. She married a family friend, Ira Dean Phillips, and was thrilled to become the step-mother to Dean's grown children.

Dean passed away and several years later, she married Lincoln Heflin who died in 1988. She returned to Yreka in 1999.

Blanche was a woman of many talents and interests. She was fascinated by flying and earned her pilot's license. She was a staunch Democrat and campaigned with vigor for the Democratic Party and received commendations from Governor Brown, Adlai Stevenson, and President Bill Clinton and others.

Blanche was very proud of her pioneer family and following her retirement, she became very involved in genealogical research. She authored two books, "The Hovey Family" and "The Doggett Family."

She helped others with their family research and became quite an expert in the field.

Blanche loved her family deeply and each of her nieces and nephews could count on that birthday card arriving each year with a special remembrance included.

She loved traveling and would gather up her mother and other members of her family and away they would go. Blanche was generous with everyone she met.

She loved animals and adopted and cared for many strays. Blanche was a member of many historical and genealogical societies including those in Shasta and Siskiyou Counties. She was a member of the Friends of Shasta County Library Association, the Chum Creek Bottom Community Association, the Telephone Pioneers of America, National Parks and Conservation, and the National Women's Political Caucus.

Blanche is survived by her brother



Aunt Blanche Heflin with Frank Clyburn 5/13/2000



Blanche Heflin with Hart Lee Clyburn March 7, 2002

and sister-in-law, Russell "Pete" and Ruby Doggett of Etna; her sister-in-law, Elisabeth Doggett of Anchorage, Alaska; her daughter-in-law, Vivian Phillips of West Hartford, Conn.; nieces and nephews, Grace Bennett, Susan Gravencamp and Richard Conroy of Yreka, Clyde Doggett of Boonville, James Doggett of Santa Rosa, Evelyn Doggett of Eagle River, Alaska, Carolyn Severins of Belmont, Jeanie Jones of Wasilla, Alaska, Donna Nelson of Merrill, Ore., Robert Clayton of Albuquerque, N.M., and several cousins.

A memorial service will be held 2 P.M., Nov. 9, at Girdner Funeral chapel in Yreka.

Memorial contributions may be made to the Siskiyou County Humane Society or the Shasta County Humane Society.

Editor's Note:

Blanche was my mother's Aunt by marriage. I first met her around 1960 while visiting my Uncle George



Anna Belle Clyburn and husband Grover Wilson in CA

Knight and his wife Jean in the San Francisco area. My memory of that visit is dim but I have never forgotten it.

As I mentioned in *The Clyburn Family News Vol. 1* dated 11/27/1997, I started getting reacquainted with her. She was such a lady and so gracious!

I remember she talked a lot about Charlie Knight, (my Grandfather's youngest brother) her husband with such love. After all the years he had been gone she still loved him with a passion. What a couple they must have been.

She was so interested in family and immediately wanted to give me information on my Knight Family. She told me that her mother had gotten her into genealogy as a young girl. She literally forced much of it on me! She even volunteered to copy some of it for me at her own expense. Have you ever met anyone like that?

I believe it was her influence that started my interest in sharing family information amongst all of us via a family newsletter.

I remember telling Blanche of some of my Clyburn Family and as I spoke she walked over to one of her Family File Folders and pulled out a picture. The photo was taken in Ventura, CA in her and Charlie's back yard at the time. She asked if I knew who that was? I didn't and she turned the photo over and there was the names of the very people I'd just been speaking of, Anna Belle (Clyburn) and her husband Grover Wilson! Anna Belle was my Grandfather, S. F. Clyburn's, youngest sister and Grover Wilson had been married to another sister of my grandfathers, Alice, until her death in 1912. Grover and Charlie were working together at the time in a factory there. What a small world it is sometimes!

I know that as I created the newsletters and sent her a copy, that she was thrilled even though she could hardly read them. She would have friends read them to her for the most part. Blanche could hardly see and barely hear when I got to know her. How very much I must have missed by not getting to know her years sooner.

Later when she was moved up here where she was born, her eyesight and hearing was so bad that it was hard to communicate with her at all.

The last time I visited with her was the night my Uncle Earl Knight passed away. I visited Earl and her that night. That was in March 2002 at Beverly Manor in Yreka.

At that meeting I introduced my grandson Hart Lee Clyburn to her. I'm not certain that Blanche even knew who was visiting her that night, but I'll never forget that she was the perfect, gracious lady that she always was that night. I have never seen her any other way.

