

Clyburn Family News

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Some more of the Clyburn Family History

happened to all these people? I'm sure that some of you are

His oldest son, John Willard Clyburn married a lady Lucille (Sue) Baldwin. She was pregnant with their son John Darryl Clyburn when John Willard Clyburn was killed in North Africa in WW II. She remarried and the baby took the last name of the step-father which is Brannon. John Clyburn Brannon is married and has two children. Our cousins of course!

Thelma Gene Clyburn married Andrew Semetko. He passed away in 1983. As far as I know She is still alive. They had two kids that I know of, D'Anne and John. She still lives in Texas as far as I know.

Whatever happened to John Henry Clyburn's step-sons? Well Truitt Allen was born in April 15, 1915 and died in 1931. I've no idea if he married or had children. Truman Allen was born January 29, 1914 and died in Oklahoma in 1962. I don't know anything about his family.

I found out that John Clyburn had remarried in Texas and started another family. I don't know much about them but they seem like nice people and a close family. I got in touch with a son also named John and he treated me really nice. I also got in touch with a daughter of John Henry's. Her name is Alice Ruth and she is super nice. She has helped me with some of my information regarding the Texas branch of our family.

Hi Everybody:

If you are like me, then the story of Grandpa Stephen Franklin Clyburn's brother John Henry Clyburn should interest you. I remember when I was first told about him. Dave Clyburn my cousin introduced me to a kid that I'd seen around the Yreka High School. Dave introduced him as Miles Wagner and told me that we were cousins. This intrigued me and Dave told me that he was a Clyburn but had been adopted by the Wagner's.

Later my dad introduced me to Miles Andrew Wagner and told me that he was the son of Grandpa's younger brother John Clyburn. Then later when I inquired about Lina Wilson Clyburn in the Clyburn plot at Evergreen Cemetery Aunt Fae told me more. She said that Aunt Lina had died during childbirth and Uncle John had been so upset that he had left the newborn baby with some neighbors, Albert and Rowena Wagner and he went back to Texas.

She told me that John and Lina had two children of their own - John Willard and Thelma Gene and that he also had Lina's two children by a previous marriage - Truitt and Truman Allen.

I often wondered what

curious also.

When I married my wife Angela, who is a genealogist supreme, I asked her about them. Over a period of time she found some information and of course that only whetted my curiosity for more information on that branch of our family. It seems these people should be so close to us as John Henry and his wife used to live here and of course she is still here. Also Grandpa Miles Clyburn lived here for the last few years of his life and died here even though his body was shipped back to Texas.

John Henry Clyburn was born in Bastrop Co. Texas June 8, 1882 and passed away in Houston, Texas on September 18, 1975.



JOHN HENRY CLYBURN AND FAMILY

—by Alice Ruth (Clyburn) Mattice

For the Story of John Henry Clyburn and family to come together, I first have to say:

Papa was married to my mother's step sister her name was Lina. She and papa had three children; John Willard, Thelma Gene and Andrew Miles.

Lina had two children by a previous marriage; Truitt and Truman. Sadly, Lina died when Andrew Miles was born. he was adopted, I understand, by the Wagners. John Willard and Thelma Gene are part of my memories as a child, and as I grew up.

As a very young girl, I remember Thelma Gene, (she was about 10), curling my hair with one of those curling irons you heat on the stove and then curl the hair. Well !! She got it too hot and burned an entire curl off the back of my head ! She, in a very calm voice, said "Oh well, it's on the back of your head, no one will notice". Guess they didn't, or if they did, I do not remember any snickers.

Later, do not know the time period but , we were living in Texas . Not sure what town, but it was in the country. John Willard, Thelma, Willie Henry (Bill), and myself (Alice Ruth) , found this log with some of the cutest baby skunks. We took the whole lot of them home. Momma made us take them back and put them in the nest.

But.... momma skunk came home about that time, so guess you know what happened then.

I have never been cleaner in



John Willard Clyburn son of John Henry Clyburn

my life. But never smelled worse even after all the scrubbing.. I still think those skunks are really cute, even today it brings back that memory when I see a skunk.

I do not remember, ever, Truman living with us. Of course Truitt died the year I was born.. I do not remember when Gene and Johnny left home. Must have been at an early age. I do not know where John Willard was living. We ended up in La Porte, Texas. We lived near grandpa Wilson, (momma's folks) We lived there for a few years, and then momma took the four children., Bill, Alice Ruth , Dan and Helen Doris, and moved to Alief, Texas. Alief at that time was a far distance from Houston but, now it's at my back door. I am back where I started.

