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Covers all Wolvertons/Woolvertons in the U.S., Canada, and England. With special focus on descendants of Charles Woolverton (c1660-c1746), Andrew Woolverton (c1750-c1812), Moses Hanks (1746-1831) and allied families (Dodson, Neville, Littlefield, Harris, etc.).

Vol. 6, Number 1

January/February 1998

**A SHORT SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE
WITH A SPRINKLE OF LOVE ROMANCE**

by J. C. Woolverton, [1936?]

{Continued From Sept./Oct. 1997 Newsletter}

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But time marched steadily on, and in spite of myself I was irresistibly and stealthily approaching manhood, and naturally enough, I began to cast a sheep's eye at the girls.

I have often wondered if my having to shoulder the responsibility of making a living for mother and myself while I was yet a mere boy didn't give to my mind a better balanced view and a nearer complete prospectus of life than I would have otherwise attained. At least, I know that at an early age I would vision a ripened manhood with a nice ladylike wife, surrounded by a well-bred and well disciplined family of children. But I was conscious of the fact that, to accomplish all that, it would be necessary to select for a wife one who was imbued with the same aspirations. In fact, I felt quite sure that if both parties did not measure up to a standard that was so replete in all the essentials necessary to a well ordered, happy, harmonious family life, disaster and shattered hopes would be the inevitable result, bringing on in its natural trend a phase of melancholy, the reflex of a misspent life. Consequently, I kept a vigilant eye for a possible prospect that might be worth a closer investigation, but year by year I failed to meet anyone with whom I could bring myself to believe there was a first class chance to be happily mated, and the result was that I began to contemplate on the possibility of failing to meet the one that was suited to me and I to her until we had grown old enough to become more or less morose, thereby losing that young emotional elixir, that necessary element in getting married life off to a good start. But seemingly, as the superstitious would have us believe, by some law of hocus-pocus, presto-chango, someone wielded a magic wand that threw a new scene on the screen.

By some determination all of their own, three families moved into that part of the country, rented farms in separate neighborhoods, and settled down to farm. The three families were related and each had a good looking girl to its credit. As I had not as yet given up hope, I, as all boys do when a new girl comes into the community, began to look the situation over immediately. Also, as a necessity for expediting time, there are always other boys who are looking for a first opportunity to get a stand-in with the new good looking lassies. Consequently, in the face of all these facts, I was not long in making up my mind that there was one who was decidedly attractive. Not much to my surprise, I found another young man, an acquaintance of mine, whom, for the sake of brevity, I will call Mr. B., had evidently become, like myself, more or less enamoured.

I am always willing to give credit to whom credit is due. I will therefore have to frankly admit that I had a real adversary, for it was commonly conceded by all the young people round about that he was as fast as a little red wagon. In fact, he was reputed as having a record for beating a boy's time every chance he got. But in this particular case Mr. B and I started off just about even. Neither one of us had

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met the girl, whom we will call Miss M, very often, so up to this date we were running neck and neck. Taking it all in all, there was only one thing for me to do if I expected to have any luck, and that was to watch my step and make hay every time the sun happened to shine, and that was exactly what I did.

Mr. B lived in a community south of where I lived. Miss M lived east, while her brother and his family lived on an adjoining farm to my mother's. That gave me a chance to get word as to what was going on in Miss M's neighborhood, and, believe me, I kept an ear trained in that direction. Finally, before things had developed very much in anybody's favor, word filtered through that a straggling preacher had come in to Miss M's neighborhood and would preach at their schoolhouse the next Sunday.

Well, to tell the truth, I just became obsessed with the idea that as the appointment had only been made known by passing the word around from one to another that Mr. B couldn't possibly, under any reasonable circumstances, hear about it, so I soliloquized like this: "I will get one good lick in, and boy, howdy, how I will make use of the opportunity."