She was a very special person to me and I will never forget her. I believe that all who knew her will never forget her either.

EARL GUYLES KNIGHT, JR.

Earl Guyles Knight, Jr. was born May 23, 1933 at Oak Bar California. He was my Uncle, the youngest brother of my mother Violet Knight (Clyburn-Douglas).

Earl was not only my Uncle- he was my friend. My earliest memories of Earl was when I was in Kindergarten in Yreka, CA. I remember him coming to my mother and dad's (Woodrow Clyburn's) home there. We lived in a house or apartment approximately where the Post Office is now located. I don't know now whether he was home on leave or home from the Korean War (where he served in the army). Anyway I remember the great big duffle bag of dirty clothes which he brought with him that my mother washed for him.

I remember him marrying Barbara and also when John was born. I remember visiting him and Barbara somewhere down in Dunsuir or Castella, CA. His dad Earl Knight, Sr. lived with him for awhile when he and Barbara lived next to the church in Hawkensville, CA.

Much later my step-father Ronald Douglas and I went to visit Earl in at a small town out of John Day, Oregon where he was working at the time. I remember he was working on a ranch there and was in charge of the irrigation of the hayfields. I also vividly remember the mosquitos in the hayfields there. Those were the worst mosquitos I've ever seen - and I have seen a lot of them from CA to Alaska.

A few years later I went to Eastern Oregon where Earl was working and we rented a house together. We each worked hard on ranches just to survive the harsh winter there. That was the

year they made the Clint Eastwood/Lee Marvin movie "Paint Your Wagon." I remember that very well because we went up in the mountains where they were planning to make it and looked around and then went to Baker, Oregon to see if we could sign up as extra's on the movie.

As it happened we both got work, before the movie making started, building trail on the Oregon side of the Hells Canyon Dam. We rented a trailer house to live in at the Hell's Canyon Trailer Park. We had to cross over into Idaho every morning to ride a boat several miles down the lake to the place where we were making trail. We hired on as mucker's but both of us also ran jack hammer and helped set up the explosives while taking down many bluffs to make a fairly level trail down the lake. I'm certain the trail must still be used by hikers.

One day while riding the boat back up the lake we found a rattlesnake swimming across the lake. It was way out in the middle of the lake, probably a quarter mile from shore. I don't remember if it held its rattle up or not as I've heard that they do while swimming but members of the crew hit it several times with oars to try to kill it!!

Earl quit and went back to California and I went to Alaska. He had been in Alaska himself as a cat skinner several years before and so I was given some introductions to people there. I got work before I met those folks, but it never hurts to have introductions in a new place.

I didn't see Earl for many years until I came back from Alaska in 1977. He lived in Montague at the time and when I needed someone to go to Alaska and pick up my children when my wife said she didn't want them, I asked him if he'd go for me. He wasn't working at the time and I had just started a job that I felt I couldn't get away from. He agreed to pick them up and he did a good job.

They did give him a scare though. While staying overnight waiting for me in Seattle in a motel room, Ronnie who was two years old, disappeared. Earl became frantic and searched the room and the outside of the motel and was getting ready to call the police when she was discovered hiding under the bed! Children always liked Earl and Earl liked children. He did tease them a lot though. Anyway my children to

this day have very good feelings about him.

Earl raised or was involved in raising three families. First with Barbara his first wife and son John and later with his wife Gladys and her three boys Joe, Bill and Tim that he helped raise and later his wife Linda and her three girls, Shannon, Sharon and Maxanne.

I know Gladys well and have for over 35 years and what a nice lady. Her children are also friends of mine. I remember that they taught me to whistle using my fingers.

Earl asked me to be his best man at his wedding with Linda and wouldn't let me talk my way out of it even though I told him I'd much rather go to a funeral!! Ha. He then wanted to have a bachelor party so we went to Oregon and went bar hopping. At my expense I might add! He didn't have any fun at all, just mooned around for her! What a guy! That wedding took place in his brother George Edward Knight's place in Montague, CA. What a nice family he had there. I still call them all friends or "cousins" and Sharon and I are particularly close.

Over the years I worked with Earl many times on jobs. He was ditch tender (boss) for the Shasta Valley Irrigation District for several years and whenever he needed to hire help he hired me if I was available. We logged together also. He was crazy while on a cat. He scared the daylights out of me many times while on steep terrain.

