

My Maternal Grandmother

CAROLINE MOSBY MONTGOMERY*

b. 9/23/1884 Washington Co., MS

d. 1/22/1957 Washington Co., MS



CAROLINE MOSBY MONTGOMERY'S PARENTS & GRANDPARENTS



I, J, K, L
See Family Trees on pages 405–11.

*For descendants of Caroline Mosby Montgomery, see pages 413, 428–38.

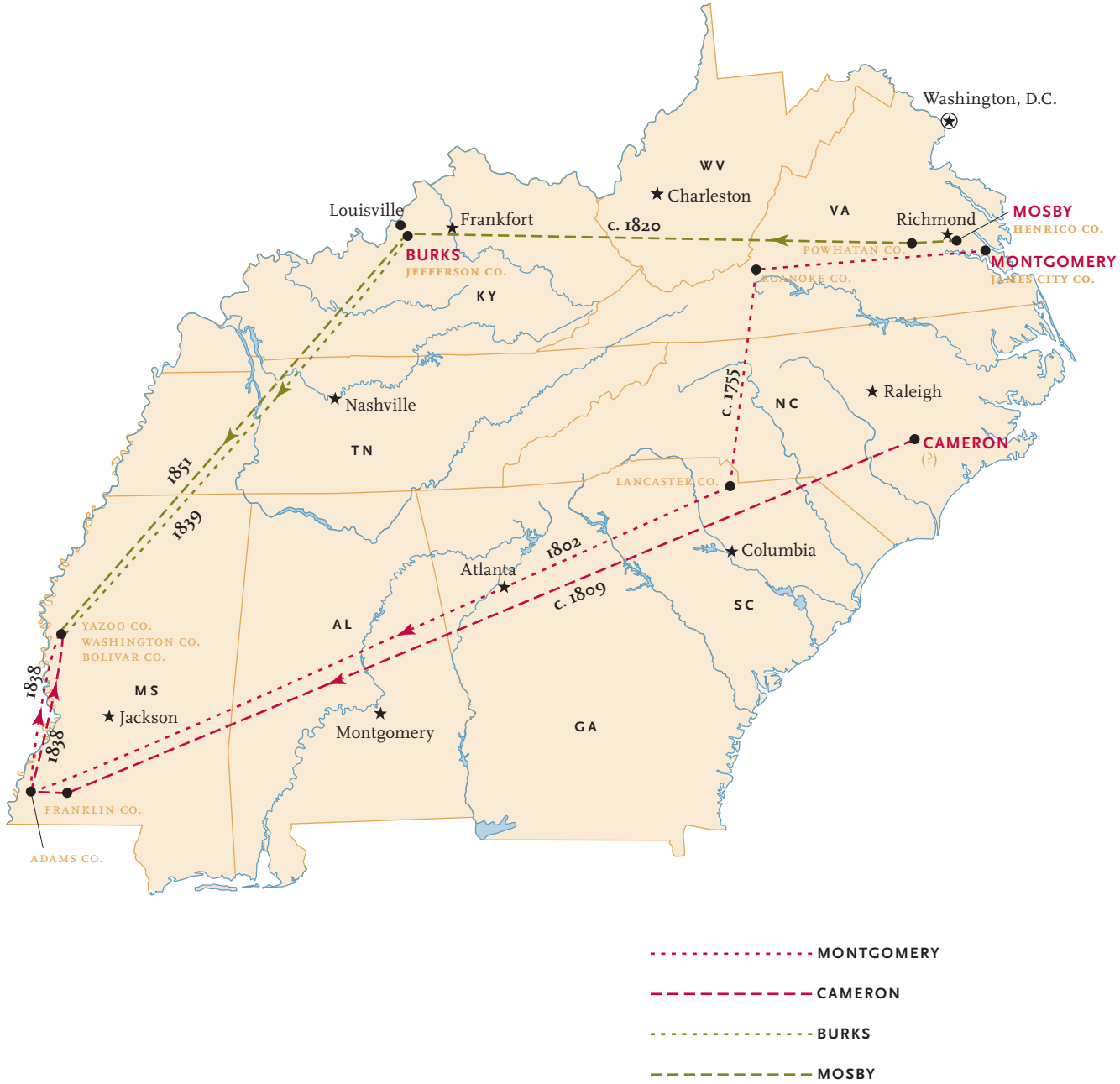
CAROLINE MOSBY MONTGOMERY’S ANCESTORS

The ancestral lineage of **Caroline Mosby Montgomery (1884–1957)** offers the deepest and most storied records of my family history. All of her grandparents were early-19th-century pioneers who came to grow cotton in the Mississippi River Delta.