We stayed in Alief until probably my 9th year of school . Aunt Hattie and Eugene came with a truck and moved us to Austin. We grew up in Austin, went to school and got into the usual mischief kids do. All of the boys went into various areas of the service, Navy and Air Force.

John Willard was killed in Sicily during WW II. John Willard had married and his son was born while he was overseas. To my knowledge, he never got to see the baby. Sue, Johnny's wife remarried and the child was adopted by her second husband.

Thelma Gene married, had one son Johnny and adopted a daughter D'Anne. I believe D'Anne was adopted in the 1960's.

When Andy retired they moved to Bremond, Texas. Andy died after they moved to Bremond. Their son Johnny lives in Corscania, Texas . He had several children . D'Anne married, no children as far as I know . She too lives in the College Station area.

Thelma Gene lives in College Station, Texas. I just recently got information regarding Thelma Gene.

I did not know Truman very well. I do not know where he lives, but, I know he did live in Bryan. He had children but, I do not know how many. I know one son was named for Truitt. Truman used the name of Allen.

Papa and Momma had seven children:

- Willie Henry (Bill), lives in Corpus with his new wife Jessie Ruth, (a super gal). Bill and Vivian had two boys and one girl. They all live in the Corpus Christi area. Bill has a son, Elton Lee, by his first wife. He took the stepfathers name.
- Alice Ruth lives in Houston with her husband Rogers Mattice. They have three children 2 boys and a girl.. Rogers adopted two of the children by my first marriage and we had one of our own. They all live in Texas, Dallas and Houston.
- Dan Moody lives in Woodville Texas. Dan was named after the governer of Texas . His wife Mitty died, they had no children. But, Mitty had one son. Dan does have a daughter . He married while in Germany . They did not come to the states with him.
- Helen Doris is married and she had three children, one girl and two boys. Her husband had one son that they raised. She lives in Bastrop, Texas. All her children live near her.
- Bobby Clyde lives in Forney, Texas. He has three children, 2 boys and one girl. They all live in the Dallas area.
- Wilford Carl lives in Kountze, Texas with his wife Cindy, they have no children. Will was married several times, I beleive he has 6 children.

- John Paul is married. He and his wife Sue had two children, boy and girl that live in the Dallas area John Paul was married previously and had a boy and girl by that marriage. They too live in the Dallas area.



After Papa and Momma divorced, Papa lived in the Beaumont area until he got sick, and then he was moved to Houston to a nursing home. It was very near my house and I saw him every day for two years.

Papa in his old age, was quite a colorful old man. I do not know to what extent Papas education was, but he was very interesting. Had many stories and not sure how many were true, But.... He had a quick, dry wit. He was very colorful and called it like it was. He had a very good voice and when I visited at the nursing home he would sing old songs for me. I only wish I had recorded them,

While he was at the home we, each day, would feed the

birds bread. He really looked forward to that and always had the bread broken up and ready to roll that wheel chair out to the parking lot to feed those birds.

When papa had to be rushed to the ICU, I would talk to him. One day I said "Papa, if you can hear me, you have to hurry up and get well, The birds are hungry." He never opened his eyes but, he said. "Well !! those SOB's will have to fend for themselves now."

That is how I remember Papa, right to the end - the wit!. I only knew that part of him after he was

an old man.

I loved Aunt Nannie. She was very special to me. I stayed with her during the week while I was in high school for a year or two. I went home on weekends. She was a great Aunt.

Another cousin I hold a special place for, is Alice Ruth Gantt. She helped me more than she ever knew. I wish I had said thank you to the both of them more often. I remember them with love.

But most of all I remember momma.. Momma died in 1996. *(Editor's Note: Alice Ruth has started an article about her mother for the Clyburn Family News. This is very important as the women in most families get left out because the name changes when they marry and anything about them or their maiden family gets lost.)*

RONALD CHARLES DOUGLAS

—By Franklin L. Clyburn

Ron was born on Feb 9, 1931 while his parents, Charles and Erma (White) Douglas lived on Little Humbug Creek, Klamath River, California.

My earliest memories of Ronald Douglas, my step-father started about late 1953 or there about. My mother and Ron were in the process of getting married and we were living in Blyth, California. We lived there a few months. Ron's sister Viola and her husband John Hollie "H" Moore were living in Blyth with their oldest two children; Trenton and Leland. I remember Trenton bringing toys out for all of us to play with and Leland trying to take them away.