Earl was known to take a drink now and then and so was I. One time we went to work at Bear Creek east of McCloud where we working for Sonrise Logging Co. Out of Burney, CA. Earl had met some friends and they'd been drinking until early morning. As we rode together to work he got there alright but he literally couldn't walk! He just about crawled to the D8 Cat and after climbing up into it he started working. As I was setting chokers behind him that day I really watched him closely. You know, nobody would have even known he had even one drink! He was that good of a cat skinner.

Another time our headlights went out on us while working over out of Mt. Hebron, CA on a narrow dirt road in the mountains. He held a flashlight out the window for me and we made it to work on time.

Once the lights went out while traveling at 65 miles an hour! Scared us both half to death!

We had many adventures like that and sometimes we had those adventures with friends/relatives like Everson Rider. We started calling Everson "Irv" because one time while Earl was foreman for the Frank Brahs ranches in Shasta Valley Everson worked with us for awhile. Frank (Brahs) overheard us talking to Everson (Earl called him Ev for short) and thought we'd called him "Irv". He called Everson by "Irv" and the name stuck. I still call Everson "Irv" whenever we meet!

I stayed with Earl from time to time while working and sometimes we'd drink together. In fact I received my first driving ticket while driving him from Montague to Yreka. One episode that wasn't so funny but became cute happened on just such occasion. Earl and I were drinking at the bowling alley bar one evening in Yreka, CA and he had drank a couple too many. He started getting onery like some folks do. He kept challenging me to go outside and fight him. I wouldn't go outside and he kept getting madder and madder. I was the one with the money so I just kept buying drinks whenever he needed one and finally we went home.

The next day he looked so foolish! He wouldn't look me in the eye all day long as he was ashamed. I never let on tho and he come out of it by the next day.

Earl's drinking kept getting worse and worse. I finally had to quit drinking as I found out that I could no longer handle it. I got help and got sober, but Earl never did. One day he was drinking and sideswiped a row of cars in Yreka, At the same time he lost a good deal of his eyesight. Linda was fed up with his behavior and who could blame her? He had no other place to go so he stayed with me.

He kept drinking and about the time I was a year sober he had the stroke that put him into Beverly Manor for about eleven years. He'd been drinking with the folks that live under the bridges and around Yreka Creek a lot. You know, homeless folks and so when I got a call that he needed a ride I thought nothing of it. I went to pick him up and when I did somebody told me that they thought he might have had a stroke. To me he didn't act any different from any other time he'd had too much but while driving the four miles to my place I

asked him if he wanted to or needed to stop at the hospital. He said no that he didn't.

When I got him home I noticed that he was starting to act worse so I asked him about it. He needed help cleaning up. That's why he didn't want to stop at the hospital - he wouldn't go that way. I helped him and then rushed him to the hospital.

He was still walking at this time and even talking but he kept getting worse and ended up by becoming paralyzed. The first thing the doctor in the emergency room asked was "has he been drinking?" He went on to explain that drinking can weaken the arteries from the inside and that can lead to a stroke.

I realized, along with others, that he'd no doubt had a stroke months earlier when he had the accident but he had been so drunk that nobody had noticed.

I didn't see Earl as often as I would have liked to because whenever he saw me he'd get so emotional that he'd cry and then I cried inside myself. It became so uncomfortable for me that I stopped seeing him for a long time. I did stop every now and then during the last year or so however.

Earl was my friend for most of my life and I can never forget him and the times we had together. Like when he stirred up a bunch of yellow jackets that stung me while logging and make me run and then when he stirred them up again with the cat they came after him and made him jump off and run. I got the last laugh that time.

He died in Yreka on March 7th, 2002. His loving sister Agnes (Knight) Howarth was with him all night that night. Agnes is the last living sibling of Earl's still alive.

Goodbye my uncle, my friend.