Her paternal grandfather, **William Pinckney Montgomery (1799–1876)**, came in 1802 to the territory of Mississippi. He was one of 10 children of a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian family who settled near Natchez, Mississippi. Caroline Mosby Montgomery’s maternal grandmother, **Catherine Cameron (1811–1848)**, was a native Mississippian whose parents were born in Scotland.

Caroline Mosby Montgomery’s maternal grandfather, **Gervas Storrs Mosby (1818–1867)**, was born in Virginia and moved at age two with his parents to Louisville, Kentucky. His antecedents are deeply rooted in colonial Virginia. His wife, **Eliza Glover Burks (1830–1862)**, born in Kentucky, inherited from her father a Mississippi cotton plantation called Loughborough. Gervas and Eliza Mosby moved to live there in 1851.

MIGRATION | MONTGOMERY/CAMERON & MOSBY/BURKS



**See page 247 for a map of the actual migration route.*

Caroline Mosby Montgomery as a young child in the 1890s.



CAROLINE MOSBY MONTGOMERY’S LIFE

My grandmother **Caroline Mosby Montgomery (1884–1957)** was born on September 23, 1884, on Loughborough Plantation and was the third daughter of **John Malcolm Montgomery (1841–1910)** and **Caroline P. Mosby Montgomery (1858–1890)**. She was five and a half when her mother died. She was raised by her great-aunt **Paulina Mosby (1820–1910)**, who had also raised Caroline’s mother. Caroline Mosby Montgomery had an older sister, **Frances Cameron Montgomery Payne (1878–1950)**, who I knew as Aunt Mur.¹

Caroline Mosby Montgomery was educated mostly by teachers at home. Around 1900 she went to school in Nashville at Belmont (later Ward-Belmont) for about two years. During her youth, her summers were apparently spent away from home each year because of the fear of yellow fever. She was in California in 1904 and in Chicago in the summer of 1905.



Caroline Mosby Montgomery while at Belmont College in Nashville in the early 1900s.



My mother with her mother, Caroline Montgomery Wilkerson, c. 1912.

After several years of courtship, she married **Jefferson Pinckney Wilkerson Sr. (1878–1945)** on November 22, 1905, in Greenville, Mississippi.² In Mother’s archive, we have a photograph of Caroline in her wedding dress in 1905.³ They lived on Theobold Street in Greenville for the next five years, during which time my mother, **Catherine Cameron Wilkerson (1909–2002)**, was born. In 1912 they moved to Clifton Plantation, seven miles north of Greenville.

Four more children were born at Clifton in the next few years. They were Josephine (1912–1986), Jeff (1914–1995), Caroline (1917–1982), and Frances (1919–2001). I have always been told that my grandmother did not nurse any of her children when they were babies, for there were always “wet nurses” available on the plantation. She was, however, considered a very good amateur doctor, and served in that role for the 60 black families who lived as sharecroppers on the plantation.

During World War I, my grandmother Caroline met with the ladies of the community to knit socks and scarves for the soldiers. She also taught at Sunday school and served as a Bible study teacher.

While rearing her young children in the 1920s, she experienced the 1927 flood, and in 1930 her home was destroyed in a fire. In February 1931, she wrote two letters to my mother, who was in college, to tell her all about the new house they were building at Clifton.⁴

Quite recently, my wife, Neville, discovered in our attic a family heirloom — a hand-painted porcelain tea set⁵ that my grandmother Wilkerson had obviously saved through the flood and fire.

My grandmother was an excellent seamstress. According to my mother:

She made all of our clothes, even evening dresses: She could go into a store, look at an expensive dress, buy material, and make the dress without a pattern. She made my graduation dress in mauve chiffon; which would have cost \$65.00 in the store for about \$10.00. Many times I would be standing on the dining room table just before a dance while she hemmed up my dress.