All the remainder of the week I became more and more elated over the outlook, but kept on at my routine of work until Saturday noon. I then laid off, went over to the little village, got the mail, went to the barber shop, got a nice smooth shave and a hair cut, went home, did the chores, and went to bed in good spirits. I got up next morning early, did the morning work, had breakfast, and curried and saddled my riding pony. I did all this before I dressed so as to avoid getting any dust or dirt on my clothes, which were not so bad for an old country boy. Times had changed somewhat from the homespun jean days of my boyhood. I came out that nice spring morning all dressed out in a nice hand-me-down suit, a John B. Steston hat, a pair of boxtoed shoes, a standing collar, a white shirt, and a black silk tie.

The time had come to make good an opportunity that fate had so generously offered me, and in a jiffy I was mounted and riding away to gain, if possible, a point of vantage over my slick opponent, Mr. B. I had figured my chances were so good and my plan so nearly certain that my elation had almost become an obsession. I felt so jubilant, and so perfectly tuned in on all the rapturous elements of nature that the very leaves on the trees seemed to quiver and vibrate in harmony with my joyous feelings. In a word, I felt that I was in perfect rapport with all that was beautiful and good in nature.

All the while I was nearing the end of my journey. Finally I came to the farm on which Miss M lived, but on account of the timber at the sides of the road you could not see the house until within about fifty steps of it. Lo and behold, what was to catch my eye but Mr. B's horse hitched to the fence in front of the house!

Gosh! Gosh! Nobody except myself can ever begin to imagine what a terrific and sudden change came over me when I saw that bird's horse hitched in front of that house. All of that week's elation and inflation of feeling went out of me in a manner that all but took my breath.

There I was, in plain view of the house, with a group of the kinfolks standing out in the front yard. There was no way to turn back without being seen, no other way to turn, and nothing left to do except suffer defeat, for I knew too well that I didn't have a ghost of a show. There I was, going right toward the house with no settled decision in mind as to what to do when I got there.

All of a sudden I became seized with an intuitional reflex, and so I soliloquized, "Church is never over until they sing. I will put on a bold front, stop, pay a visit like call, and when they start to church I will go farther up the country to another school house where a protracted meeting is being conducted, or possibly to where I can find a road that will lead off in the direction of home. When I arrive there I will go into my room, shut the door, throw myself across the bed, and think the thing over to my heart's discontent."

But, oh, my Lord! Just to think of that bunch starting off down the road, all smiling and happy, and I going off in an opposite direction alone with my week of fond anticipations all shot to smithereens; then to stand there as an eye witness to that dandy looking little Mr. B who was a regular girl smasher walking off with the most handsome young woman I had ever met on his arm! Horrible! Horrible!

I was now directly in front of the house. Something had to be done. Procrastination could no longer be indulged in. So half willingly and half reluctantly I dismounted, hitched my horse to the right of the

gate opposite Mr. B's horse, walked through the gateway and up to the front door. The door was open and Mr. B was sitting inside the room nicely dressed and looking as gay as a lark. We spoke and he invited me in. I accepted, of course, went in, took a seat, and by the time we had passed a few words Miss M came in, evidently from the other room where she had been dressing. When she spoke to me she also bade Mr. B good morning.

Great Scot! Talk about having flashes running through your nervous system and high blood pressure! I had it all running all over me both ways at once. There we were, the three of us, and no engagement made, as yet, by either Mr. B or myself.

I was fully aware of the fact that my opponent would not give me a dog's chance. All these thoughts flashed through my mind like lightning, but before anything had time to happen, our very much admired girl friend turned to the dresser, and taking out a tatted collar and some jewelry, excused herself, and started back to her dressing room. Just as she was leaving I was seized with a desire for a drink of water. I let my desire be known, and the request was granted. Thereupon Miss M stepped away blithely to get the glass of water and I, in order to not drop any water on the floor, made my way out to the edge of the gallery, and when she brought the water, I remember I took the glass in my left hand, holding it off and slightly up, and started a conversation that ran like this.

"Miss M, are you going down to church?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is your company engaged?"

"No, sir."

"Well ---- if you haven't any objections, I would like to walk down with you."

"Certainly," was the most gratifying reply.