---Frank Clyburn

SHERMAN'S MARCH THRU SOUTH CAROLINA

-By Angela C. Clyburn

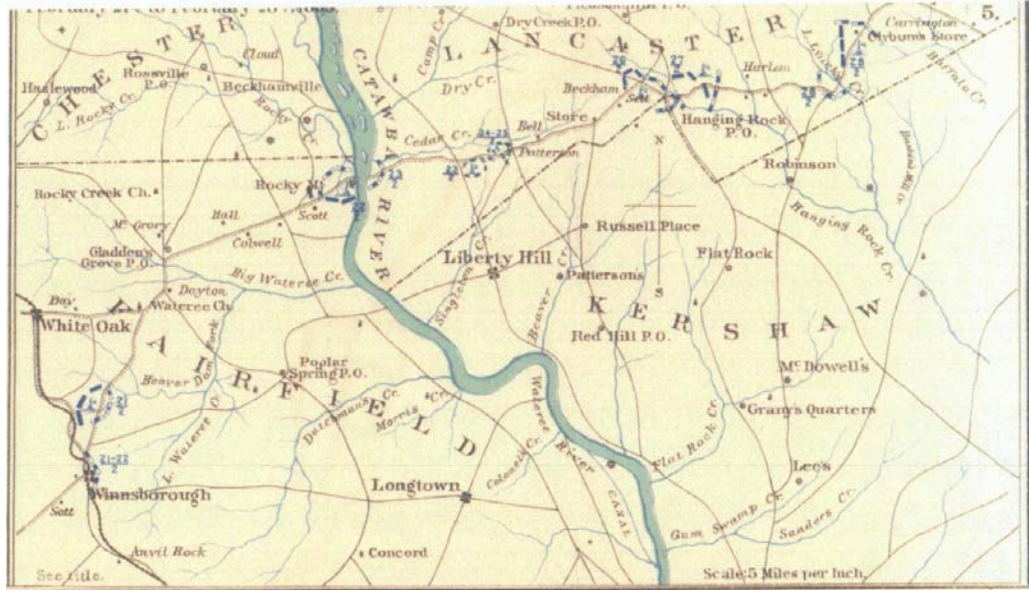
*Then call us Rebels, if you will,
We glory in the name,
For bending under unjust laws,
And swearing faith to an unjust cause,
We count as greater shame."*

--Richmond Post Dispatch, May 12, 1862

"I'm going to march to Richmond....and when I go through South Carolina it will be one of the most horrible things in the history of

easily the most hated man in the history of South Carolina.

The first shots of the Civil War were fired in Charleston Harbor on April 12, 1861. Two days later the federal garrison in Fort Sumter surrendered to Confederate forces. Union troops occupied the sea islands in the Beaufort area in November, but few military engagements occurred within the state's borders until 1865.



the world. The devil himself couldn't restrain my men in that state." William Tecumseh Sherman prior to his infamous Campaign of the Carolinas

William Tecumseh Sherman believed that war was not only between armies but societies. The very societies that sent its sons off to



Gen. Sherman on his horse

war would, if shown the horrors of war first hand, demand its end. This belief, and the things he did to carry it out on the state of South Carolina in the Campaign of the Carolinas would earn William Tecumseh Sherman the distinction of being

One-fifth of South Carolina's white males of fighting age were sacrificed to the Confederate cause, and General William Tecumseh Sherman's march through the state at the war's end left a trail of destruction. Poverty would mark the state for generations to come. All members of the Clyburn Family in South Carolina felt the effects of War by the time it had ended. Many of them lost sons, fathers and husbands, and cousins. When Stephen Franklin Clyburn died on January 29, 1869 there was little left in his estate to pass on to his sons. His will shows that he left but a small amount of property in the shape of one mule, one horse, and other livestock, a small amount of farming implements, and household and kitchen furniture. This was certainly, in part, the impedus which motivated three of his sons to migrate to Texas after the Civil War ended. Minor Hilton Clyburn was the first to leave the home of his birth early after the war. In the 1880's two of his brothers left the homeplace for Texas, Miles Lemuel Clyburn and Lewis Tildon Clyburn. Some other members of the family also made their way to Texas after 1900. The larger part of the family remained in South Carolina

where their descendants may still be found living on land that was cleared and tilled by their ancestors.

General Sherman's march through South Carolina began in late December, 1864. By March 9th, his troops had passed out of the state into North Carolina - leaving behind a path of total destruction 100 miles wide and extending the entire length of the state.

The campaign began in late November 1864 even before the surrender of Savannah, but due to the strong resistance by General Wheeler's Cavalry, Sherman's first troops did not cross the river into South Carolina until 15 January 1865. He had reported to his superiors that he expected the Carolina march to last 4 to 5 weeks, but in fact it was late March before his troops passed out of South Carolina into North Carolina. He later reported that his march had not begun until the end of January.