My grandmother lounging on the front step of her home at Clifton, probably 1940s.



My grandmother Wilkerson in the 1940s.

Her close friends and family members of her age called my grandmother Carrie. She was called Miss Carrie by younger people and by servants. We grandchildren called her Bama.

Bama did not like sports, especially football. She never went to a game, though her son Jeff Jr. played football in high school and in college at Mississippi State. Bama only learned to drive a car when she was 45 years old.



Left to right: my aunt Josephine Spiars (holding my cousin Helen Wilkerson), my aunt Caroline Hamilton, Ida (Ida) Judson Harrold Wilkerson (my uncle Jeff's wife), and my grandmother, c. 1943.

My grandmother Caroline Mosby Montgomery Wilkerson was auburn haired and freckle faced. And she was a strong-minded, but gentle lady who was very proud of her Southern traditions. Her roots were quite deep in the culture of Mississippi plantation life.

Bama had 19 grandchildren, the same number that my mother and father had. She often visited at our home in

West Point, and we called the downstairs bedroom “Bama’s Room.” As a youngster, I remember that she did not climb the stairs in our house. In her 60s, she seemed rather fragile to me.

Bama loved to play bridge. She once told me, “I am not going to heaven if they don’t play bridge there.” She taught my sister and me to play bridge when I was 13 years old.

In 1945 my grandfather Jeff Sr. died, and my grandmother was intensely distraught. She actually even went to the hospital to die. My mother recalled going to be with her to help her recover from her loss.

Bama remained at Clifton for a few years after my grandfather died. In the early 1950s, she turned her house over to Jeff Jr. and his family, and moved to Greenville, where she lived with a cousin and later with her daughter [Caroline Hamilton \(1917–1982\)](#).



Caroline Mosby Montgomery, 1950s.

I was a 20-year-old student at Southwestern at Memphis when my mother called to tell me Bama had died. Late one Tuesday evening in January, after playing bridge all day, and listening to the 10 o’clock news, she had a heart attack. She was 72. A writer for the local Greenville newspaper wrote a “Farewell to Miss Carrie.”⁶

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1. MY GREAT-AUNT MUR: FRANCES CAMERON MONTGOMERY PAYNE

My grandmother, **Caroline Mosby Montgomery Wilkerson (1884–1957)** had two older sisters. They were **Frances Cameron Montgomery Payne (1878–1950)** and **Eliza Burks Montgomery (1880–1880)**, who died as a nine-month-old infant.

Frances Cameron Montgomery (called Fanny) was 11 years old when her mother died and she was raised along with my grandmother by their Great-Aunt Paulina Mosby (1820–1910) at Loughborough Plantation. At age 21, she married 25-year-old Beckwith Benjamin (BB) Payne (1875–1962) of Fluvanna County, Virginia. When her father, **John Malcolm Montgomery (1841–1910)**, died, she was the oldest child; thus, she inherited Loughborough and lived there for the entire 72 years of her life.

As of this writing, Loughborough is farmed by William Mosby Payne Jr. (b. 1949), who has lived there since 1978. He is the grandson of BB and Frances Payne, and is my second cousin. The plantation has now been in our family for over 170 years.

Frances Montgomery Payne was called Mur by her children. We called her Aunt Mur. When my mother had her first grandchild in 1960, she adopted the name Mur.



A photograph of my Great-Aunt Frances Cameron Montgomery (1878–1950) in the early 20th century.



Frances Cameron Montgomery Payne (1878–1950), my great-aunt.
Beckwith Benjamin Payne (1875–1962), my great-uncle.

BB and Frances M. Payne had seven sons born between 1900 and 1915.

Malcolm (Mac) Luther Payne (1900–1994), a Sewanee graduate, was a real-estate agent in Greenville, Mississippi, for over 50 years. He married (in 1928) Lelia Bridges, and they had one son.

Beckwith Benjamin (Ben) Payne Jr. (1902–1926), a Sewanee graduate, died at 24 years of age of an injury incurred while wrestling with a younger brother, whose knee slipped and hit Benjamin in the abdomen. Ben died of internal injuries.

