



THE BURKETT FAMILY

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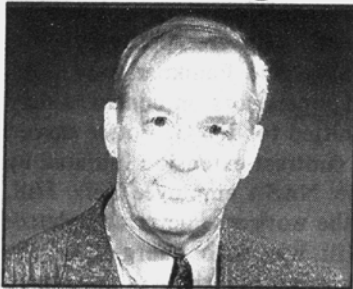


Martha Caroline Burkett Hunter - born October 27, 1907 died January 19, 1995

Born in Cannon County, Tennessee, she was one of six daughters and two sons born to Almon Lee Burkett and Nancy Caldonia Bogle and, like her brothers and sisters, she was born during a period when life was not easy. Almost from the time they could walk, they had chores which had to be done. Housing was just barely adequate, clothing was usually in short supply with hand-me-downs being the rule, and shoes were taken care of by going barefooted as much as possible. She worked in the Dallas Village cotton mill, and in the WPA sewing room during the depression. From this background, she learned to "make do" with what she had for herself while making sacrifices for her children. Whenever they needed something, she usually found a way to get it even when it meant she had to do without or "make do" with what she already had. She had a good sense of humor and loved to laugh. After a divorce from Elgie Webb, she married Frank Hunter in 1937 and they moved from Huntsville. In later years, she worked in department and retail clothing stores as she moved around the southeast living in Charlotte, N.C.; Lancaster, S.C.; Birmingham and Montgomery, Alabama; Atlanta and Macon, Georgia; Knoxville, Tennessee; Fort Walton Beach and Tampa, Florida; and finally Virginia Beach where she died. In accordance with her wishes, her remains were cremated and memorialized by scattering in Tampa bay.

Words are never adequate to describe a person and sum up their life and this is poorly done. I wish it were better because she was my Mother. I loved her. I miss her. - Oliver Webb

Bill Easterling

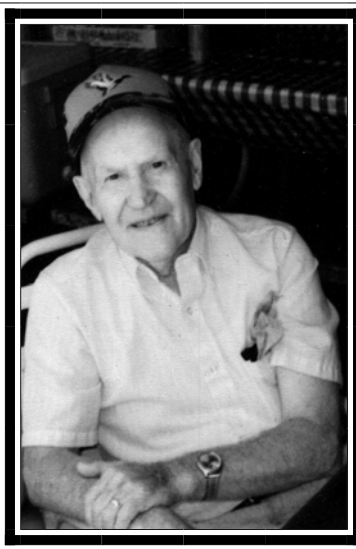


Times Columnist

He was of a special generation

Joyful is the best way to describe being in the company of quiet, selfless dignity which shines like a lighthouse on a perilous coast.

J.B. Burkett worked hard all his life, but rather than com-



Gentry J.B. Burkett
September 24, 1910 - April

plain, he celebrated the fact his hands were calloused and his back was sore.

Although he lived a simple life, he wasn't a simple man. Yet you wouldn't classify him as complex, either. Calling him a paradox is closer to the truth,

for he lived his plain and simple life with the native intelligence and common sense so characteristic of his generation.

He was the father of my best friend's wife, and when they buried him Monday it felt like a member of my family had died, too.

If it's true God works in mysterious ways, He and J.B. did it up right this time. Only a few months shy of his 85th birthday, Mr. Burkett was killed in a car wreck only about a mile from his home. He probably shouldn't have been driving, but stubbornness was one of his traits, too.

It took stubborn people working in Southern textile mills, Northern steel mills, Western fruit fields and Midwestern wheat fields to survive the Great Depression, and J.B. Burkett was most certainly a true son of his generation.

He would tell you about the hard times if you asked, but when he told it he included the fact he thanked God just for

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the opportunity of giving him a chance to survive.

When he was called home to glory on that bridge crossing the Flint River near Walnut Grove, J.B. had been married to Bessie Burkett for more than 60 years, which is another clue he was from a generation of Americans we're not used to reading about today.

To return to his roots, he moved from town to the country several years ago and was able to spend the remainder of his life in the kind of atmosphere that made him happy.

He loved his place on Upcreek Road with the river flowing near and nature all around. In fact, the blanket on his casket was weaved from his favorite bushes and trees. There would have been another of those quick, easy smiles on his crinkled, friendly face if he could have seen it.

They said he said all the squirrels around his house knew his name, and who's to say they didn't, for his was a loving, gentle nature whose spirit radiated trust.