The Mayor of Columbia reported that "there were not 1,400 able bodied men left in the entire state of South Carolina to defend against Gen. Sherman's march." Indeed, by this time, South Carolina had lost over 20,000 of her men to the war - fully one third of the men between ages 16 and 50 having been killed for the cause.

02 MAR 1865 - Florence "The sufferings which the people will have to undergo will be most intense. We have left on the wide strip of country we have passed over no provisions which will go any distance in supporting the people. We have left no stock by means of which they can get more. All horses, mules and cattle, sheep and hogs have been taken. They cannot go outside of the country traversed for lack of transportation... Even before we came into the State the provisions were vastly greater than we had ever supposed... We have been out on this trip a little longer than before, and made the same distance, and covered the same or a greater breadth of territory, and have again left nothing... I do not think that the Rebel armies will not fight, they will do so whenever an opportunity offers, which affords a hope of success. They still believe their government, their property, their honor, and their Southern pride is at stake, and they will fight for them. "In addition to what is said above of the people, there is one thing they invariably do,

no matter how great the cost: they cling to the n*gg-rs as the visible proof of their respectability and chivalry and no matter how great the sacrifices they are compelled to make to restore them, they willingly make the sacrifices. "66 Days of Hell An Account of Sherman's March Through South Carolina " Vol. 5 of the Confederate Regimental History

Series Sherman's March Through South Carolina by John Rigdon The South Carolina Secessionist Sherman's March Through South Carolina February 25, crossed the Catawba and marched eight miles. February 26, marched eight miles to Hanging Rock. Remained there the next day waiting for the Fourteenth Corps to cross the Catawba River. A freshet had broken the pontoon and caused delay. General Sherman ordered all wagons not over by the next morning to be burned. General Jeff C. Davis by making great exertions saved the trains. Large numbers of valuable horses and mules were found corraled in the few camps and glens of this region as well as caches of food and clothing. February 28, marched ten miles, crossing Little Lynch Creek. Camped at Widow Clyburne's house. Roads quicksand; worse than any I had seen.

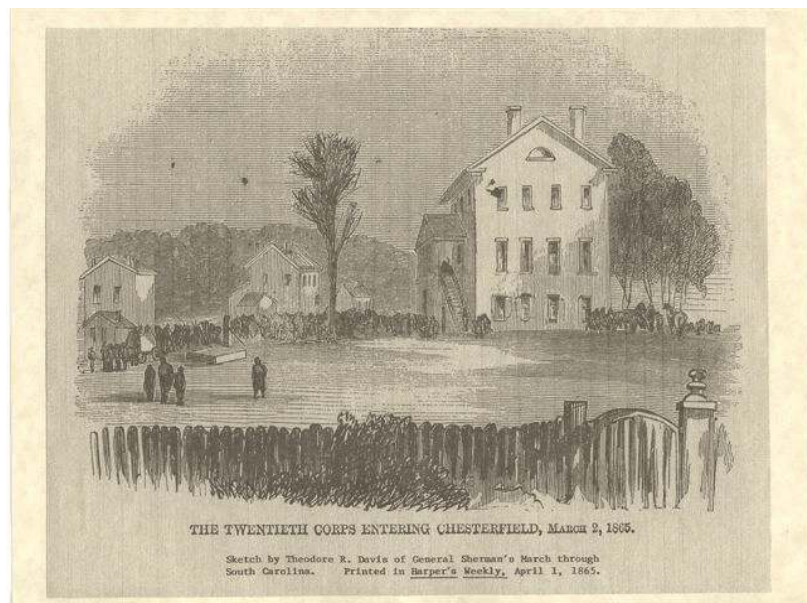
of some twenty miles to Chesterfield CourtHouse, hoping to secure the bridge over Thompson's Creek, but it was burned.

Next day remained in Chesterfield, waiting for the Fourteenth Corps to close up. March 4, moved twelve miles to Cheraw. Found General Blair in possession, with large captures of supplies, including corn and provisions, which were distributed to the troops. March 6, moved across the Pedee (Pee Dee) River and camped two miles beyond. A terrible explosion took place on

the bank of the river, where powder had been carried and thrown into the water, that shook the earth for miles round. General Howard's headquarters train was near, waiting to cross the pontoon. It stampeded to the woods, killing one teamster and breaking wagons and harness. March 7, moved twelve miles and camped in a pine grove. March 8, moved eleven miles and a half. Roads sandy, but good. Light rain. Crossed the Wilmington and Charleston Railroad. Entered the State of North Carolina.

