

# Clyburn Family News

## My Clyburn Family Memories

By: Vickie Clyburn Johnson

My family name has always been known as Clyburn. It hasn't been very long since I found out that our name should really be Blackwell, but I still feel like a Clyburn anyway, cause I know I still probably have a little Clyburn blood and that is the only name I've been called my entire life.

My oldest documented Clyburn member William Clyburn was born before 1750 in Brunswick County, Virginia. He d. in 1811 in Chesterfield County, SC. I'm not really sure what his wife's name was. I've been told many names, but until I find it on a good source of paperwork, I'm just going to leave it blank.

Next comes the last of my Clyburn family line. William Clyburn had several children, one of whom was his daughter Mildred "Millie" Clyburn. She was born July 25, 1797 in South Carolina and died on her birthday July 25, 1883 in Kershaw County, SC.

Her husband was James Lewis Blackwell, b. 1782 in South Carolina and d. March 18, 1866. My Blackwell line is a completely different and

outrageous story. It really reminds me of an old episode of "Gunsmoke", but maybe you can come to my website to read that story one day when I finally get it written.

My family started out in a little place called "Greenwood Valley", in Southeast Missouri. When my gg-uncle Ransom Blackwell (AKA William Clyburn) and Levi Blackwell (AKA Levi Clyburn) got there, it must have been about 1863. At least that is to the best of my knowledge.

They had married Sowell Sisters (Margaret and Eliza), so all of the children were double first cousins. Ransom died almost as soon as they got there. My gg-grandpa Levi's wife was Margaret Sowell and their son William Thomas Clyburn was my g-grandpa. William Thomas married Minnie Jane McGhee, my g-grandma.

From the time they arrived to this area the Clyburn family or their relatives have always lived there. My dad left it when he went in the Army in the 1960's. The property was near the Wayne County, Carter County & Reynolds County lines. It's a beautiful place there and I remember as a little girl that my mom and dad used to take us for visits there to see relatives that still remained living there after he and his

family moved.

It is hilly with lots of giant beautiful trees of all kinds as far as the eye can see. There is a little creek that runs through the land there that I've been told they named "Clyburn's branch" and I've also been told that it was on the county map that way.

Daddy (Galen Clyburn) also took us to see the little school he went to as a kid. We got to hear how he walked several miles, half the time with no shoes even sometimes in the cold. My grandma would tell me a different story that my daddy always had shoes to wear to school, so I'm not sure who was trying to pull the wool over my eyes, but I know they couldn't have both been right.

That little school was called "Shady Nook" and it is still there to this day, although they use it now as a church. The last time I looked in there it still had the little chairs with tables built in and a wood stove and looked pretty much like the school on "Little House On The Prairie". He even had a schoolteacher there that I ended up having when I went to school and as far as I know she is still alive.

My dad's aunt on his mother's side also lived in "Greenwood Valley" and she had a house there where she had geese, ducks & chickens. It had a porch all the way around it and we could run around and

around. I got a real kick out of all the birds and we even got to take some eggs home to eat.

In the summer times I remember staying with my grandparents, William Levi "Lee" Clyburn and Edna Clair Cole. They lived in an old two-story house in Patterson, Mo. It had green shutters on the windows.

I believe someone bought that house and had it updated and it is still standing as well. The upstairs had a porch on it and I loved that house. If I were to win the lottery, I'd buy that house.

I remember how the windows on both sides of the house were left open and a cool breeze would blow through the house. I could lie on the bed and read books, cause my grandparents didn't like for us to watch the television very much.

One day I told my grandma that I was bored and she said, "Bored, when I was a kid I didn't know what bored was". She said, "Go out in the yard and play and look at the flowers and make something for yourself to do".

So I remember going outside and grandma had all kinds of pretty flower gardens with beautiful purple "iris" and "Lilly of the Valley" and all kinds of beautiful flowers. I made a day of it and then walked down the lane toward the main road.

There was a mile of honeysuckles. I could smell the breeze and it was great! Then on my way back I'd sit on the little bridge right before you got back to the house and watched the bugs floating on the water and throw rocks in to make them jump.

Grandma also had chickens and we would go together to gather the eggs. She'd tell me to

stand way back and when she opened up that chicken coup, those chickens would all come flying out of there like crazy.

Grandpa would go hunting with his dog "King". Grandpa wasn't much of a fisher, but he loved to hunt. I think he could have been a good fisher, but I don't think he cared for it much. He always liked to hunt.

He loved his dog "King". That dog was a really good helper for him and I'll never forget how King got his leg caught in a barbed wire fence and grandpa had to take off part of his leg, because he would have died otherwise. I remember grandpa coming home with wild game and then he'd cook it and it tasted just like roast or something. I also remember eating his potatoes with bacon on them. I think grandpa was a great cook and grandma always made fried chicken on Sundays.

After we came home from church we'd always have fried chicken. My favorites were her Lemon Meringue pie and her homemade Apple or Peach Cobbler. It was great! After we all got stuffed, we'd go in the living room and grandpa would get out his chewing tobacco and start talking about his adventures in the old days when he was skidding logs with his team of mules and how he could train mules and horses.

He could remember those stories like they had happened that same day. He would get so involved in his conversation that he'd bust out laughing before he even finished the story. He'd tell me that our name was really suppose to be Blackwell and that he had a grandma that was Cherokee Indian, who had long hair and that he had a picture of her with

long black hair, but I never found that picture. I'm sure he was talking about Levi Clyburn's wife Margaret Sowell.