Montgomery (Monty) Ashby Payne (1906–1970), a Sewanee graduate in 1927 and a Yale Forestry School graduate in 1929, farmed at Loughborough from 1950 to 1970.

Francis Cameron Payne (1911–1976), a graduate of Tulane University, track and football star, vice president of Merrill Lynch, and World War II lieutenant, lived in Shreveport, Louisiana, and married (in 1939) Ann Platt. They had five children.

William (Billy) Mosby Payne (1913–2009) graduated from Tulane University in 1938. He was a World War II lieutenant and a Bolivar County farmer. He married (in 1947) Kathryn Martin, and they had three children.

Thomas (Tom/Beck) Beckwith Payne (1915–1989), a World War II U.S. Navy Seaman First Class, worked for Procter and Gamble. He lived in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and married (in 1938) Janet Jones. They had two children.

Hugh (Tut) Gamble Payne (1915–2000), a Tulane graduate, lived in Greenville, Mississippi. He owned and operated a gasoline company and married (in 1939) Caledonia Jackson. They had two children.

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PAYNE FAMILY PORTRAIT WITH SEVEN BOYS



The Payne family in the early 1920s. Pictured in back row: B. B. Payne (partially obscured), his wife Frances Montgomery Payne, and the three boys—Mac, Ben, and Monty. Middle row: Billy and Francis. Front row: Twins Tom and Tut.

The seven Payne boys were my mother’s first cousins. They lived on the adjoining plantation during her youth. Mother was particularly close to Monty Payne, who was her great friend and mentor during her teenage years. I remember Monty quite well.

In his mid-20s, Monty Payne contracted tuberculosis and was put in a TB sanatorium in Mississippi in about 1932. He later was placed in a sanatorium in El Paso, Texas. Thirteen days after I was born, he wrote a letter to my mother suggesting that I should join the Kappa Alpha Fraternity (he was a KA at Sewanee) and study law at Yale, where he had received a degree. I did join KA at Southwestern at Memphis, but I did not go to Yale.

In his letter, Monty also wrote a poignant account of his first marriage at the sanatorium. In the 1940s, Monty Payne recovered and married Ivy Cunningham (1911–1991) of West Point, Mississippi. They had no children. From 1950 to 1970, when he died, Monty farmed at Loughborough Plantation.

Hendricks-Laws Sanatorium
El Paso, Texas
October 18, 1936

Dearest Kitty:

Congratulations to you and John upon the arrival of John Henry Bryan Jr. I know you are both very proud... You and John and the good S.A.E.’s took Jeff away from me so when little John grows up I will make a good K. A. out of him and then I will talk him into going to Yale to study law so you better start saving money right now.

Tell Jeff and John that if Miss State don’t beat Ole Miss this year that I am off of State for life. I sure hope they can do it....

Kitty I suppose that Cacey has told you by now that I have been married since last March. In fact I bought the license on January the third and the ring in November of last year but the doctor kept putting us off. Then in February my girl has a bad series of hemorrhages and came vary near dying. So in March on the 19th to be exact I told the preacher to go on and marry us two invalids that we could at least have a nice spiritual union as it could never be nothings more. So I stood beside her bed and held her hand and the Presbyterian Minister married us. Well Joan [Ward] is still a strict bed patient and very little chance of ever getting up but we love each other dearly and I cook for her and wait on her all time and happy to be able to make her life a little happier than it would be otherwise. She is a Washington D.C. girl and has had T. B. ... like myself. Of course all well people will think that we are crazy but no one knows what a hellua life the life of a lunger is, with no chance of ever returning to the world you live in and these Sanatoriums are worse than being in an insane asylum.... Well with two feet in the grave and sitting on a banana peel I still manage to enjoy myself more than most people and I don’t worry about being incurable.

I would have made a good aviator as I am a fatalist, yet as the old nigger said “I am in no hurry to leave here.”

I lost two dollars on the Giants at 7 to 4 but won a two-fifty pool on the last game so came out even. Do you try for the Sinclair football prizes each week? ...

Well again congratulations to both of you and may John Henry be a great fullback on the Miss State team of 1954. Write me the news when you have time.