Federal Casualties in South Carolina Sixteenth Wisconsin, Company A :--"George Halsey; drafted--; died February 27, 1865, Lynch Creek, S.C., of fatigue."

"Surrender means that the history of this heroic struggle will be written by the



March 1, marched ten miles, crossing Big Lynch Creek; camped on Brewer's farm. On the Right Wing refugees from Charleston and Columbia crossed the line of march and fifty wagons were captured. March 2, made a forced march

enemy, that our youth will be trained by Northern school teachers; learn from Northern school books THEIR version of the war; and taught to regard our gallant dead as traitors and our maimed veterans as fit subjects of derision." --Gen. Patrick Cleburne, CSA

The following letter was addressed to Mrs. Thomas J. Myers of Boston, Massachusetts: Camp near Camden, S.C. Feb. 26, 1865. My dear wife - I have no time for particulars. We have had a glorious time in this State. Unrestricted license to burn and plunder was the order of the day. The chivalry (meaning the Honorable & Chivalrous people of the South) have been stripped of most of their valuables. Gold watches, silver pitchers, cups, spoons, forks, &c., are as common in camp as blackberries.

The terms of plunder are as follows: Each company is required to exhibit the results of its operations at any given place - one-fifth and first choice falls to the share of the commander-in-chief and staff; one-fifth to the corps commanders and staff, one-fifth to field officers of regiments, and two-fifths to the company. Officers are not allowed to join these expeditions without disguising themselves as privates. One of our corps commanders borrowed a suit of rough clothes from one of my men, and was successful in this place. He got a large quantity of silver (among other things an old-time milk pitcher) and a very fine gold watch from a Mrs. DeSaussure, at this place. DeSaussure was one of the F.F.V.s of South Carolina, and was made to fork over liberally. Officers over the rank of Captain are not made to put their plunder in the estimate for general distribution. This is very unfair, and for that reason, in order to protect themselves, subordinate officers and privates every thing that they can carry about their persons, such as rings, earrings, breast pins, &c., of which, if I ever get home, I have about a quart. I am not joking - I have at least a quart of jewelry for you and all the girls, and some No. 1 diamond rings and pins among them. General Sherman has silver and gold enough to start a bank. His share in gold watches alone at Columbia was two hundred and seventy-five. But I said I could not go into particulars. All the general officers and many besides had valuables of every description, down to embroidered

ladies' pocket handkerchiefs. I have my share of them, too. We took gold and silver enough from the damned rebels to have redeemed their infernal currency twice over. This, (the currency), whenever we came across it, we burned, as we considered it utterly worthless.

I wish all the jewelry this army has could be carried to the "Old Bay State." It would deck her out in glorious style; but, alas! it will be scattered all over the North and Middle States. The damned n@gg#rs, as a general rule, prefer to stay at home, particularly after they found out that we only wanted the able-bodied men, (and to tell the truth, the youngest and best-looking women). Sometimes we took off whole families and plantations of n!gg#rs, by way of repaying secessionists. But the useless part of them we soon manage to lose; (one very effective was to "shoot" at their bobbing heads as they swam rivers" after the army units crossed over), sometimes in crossing rivers, sometimes in other ways. I shall write to you again from Wilmington, Goldsboro, or some other place in North Carolina. The order to march has arrived, and I must close hurriedly. Love to grandmother and aunt Charlotte. Take care of yourself and children. Don't show this letter out of the family. Your affectionate husband, Thomas J. Myers, Lieut., &c. P.S. I will send this by the first flag of truce to be mailed, unless I have an opportunity of sending it at Hilton Head. Tell Sallie I am saving a pearl

bracelet and ear-rings for her; I am trying to trade him out of them. These were taken from the Misses Jamison, daughters of the President of the South Carolina Secession Convention. We found these on our trip through Georgia. End of Letter.

Thanks to Collier Harris (chharris@ix.netcom.com) for providing this letter.

JOHNSTON, Joseph Eggleston, soldier, was born at "Cherry Grove," Prince Edward County, Va., Feb. 3, 1807; eighth son of Lieut. Peter and

Mary (Wood) Johnston, and grandson of Peter and Martha (Butler) Rogers Johnstone and of Col. Valentine and Lucy (Henry) Wood, of Goochland county. His grandfather, Peter Johnstone, was a native of Annan, Scotland, and emigrated from Edinburgh in 1727, settling at Osborne's Landing, on the James river, Va., where he was a merchant.