Late on an afternoon when shadows were long and dusk was gathering, it's easy to imagine him talking quietly to the squirrels and birds as he fed them.

The roll call of men cut from the same cloth J.B. Burkett was cut from grows shorter, for he, like his peers, was truly a Renaissance Man, one capable of figuring out in his head how a thing had to be done and then using his hands to do it. For him, that was part of the joy of simply being alive. For him, that was the sum total of truthful existence.

Now his life is over, but it won't be forgotten, for it will remain in a special place in the hearts of his wife and children, and it will always live on the faces of his grandchildren.

The above article appeared in the Huntsville Times Tuesday April 25, 1995. The picture was made at the reunion in 1992. J.B. was buried at Maple Hill cemetery in Huntsville Monday April 24, 1995.

THE BURKETT FAMILY

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The Last Two -

The recent deaths of Martha Caroline Burkett Hunter and Gentry J.B. Burkett marked the end of the direct descendents of Almon Lee and Nancy caldonia Bogle Burkett. Martha Caroline was preceded by five (5) sisters and one brother; Gentry J.B. by six (6) sisters and one brother.

While none of them acquired great wealth, made any great inventions, nor achieved any great honors, they did more than that. They set examples by their actions for their children and grandchildren and, by virtue of their hard work, their children received just about as high a level of education as was possible for "working folks". Following their example, the families were raised as God-fearing and law-abiding citizens.

From humble beginnings in Tennessee, they migrated to Huntsville and worked in the cotton mills. They also survived the Great Depression, something that anyone born after 1940 has almost no conception of. And yes, from time to time, they had family problems but any serious situation saw them bound together to confront it. None of them ever forgot their roots - they had too many experiences together.

So what can be said about them? Perhaps the greatest tribute is to recognize that they were decent, hard-working, family-oriented, law-abiding people who were always willing to help a friend or neighbor when they could and to be there for a friend or neighbor when needed in times of sorrow.

Now they are gone. But not forgotten. Nor will they ever be. All they stood for - and lived for - will not only be remembered but will continue to serve as guidelines for the remaining family members.

Cecil Eugene Teague

Cecil was born in Huntsville November 29, 1926 and died February 11, 1995. He was buried in Huntsville at Maple Hill Cemetery February 13, 1995. He was retired from Redstone Arsenal.

Survivors include daughters Martha Lynn Murphy of Tanner, Alabama; Cecelia Ann Buchanan of Hendersonville, Tennessee and Kathy Lee Enfinger of Huntsville. He had four grandchildren: Rachelle Brianne Buchanan, Benjamin Allen Buchanan, Mark DeFord Enfinger, and Martha Lynn Barnes and was also survived by former wife Mary Elizabeth "Martha" Majors Teague.

BEATRICE ESTELLE SWAFFORD BEARD

Born August 27, 1917, she died March 24, 1995 in Maysville, Alabama.

She was the mother-in-law of Almon Majors, Sr. (deceased) and the mother of Almon's wife, Majorie Nell Beard Majors.

Survivors include five grandchildren; Almon Majors, Jr., currently in Saudi Arabia; Karen Howell of Lacey's Spring, Alabama; Gary Majors of Huntsville; Cindi Himes of Madison, Alabama; Terri Lynn Davis of Virginia Beach, Virginia; and ten great grandchildren.

*There is a Bridge of
Memories*

*It takes us back to brighter years ,
To happier sunlit days
And to precious golden moments
That will be with us always.*

*And these fond recollections
Are treasured in the heart
To bring us always close to those
From whom we've had to part.*

*There is a bridge of memories
From earth to heaven above.
It keeps our dear ones near us
It's the bridge we call Love.*



New Arrivals -

Congratulations to the Brad Patterson's (and the grandparents!) and welcome to Ann Elizabeth "Annie" Patterson who arrived April 3, 1995. Annie checked in at 7 pounds 2 ounces.

And whoa! Guess who just became *first-time* grandparents? The Bobby Carrolls! Son Larry and wife Sherry became proud parents of Christopher Robert Carroll April 21. Christopher was born in Gwinett County, Georgia and checked in at a healthy 8 pounds 2 ounces. Congrats to all.