Love, Monty



Monty Payne (1906–1970) in April 1931, at about age 25, after he received a postgraduate degree in Forestry at Yale, from which he graduated in 1929.

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2. CAROLINE MOSBY MONTGOMERY MARRIES JEFFERSON P. WILKERSON

The following account appeared in the *Greenville Times*, November 1905:

The marriage on Wednesday evening at the Presbyterian church, when Miss Caroline Montgomery, the attractive daughter of Capt. John Malcolm Montgomery became the bride of Mr. Jefferson P. Wilkerson, was a social event of the week.

The First Presbyterian church was most attractively decorated and presented a beautiful appearance. At 8:30 the wedding party arrived and entered the church as Miss Mary Pelham Finlay rendered Mendelsohn’s popular wedding march on the organ.

The wedding party was composed of the following: Capt. J. M. Montgomery, the bride’s father; the bride and groom; Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Payne, brother [-in-law] and sister of the bride. Mrs. Payne and Mr. Payne being the matron of honor and Mr. Payne giving the [missing words] with Miss Louise [missing word]; Mr. Guy Allen with Miss G. Montgomery; Mr. Malcolm Robertson with Miss Belle Barkley.

Ushers, Messrs Clarence Cul[missing letters], Allen Hunt, Lyne Starling, Jr., and Louis Hilzim.

The ceremony said by Rev. Chas. E. Diehl, was very impressive and after the happy young people were pronounced man and wife Mrs. T. W. McCoy sang softly and sweetly, ‘I Love Thee.’

The wedding unites two prominent Southern families. The bride is attractive, the daughter of a brave Confederate officer and one of the great family of Montgomerys that have helped make the South’s history glorious in war and grand in peace.

The groom is a splendid young businessman of our city, of high character and noble ideas.

The bride was most attractive, gowned in pure white satin and wearing the regulation bridal veil. The matron of honor and bridesmaids were dressed in white, the bridesmaids wearing a green girdle about their waists.

The wedding was a beautiful one, as well as an auspicious union of hearts and lives.

Following the wedding ceremony at the church, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Wortham entertained at a brilliant reception in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Wilkerson, the groom and bride, the reception lasting from nine until eleven o’clock. The gallery of the Wortham residence was enclosed and beautifully decorated and here among chrysanthemums and ferns and vines, the bride’s table was placed. The scene was

one of enchanting beauty. Scores of callers attended the reception and extended warm congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Wilkerson, and enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Wortham.

Misses Elizabeth Stanton and Orville Stone served punch to the guests as they arrived, while Mrs. Leroy Percy and Mrs. W. H. Montgomery assisted Mrs. Wortham in the general reception of guests.

The presents received by the bride and groom were ornamental and useful. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkerson left [on] the one o’clock Valley train [to] Nashville, Tenn., and after absence of a few days will be home to friends in Greenville where they will make their home.

3. CAROLINE MOSBY MONTGOMERY IN HER WEDDING DRESS, 1905



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4. MY GRANDMOTHER’S NEW HOUSE

On Thanksgiving Day in 1930, my grandparents’ home at Clifton Plantation burned to the ground. It was less than four years after the great flood of 1927 had devastated their home at Clifton Plantation.

In 1931 my grandmother wrote a long letter to my mother while she was in college at MSCW (now MUW) in Columbus, Mississippi. In that letter, my grandmother wrote with great excitement about her new home being built.

Carrie Wilkerson to Catherine (Kitty) Wilkerson, February 7, 1931

Saturday night

Dear Kitty,

I am inclosing a plan of the house. I will first tell you about the outside—it is to be a Colonial bungalow—white with green roof and green shutters—windows small panes—the wide boards 10 in[.] Red wood, like on the Hugh Triden [?] house—A little porch like their house at the entrance—and a window in each end of the gable with green shutters, in fact just like I wanted when you were here only it’s one story instead of two.