He said that she could make medicine out of roots and herbs. He never was one to take medicine. He was one of those that always wanted to make up his own remedies.

I don't know how their kids ever made it through their life. The only time I ever remember them taking their kids to the doctor was when, my uncle got bit by a snake. Other than that their kids including my dad must have built up a tolerance to no telling what.

One of my uncles felt bad, cause him and my dad were chopping wood and he accidentally chopped my dad's big toe. It all turned out all right.

My grandma had 10 kids 6 boys and 4 girls, but one of the girls died at birth. All my dad's brothers and sisters are still alive. We used to get together on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July and shoot fireworks and have homemade ice cream.

Our family has a history of cancer. My grandpa was born March 26, 1903 and died of cancer on November 9, 1988. He was buried in the family cemetery.

His brother Robert "Bob" also died of cancer. They had another brother by the name of Thomas Edward and he died of a heart attack. They are all buried in that same family cemetery.

If you want to see the listing, it is listed on my website and you can click the link to that cemetery. It is Alwood Cemetery in Reynold's County, Missouri.

I am still upset to this day, because I didn't get to go to my grandpa's funeral. I guess that is

why I've made it my life's ambition to trace our family tree. I feel like he might have wanted me to do that. I miss him so much, but at least I have all the fun memories.

My grandma is still alive, but she is 94 and doesn't know who I am usually. She has had small glimmers of memory when she'll say, "Oh Vickie, you are so big," but in two minutes everything she remembered is completely gone. She did get to see my daughter Jessica and she loves her and said she had blonde hair like her when she was a little girl. I just don't think she realizes that Jessica is her own granddaughter.

My parents and my brother and I all moved to Texas in 1980 and that is where we are still residing today. We go to Missouri ever so often to visit the family, but it will never be like it used to be when all the family was so closely knit around my grandparents. My grandparents have 13 grandchildren, 7 g-grandchildren and 2 gg-grandchildren.

If you have any questions about my family line, please feel free to email me and I will be happy to answer any questions that you might have. There are still many family members that I'm working on including my grandma's Cole family.

Thanks for your time in reading my story.

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*(Editor's Note: The story of why Vickie's Blackwell Family took the name of Clyburn is a fascinating story. You need to go to her personal web-site to read about it.)*

### **OTHER FAMILY NEWS**

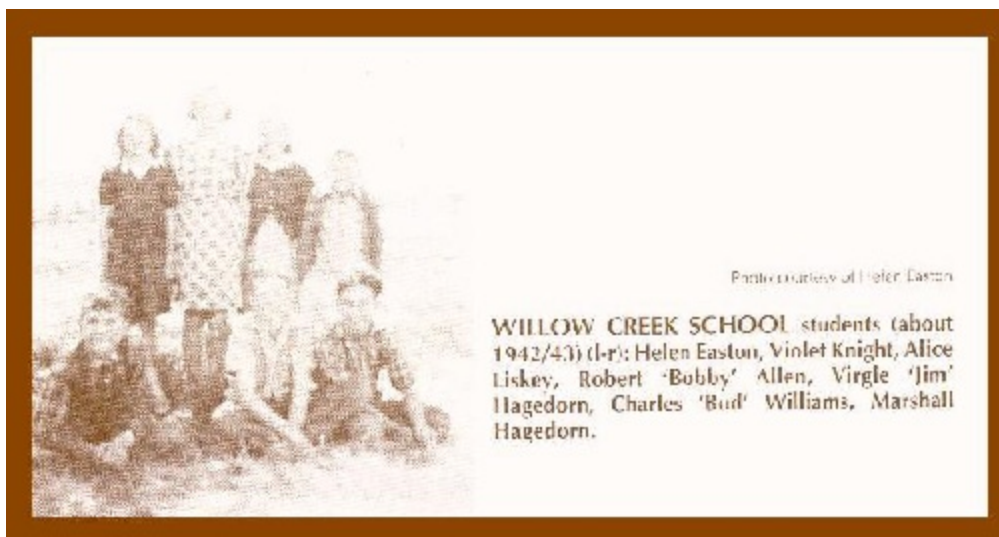
Gladys Genevieve (Clyburn) Legault, Dave Clyburn's daughter recently had a baby girl, Rhiannon.

### **KNIGHT FAMILY INFO**

I had previously seen an issue (1989 issue) of the Siskiyou Pioneer which is put

Pioneer, which unlocked the puzzle for me.

An article by Allen Williams who owned the land on which Willow Creek School was located wrote that "If it hadn't been for my wife, the school would have lapsed during the late 30's or 40's, she and I took several children into our home for free; they were just made part of the family and gave my own children someone to play with. See, if a school drops to below six kids, it would lapse or be closed. That's what happened to Snowden and so many of the small country schools. One girl we got from Scott Valley, I think her name



out by the Siskiyou County Historical Society which showed a photo of my mother Violet Knight as a young girl at Willow Creek School. The age and date was correct to be my mother, and I knew that at about that time my Grandfather was living on the South side of Hornbrook, but couldn't figure out why she would be going to school in Willow Creek School and not Hornbrook School.

Today I read an article in the 1985 issue of the Siskiyou

was Greta Rupp. The teachers I remember was a Miss Kenyon, and a Mrs. Anna O'Donnell from Hornbrook. Mrs. O'Donnell even brought a girl from Hornbrook with her each day, her name might have been Violet Knight and later, sister Doris.

Well, folks this is all for this edition. I hope that you all enjoyed the story from our (distant) cousin Vickie. Until we meet again, stay safe.