And how about the Frey's - David and Della? They are the proud parents of Travis Andrew Frey who arrived February 7 weighing in at 8 pounds 9 ounces. Della is the daughter of Verdie and Kathleen Majors Andrews. Hey, David and Della - what are you going to call him? Travis, Andrew, Andy? Let me know - maybe at the reunion if not before. ■



Graduation Time!

Hot dog, I finally made it! Well, Page Ann Banks hasn't said it exactly that way yet but come 7:30 p.m. Wednesday, May 24, nobody should be surprised if she says something close to that! She's the daughter of Danny and Becca Banks of Huntsville and will graduate from Huntsville High School. So now it's on for more schooling. Last I heard she hadn't picked her "school of higher education". Congratulations to you, Page Ann! ■



A Wedding Announcement -

Amy Louise Robbins, daughter of Rhonda Coleman and granddaughter of Carl and Louise Carroll Smith, will wed Mark David Adams Saturday, May 24, at the Loveless Park Baptist Church in McCalla, Alabama. Amy is a student at the University of Alabama with graduation scheduled for

December 1996. Our very best wishes to the young couple and we hope to see you at the Reunion! ■

It's Reunion time! - Saturday June 17, 1995

Yep! That's the date *and* it will be held at the same

CORRECTION! I HAVE RECEIVED WORD FROM AUDY MAJORS THAT A TORNADO HIT THE PARK AND DEMOLISHED SEVERAL OF THE PAVILLIONS - INCLUDING THIS NEW ONE WHICH WE WERE SUPPOSED TO USE! BUT WE HAVE ANOTHER LOCATION. SEE PAGE AT END OF THIS VOLUME FOR DETAILS.

place - Sharon Johnston park. This time our plans are to be in a *brand-new and larger* pavillion which will also have rest rooms. This pavillion is in the general

Sugar Tree Knob Cemetery

In Volume 3 1993, we ran an article about the Trust Funds established for the maintenance of the Oak Grove and Sugar Tree Knob cemeteries. The Trust Funds were set up by contributions from several relatives and are interest bearing. The interest earned from these funds is used for maintenance rather than having to solicit funds on an annual basis. In that article, however, we pointed out that due to the decrease in the interest rate there were insufficient funds available to pay for this maintenance - at least for Sugar Tree Knob.

Audy Majors has now received a letter which he forwarded to me and I quote it below.

TO THE RELATIVES AND FRIENDS OF PEOPLE BURIED AT SUGAR TREE KNOB CEMETERY:

As most of you know, we have a Trust Fund set up for the cemetery but the interest rate is down and we do not have enough interest coming in to take care of the mowing this year. Last year we ran short of money and some of us had to pay for the last few mowings.

It would be greatly appreciated if you could make a donation. Any amount would help.

If you feel you can contribute, please mail your donations to Lois Gilley, Treasurer, c/o Cannon County Courthouse, Woodbury, Tennessee 37190.

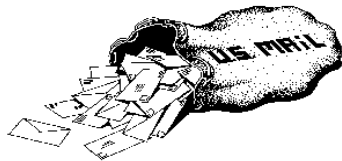
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It was my intention that the annual dues would be used to pay for the Reunion, the Newsletter and to contribute to this maintenance fund. However, we are just barely generating enough funds to pay for the Reunion and the Newsletter. We not only have Burkett relatives buried at Sugar Tree Knob, we also have several relatives on the Bogle side - Nancy Caldonia Bogle Burkett. I think those of you who have visited this cemetery will agree with me that it's such a beautiful place it would be a shame to let it become overgrown through neglect.

I have no idea at this point as to how much the shortfall is nor how much each mowing and cleanup costs. I have written Lois Gilley to get more information about this expense and hope to have an answer before this issue is mailed. If not, there will a notice posted at the reunion as to what we can do to help. It goes without saying that anything we do will be appreciated. I would like to see us be able to increase the invested funds to be sure that the cemetery will be taken care of in perpetuity without working a hardship on just a few individuals.

O.K. - more on this as it becomes available. ■

**From
the
mailbag -**



(I received the following letter from StellaB "Nita" Jaynes)

February 8, 1995

Dear Burkett Family,

You may be interested to learn I am living alone at 808 Barrow Street, Goldthwaite, Texas 76844. My mail address is:

*StellaB Jaynes
Route 2 Box 31
Goldthwaite, Texas 76844
Telephone 915/648-3867*

I moved from Colonial Oaks Nursing Home on February 4, 1995. Living alone is much better because it provides more self independence and more private, pleasant surroundings. Fortunately, a good lady comes several hours daily to help with housework, medication, run errands, prepare meals, etc.