With that reply life suddenly put on a brighter aspect. It was a transfiguration of feelings pure and simple. My emotions, from the moment I caught sight of that house with Mr. B's horse hitched in front, dropped rapidly to about 160 degrees below zero, but when that little bit of strategy was pulled off, my feelings instantly rose to zero and climbed at the rapid rate of about 160 degrees per second. I felt decidedly better. I never realized as much benefit out of one glass of water before, nor since. I cannot remember whether I drank the water or not, but I worked my trick of machination and was in the lead. But no one knew that except the girl and myself, so she went to arrange the collar and jewelry she had just taken from the dresser drawer and I went back into the room where Mr. B was sitting, unconscious of the secret turn I had taken on him to save the day for myself.

A few moments passed and Miss M came in. By the time she was barely seated, Mr. B took his chair, moved over, and sat down beside her. I knew, of course, that he was going to ask permission to take her to church, and honestly I had a feeling of pity for the poor boy, coupled with the thought that the girl would be embarrassed somewhat to turn him down in my presence. So I pretendedly had to cough and incidentally stepped out to expectorate, but for fear of the possibility of being double-crossed, I made it a point to linger around outside near enough to hear the outcome, which consisted of a request to be excused on the ground that her company was engaged.

That proved to be the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back. I was now sitting on top of the world. I had beaten the smartest young man in the country.

But in all seriousness, that was not my objective. I was, as stated elsewhere in this chapter, looking forward to a happy future, and when I contemplate retrospectively, I cannot escape the conviction that the retiring to arrange the collar and jewelry, and the simple act of asking for a drink of water, with the accompanying sequences, were the fine determinants in the shaping of my life's course.

But let that be as it may! I know that I held the fort from that time on. Our continued acquaintance and growing respect throughout the summer ripened into a perfect love that culminated in our marriage September the 14th of that year. Furthermore, I can truthfully state that neither of us has ever swayed or faltered in the least in our love for and untiring devotion to each other, the attestation of which can be verified by our eight children. We have just celebrated our fifty-first marriage anniversary. We had ten

children born, five girls and five boys, but were only permitted to raise eight, having lost two boys in infancy.

I have now given a short story of my life, as promised at the outset, but to quit with the mere telling of the story without calling attention to, and impressing the minds of the readers with the real lesson as contained therein, would be to thwart the whole design or scheme of the writer. While there could easily be reams, no doubt, written on any of the several phrases of this article, and while I will not attempt to say all that might be said on any of them, yet, I do think it will be both entertaining and educational to summarize on some of the fundamental principles involved in the happenings of this story because of the important of their effect as a sequence on society.

First, let us muse on that part of the story that appertains to the love romance, as related above. Many, in reading that part of this sketch or outline of my life, would pass on it, no doubt, as a right clever little love affair that only involved the interest of two young people, and dispense with it as such and nothing more; but on close examination it will be found to be vastly more far-reaching in its effects than just a mere little love affair in which the affections and passions of two young people are involved.

For instance, I am making the statement, without fear of contradiction that that little incident, as it might seem at the first glance, is not so small after all when its true place in, and its relation to the affairs of man are thoroughly realized and understood.

To cite the proof, let us recall the culmination of this little love romance, which terminated in a happy marriage, of which a long, stable, harmonious and tranquil family life was the sequel. On this one pillar, possibly as much if not more than all others taken together, rests the security and perpetuity of a well ordered, prosperous society, and without which that very necessary accompanying element, commonly called contentment, could not be attained.

To further test the case, let us ask the question, "Just what would in all likelihood befall society, and what serious dangers would beset the continuity of the race, if the family were utterly done away with and the practice of promiscuity were left as the only process by which to multiply and replenish the race?"

The answer is obvious. We know too well to destroy the family record, thereby doing away with our lines of genealogy. There would be no way of telling who were blood relations. The damaging and degenerating effects of intermarriage of blood kin has been too well proven to leave any grounds for debate, to say nothing of the obnoxious repulsiveness that accompanies the very thoughts of such acts.

There is another phase of the story that is more or less historical in its nature, and therefore worthy of note. That to which I refer is the data on the old customs and styles of living and the methods of procuring a living that prevailed in the early part of my boyhood. That period proved to be the closing out of a regime of industry that had been in vogue since the dawn of history, and that, coupled with the fact that I find myself now living in what might be properly termed a super machine age, gives to me, through actual living experience, a graphic view of the rapid transition from the single hand tool age into an age so vastly different that it hardly seems possible. It almost makes me feel as though I may have had a nightmare.

