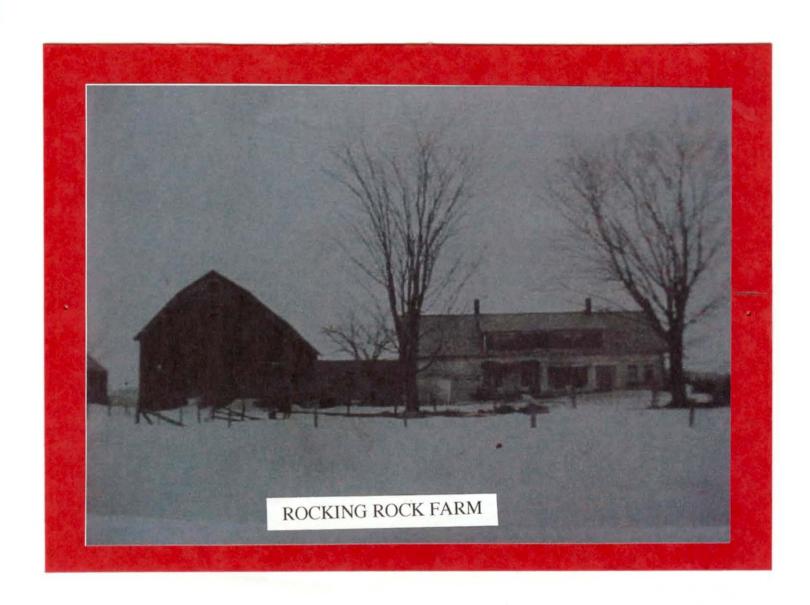
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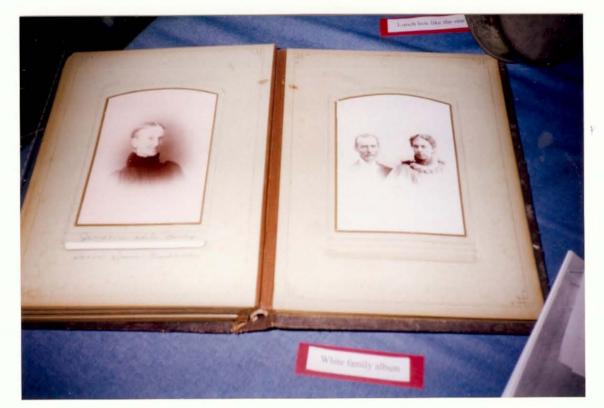