As time becomes available, I will do more research on the Burkett Family and send it to Oliver for the Newsletter.

You cannot imagine the joy it has been for me to meet all of you since seeing you in the 1960's - 1970's while

I was visiting you.

I often think about you all being so nice and friendly to me all those times. My husband Willard Jaynes loved you too and enjoyed the visits. He died November 14, 1980 at Linden, Texas. I moved to Goldthwaite in March 1981 to live near a Burkett relative. They died by 1988. Health problems put me in nursing home in 1987. It is wonderful to live in my own house and be my "own boss".

When I am more settled in my new home, I will write again.

Love,

StellaB

Receiving the letter above was good news but some of the visits she refers to were to Uncle J.B. and Aunt Bessie Burkett and Nita has now been told about him. Further bad news is that I received a letter from Sid Huggins who tells me Nita has had to return to the Nursing Home. (Nita, as you read this we are truly sorry to hear you have had to return.)

In his letter, Sid tells me he has made good progress with his new computer with regards to the descendants of Nancy Ann Burkett and Issac Newton Huggins, his grandmother and grandfather. Nancy Ann was the daughter of John Burkett and Paulina Markum and a sister of Jobe Burkett. Take a look at the enclosed Descendants Chart for John Burkett and you will see by looking at the far right side that I have very little information on Sid's side of the family - Nancy Ann Burkett - so this information will help a lot.

Sid is in the process of arranging his summer schedule - he has other family reunions to attend - but he hopes to be with us at our reunion and we hope he and his wife can be with us. Try hard, Sid. We'd love to see you both. ■

Do you know the folks below?

(See answer at bottom)



Martha Burkett Webb with son Oliver and Ara Burkett Chisholm with son Herman

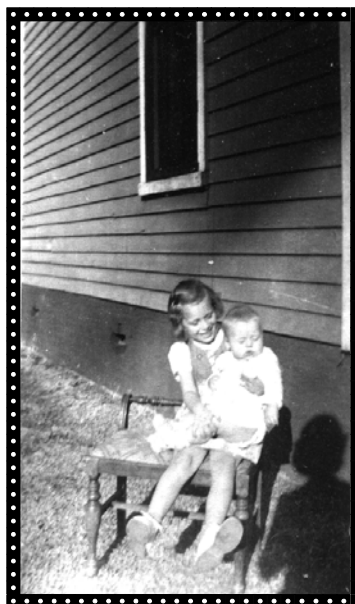


Now here's a picture I think I need some help on. Of course, the adults are Almon Lee and Nancy Caldonia Burkett. In the front on the left, that's obviously Ara but is that Audy behind her? I think it is. To the right it seems obvious to me that's Martha and behind her is Leva. But who is the young girl? Could that be Jessie Mae Gaines - Aunt Ara's daughter from her first marriage? If so, this is the only picture I have seen of Jessie Mae other than a baby picture where she is being held by her grandfather, Almon Lee Burkett. That picture appeared in Volume 4 1994. Also, I wonder where the picture was taken. It's not 400 Stevens nor is it 305 Halsey. Could it be where they lived farther up on Stevens? Help!!



Audy Majors

And who is this cowboy? Could it be Tom Mix or Tim McCoy? How about Hoot Gibson or Gene Autry? Maybe Ken Maynard or Buck Jones? For our younger relatives, these were all big stars in the cowboy picture shows of that era. If you give up, you can now look.