Just think of it! Think of being able to look retrospectively on your life and remembering the first coal oil lamp, the first cook stove, the first double shovel plow, the first stitch of clothing you had ever worn that was not hand made out and out, and many, many other things too numerous to mention. Compare that with the present surroundings that consist of a multitudinous array of complex, highly mechanized, automatic machinery. I think the contrast will be so distinct and striking that all will agree that those, like myself, who have lived over a period and era that dates back from this present time seventy or eighty years have been blessed with the privilege of having lived in the most wonderful era in the history of the race.

COMMENTATION

After all has been done and said about our lives, just what is the answer?

King Solomon said "All is vanity and vexation."

The Honorable Clarence Darrow, according to press reports, said "This is a crazy old world. I will be glad to leave it."

I sometimes wonder if any human being has ever lived to approximate the allotted three score and ten years without asking himself the question, "Has my life, after having been fraught with all the intensity of interest, spurred and stimulated by desire, hope, and expectancy, and surcharged with all the emotional attributes that go to make up the complete abstracts common to any normal person, been worth the effort?"

Then comes the question "What are we to understand by the use of the word 'worth'?"

Possibly some would say, no doubt, that it means the one who had amassed a great fortune had lived a life worth while. Others would have us believe that those who had lived a peaceful, tranquil life, supporting themselves by hard, honest, toil, and paying all just debts, are the ones who have turned the trick. Still others would claim that those who live a life wholly for others, making a complete sacrifice of all their desires and personal pleasures, for the benefit and comfort of those around them, fill the only sphere in life that is commendable or worth while. And so the list could be extended on and on indefinitely.

But out of this mass of human estimates and standards of worth or value, just where have we arrived as to the answer of the question asked at the outset? Just what are we to understand by the use of the word 'worth'?

May we not safely conclude that worth or value is a relative abstract? It is abstract because it can only be grasped by a mental process. We cannot lay hold of it with the physical senses. It is relative because it is invariably related to human estimates. In order to keep the mind clear and safeguarded against the danger of getting off on a tangent, it will be necessary to deal with it and think of it as such; then if there be in actuality that relative abstract, something we have in mind when we use the word 'worth' or 'value', it naturally follows that there is a common fundamental on which these human estimates rest.

It will be necessary, then, for us, in order to advance a step further in the analysis, to observe what that fundamental is. It is clearly deducible that all our efforts and actions are performed for the sole purpose of deriving whatever pleasure or happiness there is to be attained by the act of effort. Happiness, then, shows up to be the one and only objective in life. Therefore, worth or value can only be reckoned or measured by the amount of happiness or pleasure involved. It is now plain, no doubt, that any studious reader will clearly understand that any effort to reckon value in tangible mathematical units, such as dollars and cents, will prove to be futile and misleading, because it is out of line with the facts in the case. As pointed out in this analysis, dollars and cents used as money, in its true sense, functioning only as a medium of exchange, does not constitute value. It is only, like all things else tangible, a vehicle to bring to us that relative abstract something we call value, worth, or happiness.

To anyone who may see fit to pass judgment on the foregoing remarks, I will kindly suggest they watch their bearings, for I am aware of the fact that the idea we have and are trying to express when we use the terms value or worth, notwithstanding its frequent use, is so relative and so purely abstract that it is difficult to keep it under the mental thumb.

J. C. Woolverton

(Contributed by Onoldah Rone)

OBITUARIES

I'm slow in reporting some of these deaths in the Woolverton/Hanks and allied families, but many of our subscribers still may not be aware of these.--ed.