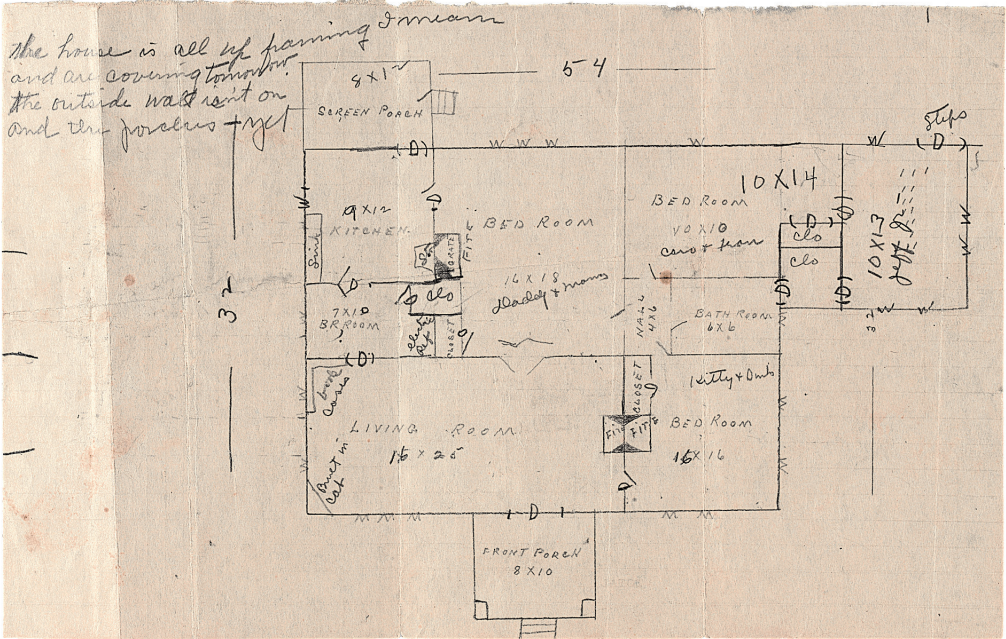
The front door will have three small lights across the top—it opens into a very nice size living room just one foot shorter than our old living room. It will have a brick fireplace and mantle, any color we want. The bed room at the end will be yours & Dink’s [nickname for Mother’s sister Josephine]—then the bath—it will have a built in tub, standing lavatory, & white commode. The tiny little room will be Jeff’s—the big middle room back of the living room will be our room—will have to have two beds in it, for us—& the little girls. This room will eventually be our dining room—it will have double french doors into the living room—back of the other end of the living room will be a breakfast room—with swinging doors to the kitchen—then a nice screen porch on back—the dotted lines on the end—will show you where we will build another room—sleeping porch and bath later on. It is to be papered all over—I can select the paper—The floors of best edge grain pine [?]—scraped—2 coats varnish & shellacked—to have 23 openings for electric fixtures—They wire the house but we furnish the fixtures that will allow a punch [?] button for every room—to be screened all over[,] back porch included—double floors with thick paper in between—the walls storm sheeted—in the kitchen a kitchen sink & 30 gal[,] boiler. The foundation is to rest on concrete with solid brick all around.

I really think it’s a bargain—it will cost \$2700—, \$1600 from the insurance—one thousand for the furniture & one extra—we will have our note paid. Taxes paid[,] a new house too, but it will be tight living all next summer. I will have to do most of my work. Aunt Hattie is still there, she washes—so if I need her I can call on her any time. It is to face south—use Benton’s turn [?] row for a road—“Jo ... [?],” Dady, and I went up there Thursday, and sat around all evening—trying to decide where to face it. Dady wants it to face west, but I think south best—The boys went up there today and tried to dip the water out of the cistern. They cut the pecan trees down on the east side—its looks so funny.

We won’t be able to have much furniture—at first—I may get an electric range—as I can get one that has been used only three months real cheap—as they put in gas—as it was cheaper—...

You must realize how hard times are. Ms Eatherly had to put a mortgage on everything she had except her home—to pay last years debts and get money to run this. Well [?] I don’t know any news—and don’t feel so good—so had better stop for tonight—

Lots of love
Mamma



The plan of her new house drawn by my grandmother Caroline Mosby Montgomery Wilkerson, 1931.



