



# A Tribute to The Veterans of Zion Baptist Church

In Honor of Their Memory

He was standing by the war memorial  
He wore his dress uniform and shiny boots,  
He stood to attention  
With respect he gave a salute

To all of his comrades  
Who fought to keep our country free,  
Then he laid a wreath  
In honor of their memory.

Many of his comrades stood with him  
But not as many as there were before,  
Old age having claimed many of his buddies  
They will be remembered forevermore.

When the memorial service was over  
He eagerly shook their hands,  
Hoping to see them all next year  
So together they can all stand.

He knows the time will come  
When all the veterans will cease to be,  
All they want from us is to remember  
And lay a wreath in honor of their memory.



## *Dedication*

*This booklet is dedicated to the memory of the men of this community who fought and served in all the military conflicts of the United States of America here and on foreign soil.*

## *IN MEMORIAM*

*Although Lawrence A. Cobb did not serve in the armed forces, he had a great interest in all veterans! He loved nothing better than reliving Civil War battles as they were told to him by his father, Sim Cobb.*

*Through the years, he encouraged and assisted in putting together of the annual Memorial Day Service at Zion Church. He knew all of the veterans by name and the part they had played in the various wars. Above all, he remembered them and sought to honor them. Without his marvelous memory, many of these might not have been included here. Without his assistance, our Memorial Day service might have ceased.*

*Therefore this year, we want to especially remember "Mr. L. A." for the part he played through the years in keeping this service at Zion alive. While remembering our veterans of this community, let us also remember him, dedicating this booklet to his memory as well as those of our veterans.*



*The people of Zion Baptist Church wish to express gratitude to family members who shared information about loved ones that fought in conflicts within our nation and on foreign soil. The realization of what war can do to a family and a community is evident in these accounts.*

*Our nation has remained free because our community heroes and others like them stepped forward to accept the challenge of unrelenting pain and merciless distress that mark military conflict. We search, but there are no words to express our love and respect for them. So, in human weakness and frailty, we can only lift our prayers to God in thanks for such gallant men.*

*No matter how future wars are fought, human pain and suffering will be the consequences. Our prayer is that the Lord will spare us the outcome of such a conflict and that a godly line of reasoning will shield us and future mankind from that terrible thing called war.*

*Respectfully,  
Joyce Cobb Maness*

## Special Thanks

A big thank you to Joyce Cobb Maness for her tireless efforts to preserve the history of Zion's veterans. Without her undying love for this church and its heroes none of this would have been possible.

Thank you to Reese Moses Scallions for always being there to help us get across the bumps and hard places that arise in any situation.

Thanks to Mark Conway, our pastor, who suggested that we gather information as a tribute to our community servicemen, and to Lisa, his wife, whose typing and organization got this booklet off the ground. Their prayers and encouragement are deeply appreciated.



# Civil War Veterans

## The Wearing of the Gray

The fearful struggle's ended now and peace smiles on our land,  
And though we've yielded we have proved ourselves a faithful band;  
We fought them long, we fought them well, we fought them night and day;  
And bravely struggled for our rights while wearing of the Gray,

And now that we have ceased to fight and pledged our sacred word  
That we against the Union's might no more will draw the sword,  
We feel despite the sneers of those who never smelt the fray,  
That we've a manly honest right to wearing of the Gray.

Our cause is lost! No more we fight 'gainst overwhelming power,  
All wearied are our limbs, and drenched with many a battle shower.  
We fain would rest. For want of strength we yield them up the day.  
And lower the flag so proudly borne while wearing of the Gray.

Defeat is not dishonor. No! Of honor not bereft  
We should thank God that in our breasts this priceless boon is left.  
And though we weep, 'tis for those braves who stood in proud array  
Beneath our flag, and nobly died while wearing of the Gray.

When in the ranks of war we stood and faced the deadly hail,  
Our simple suits of gray composed our only coats of mail;  
And of those awful hours that marked the blood battle day  
In memory we'll still be seen a wearing of the Gray.

Oh! Should we reach that glorious place where waits the sparkling crown  
For everyone who for the Right his soldier-life lay down;  
God grant to us the privilege upon that happy day,  
Of clasping hands with those who fell a wearing of the Gray.

**James William Castellaw  
1839-1918**

He served as an enlisted man in Company L of the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry, C.S.A.

**John Charles Warren Cobb  
1830 - 1914**

John Charles Warren Cobb was born on October 11, 1830 in Bertie County, North Carolina. He came to Haywood County, Tennessee with his parents on a journey that began on March 6, 1834. They arrived on April 22 of the same year.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, J. C. W. became a member of the Western Rangers, a partisan home guard. The Western Rangers were mustered into the service of the Confederacy on April 30, 1862. The Rangers became Company L of the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry when it was organized as a regiment in Abbyville, Mississippi in June of 1862. J. C. W. was promoted to the rank of 5th Sergeant.

As a member of the Seventh Cavalry, Co. L, he first saw action in a small skirmish on June 25, 1862 at LaFayette Station, Tennessee. Notable battles that he participated in were Britton Lane, Corinth, Capture of Holly Springs and Collierville, Okolona, Brice's Crossroads, Harrisburg, Capture of Athens, Alabama, Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville, Tennessee.

In documentation J.C.W. Cobb's name appears on a Roll of Prisoners of War of Co. L, 7 Regiment Tennessee Cavalry, Confederate States Army, Commanded by Col. W. L. Duckworth, surrendered at Citronelle, Alabama, by Lieut. Gen. R. Taylor, C.S.A., to Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Canby, U.S.A., May 4, 1865. He was paroled at Gainsville, Alabama, May 11, 1865.