Olive Josephine "Jo" (Hill) Adams passed away on August 14, 1996. At the time she was living in Danville, California, her home for many years. She was born December 18, 1908 and was 87 years old at her death. She was the last living grandchild of Hanks Neville Hill, who traveled with his family from Washburn Prairie, Barry County, Missouri, to Oregon as part of "The Lost Wagon Train of 1853." Her son, Dennis Wayne Adams, informed me of her death about a year ago, but this never was reported in the newsletter before. Dennis is a subscriber to *Wolvertons Unlimited*. I thoroughly enjoyed all the correspondence I maintained with Cousin Jo. I found her through our mutual connection to the Neville family as she was listed in the *Society of John Neville Descendants Newsletter*. We shared common interests in the DAR/SAR, a number of lineage societies, and our common interest in the Hanks, Dodson, Neville, and related families. Cousin Jo was also doubly related to the family of John Monroe Littlefield as his wife, Lean (Carothers) Littlefield, was related to her through the Merrell and Pugh families. (See pp. 39-42 [Jan./Feb. 1994] on "The Lost Wagon Train of 1853" and her lineage #24, pp. 63-64 [July/Aug. 1994] .)

O. Josephine Adams held membership in the following national hereditary societies: Colonial Dames of the XVII Century (Past president of Anne Hutchinson Chapter)--through Richard Stout (1615-1705); National Society Daughters of the American Colonists--through Charles Dodson (c1649-c1704); National Society of Daughters and Founders and Patriots of America (Vice-president of California Chapter)--through John Hill (c1600-1664) & Thomas Hill (1724-1810); Huguenot Society of California--through Richard Merrill (1642-1727); National Society Daughters of the American Revolution (Past Regent of Mount Diablo Chapter)--through Daniel Merrell (1755-1844); National Society of New England Women--through Thomas Hill (1724-1810); National Society of Women Descendants of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery--through John Hill (c1600-1664); Flagon and Trencher--through Joseph Neville, Sr. (c1707-c1792); The Hereditary Order of the First Families of Massachusetts--through John Hill of Dorchester; National Society of United States Daughters of 1812; Magna Charta Dames; and The Sovereign Colonial Society Americans of Royal Descent.

Jean Wheeler Wolverton passed away on January 5, 1997 at Rigby, Idaho at the age of 77. He was born March 30, 1919 at Pocatello, Idaho. He had a keen interest in the Wolverton family and lineage, although in later years he suffered from alzheimer's. He was buried with full military honors by the Bonneville County Veterans Team. Our sympathies to his widow, Jane (Darrah) Wolverton of Idaho Falls, Idaho. Word of his death was received from his niece, Charlotte (Bahler) Harold, who is now subscribing to *Wolvertons Unlimited*. (See his lineage #51, pp. 113 [May/June 1995] & 185 [July/Aug. 1996].)

Iola Holloway passed away on Sunday, July 13, 1997 at 9:30 a.m. In recent years she had been fighting cancer, but pretty much had recovered. She encountered difficulty in breathing on June 29th and was diagnosed with congestive heart failure. A couple days later she suffered a stroke and was declared terminal. Her daughter, Kaye, with the aid of Hospice nurses, cared for Iola at Lawton, Oklahoma, where she passed away. Kaye writes: "Mother had been spiritually ready to meet her God for many years, so we are comforted by that, but it will be very lonely without her." She was a dear person, and I had the pleasure of meeting Iola at the Woolverton Mountain Reunion in 1994. She was on Royal Wolverton's mailing list originally and had kept in contact

with Royal and his wife, Frances, over the years. Iola's daughter, Kaye Phillips, is now on the mailing list for *Wolvertons Unlimited*. (See lineage #69, pp. 155, 158-159 [Jan./Feb. 1996].)