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Carrie Wilkerson to Catherine (Kitty) Wilkerson, February 26, 1931

Thursday – 6 – Feb

Dear Kitty—

I am sorry I misplaced this other letter for so long. I couldn’t understand why you kept saying you didn’t know about the house—for I thought I had mailed the plans—

I called the bank. They said you had \$32.50 balance & tell you to read that notice—it was saying they were taking out .50 for being under \$100.

I have about decided to get a Servel electric refrigerator. The people I have talked to are crazy about them.... They have 8 small trays 1 large one—which makes plenty of ice I should think—and are \$110 cheaper than any other the same size—I can pay \$100 down & \$10 a month for 20 months.

The house is really going to be awfully nice—I am getting real enthusiastic over it. Mr Draper came up while I was there. I showed him all around & he was delighted[.] Says they are going to get a Servel—

Hope you got to go to Birmingham—saw where several M.S.C.W. [Mississippi Sate College for Women] girls had been placed for next year—why not write Supt. Bond at Jackson and give Gladys & Doris as references—you know he got Claire her first place—I do hope you can take that exam at West Point, everybody I told about it thought it a fine chance.

I may come up to Memphis while you are there—don’t know yet. I am going to get some few pieces of furniture from Memphis Furniture Co. as I can get them at cost. Thought I would get a Gov. Winthrop desk for the living room—either mahogany or walnut—don’t know which—and do you want mahogany or walnut for your room? Do you want the floors finished light or dark I wish you were here to help me decide. Josephine is worse than nothing—she just mopes around the house like she has lost her last friend, grunts when I ask her a question! Daddy blessed her out tonight—so she told me she was sorry the way she had acted—but her being sorry won’t last long—

What color brick do you want in the living room mantle? I think I would like a wine color—but together with black cement.

Honestly there is so much to buy, and so much I need. I hardly know where to start—to make it cover the most.

Sister [her sister Fanny] is in bed with a bad sick headache—have just been doctoring her.

I don’t know any news—go to Greenville so seldom—if I stay away I don’t spend any money—

I did go with Sister & Uncle Beck to an old fashioned spelling bee at the Masonic hall last night. It was lots of fun—Mrs Eatherly got first ladies prize—Lillian Taylor second and Doris third—Uncle Beck sat down on his first word—(scavenger [sic])—he said he had stage fright... [the correct spelling is scavenger]

You know the Land Bank gave us all of the insurance to put in the house is the reason we added another room for Jeff—we are going to have a disappearing stairs in the ceiling of the little hall by the bath room—to let down—so we can store trunks & etc up there.

[I] had a letter from Monty [her nephew Montgomery Ashby Payne] today—he just seems to be having a grand time—drawing [?] his salary & not working—traveling all over the county—he has been to diamond country, said he saw so many huge diamonds and held a solid gold brick in his hand that was worth \$20,000—He doesn’t know yet when he is coming home....

Will write soon—much love to your from all of us—
Mamma

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5. THE DISCOVERY OF AN HEIRLOOM

On Tuesday, November 30, 2010, my wife Neville, while cleaning the attic, discovered a box in which there was a painted porcelain tea set given to us by my mother, **Catherine Cameron Wilkerson Bryan (1909–2002)**. It was wrapped in a *Chicago Tribune* newspaper from 1981. Neither Neville nor I have any recollection of receiving it from my mother.

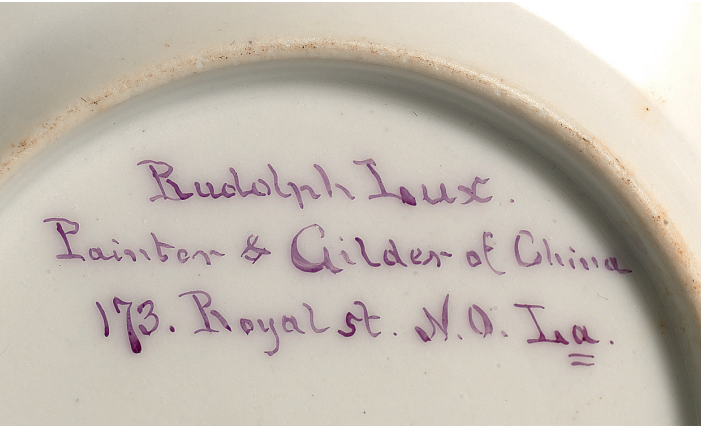
A letter found with it revealed that it was owned by my grandmother **Caroline Mosby Montgomery Wilkerson (1884–1957)** and had been bought in the 1850s by her grandfather during a slave-buying trip to New Orleans. The tea set was thus purchased by either **William Pinckney Montgomery (1799–1876)** or **Gervas Storrs Mosby (1818–1867)**.