J.C. W. Cobb's family were early members and active servants of Zion Baptist Church. For many years he was both deacon and secretary. The June, 1914 minutes record an obituary that summarizes a useful life:

Death has again invaded our ranks and as usual chose a shining light in the person of Deacon J.C.W. Cobb who was born October 11, 1830; was married to Miss P. T. White December 23, 1850, the Reverend George E. Thomas performing the ceremony. He professed faith in Christ and joined Zion Church when quite young, and we can say of a truth that he lived a consistent member until death called him to his heavenly home on June 25, 1914. He was a senior deacon of our church for a good many years and all who knew him seemed to realize his devotion to the cause of his Master and his love for the church of his choice. His seat was ever occupied unless prevented by something providential.

Consequently, we view his vacant seat with profound sorrow. Brother Cobb was of very pious inclinations. We do not believe that he would have knowingly wronged anyone. His friends were numbered by his acquaintances for we all loved him. Up to the time of his illness we expected to meet him at all church meetings. Brother Cobb leaves, beside one son and two daughters, a host of relatives and friends in sorrow, but they know he is now with the angels. Therefore we think he could say like Paul, "I have fought a good fight and am ready to be offered up."

Resolved: First, that we try to imitate his example and cherish his memory,

Second, that we miss his encouraging counsel and presence in our deliberations as a church.

Third, that we bow in humble submission to the will of the Lord and ask Him to comfort the bereaved family.

Signed, D. A. Stewart

John Charles Warren Cobb now lies buried in the Cobb Family Cemetery in Haywood County, Tennessee.

Submitted by his great niece, Joyce Cobb Maness and his great, great Nephew, Bill Maness, Jr.



District School Supervisors  
Ichabod Herring, Thomas Rooks, **Sim Cobb**

**Simeon Amherst Cobb**  
**1840 - 1927**

The following is copied from *Nicholas Cobb Descendants, Neighbors and Relatives 1613 - 1983*:

Sim Cobb enlisted in Company L (Western Rangers) of the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, C.S.A., in 1862. It is said that he served in at least two battles. One was at Britton Lane in Madison County, Tennessee, and the other was at Brice's Crossroads in North Mississippi where General Forrest won a classic victory over the Federals.

He was 21 at the time of the Britton Lane Battle and suffering from "the fever." He was left on the field by the Confederates. It is unknown if he was captured by the Yankees,

but he went to a cabin, where both Federal and Confederate wounded were treated. There he regained strength to return to his home in Haywood County. He later rejoined his company in Mississippi and acted as a horse holder. He never rose above the rank of Private.

After the war he joined Zion Church on September 19, 1874. Sim Cobb died on March 7, 1927 and was buried in the Cobb Family Cemetery.

Submitted by his granddaughter, Joyce Cobb Maness.

**William Thomas Cobb  
1833 - 1898**

W. T. Cobb enlisted into the service of the Confederate States of America April 30, 1862. He is listed as a Private, Company L 7 Reg't Tennessee Cavalry on the Company Muster Roll. He served with his two brothers, J. C. W. Cobb and Simeon Amherst Cobb. He was buried in the Cobb Family Cemetery. He is Sonny Cobb's great grandfather.

**Chas. Haywood Estes  
1844 - April 17, 1880**

July 27, 1863, Chas. H. Estes enlisted in the Confederate army in Jackson, Tennessee. His muster roll papers state that he was a 4 Sergeant, Company D, Newsom's Regiment, Tennessee Cavalry.

He was enlisted by his uncle, Lieutenant Colonel Jno. W. Estes for a period of three years. This uncle died of wounds he received in Atlanta.

His wife died the same day "of a broken heart." They left two little boys who were raised by the wife's aunt.

Chas. Estes was born in 1844 in McNairy County, Tennessee and died April 17, 1880 in Haywood County. He married Nancy Elmira Morris. Both are buried in the Zion Baptist Church Cemetery. They had two sons and three daughters. Chas. Haywood Estes was only 36 years old when he died.

Submitted by Reese Moses Scallions

**W. T. Morris**  
**May 1, 1842 - March 5, 1924**

According to his pension application, W. T. Morris was born May 21, 1842 in Henderson County, Tennessee. He enlisted in Newsom's Regiment and served his time with General Nathan Bedford Forrest.

He was married to Kisia Lucy Estes. Both he and his wife were active members of Zion Baptist Church, and he served as a deacon. They had four sons, Bob, John, Joe, and Willie, and three daughters, Dora, Ella and Emma. Both W. T. and his wife are buried in Zion Cemetery.

Oral tradition is that W. T. was the son of Albert Thomas Morris from Pennsylvania, but nothing has been found to prove this. His family is found on the 1850 census of Madison County, Tennessee, but he is not listed. In 1860 he is listed as a member of this same family. Possibly he was with a father or mother elsewhere when the 1850 census was taken, but no record has been found of this. He would have been six years old.



District School Supervisors  
Ichabod Herring, **Thomas Rooks**, Sim Cobb

**Thomas Edward Rooks**  
**1836-1904**

Thomas Edward "Ned" Rooks was born October 17, 1836, in Haywood County, Tennessee. He was the third child of John and Christian Outlaw Rooks. A resident of the Allen Station community, he was a farmer all his adult life. He served as a Fifth District School Commissioner in the late 1880's.