Olive (Strohmeyer) Harris passed away on August 10, 1997, which was the same day the 63rd Annual Harris Reunion was being held at Adamsville, Tennessee. I did not receive word of her death until Christmas time, and only because of the internet (Social Security Death Index) was I able to find the exact date of death. Olive and her late husband, Joe Cletus Harris, were the prime motivators in holding the Harris Family Reunions in Tennessee which I understand they started. They did a massive amount of work in documenting the Harris History back to Capt. Thomas Harris of Jamestown, Virginia, and his forebears back in England which intermarried with the noble Percy family and from there linked back to the Royal Family of England. Olive and Joe Cletus also published and distributed a number of books on the Harris family and descendants of Gideon Harris (1772-1860) of Maury and Marshall Counties in Tennessee. Olive was one of the most charming people I've ever met, and I had the privilege of staying as a guest in her home twice. It was also a privilege to correspond with and meet her husband, Joe Cletus Harris, who passed away in 1979. That was back when I first began my family tree searchings. Some may not know this, but Olive also was a Harris descendant herself. She was a direct descendant of Robert Harris of the Forks who married Mary Claiborne Rice of Virginia. He was a contemporary of Capt. Thomas Harris of Jamestown, and some have thought he was a son of Capt. Thomas. However, the best data available now lists him as an immigrant from England. Joe Cletus, in one of his letters to me, reported that a researcher had purportedly traced the kinship of Robert Harris and Capt. Thomas Harris to a common ancestor back in England. I've never been able to find the proof of this. Olive Strohmeyer Harris was born December 18, 1908 and was 87 years old at her death. At the time, she was living with her daughter and son-in-law, Vonda and Bill Reeves, at Madison, Alabama. Olive is buried beside her husband, Joe Cletus Harris, in the Wilson Hill Cemetery, Lewisburg, Tennessee.

Scleeta (Walker) Hudson passed away on Tuesday, November 25, 1997, as reported by her daughter, Erline Cantrell. She was born November 14, 1908 in McNairy County, Tennessee. She was 89 years old at her death. Interestingly enough, in her youth, Scleeta lived in the Gideon Lindsey Harris home, the Luther Rice Littlefield home, and the James David Harris home. Scleeta was a dear cousin, daughter of my gt-gt-aunt Mollie (Harris) Walker. I was fortunate to be able to interview her on cassette tape. She reported on her memories of the Harris and Littlefield families. She also was proud of her relationship to the Hanks and Woolverton families. She was a fine Christian woman. Burial took place in Mars Hill Cemetery, near Leapwood, McNairy County, Tennessee. (See her lineage #73, pp. 175-178 [May/June 1996].)

ARKANSAS CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS

Wolverton, E. H.

Company G, 8th Battalion, Arkansas Infantry
Served as Jr. 2nd Lt. & Capt.

Wolverton, Elijah H. (possibly same as E. H. Wolverton listed above??)
Company A, 2nd Arkansas Volunteers (served 30 days in 1861)
Served as Sgt. & Sgt.

Wolverton, W.
Desha County Battalion, Arkansas Militia
Rank not listed.

(Source: Desmond Walls Allen, compiler. *Index to Arkansas Confederate Soldiers*. Vol. III, P-Z. Conway, AR: Arkansas Research, 1990. p. 189.)

NEVILLE HERITAGE SOCIETY IS STARTED IN 1997

1997 was a monumental year for those researching the Neville Family in the U.S., Great Britain, and other places worldwide. In March 1997, I started the Neville Family E-Mail Discussion List which is administered through Rootsweb. By the end of last year the subscribers to that list had grown to 71 members (and continues to grow each week), and with the assistance of Gabe Neville, Peter Neville, Ren Neville, Ryan Neaveill and others on the list, the Neville Heritage Society was founded. They made me the president, and Gabe Neville is the editor of the *Neville Heritage Review*.

Most of the following info. may be found on the Neville Heritage Society Home Page:
<http://www.prairienet.org/neville/homepage.html>

Important links found on that page include:

- **About the Neville Heritage Society** (purpose, membership, officers, etc.)
- *Neville Heritage Review* (the semi-annual journal of the Neville Heritage Society)
- **Neville Chat** (chat online with others researching the Neville surname--uses Java)
- **Neville Electronic Mailing List & Archives** (discuss genealogy via e-mail with others researching the Neville surname)
- **Neville Information** (info. on Nevilles from NHS members as well as other sources)
- **Genealogy Links** (introduction to genealogy, databases and lists, historical info., maps, useful tools, U.S. state archives & libraries)

About the Neville Heritage Society

The Neville Heritage Society is an organization of people actively researching or interested in the genealogy and heritage of Neville families. Variations of the surname spelling include: Neville, Nevill, Nevil, Nevel, Neufville, Neaveil, Nevils, Nevels, etc.