I still remember the red ants with there hills there. Those ants could sting! I also remember trying to pierce Lynda's ears with the sharp parts of a palm tree. I remember that we were living in an old housing project somewhere in Blyth. Lynda and I would turn out the lights for a few minutes and then flip them on and get the biggest kick out of watching the very large cockroaches scatter! We were not afraid of them at that age. Lynda would have been about 4 years old while I was a big 5 and a half years old.

I remember Ron taking us on drives in his car and the long roads with bumps that reminds a person of waves on the ocean. Soon we moved to Las Vegas Nevada for a short period of time. One memory of my dad

comes to mind at that time. He went into a casino somewhere there and all the rest of us waited and waited and waited for him and he never came out. Ron finally went in to find him. Guess he did I can't remember.

I believe that is where my mom and Ron got married, (probably where my dad and her got the divorce also, but I don't know that for certain). They got married in March 1954.

I didn't go to school for part of that year. When we moved back to Oak Bar on the Klamath River, later that year, I caught the bus for the last part of the school term. This was to the one-room Riverside School on highway 96 (now Walker Road). That was the last year for that school. The next year the new Klamath River School was up and ready and I had to re-take the 1st grade over in the new school.

We stayed with my grandpa Earl Knight for that year. I remember an episode that happened while my folks were harvesting hay in the field down below at G. Uncle George Knight's. The iron wheel came loose off the hay-rake and ran down the hill and hit Lynda on the head. I always teased her about it scrambling her brains as she was knocked out. Ha..

Later we moved to a house right across from Delphic School on Oberlin Road out of Yreka, CA. I thought I'd go to school there but we moved again, this time to Montague, CA. Lynda and I went to all the rest of our elementary school in Montague and we

both graduated there.

We moved again, after maybe a year to a house on the outskirts of Montague. This was more fun. I remember we raised rabbits for sale there and we had two milk cows, chickens, sometimes turkeys and even some ducks from time to time. We also raised hogs for our own meat there. We used to get butter milk from the Montague Creamery that old Cy Copis owned and feed to the hogs.

This house we lived in was close to the rodeo grounds and the ball park. Lynda and I never paid to get into the rodeo! Actually we got burned out on it over the years and got so we didn't go much.

I remember Ron loved baseball. Many times he and I would play catch as I was growing up. One time I threw the ball almost straight up and the sun got in his eyes and it came down and hit him hard. It cut him over the eye and it bled and bled. He was patient with us in those days. He also was an avid boxing fan as were all the men of both side of my family.

George and Doris Taylor would come over often and we would play cards. George loved to play poker so we would play five card stud, seven card stud and other games like Black Jack but as far as poker goes most often we'd play regular five card draw. The game we played most often of all was 500 Rummy. They let me play these games with the grownups! It would be Me, George, Doris, Mom and Ron. We had lots of fun those days.

I remember several times that

George and Doris and their kids Donna and Danny and my mom (Violet) and Ron and Lynda and I would go over to the baseball diamond and play baseball. I really enjoyed that. I wanted to play baseball also and did sign up one time but didn't pursue it. Too bad.

Ron loved to hunt and fish and we'd all go up to lakes in the Trinity Alps and in the Marble Mountain Wilderness Area often each summer. Oh, those were fun days. I loved going to those lakes although the long walks were tiring. I have many fond memories of those times.

One time we were at Taylor Lake in the Trinities very early. We just couldn't wait to get up there and go fishing. When we got there the lake was still partly iced over. We stayed overnight but I got stuck inside my sleeping bag. I had a mummy



bag and it was real cold that night so I had zipped it over my head so that my breath could help warm the bag. In the morning I couldn't get out of it. I really freaked out! I was

terrified... That was the first time that I had feelings of claustrophobia. They all laughed at me! Ha..

Well that day before we left Ron decided that he was going swimming (he loved to swim) so off he went. He walked out into that water about waist deep and I swear he come back out so fast that he didn't take time to turn around! We all laughed at him that time. Why he decided to go swimming when the other end of the lake still had ice on it, I'll never know.

Lynda and I would cut big sacks of wild alfalfa for those rabbits to save on rabbit pellets. We hated doing that but the rabbits loved it. When ever we didn't get the animals fed and watered, Ron would get angry with us as he couldn't stand animals being neglected. Rightfully so, I might say. At that time I thought I was abused and shouldn't have all those chores to do.