Although he remained a bachelor, he was "affable, equitable and kind," according to the resolution offered in his honor by the Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac at his death.

He entered the Confederate Army as a private in Company L of the 7<sup>th</sup> Tennessee Cavalry on April 22, 1862, where he served until the close of the War Between the states. At this time he was paroled as a Sergeant at Gainsville, Alabama, May 10, 1865, with his regiment under the command of General Nathan Bedford Forrest.

Mr. Rooks joined the Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac on March 13, 1897, and died "in good standing" on February 25, 1904.

In *Seventh Tennessee Cavalry* by J. P. Young, page 37, Thomas Edward Rooks is listed as Third Sergeant, Company L, Seventh Cavalry, C.S.A.

He is buried in the Zion Cemetery.

**Newton Jasper Stewart**  
**1827 - 1914**

Newt Stewart served in the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, Company L, along with Sim Cobb and Sim's two brothers. After the war Newt came to visit Sim Cobb regularly until Stewart's death in 1914. He is buried in Zion Cemetery.

**Dorsey H. Wateridge**  
**1840-1890**

Dorsey, along with his brother, Daniel, served in Company L of the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry, C.S.A., along with their numerous neighbors of the fifth district of Haywood County.

Dorsey Wateridge died on the 12th of September, 1890. He was buried in the Zion Cemetery. A. J. Outlaw, S. A. Cobb and William T. Morris were commissioned by Zion Church to write his obituary.

# World War I Veterans

## In Flander's Field

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flander's fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch, be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flander's field.

- Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae (1872 - 1918)

## **Jim Ferreter**

Jim Ferreter was my stepbrother. My father married his mother, Maude Maady Ferreter, after her husband died.

Maude Ferreter had two children during her first marriage, Mary Ala Ferreter and James (Jim) Ferreter. Their father was the son of a very rich man who lived in Cedar Rapids, Iowa and raised Belgian horses. Jim and Mary's father was the wayward member of the family. In those days there were no paved roads and one night he was drinking and tried to walk home. On the way he passed out and died in the freezing weather. I cannot recall his name, but my father said he was handsome and brilliant.

When asked why he married a widow with two children my father replied, "Because she was the loveliest lady in the community," which evidently was true. Jim and his sister, Mary Ala, were young and at home when their mother died. Father had considerable farmland and help. There was a man and a woman who did only housework, washing, drawing water, building fires, and bringing in wood. Father had lost his right arm below the shoulder in 1904, so he had to have help. When his wife died her daughter, Mary Ala, was about ten years old and very beautiful. Father feared someone would think something bad and so he talked with Mary, explaining his reasons, and asked her what she wanted to do. She said she wanted to go to her Uncle Marris and family in Cedar Rapids. Father contacted them and sent Mary and Jim to them with the understanding that Jim could come back if he wanted to. He did after a very short time.

Jim was blessed with a delightful personality as well and a brilliant mind, but he, too, was on the wayward side. Father later thought he was in a boarding school away from home, but he was not even enrolled and was drinking. One night Jim came home with two of his friends and told Father that he was enlisting in the army. His friend had been drafted, but Jim was two young for the draft. My father used no profanity, nor did he allow any of the tenants to use vulgarity or profanity in the barn area or in his presence. When Jim told him he was volunteering for the service, Father said, "Jim, you are a fool..." or something like that.



his presence. When Jim told him he was volunteering for the service, Father said, "Jim, you are a fool..." or something like that.

Jim had a leave to come home before being sent overseas. During that time he contracted the mumps and had a severe case. His leave time was up and Father had notified authorities of his illness, but had not heard from them. Jim, still in bad condition, was taken to the railroad station, the train flagged down, and he boarded. In spite of this illness he was sent overseas. The next day after he left the extended leave time notice came. My father was asked why he took him to the train to return and he said, "I could take him myself, but I would not have allowed anyone to come and take him by force." Jim was never in battle. Evidently the mumps had a severe effect on him. They sent him overseas when he really was not able to go and he died shortly thereafter. He is buried in France.

Father remarried in July of 1912. Mary came back to Brownsville and the country home the first of August. Mary was beautiful, had a delightful personality, and was a most generous person. She wanted to become a nurse, but that profession was frowned upon at that time. Really it was before women were in the work force, so my father offered to give her \$10,000 if she would not go. She chose to go and it was there that she met Dr. John R. Waddell, who was doing an internship at Vanderbilt. She and he married April 7, 1917, in my father's house near Brownsville, Tennessee. I was a flower girl in the wedding. My two-year-old sister was held by the cook and all during the ceremony she was saying, "Mamie, take a baby. Mamie, take a baby."

Mary and Dr. Waddell had seven children: Charles Elstan Waddell (died), Mary Cathleen Waddell (in very bad health in a nursing home), Dorothy Waddell Leigh (lives in Decatur, Alabama), Lillie Virginia Cabbs (lives in Virginia), Maude Ellen Wagner (lives in Charlotted, North Carolina), Josie Marlin Flippen (died), and Dr. John R. Waddell (lives in Athens, Tenn.) Of course Jim knew none of these, but they were his nieces and nephews and he their uncle.

Submitted by Hilda Waddell

**Newton Patterson Steele**  
**1887 - 1970**

Pat Steele was the son of Charlie and Mollie Steele. He remained a single man all of his life. During World War I he served in the Medical Corps of the U.S. Army. In his later years he was a medical technician at the Haywood County Hospital. In 1970 he died at the age of 83 years old and was buried in the Zion Baptist Church Cemetery. His parents are buried there also.