This rather ornate tea set is signed and was painted by Rudolph Lux (1818–1868) of 173 Royal Street in New Orleans. It is the oldest family heirloom that we own.

Rudolph Lux was the premier porcelain painter and gilder in New Orleans in the mid-19th century. He was a native-born German. Porcelain pieces such as these were imported as unpainted blanks from France and then gilded and painted in New Orleans. They were often sold to Mississippi River plantation owners who visited New Orleans by steamboat in the 1850s and 1860s.

For us, the discovery of the tea set is like an Antique Roadshow* moment.

*In 2010 the *Antique Roadshow* was the highest-rated television series of the Public Broadcasting Service. It was seen by 10 million viewers each week. On the show, antique experts appraised and evaluated family heirlooms, after which the owners often expressed great surprise and elation.





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6. A FAREWELL TO “MISS CARRIE” AND HER OBITUARY

In a local newspaper column entitled “Brodie Crump’s Mostly Old Stuff,” there appeared a tribute to my grandmother **Caroline Mosby Montgomery Wilkerson (1884–1957)** after she died on January 22, 1957.

We are sorry to say goodbye to our old and very dear friend Mrs. Jeff Wilkerson, Sr., whom we called “Miss Carrie.”

Here was the deep South too, for Miss Carrie Montgomery was born on Loughborough Plantation, along Williams Bayou, near Winterville, and spent the greater part of her life on that portion of the property which came to her from her father’s estate.

And they were good folks who held fast to their inheritance. She and Mister Jeff lived close to the land, and raised a family of nice children, every one of whom loved and honored their mother and father like the Bible says we all should do.

We remember Sunday afternoons when Mr. and Mrs. Wilkerson would come to call at Peacedale, and bring the kids. Little Jeff wanted a cowboy and Indian story and Frances was barely big enough to write her name in the guestbook. Kitty was the young lady of the house, with Josephine and Carolyn sort of betwixt and between.

Miss Carrie made her debut, (only they called it a “coming-out party” in those days), when the Elysian Club was brand-new. She had a grand time too.

We shall miss her, especially on Sunday mornings at church, and the occasional chats on the steps after services, when it wasn’t at all difficult to bring the conversation around to those sixteen grandchildren and the one great-grandchild.

Farewell Miss Carrie Wilkerson.

BC

The newspaper obituary for my grandmother appears below:

*Mrs. Wilkerson, 72
Dies at Home Tuesday Night*

Mrs. Jeff P. Wilkerson, Sr., 72 died suddenly at her home here at 10:30 p.m. Tuesday when she suffered a heart attack.

A lifelong resident of Washington County, Mrs. Wilkerson was born on Loughborough Plantation at Winterville. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Malcolm Montgomery.

Services have been scheduled Thursday morning, 11 o’clock at the First Presbyterian Church with the Rev. T. Russell Numan officiating. Interment will be in Greenville Cemetery with the Wells Funeral Home in charge.

Survivors include a son, Jeff P. Wilkerson, Jr., of Winterville, four daughters, Mrs. John Bryan of West Point, Miss., Mrs. Marshall Spiars of Mayersville, Mrs. Bradley Hamilton of Greenville and Mrs. Ben T. Ellis of Ft. Smith, Ark; 16 grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Active pallbearers will be M. L. Payne, Monty Payne, Francis Payne, William Payne, Thomas Payne, Hugh Payne, William Montgomery and Dr. D. C. Montgomery, Jr.

Honorary pallbearers will be H. P. Farish, Dr. Paul Gamble, Dr. Ben Hand, Dr. John Archer, H. H. Huddleston, Luther Winn, Sr., John Bridges, Marlow Park, J. L. Young, Shields Spiars, Harper Myres and Hugh Wade.