

Mary and Walter Grigg are the parents of Guy Grigg of Lawndale, Policeman Fred Grigg of Shelby and several others, whose names I do not know. Mary Mauney, the other sister, married Andy London. They are the grandparents of Walter, Andrew and the other Lee sisters and brothers of Lawndale.

Now we come to my great grandfather Isaac. There is so much about him I'd like to tell, that I hardly know where to begin. He was a big handsome man with white hair and a white beard, and the merriest blue eyes I ever saw. He had a wonderful sense of humor, and in all the years I knew him I never once saw him angry. I used to sit enchanted for hours, listening to his stories of the War between the States.

He volunteered when he was eighteen years old and fought in the battle of Gain's Mill, where his entire company, with the exception of a few, were killed. He was in the battle of Harper's Ferry, and was wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia. He used to tell of the hardships the Southern soldiers had to endure - he told of the only time he was ever tempted to desert. He was on guard duty in a freezing rain - they were ragged, cold and very near starvation. He said as he walked, he thought of his mother's warm feather bed - then he thought of the good warm food she would eagerly set before him. Tormented by these thoughts, he began to shed big tears which immediately froze on his beard. He said he began to pray for courage to stick it out, for he knew if he became a deserter it would break his family's heart.

Grandpa Isaac was always courageous, even if he did falter on that occasion. I've heard him tell of the time, when he was a boy of twelve, his mother sent him down near the Kings Mountain Battleground to a dress maker who lived near there. The country was about all forest then, with very few roads - he went on horse back through deep wooded areas, where the houses were few and far between.

While Grandfather was away in battle his family kept his fine racing mare hidden under a hill by a stream. The enemy evidently was watching, for when old John, the slave, went to feed her, they followed and took the animal away.

All the Mauneys are great pranksters, they love a good joke whether it is on them or someone else. Grandfather Isaac was no different - after Grandma died, and he was getting along in years - a certain attractive widow would often visit in the family. When her visits were over, he would take her as far on her way home as Lawndale. Afraid of being teased, she would get out of the buggy before they got into town, and walk the remainder of the way. On this particular occasion he whipped old "Belle" up and made her trot all over town, with the widow as mad as a wet hen.

Grandpa Isaac married Mary Peeler. To them was born the following children: My grandfather, Horace, who married Hattie Williamson. My father is their only child: Tom, who married Lucy Grigg, still lives at the old home place: Oattie, who married Dr. Griffin Gold, lives at Polkville: Vertie, married John Dan Lattimore of Polkville; Marvin, deceased, who lived in Columbia, S. C. and Blanch, also deceased, who was the first wife of "Walt" Lee.

The Mooneys, or Mauneys (as you prefer it) are a hardy race of people who "ail" a lot, but live to be old. In our immediate family there are four living generations. When Laxton was a child, he was the fifth living generation. My daughter, Carolyn, was also a fifth living generation. In fact, she was fortunate enough to have seen four of her grandparents, six great grandparents and three great, great grandparents, also one step great grandparent, making a total of fourteen living grandparents.

I could tell you loads of stuff on my brother and two sisters, such as what happened to Laxton down behind the corn crib. Then I could tell you about the time Rosamond and Ann Lee put a certain garment on a dog, then turned it loose in school. I could also tell you what mother put on Ruth's thumb to stop her from sucking it after she started to school. Not to mention a few other choice morsels. If I tell all on them they are liable to open up with both barrels and tell something on me that I wouldn't care to have the public know.

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Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who has never turned around and said,
Hi-m-m-m -- not bad!!