- GHS - Events

EXHIBIT 2001 White



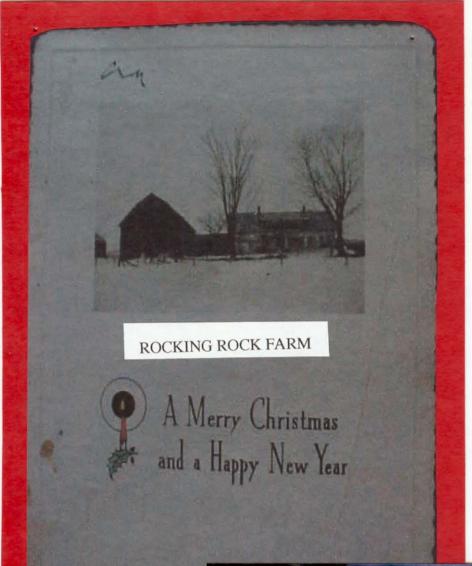


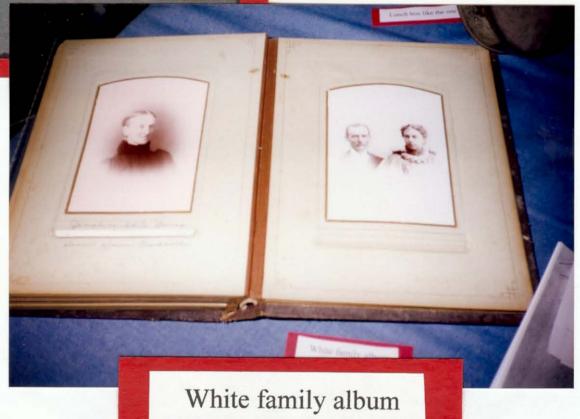


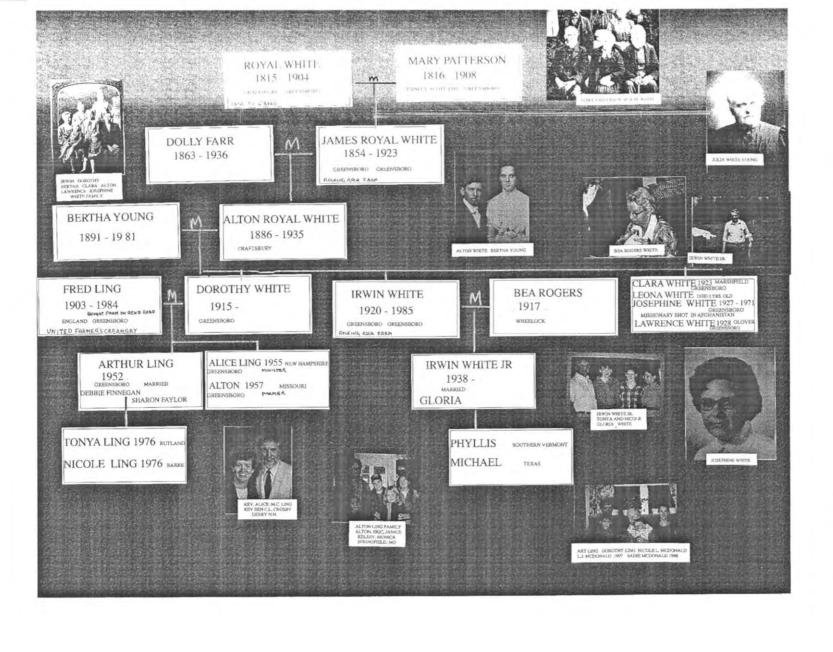
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It Looks Better on the Other Side

The White Family Goes
from Massachusetts
to Craftsbury
to Greensboro
to Country Wide

It Looks Better on the Other Side

The White family seemed destined to have one or more members of each family with the urge to move to what they considered a better place. It may have started with Thomas Rogers and Henry Sampson who came on the Mayflower. Their descendents married into the White family generations later when James White in 1788 married Lucinda Weeks. James' grandfather, Thomas White (1711-had also moved - from Barnstable, MA, to Oakham, MA, where James grew up.

James (1766-18) and Lucinda White also of Oakham had nine children and many of them were likely born in Craftsbury and settled nearby. Childs in his Gazetteer says James with Jason, his oldest son, came to Vermont about 1800. This made him Jason eleven years old when he came but a birth certificate says he was born in Craftsbury in 1788.

Jason (1788-1873) married Clarissa Trumbull (She was daughter of Robert Trumbull of Revolutionary War fame). They had two children, Royal (1815-1909) and Nancy (1820-1906). Nancy and her husband must have developed wanderlust also. She married Alonzo Dunbar in Craftsbury in 1843 with their children apparently born in Craftsbury. The family moved to Southfield, Michigan, in time for the children to be married there. Jason and Clarissa died there.

Royal White only moved to Greensboro, on the north side near Glover, about 1834 when he had married Mary Patterson (1816-1908) who was born in Scotland. They had eleven children and three of them moved out of Vermont. John (1836-1912) went to California, married and may have had one daughter. Mary Katherine (1842-1932) went as a young woman to Kansas and set up a seamstress business. Later she married Abraham Todd and they had one daughter, Ethel, who married Earl Ramage, and had a son, Irl, and daughter, Iris Ramage Wilkins, Todds also adopted a daughter, Effie. Clarissa Agnes (1844-1920) married Matthew Mitchell in Craftsbury. They had one daughter and three sons and moved to Ohio.

Royal's other children lived in the area and most of them have descendents in Vermont except Lucy Ann (1837-1851) who died at the age of fourteen and Robert (1840-1904) who married Isabel Anderson but had no children. The others are listed as follows:

David Graham, known as Graham, (1837-1908) married Evelyn Babbit and lived in Greensboro. they had one son, James White, who lived in Massachusetts.

Josephine E. (1849-1929) married William Young and lived in Greensboro. They had two children, Roy Young who married Florence Wilson living where the Nisbet's live now with one daughter, Ethel Young Bean who lived in Glover. And Marion who married Norwood Drown and also lived in Greensboro with seven children, Harold, Arthur, Donald, Hazel Drown Rogers, James, Robert, and Ruth Drown Blanchard who mostly stayed in the area.

Julia Jane (1851-1923) married George Young and they lived locally but she died in Pennsylvbania. They had two sons and a daughter: Charles who married Jennie Ostrom and had one daughter, Virginia and a son, George, Bernard who married Annie Graham with

no children and Elva, who married Frank Dunn and lived in Craftsbury. They had three sons, Frances, Bernard and Charles and two daughters, Mary Dunn Brown wholived in Craftsbury and Ellen Dunn Beaudoin in Burlington.

James Royal (1854-1923) married Dollie Farr and spent married life on Rocking Rock Farm in Greensboro with two children, Alton Royal and Blanche Clifton. They married sister and brother, Bertha and Lawrence Young of Glover in a double wedding - Blanche moving to Glover. Alton and Bertha lived on Rocking Rock Farm and had six children: Dorothy, Irwin, Clara, Leona, Josephine and Lawrence.

Charles W. (1859-1938) married Martha Wylie and lived in Glover across the line from Greensboro. They adopted three children: Willie, Agnes White Young now living in glover, and Philip a doctor.