The goals of the Neville Heritage Society are to further our knowledge and understanding of our Neville ancestors and to make that knowledge and understanding available to current and future generations through publishing and distributing the *Neville Heritage Review*.

Society members contribute to achieving these goals. Members also receive copies of the *Neville Heritage Review* (NHR) at no further cost. The first issue of the NHR (Winter 1998) has

been released. It is an anthology of many of the current members' Neville family lines. Future issues of the NHR will address specific Neville families, useful historical maps, analyses of the historical context in which our ancestors lived, etc.

The annual membership dues are:

- \$20 regular membership
- \$15 for students and senior citizens
- \$15 for gift memberships
- \$15 to adopt a library. Copies of the Neville Heritage Review will be sent to the library of your choice in your name.
- \$30 in U.S. funds for people outside the United States and Canada

Make out your check or money order to "Neville Heritage Society" and mail to:

Neville Heritage Society
Peter Neville, Treasurer
100 West Mason Avenue
Alexandria, VA 22301

NEVILLE HERITAGE REVIEW

The *Neville Heritage Review* is the semi-annual journal of the Neville Heritage Society. This publication, written primarily by the historians and genealogists who make up the society, is a valuable resource for researchers who want to know the current state of research into the accomplishments, biographies, and genealogies of Neville families in America and around the world.

Whether you want to know more about Nevilles who played major roles in the American Revolution, Nevilles who colonized North America, Nevilles who once ran Northern England with an iron fist, or Nevilles who led wagon trains into the unsettled west, the *Neville Heritage Review* is your best source for all of these stories. Your membership in the Neville Heritage Society includes a subscription to this fun and interesting journal.

The premier issue of the *Neville Heritage Review* (Volume 1, Number 1--Winter, 1998) contains a special section: an anthology of genealogies of seven Neville families, focusing on the earliest known generation. It also contains an article by Renwick Morgan Neville on the problematic James Neville of Virginia, an important (but unproved) link in the line described by William Fletcher Boogher and the Society of John Neville Descendants. This 100-page issue also contains introductory letters from Glenn Gohr, president of the Neville Heritage Society, and J. Gabriel Neville, editor of NHR.

I highly recommend the *Neville Heritage Review* because of the scholarly treatment of the various families treated and the excellent sources references given in every article. Of special interest to subscribers of *Wolvertons Unlimited* is the article by Michelle Ule on Joseph Neville, Sr. (ca. 1707 - ca. 1792) who was the father of Mary Neville who married Thomas Dodson (2nd Fork) who is the ancestor of most of the Hanks relatives on the *Wolvertons Unlimited* mailing list. She plans a follow-up article regarding Mary (Neville) Dodson in a later issue of the *Neville Heritage Review*.

Glenn



The Wolverton and Brush Creek School Reunion was held on August 2 at Mt. Shiloh Recreation Park north of Huntsville. Those in attendance include: Hope and Jessica Lawrence, Columbia; Elsie Yates, Donald Patterson and Babe Ruth Patterson, Osage Beach; Wayne and Laura Young and Dennis Rapp, Chrissy and Sara Robbins, Aurora; Edward and Mary Wolverton, Mountain Home, AR; Randy and Ruth Wolverton, Mariann, MO; AR: Paul and Anna Margaret Howe, Elmer; Helen Cavanaugh, James and Joyce Harlan, Pat Cook and Joe Roberts, Christine Kaufman, Chula Vista, CA; Moberly; Dr. and Mrs. Bob Warbritton and Pauline Moore, Paris; Barbara Ronimous, Madison; Thomas Harrison, St. Joseph; Delbert Heifner, Bristow, MO; Buster, Clarence and Virginia Hudson, Macon; Fern McCollum, Marguerite Bowden, Cairo; Kelly Dunivent, Clifton Hill; Susan Schnetzler, Salina, MO; and Joleta Harlan, Michelle, Becky, Howard and Sybyl Wolverton, Kenneth and Nettie L. Swetnam, Carmen Swetnam, Vivian Harlan, Connie and...