# Peacetime Veterans

**Herbert Lee Marbury**  
**1910 - 1962**

Herbert served in the Marines in 1933 or 1934. He trained in Paris Island. His job was to chase down men who were absent without leave from service. In the course of his duty he went to every state in the Union except Wyoming. He also served in Equador. It is unknown how many years he served.

He was buried in Zion Baptist Church Cemetery.

# World War II Veterans



**Aaron Samuel Castellaw**  
**T-Sgt. 9398737**  
**Hdq. Co 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn. 7<sup>th</sup> Inf. Regt.**  
**1914 - 1945**

Aaron Samuel Castellaw was born December 6<sup>th</sup>, 1914, in Haywood County, Tennessee, and died in France during World War II on January 30, 1945.

Sammy, as family and friends knew him, was the youngest child of John Frank and Martha Agnes Parlow Castellaw. Martha Agnes was from Crockett County, and John Frank was from Haywood County and resided at Holly Grove.

Sammy had six brothers and sisters: Thomas Jefferson Castellaw III, Nancy Arlissa Castellaw Bailey, John Frank Castellaw, Jr., Gertrude Castellaw Stewart, James Francis Castellaw, Malcolm R. Castellaw.

Sammy had joined the army before the attack on Pearl Harbor and was stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia, where he helped train men for infantry duty prior to being shipped out in January of 1945. He was killed within a month of leaving the States and only four months before the end of the war.

Sammy's remains were sent back to the States and to the home of his brother, James Francis Castellaw, prior to his burial in the family plot at Holly Grove Church. He was given a full military funeral. He is buried next to his brother, Malcolm R. Castellaw, who also saw action as a Sergeant in the Pacific during World War II.

The Castellaw family received a letter on May 29, 1945 from Peter S Stavros, Battalion Clerk, stating:

T-Sgt Aaron S. Castellaw 6398737

HDQ CO 2<sup>nd</sup> Bn. 7<sup>th</sup> Inf. Regt.

Killed in action on December 30, 1945

I was near to Sgt. Castellaw at the time of his death, and I can assure you that his death was instantaneous. At the time of his

death, T-Sgt. Castellaw was Operations Sergeant and was in charge of the Observation Post Group, which consisted of a wire team, a radio team, and three bazooka teams. Two assault companies of this battalion had attacked and entered the city of Wir-En-Plaine, France in the "Colmar Pocket". While leading the Observation Post Group across an open field towards the town, three German tanks outflanked them and cut off the Observation Post Group from the rest of the battalion. Direct enemy tank and machine gun fire caused many casualties and one shell exploded very near to Sgt. Castellaw. Death was instantaneous and without pain. Being in the wire section at the time, I came to know Sgt. Castellaw quite well. He was always cheerful and well-liked by all the members of this organization. I am sure T Sgt. Castellaw will long be remembered for his spirit, courage, and devotion to duty. His loss was keenly felt by all of us.

Submitted by his niece, Mrs. Roland Reid

**Harry Fletcher Cobb**  
**1920-1945**

Harry Fletcher entered the army in 1942. The following article appeared in the States-Graphic in 1945:

**Harry Fletcher Cobb Reported Killed In Action In France**

On March 6, a telegram was received here from the War Department stating that Harry F. Cobb was killed in action in France on February 18. He was 25 years of age and had been in service since January 6, 1942. He sailed for overseas duty March 24, 1944 and was with the 222nd Infantry when killed.

Born in Haywood County he lived there until entering the service of his country. He was a member of Holly Grove Baptist Church, was married, and had a son nine months old whom he never saw. He is survived by his wife and son, Joseph Lynn; his mother, Mrs. Preston Pitts; his father, Harry B. Cobb; and two sisters, Mrs. J. W. Front, and Mrs. Martha Jane Belch, all of Memphis; and a score of other relatives and friends to mourn his passing.

Submitted by his 2nd cousin,  
Joyce Cobb Maness

**Zell Hess "Bud" Haynes**  
**March 30, 1922 - May 7, 1981**

Zell Hess "Bud" Haynes was inducted into the United States Army at Camp Forrest, Tennessee on October 29, 1942. He began active service November 12, 1942, at the age of 20. He was a "Light Mortar crewman" and served as Private First Class in New Guinea and the Southern Philippines with Company C 155 Infantry.

He met up with his brother, Kenneth "Buck" Haynes while overseas. Buck was stationed in another area. When the war was over, Bud's unit was so far back in the jungle it was a while before word reached his company that the war had ended.

While serving Bud earned and was awarded:

World War II Victory Ribbon

Good Conduct Medal

American Theater Ribbon with two Bronze Service Stars and one Bronze Arrowhead

Philippines Liberation Ribbon and one Bronze Star

Zell Hess "Bud" Haynes was discharged December 22, 1945 at Camp Chaffer, Arkansas.

Submitted by his loving wife, Elsie Haynes







*The United States of America  
honors the memory of*

ZELL H. HAYNES

*This certificate is awarded by a grateful  
nation in recognition of devoted and  
selfless consecration to the service  
of our country in the Armed Forces  
of the United States.*

*Ronald Reagan  
President of the United States*

**Jonathan Hill Jacocks**  
**1922 - 1983**

Jonathan Hill Jacocks was the son of Wm. Thomas and Annie Williams Jacocks. He was born 11 Sept. 1922 and died 25 January, 1983. He was buried in Zion Baptist Church Cemetery.