He attended the Confederate memorial services at Atlanta, Ga., in 1890, and upon the death of General Sherman in February, 1891, he was selected as one of the honorary pallbearers, and although suffering from heart trouble he attended. The exposure brought on a cold which caused his death. He is the author of: Narrative of Military Operations Directed during the Late War [p.118] between the States (1874), which had a large circulation and became an acknowledged authority; and the following articles in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War": Responsibilities of the First Bull Run (Vol. 1., p. 240); Manassas to Seven Pines (Vol. II. p. 202); Jefferson Davis and the Mississippi Campaign (Vol. III., p. 472); Opposing Sherman's Advance to Atlanta (Vol. IV., p. 260). He died in Washington, D.C., March 21, 1891.

After the Civil War, J W A Porter married Sarah Robertson Clyburn, the young widow of John William Clyburn, son of Lewis Clyburn, Sr and Sally Kirkley, the sister of Stephen Franklin Clyburn's second wife Nancy Robertson. She lived in the Taxahaw Community of Lancaster County, South Carolina. Each had been widowed and had two children. During the war while Mrs Clyburn was still widowed, the Yankees came through the county. They helped themselves, (foraged) as elsewhere, to whatever they needed, locking her in her smokehouse, they took all the food they could find. The soldiers cooked in her kitchen, which was apart from the house as was the custom, to make the home safe from fire. When the baking sweet potatoes filled the air with fragrant aroma it was too much for her. She marched into the kitchen, filled her apron with sweet potatoes, and marched out again. One of the

chagrined soldiers remarked, "That's the damnedest Rebel I ever saw."

When the first contingent was ready to move on, the Captain told Mrs Clyburn to ask the next company command to put a guard over her and her two small girls. The guard was appointed. She was so scared that she sat up all night. The soldier urged her to go to bed, but she insisted that she wasn't sleepy. Instead she threw fresh knots of pine on the fire to keep a light. Finally, overcome with weariness, she slept, waking to find the room in black darkness. The guard, who must have been amused, was still sitting there.

A store building at Taxahaw, South Carolina belonging to Mrs Clyburn was burned by the Northern soldiers. Preceding story from the Clyburn family file in the Lancaster County Public Library.

Another store belonging to Stephen Franklin Clyburn located near the Brewer Gold Mine (Brewer Mine, a rich lode mine that was close to the Hartman and Topaz Mines.) in the Mt Pisgah area (Jefferson, SC) was also burned to the ground.

Today Mt. Pisgah is a rural area with farms, forests, churches, private homes, mobile home parks, a rescue squad/fire station, and a few gas stations. Most residents work outside of the area since there are no factories or businesses. Stephen Franklin Clyburn and his wife Harriett Hilton are both buried at the Mt Pisgah Baptist Church Cemetery in unmarked graves.

From 1828, when the first placer gold was found, Chesterfield County produced approximately 22,000 ounces of gold. Mining in South Carolina has been one of the state's most valuable industries for over 200 years. Mining companies contribute more than \$138 million in the state annually through payroll and taxes alone. The state is the only gold producer east of the Mississippi. Presently there are 13 minerals being extracted from 485 active mines in South Carolina. (Source: The Mining Association of South Carolina).

Historical accounts indicate that Indians also knew of a rare yellow metal that in about 1820 caught the

attention of the "white man." Prospectors spread the word that gold was in our Piedmont hills, and by 1827 there was a full-fledged South Carolina gold rush that pre-



Haile Gold Mine, Lancaster County, SC

dated by two decades the more famous one in California. First documented gold production in the Palmetto State occurred in 1829, and over the next 113 continuous years of mining the state produced 318,825 ounces of gold. In that span, Lancaster County's Haile Gold Mine was the largest gold producer in the eastern United States. South Carolina is the sixth most productive gold state in the nation.

Hilton Jr., B. 1995. Hidden treasures: Rocks and minerals of the

gold in South Carolina came from placers. Many of the gold placers occur very close to a lode which is the suspected source of the gold. One of the most productive gold placers was the Tanyard pit at the Brewer Gold Mine in Chesterfield County. The estimated placer gold production was about twice the lode gold production. Butler's writings mention that an interesting feature of the Tanyard pit is the evidence of deposition and sorting of the sands by sea waves (Pardee and Park) and that the placer must have been formed partly by wave action along an ancient coastline.