Buddy Burkett

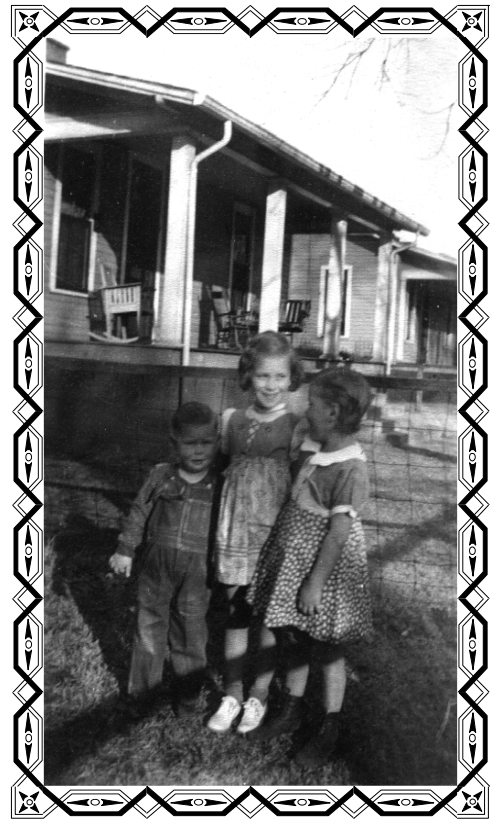
For some reason, I get the feeling that this picture was made at 400 Stevens there in Dallas Village. If anyone knows different, let me hear from you. But I'm going to give you a little help on this one by telling you that the girl holding the baby is my sister, Mary JoAnne Webb . . . But who is the baby? You obviously have to think about someone a little younger but who? Give up? Then look!



Front row - Audy and Almon Majors (or is it Almon and Audy?) Second row - JoAnne Webb and Nancy Majors
Third row - Martha Majors (holding something to shield her eyes from the sun?), Herbert Majors and Loretta Chisholm.



Seated left to right: Betty Jo Burkett, JoAnne Webb. Standing: Loretta Chisholm



Left to right: Audy (or is it Almon?) Majors, JoAnne Webb, Nancy Majors

From left to right -

Annie Worley
Gentry J.B. Burkett
Martha Caroline Burkett



From left to right -

Martha Caroline Burkett Hunter
Audy Sampson Burkett
Leva JoAnne Burkett Carroll
Nancy Caldonia Bogle Burkett
Gentry J.B. Burkett
Ara Hessie Burkett Chisholm



From left to right -

Jack Chisholm
Ara Burkett Chisholm
Everett Carroll
Leva Burkett Carroll
Frank Hunter
Martha Burkett Hunter



This page has somehow turned up missing but this is the picture which was on it.



To the best of my knowledge, this is the last picture of the 4 daughters and 2 sons of Almon Lee and Nancy Bogle Burkett. Left to right is Ara HESSIE Chisholm, Leva JoAnne Carroll, Gentry J.B. Burkett, Nancy CALDONIA Bogle Burkett, Audey Sampson Burkett, Ova Davis Trapp Majors, Martha Caroline Webb Hunter.

The Historians Corner



With the loss of my Mother and my last Uncle, this has been a very difficult issue for me to prepare. But they would want us to go forward and that's what we must do. There are so many memories associated with them both that I couldn't begin to write them down. But some childhood memories are so strong they stay with you forever and I have one involving my Uncle J.B. When I was about 8 or 9 years old, I had a little black and white terrier named Trixie. My Mother and Father were either divorced or separated at the time and we were living with Grannie and Granddaddy Burkett on Halsey Avenue in Dallas Village. I had owned Trixie for a couple of years and every afternoon when I came home from school Trixie was there to meet me. Except one afternoon, Uncle J.B. was there but Trixie wasn't. As young boys do, I kept asking, "Where's Trixie?". Uncle J.B. took me outside and we sat down on the back steps where he put his arm around my shoulders and said, "Sonny Boy, Trixie is dead. Somebody poisoned her." Well, of course I cried my eyes out and kept asking him why anybody would want to poison Trixie - she was a good dog. I just couldn't understand it. Well, it took a while but I eventually got over it. I guess Grannie had sent word to Uncle J.B. (Mother was working) and he came and buried Trixie and then it was left to him to tell me. Many, many years later, he and I were talking about "old times" and I brought up Trixie. He gave me that grin of his and said, "Oliver, Trixie wasn't poisoned. I told you that because I thought you were too young to understand. Trixie died trying to give birth to puppies". And I have never forgotten the Uncle who came to console a young boy he knew would be hurting over the loss of his dog.

One more story about another Uncle - Uncle Audy. The summer I was 17, I went, as usual, to Huntsville during the summer and went around to see Uncle Audy and Aunt Agnes. She told me Uncle Audy was down at "Soup" Goodsons playing cards. I decided I would go down there to see him. When I walked through the back door, an old drunk man reached out and grabbed me and said, "Hey, boy. What are you doing in here?" Uncle Audy heard him, looked up, recognized me and said, "**Take your hands off him. He's a Burkett!!**" I have to say I have never been released so quickly before or since! And that demonstrated the family thinking - he's a **Burkett**. Don't touch!!