He grew up in this community, attending the county schools. In 1942 he was drafted into the Army where he served for four years without once getting to come home. During that time, he served with Hodges First Army under Gen. George Patton.

He was in an army tank battalion and his tank was hit by enemy fire. Jonathan and his tank Commander, Capt. John R. Brier, were the only ones who survived. Even though Jonathan sustained a head injury at that time, he was able to pull Capt. Brier to safety, saving his life.

He was also in the Battle of the Bulge, when his tank was pinned down for eight days. The door could not be opened because the battle was raging. All the men in the tank died during that eight days with the exception of Jonathan and the commander.

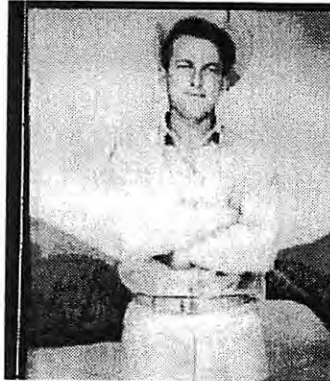
Jonathan was so affected by his war memories, he relived the war for the rest of his life. He was awarded a Certificate of Merit and a Purple Heart for his bravery in World War II.

Because Jonathan Hill Jacocks served in World War II, we believe he helped make this country a better place to live.

Submitted by his nieces  
Flora Pruett Leath and Linda Pruett Riggins



**Otha C. Lovelace**  
**June 20, 1919 - 1961**



Otha C. Lovelace, of Route 4, Brownsville, Tennessee, was inducted into the United States Army on March 29, 1944, and entered active service April 5, 1944, at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. He served as Technician 5th Grade in the 3181 Signal Service Battalion. His military occupational specialty was Lineman.

He was awarded the Bronze Service Star, May 21, 1945 for his service in the Ryukyus Campaign in Okinawa. He earned the Good Conduct Medal May 23, 1945. He was also awarded the Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal, the Overseas Service Bar, and the World War II Victory Ribbon. He was honorably discharged November 26, 1945, at Okinawa.

Submitted by his brother  
Hobert Lovelace

**Wylie Thomas Marbury**  
**1919 - 1944**



Staff Sergeant Wylie T. Marbury was a member of the 121<sup>st</sup> Infantry Regiment, Gray bonnet Division of the United States Army. On the day that Sgt. Marbury gave his life, July 13, 1944, the First Battalion of the Gray Bonnets was pulled back to cover Hill 92 while the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalions moved to the left of them just before nightfall, July 13. During the hours of darkness, the two battalions put all the Kraut tactical maps behind the times by moving directly behind the 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion. Sgt. Marbury was 25 years old when he fell victim to enemy

machine gun fire in Normandy, France. Shortly after the family was notified of his death memorial services were held at Holly Grove Baptist Church. Later, when his body was returned to the States, further services were held at the Brownsville Baptist Church after which he was buried in the Oakwood Cemetery with full military honors. Both his mother and father were members of Zion Baptist Church.

His sister, Virginia Walker, still cherishes the Gray Bonnet pin with a blue ribbon on it that Wylie took from the lapel of his uniform and gave to her on his last furlough home.

A newspaper article at the time of his death stated:

**Wylie Marbury Dies in France**

S-Sgt Wylie T. Marbury, with the infantry overseas since November, was killed in action in France on July 13, according to a War Department telegram to his wife, Mrs. Faye Williamson Marbury, Elliot, Miss. He was 25. In the Army since Oct. 2, 1941, Sgt Marbury trained at Camp Wheeler, Ga., Fort Jackson, S. C., and Camp Forrest, Tenn., before going to North Ireland. He had been in France only a few days. He also leaves his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Marbury; four sisters, Opal, Bertie Maie, and Bettye Lou Marbury and Mrs. Taylor Walker; and his brother, Earl Marbury, all of Brownsville, Tennessee.

# WYLIE MARBURY DIES IN FRANCE

Mississippians Fell in Battle,  
Says War Department

S-Sgt. Wylie T. Marbury, with the infantry overseas since November, was killed in action in France on July 13, according to a War Department telegram to his wife, Mrs. Faye Williamson Marbury, Elliot, Miss. He was 25.



SGT. MARBURY

In the Army since Oct. 2, 1941, Sgt. Marbury trained at Camp Wheeler, Ga., Fort Jackson, S. C., and Camp Forrest, Tenn., before going to North Ireland. He had been in France only a few days.

He also leaves his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Marbury; four sisters, Opal, Bertie Maie and Bettye Lou Marbury and Mrs. Taylor Walker, and his brother, Earl Marbury, all of Brownsville, Tenn.



Route of the  
Gray Bonnet Division



	<b>MRS. HENRY C. HARBURY</b> SENDERS NAME	<b>PT W. L. F. HARBURY</b> SENDERS NAME
	R. F. D. 2 BROWNSVILLE TENNESSEE	<b>CO. E. 12th INF. 4888</b> SENDERS ADDRESS SERGEANT MASTER, KYKY
		FEB. 17. 44 DATE

Dear Momma.

Well I'm back again and being fine now. Does this find all of you just got thru writing to Faye and I'm so sleepy now I can hardly hold my head up this I'll last long enough to finish if she don't know about the \$40 going to the first State bank don't bother to tell her just tell Fadd to check on it for me along the middle of next month just for sure and let me know if it gets there O.K. I just don't want any one bothering this until I can get back home. Glad you're all got a place that you like I'll be seeing it some of these days just watch what I'm telling you. wait until I finish this job. Love Carl if you're reading this name

**V-MAIL**



## William Henry Outlaw Seaman 2/C, U.S. Navy

Most people knew him as Bill. Close relatives and some childhood friends always called him Willie. To me, he was Daddy.