I wanted some pigeons so he let me have them. I couldn't buy the fancy ones I wanted but I caught some wild ones and Ron even helped me get some of them.

Raymond came to live with us when a baby and Ron accepted him and then my mom had Darlene, Ron's child and my half sister. I still remember my dad Woodrow, chewing out my mom for having another baby when he found out about it. She had that RH Factor blood and could have died. I remember him saying that the doctors had told her to not have any more children. I also

remember when my mom brought baby Darlene Marie home from the hospital in Redding.

We, as a family, spent lots of time fishing and picking berries and hiking and other things. One time we chased a tame duck down. This duck had come from somewhere after the Klamath River flood of winter 1955. We saw it several times swimming on the river so Ron decided that we'd try to catch it. Well, we did catch it but it wasn't easy and we all got tired and wet! We took it home and had it for a long time. Ron used to put duck eggs in the hotcake batter.

Ron loved to hunt and fish. He was a very good shot. The best off-hand shot with a rifle that I've ever known. We hunted every deer season as a group and he killed a majority of the bucks. Ron also trapped. He'd trap coyotes and bobcat and whatever he'd go after. He could catch them too. I went with him many times and he taught me how. The last year that it was legal to trap bear in California he caught one. I went with him several time to check the bear trap at the old apple orchard on Dona Creek on the Klamath River. This is part of the Oak Bar Community there. When he caught the bear I wasn't with him despite the fact that I wanted to be there. He used a small bear trap with lots of teeth to catch and hold it. The jaws of the trap probably had a spread of more than 20 inches. The trap was one my grandfather Earl Knight owned. Ron had old Grigsby, who owned a meat packing business out Oberlin Road, smoke the bear meat. Oh man, was it ever good! It tasted better than good ham.

Ron and my mother's marriage started coming apart and sometimes it got bad. I was very lucky when I went to take care of my grandmother. I remember a time when he got angry with me and I was afraid to come home for months. He had developed a violent temper and I think he actually didn't know what he was doing when he went into a rage. Anyway my mother ended up divorcing him.

And believe it or not they got along very well for the rest of their lives. I don't believe either of them ever looked at another person romantically the rest of their lives. I know that you couldn't say anything bad about them or they'd climb all over you!

Well, later after I grew up and was on my own, Ron and I became friends. We worked together on a lot of different projects. When he came to Alaska to do commercial fishing I gave him a commercial fishing motor that I owned for his boat. A commercial boat motor had a special water cooled exhaust system on it and a special transmission. Later he and I went mining there although the weather got bad and we didn't find anything. My old friend Norman Prinze had told of gold in the sand at low tide at the mouth of the Harding River in S. E. Alaska and we were looking for it. He told us that an old timer used to pan his summer stake there every winter when the tide was low. I don't doubt

it's there but we got there in very bad weather and couldn't stay.

When I left Alaska and moved back to California, we started a business. We ran mining claim lines for different people and we also did the yearly assessment work for them. We drove a long ways on some of those jobs. We did that on and off for several years. When Ron bought a 2 ton Gibson Elliptic Roll Mill I helped him haul it and to set it up. He taught me to mill ore and how to capture the gold on a plate coated with quicksilver among other things. When he built his own Rod Mill I was involved in it and helped some.

We were to meet and re-timber a mine on Hungry Creek one summer. We had worked several years for the owner of the mine. I waited and waited and he didn't show up. Finally me and the guy we were working for went to find him. We drove up Empire Creek down the Klamath River where he had another larger mill set up and had been staying. We found him almost dead with food poisoning. He was in the hospital for most of a week with that.

He came down with Leukemia finally and became very ill. He took treatment regularly and got very sick with the treatments. I helped him all I could and so did my dad. Ron was still wanting to mine although very weak and he

needed a four wheel drive to do it with so my dad purchased one. I rebuilt the front end and got it working. He ran that from time to time, along with his own pickup, until he died.



I'm so glad that we became friends when I grew up. It would have been so easy to have missed all that he had to offer me as an adult. He taught me a lot over the years and he had many dreams that remained unfulfilled when he died. He couldn't read and write very well but he had developed a powerful memory and he had much knowledge. He loved to cook and can foods and brought much to my mother after the were split up.

Ron passed away from pneumonia in the hospital in Yreka. He died less than a month after my mother died. It just seemed that after she died he lost all interest in living. Anyway it seemed that he gave up the fight to stay alive.

He died June 14, 1989 in Yreka, California.