Speaking of "old times", I noticed in referring to Audy Majors - the cowboy - I used the expression "picture show". For the benefit of our younger relatives that's what we called them in those days. It wasn't until years later we started calling them "movies". And we used to call the noon meal "dinner" and the evening meal "supper". When did we change to "movies", "lunch", and "dinner"? I don't remember - they just happened.

Here's something for you to think about. What do the names Ova, Leva, Ara and Martha have in common? They all end in "a". I have no idea whether that was planned or accidental. And, if Aunt Ova and Aunt Leva were spelled with an "a" at the end, why did we pronounce them "O-VEE" and "LEE-VEE"? I have no idea. Does anyone?

In this issue, there are several places I referred to my sister as "JoAnne". Our Mother maintained all her life she named my sister Mary **Joan - not JoAnne**. Some of our relatives disagreed. However, when we lived there in Dallas Village, everyone called her *JoAnne* so I listed her that way in these pictures since that's what so many of you remember. But my Mother said it was Joan, the birth certificate says it is Joan; and my use of JoAnne does not mean that I yield in any way to those who think her name is JoAnne. Her name is Joan and that settles that. (Also, I felt I had better explain this quickly before my sister *Joan* could get to the telephone!) Just call her "Jo" like I do!!

Please notice that I have moved. My phone number is still the same since I only moved a short distance. I had kept the mobile home Mother lived

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in until she moved to Virginia Beach to live with my sister, *Joan*. I have now moved into it and find it most comfortable and entirely adequate for my needs. I have an especially nice layout and space for my computer and all the Burkett info I have collected. If you plan to write me, be sure to use the new address. It's on the label of this envelope and you can also find it on Page 2 of this issue.

On Page 10 I said in the caption that, to the best of my knowledge, this was the last picture of the children of Almon And Nancy Burkett. What I meant to say was "of them *together*". ■



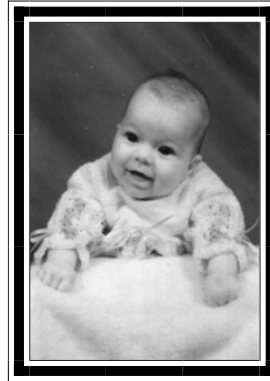
It's time to Retire !

When Judge Daniel Basil Banks, Jr. was born, his mother and father - Basil and Mildred Banks - may have known what they were doing when they named him after his father with the first name of Daniel. Those of you who have the very first issue of our newsletter - Volume 1 1993 - can look back at the list of names and their origins and meanings as shown on Page 3 of that issue. There you will find that the name Daniel is of Hebrew origin and means "He Judged". Perhaps it was prophetic that they gave him that name because he went on to become not only a Judge but the Chief Judge for Madison County. Now, after a long career of practicing as an Attorney and serving as a Judge, Danny, as we know him, is set to retire on June 6.

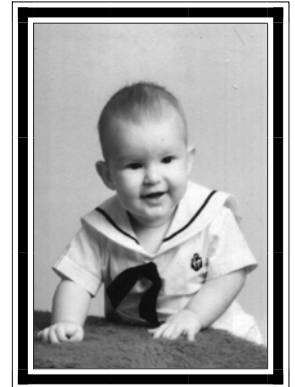
Danny, we all wish you a long and happy retirement! About all I can say beyond that is, "Golf courses, look out!". ■

***WANTED: Clerk to work 8 hours
to replace clerk who didn't.***

To end this issue on a little happier note, I just happen to have pictures of two (2) of our newer relatives which I would like to share with you.



Caroline Joan Fitchett



William Vann Burkett

Caroline Joan is the daughter of Billy and Debra McMahon Fitchett and the granddaughter of Joan Webb McMahon. She is named after her great grandmother Martha Caroline Burkett Hunter and also her grandmother Joan McMahon.

William Vann is the son of Earl and Jennifer Burkett, the grandson of Buddy and JoAnna Burkett, and the great grandson of Gentry J.B. and Bessie Burkett.

Coincidentally, they were born on the same date - August 9, 1994! ☺ ☺ ☺

It's Renewal time!

Membership Application for The Burkett Heritage Foundation

(Dues are currently \$25.00 per year)

- Renewal
- I would like to join. Here is my check.
- I can't afford it at this time but would like to continue receiving newsletter.