His life, and my childhood, ended on December 11, 1944, when his ship, the destroyer USS Reid was sunk off Leyte in the Philippines by Japanese planes. Records sent to us by the Navy and letters from the commander of his ship said my father died instantly when a Japanese bomber crashed into the rear gun -- Daddy's battle station.

In *Admiral News*, January, 1945, Commander McCornock said the Reid had been under attack for nine hours on December 7 and in the following days had an average of ten alerts daily. "Our gunners knew their jobs," he said. According to Commander McCornock, seven Japanese planes attacked on December 11; six were shot down. The seventh "attacked dead astern, strafing as he came. He crashed into the No. 3 gun and his bomb exploded. The ship blew up and sank in two minutes."

When the *Missing In Action* telegram arrived in late December, I was sure Daddy would survive and be found, but I will never forget the day the carefully chosen Christmas gifts we had sent him were returned to us unopened. The second telegram, on January 22, 1945, said there was "no hope for his survival and that he lost his life at the hands of the enemy in service of his country."

These few simple words told us the life of our loved one was over. My father was himself a man of few idle words. A big, very





strong man, he was a gentle husband and father. In all my childhood, he never raised his hand nor his voice to me. His firm, "Now that's enough," could instantly stop any misbehavior on my part.

Orphaned at the age of ten, he lived and worked with various relatives and friends while growing up. In 1925, he married my mother, Lucille Hopkins, and they reared their two children through the Depression years. In the mid-thirties, he went to work for the late Charles Christmas at the Gulf distributorship and was employed there until he went into the Navy. "Charlie" and "Miss Mildred" became extended family to him.

Through the years as I've looked back over my Daddy's life, I have often grieved over the brevity of that life and over the hardships he faced, but then I remember that he never complained and never showed bitterness or self-pity. I remember his strength, his intelligence, his courage, and his sense of humor. These are his legacy to me and, after all these years, I continue to draw on this inheritance from him.

Perhaps the tribute written by his relative and life-long friend, the late Judge B. W. Cobb, and printed in the States-Graphic at the time of William Henry Outlaw's death says it best:

He was a man whose pathway in his early youth was shadowed by clouds of sadness.... His father passed away; the following day his mother passed away. Even at an early age he seemed to have accepted the challenge of manhood. His great sense of independence caused him to struggle not to be an imposition to anyone.... The many difficulties encountered along this lonely pathway, he seemed to have used for stepping-stones. His regard for the principles of right... his fearless expressions of his convictions for the right side of any issue, won the highest respect of his many acquaintances and friends. He leaves a heritage that family and friends are justly proud of in that he sacrificed his earthly relationships and gave his life for the preservation of justice and righteousness.

Submitted by a grateful daughter,  
Jean Outlaw Robnett

**Donald L. Pilant**  
**1944**



"No greater love hath any man than to lay down his life for his friends." That is why my husband, Donald L. Pilant, P. F. C., United States Army died on July 7, 1944, when at the age of 25, he gave his life for his country.

We were married on July 20, 1943, and we lacked 13 days of being married one year when he was killed in battle in Caen, France. He went into battle on June 7, 1944, one day after D Day, and was a member of Company G, 314th Infantry Division. There was a fierce battle, and it was only by a miracle of God that any of the men survived the terrible onslaught.

In our many conversations we had during the three weeks I was with him in Kansas before he was shipped overseas to England, I felt it was his feeling that he would not return from this war. Words cannot express the futility of the parting with the future hanging so bleakly in the balance.

In letters from several of his friends and his Chaplain, they told of his bravery, his willingness to do his duty, and the impact he had on their lives, even though he faced death each day, as did thousands of others. What more can a person give for his country? However, the saddest part of it all is the thought that, "Could it have all been in vain?" The young people of today are not being taught this part of history in our schools, and the sacrifices that have been made for their future freedoms.

In looking back and observing what has happened to our country since the end of World War II, it seems that the Christian and moral values of the people have rapidly deteriorated. When this happens, our security is put in a very dangerous situation. My fervent prayer is that future generations will never have to endure the ravages, heartaches, and pains of war.

Lovingly submitted by his widow, Katherine Pilant Hooper

**L.E. Porch**  
**January 13, 1918 - December 12, 1986**



L.L. E. Porch and his mules



Sgt. Porch and Hercules

In June of 1941, L. E. Porch volunteered for the U. S. Army. He and my father, Bunion Ervin, signed up for the draft in the spring of 1941.

Pfc. L. E. Porch left Ripley, Tennessee, and was shipped to Fort Org, Georgia. After a few weeks there he was transferred to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and placed in a Field Artillery unit to finish basic training. On September 29, 1941, men in his unit that were six foot and over in height were placed in the mule pack.