If you plan to pan for gold in South Carolina, you will find an abundance of creeks and branches in which to pan. Panning and gold prospecting locations are numerous and many gold sites are near primary and secondary roads. If you are a treasure hunter, you will be delighted with the treasure hunting possibilities in South Carolina. South Carolina is one of the original colonies and has many old towns, old plantations, old churches and old rural schools where



Old gold mine near Cliburne's Store (left side ruins) (two soldiers in foreground), South Carolina

South Carolina Piedmont. South Carolina Wildlife 42 (2):34-36.

J. Robert Butler mentions that most of the earliest production of

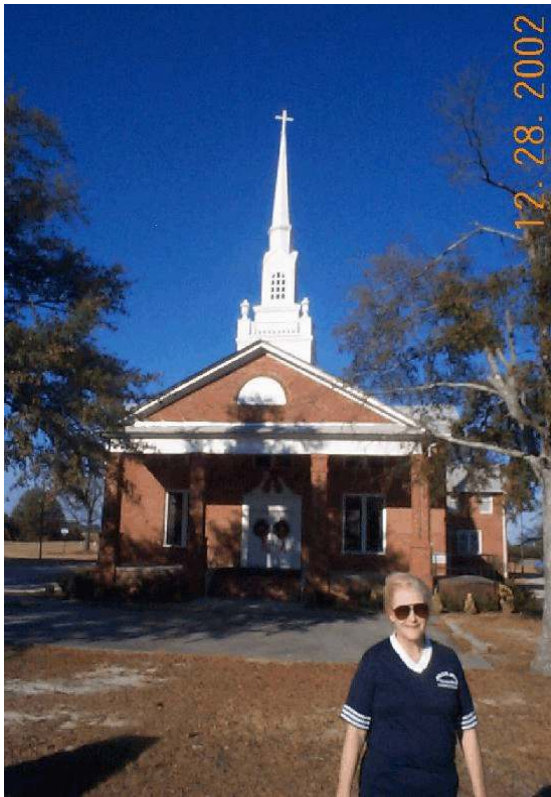
treasure may be found with a metal detector.

Gem stones are sought by rockhounds in the same areas where

prospecting and panning for gold and treasure hunting for nuggets is done. Gem stones reported from the northwestern part of South Carolina include beryl (aquamarine, emerald, yellow beryl), corundum (sapphire), diamond, garnet, sillimanite, topaz, tourmaline and zircon.

Gold was discovered in South Carolina in the Greenville district in 1802.

The states first recorded shipment was from a Lancaster County placer mine in 1829. The gold bearing regions of South Carolina are similar in origin to those of the Slate Belt in North Carolina.



Angela Clyburn at Mt. Pisgah Church and Cemetery Dec 2002

There are very many streams, creeks, benches, and terraces throughout the belt that produce placer gold.

There are many regional mines in northwest South Carolina which are probable sources of the placer gold. Placer gold was first discovered in 1827 at the Haile Mine, which was the largest gold producer in the southeastern states. South Carolina has produced approximately 320,000 ounces of gold.

The gold mines and prospecting

regions of South Carolina are part of the gold belt that extends from Central Alabama to Northern Virginia. The famous Haile Gold Mine is near Kershaw in Lancaster County. Production of gold was important in South Carolina during the 1800's is a little known fact to many outside the borders of the state.

The Gettysburg Address:

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the

dedicate--we can not consecrate--we can not hallow--this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us--that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion--that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain--that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom--and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Afterwards, Lincoln remarks: "That speech won't scour. It is a flat failure and the people are disappointed."

Say did you hear about the blonde in Chicago? Last winter they announced that the streets would be snowplowed on odd sides some days and even sides some days. The snow came and the radio announced that you would have to park your car on the odd side of the street today for snow removal. The blonde went out and moved the car to the correct side of the street. The next day it was announced that cars would need to be parked on the even side of the street. So she moved the car to the even side. Another day the announcer started to announce that cars would have to be parked on the - and the power went off. She in a panic asked her husband "What do I do? What do I do? He answered "Well, honey today you can just leave the car in the garage."

proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we can not

Well, that's about all for this newsletter. I want to thank Angie for all the work she put into the above article pertaining to our GGGrandfather S.F. Clyburn, whom our grandfather is named for. I will ask for your prayers for our cousin Jim Clyburn who is battling cancer and my oldest daughter Joie Clyburn who also is battling that disease. Frank Clyburn