Amount enclosed: _____

Name: _____

Street: _____

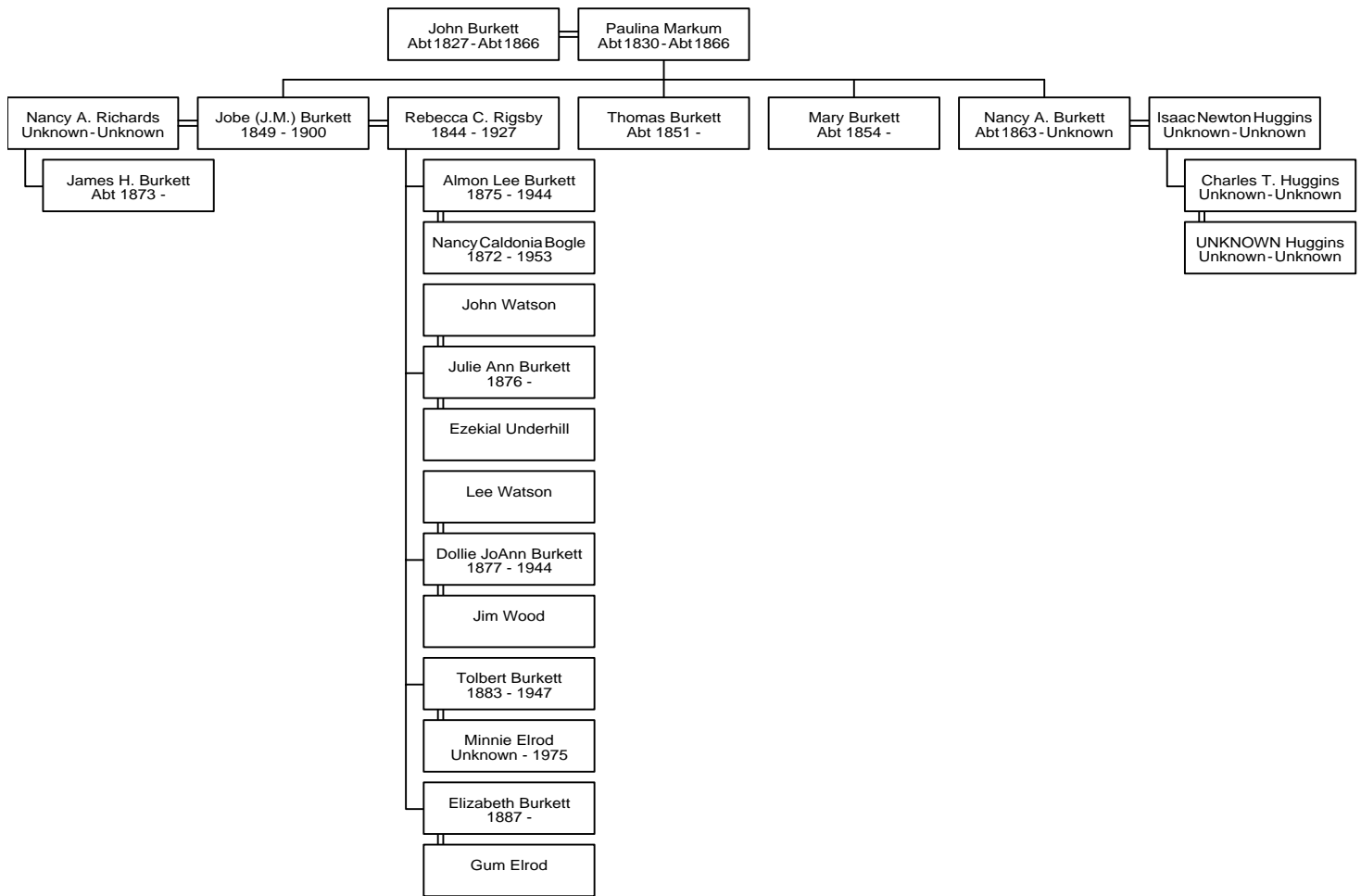
City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Make check payable to M.O. Webb and mail to:

The Burkett Family
c/o M.O. Webb

15439 Lakeshore Villas Drive #77
Tampa, FL 33613

Descendants of John Burkett



DIRECTIONS TO KALEA PARK - THE DATE IS STILL THE SAME, JUNE 17

THIS IS A PICTORIAL DRAWING AND IS NOWHERE NEAR SCALE!!