On October 28, 1941, L. E. Porch was promoted to the rank of Corporal and was made an instructor. His job was to teach the men how to pack mules with heavy equipment, artillery pieces, and ammunition. The mules were used in World War II to carry this equipment over mountains and rugged terrain. On March 1, 1942, L. E. was promoted to the rank of Sergeant. He continued on at Fort Sill, Oklahoma as an

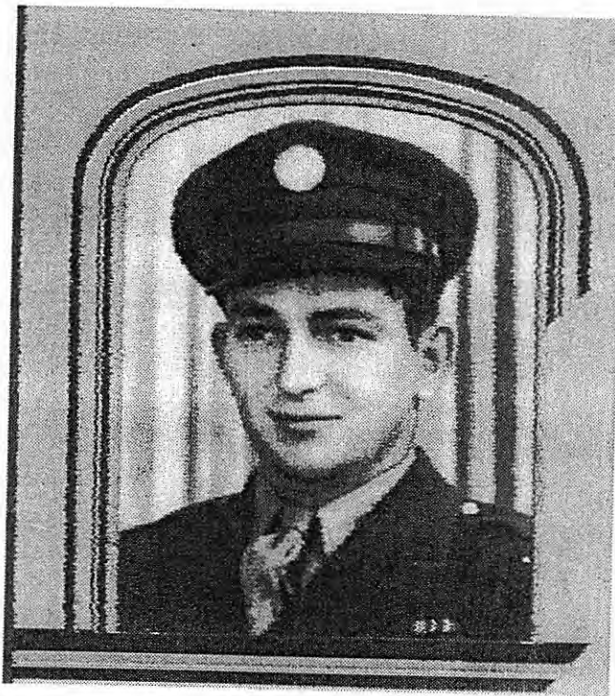


instructor in the Artillery Replacement Training Center. He spent much of his time on horseback traveling around the camp. His horse's name was Hercules. During his time as an instructor he received several commendations. He loved his job and worked hard at it.

After three and one half years the mule packs were no longer in operation. Most of the men ended up in the infantry. L. E. was transferred to Camp Rucker, Alabama, August 23, 1945. Sgt. L. E. Porch, Serial Number 34141015, was honorably discharged from the United States Army in the month of December, 1945.

Submitted by his loving wife  
Sarah Porch

**Walter Everett Stewart**  
**1921 - 1956**



Everett was born October 1, 1921 in Haywood County and lived all his life on Zion Road, except for the time he spent in the service of his country. He was a member of Zion Baptist Church. He was the son of Mr. And Mrs. Edwin Stewart, Sr. and had a twin brother, Edwin Stewart, Jr., who still has a deep interest in the well being of Zion Church and still resides in Haywood County.

Immediately after leaving High School he was drafted into the service of his country. He took his basic training here in the States and never had the opportunity to come home before being shipped overseas to South Africa. He was a member of the Heavy Artillery Division of the army driving heavy equipment. Their job was to build new roads to open up new territory for the ground troops to advance. He served in

Africa from 1941 until peace was declared in 1945, never having been granted a furlough to come home. What a monumental task for a teenager to undertake, and how fast he had to mature into manhood!

After the war he returned to his parents' home. He bought a farm from the money he had saved while in the service and farmed until his accidental death from a dynamite explosion in 1956. He was never married.

When he was settled in at home he gave his testimony to the church several times, speaking of how the Lord had worked in his life and had taken care of him throughout his army service. Isn't it ironic that he went through the entire war without a scratch, came home and was killed in such a tragic accident? Only the Lord can understand it.

Lovingly, His Sister  
Grace Mulligan

**Floyd D. Stewart**  
**- November 17, 1998**



It is with much pride that I give you a few details of my husband's, Floyd D. "Pete" Stewart, time in the military. He always spoke of the time he served his country as a great experience. I am not saying that he was not homesick, because he really was. He made a statement to one of his friends one day when he was homesick that if he could see one of his dogs from home that he would feel better. Another thing that he would tell about was the rabbits that were so plentiful in Germany where he was stationed. He would write home for oil to fry



the rabbits. As soon as his family would get the letter the oil was on its way to Germany.

We would ask him if he was really in the fighting zone. He would make us a little joke. He said that bullet coming his way would pass him and then he would pass the bullet.

My husband, Floyd D. Stewart, was enlisted into the Army on April 29, 1943, Serial #34714166. His grade was PFC. The date of his entry into active service was May 6, 1943. He was enlisted at Camp Forrest, Tennessee. Military Occupation Specialty and No.- Gun Crewman Med Artillery 864. The battles and campaigns that he participated in were Rome-Arno, Southern France, Rhineland, and Central Europe. His Decorations and Citations were: Good Conduct Medal, World War II Victory Medal, a Bronze Arrowhead, European African MiddleEastern Ribbon with four Bronze Stars.

His Honorable Discharge states: "This is to certify that Floyd D. Stewart PFC Seventy Seventh field Artillery Battalion Army of the United States is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military service of the United States of America. This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service to this Country. Given by Fort Knox, Kentucky, January 2, 1946.

In the almost fifty years that we were married I never saw him fail to show his love for his country. One of the last gifts that he received was the United States flag that was given to him by his son, Floyd D. Stewart, Jr. He was very proud of it. It continues to wave in the front yard of our home.

Floyd D. Stewart went to be with the Lord on November 17, 1998, but I know he would be very pleased that the flag continues to wave.

Submitted by his loving wife, Maxine Stewart



*The United States of America  
honors the memory of  
Floyd D. Stewart*

*This certificate is awarded by a grateful  
nation in recognition of devoted and  
selfless consecration to the service  
of our country in the Armed Forces  
of the United States.*

*William D. Clinton  
President of the United States*

**James Ralph Watkins**  
**1925 - 1995**



James Ralph Watkins enlisted in the V-6 USNR, with the signed permission of both parents, on November 24, 1942 in Memphis, Tennessee, just having turned 17 years of age. His birthday was October 19, 1925. He served three years, three months, and twenty two days and was discharged honorably on March 15, 1946 at Millington, Tennessee.

During his service he completed the six week NT School (HC) NH San Diego, California and the three week USNH Nursing School at

San Diego. He held the Ratings of: AS, S2/C, HA2/C, HA1/c and Pharmacist's Mate, 3rd Class. He served at the Naval Training Station, San Diego, California, the ABRB US Navy Base, Port Hueneme, California, on the USS Logan, and at the US Naval Rec. Station, Seattle, Washington.

He received the Asiatic - Pacific Medal with two stars and the Victory Medal.

At one point during James' service in the Navy his ship docked in Pearl Harbor. He knew that his good friend and relative, Bill Cobb, also in the Navy, was stationed there. On his first leave from aboard ship he set out to find Bill, who worked in a hospital there. On the way the bus stopped to pick up more sailors. To James' surprise, one of the sailors was Barney Cobb, who was also on his way to find his brother, Bill. So, by a rare and happy coincidence, three friends from our small community were reunited far from home.

James was the brother of Elsie Haynes.



## NOLEN WHITE

John F. White and Alice Herring White were some of the county's earliest settlers. He was the son of Jacob O. White and Martha Ann Elizabeth Nowell who settled in the Zion Community when they first came to west Tennessee from North Carolina.

John F. and Alice White had five children. Their fourth child, Viola "Ola", married first Richard Watridge and had four children. Richard died and Ola later remarried, this time to Will White, no relation that is known today.

They had three children, J. D. White, Mary White and Nolen White. J. D. and Mary both married but Nolen never did.

During World War II, Nolen enlisted in the army and served overseas. It was during the South Pacific conflict that he was killed. He was buried there. His ancestors are mentioned many times in the early minutes of Zion Baptist Church.

# Korean War Veterans

They went not for conquest  
and not for gain,  
But only to protect the anguished  
and the innocent.

They suffered greatly  
and by their heroism  
In a thousand forgotten battles  
they added a

Luster to the codes  
we hold most dear:  
Duty honor, country,  
fidelity, bravery, integrity...

-William Sessions

Former FBI director and veteran of the Korean War

**James Holladay Marbury**  
**1932 - 1961**



James Holladay Marbury entered the United States Air Force and was trained at Lackland Air Force Base. He is believed to have been a Staff Sergeant. He served in France, El Paso, Texas, Okinawa, and the Korean War. James was a radio operator on a B29 that flew secret missions. He also served as a gunner. His plane was shot down and some of his buddies were killed. Luckily James escaped with only minor injury to his face.

After he came home to the United States, he was killed in a truck accident in Florida in 1961.

James Marbury was the second of five children born to Earl and Mable Ruth Marbury. He was a member of Zion Baptist Church and now lies buried in Zion Cemetery.



*The United States of America  
honors the memory of*

JAMES H. MARBURY

*This certificate is awarded by a grateful  
nation in recognition of devoted and  
selfless consecration to the service  
of our country in the Armed Forces  
of the United States.*

*Dwight D. Eisenhower*  
President of the United States



**Eugene D. Merrick**  
**1932 - 1992**

Eugene Daniel (Gene) Merrick was born in Galeton, Pennsylvania, to Cedric and Olive Merrick.

Gene joined the United States Navy on November 20, 1951. He began his training at the U. S. Naval Training Center in Great Lakes, Illinois, on November 21, 1951. He was a member of the 10<sup>th</sup> Regiment, Company 938. His company commander was A. J. Birgl, QMC, USN. He trained during the command of Rear Admiral Francis P. Oed, USN, Captain John D. Kelsey, Captain Kenneth P. Letts, and Cmdr. J. R. Hansen.

Upon completion of training at Great Lakes, Gene was stationed in Patuxent River, Maryland as a member of Air Transport Squad #1, NAS. He served on active duty during the Korean War in air-sea rescue with Air Transron #24, Navy #214. He was stationed in Port Lyautey, North Africa. He was injured when his plane went down.

Gene received the National Defense Service Medal and Good Conduct Medal. He was transferred from active duty, United States Navy, to United States Naval Reserve on October 13, 1955, and was honorably discharged from the U. S. Navy on November 20, 1959 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Gene was honored in death by President George Bush and the United States of America for his "devoted and selfless consecration to the service of his country in the Armed Forces of the United States." His widow, Linda Patterson Merrick, and his children, Curtis, Cynthia, Rhonda, Tonya, and Tracy treasure this honor.

# Vietnam Veterans

**William L. Haak**  
**1949 - 1969**

Billy enlisted in the Marines in 1967. He served his country as a corporal in the Scout Dogs as a radio operator.

On July 25, 1969 his life was ended as he walked near a demolition pit where three men worked to disarm a mine. The mine exploded, killing the three men in the pit also.

Billy's mother was notified by a Chaplain and Captain of the Marine Corps from Millington, Tennessee. He was given a full military funeral on August 9, 1969 at Woodland Baptist Church. He was twenty years old at the time of his death.

Quotes from those who sent in stories:

"I am going to write what I know  
about Jim Ferrreter - oh, he was so dear.  
It nearly killed my father to lose him.  
Thanks to you for doing this.  
So many will be blessed by it."  
Hilda Waddell

"It is wonderful that you are working on this project.  
I guess I have delayed writing this because  
it brings back such sadness,  
but these stories of our veterans need to be preserved  
and I look forward to reading them all."  
Jean Robnett

"The young people of today are not being taught  
this part of history in our schools and the sacrifices that  
have been made for their future freedoms."  
Katherine Pilant Hooper