Lilla Ann (1863-1917) married Frank Lang and lived in Barton. They had three children: Mildred Lang Miller, Glendeline Lang Lee, and Clarence Lang.

How Local Residents Tie in with the White Family

Alfred, James (recently deceased) and Robert Drown's great grandmother was Josephine White Young as was Hazel Drown Rogers in Barre. Their brother Robert lives in Hawaii still following the tradition of moving away.

Dorothy White Ling and the late Irwin Alton White are grandchildren of James Royal White as are Clara White Wells of Marshfield and Lawrence White in Glover. Their sister, Josephine White was a missionary in Pakistan and died in Afghanistan. Another sister, Leona, lived only two years. Irwin White, Jr., is a great grandson of James White as is Arthur Ling. This family has scattered children and grandchildren living in New Hampshire, Missouri, Texas, Arizona, Pennsylvania, California and New York state.

One day Robert Kinsey greeted me with "Hello, Cousin". Research bears him out if you mean a distant half cousin. Jason White married three times. His third wife was Rosanne Ensign, possibly part Indian. They had five children who lived in the Barton and Glover area. One, Edward, had a great granddaughter who married into the Kinsey family.

Jason's second wife was Betsy Bill and they had one daughter, Mary French White, who married Alexander Young. Their daughter, Susan Harriet Young married John D. Findlay, the father of Howard Findlay who lived where Brett Urie lives now.

So many area families can claim a connection with James and Jason White who by passed Greensboro to settle in Craftsbury over two hundred years ago. Before too long Royal moved to Greensboro while others went to Glover and Barton area. As time went on they spread to many places in Vermont, through out New England, then farther in the United States until beyond its borders. It's a rare family today that doesn't have family members far from home but families living in early years of our country also had children who went far from home, looking for a better place.

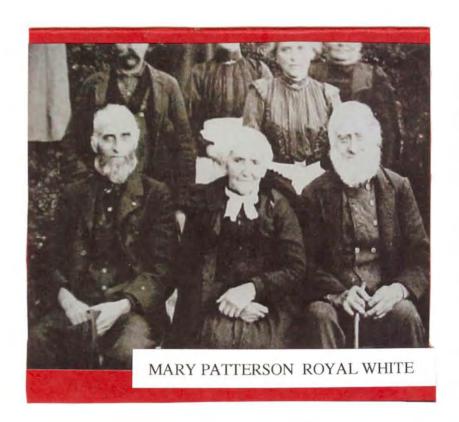
ROYAL WHITE 1815 - 1904

CRAFTSBURY GREENSBORO

1840 TO G'BORD

MARY PATTERSON 1816 - 1908

PAISLEY, SCOTLAND GREENSBORO



ROYAL WHITE

In the 1840 Federal Census for Vermont, the Census Index lists ROYAL WHITE as living in Craftsbury, Orleans Co. We have not read the micro-film of the 1840 Vermont Census but the Index list ROYAL WHITE on pg. 320 of this film.

1850 Federal Census for Vermont on pg. 91 of micro-film reads as follows:Greensboro, Orleans Co.

Name		Age	Occupation	Where Born
White,	Royal	34	Farmer	Vt.
	Mary	34		Scotland
	John	14	In school	Vt.
	Lucy Ann	13	11 11	
	Robert -	10	11 11	n .
	Mary	8	11 11	· II
	Cleerissa	6	u u	n
	Daniel G.	3		<u>II</u>
	not readable "J" except initial "J" David & Raman	1 fema	ale	п

JOSEPHIME Living next door to Royal White &s the George Young family, who has a son: William, records state they were born in Scotland

Don & Lois Clarke 816 Washington Ave. Oakmont, Pa. 15139 May 1982

WHY ROYAL MOVED TO GREENSBORO?

He had uncles and aunts settled in the Craftsbury area and for some reason he moved into Greensboro apparently a little after he married in 1834. He didn't get into the 1840 census. He settled on the other side of the hill from Skunk Hollow road on the former road into Glover. Much of the land may have had to be cleared.

James Royal White was the 9th of 11 children of Royal and Mary Patterson White. He married Dollie Farr of Cabot. One wonders how they met. She had spent some time south of Vermont working as a seamstress. They settled a few miles nearer Craftsbury than Royal on the Rocking Rock Farm buying it from Thomas Gebbie. A Waugh had also lived there.

Alton White and Blanche White had a double wedding with Bertha Young and Lawrence Young of Glover. They also had a double honeymoon visiting the Young's uncle and aunt in New York City.

Alton and Bertha moved onto the farm and James and Dollie lived in the small house down the road.

Written by James's niece who did family research:

As I see this family as a whole, I believe their chief weaknesses were a strong stubbornness and, and among the older ones especially among Jason's brothers, a love for strong drink. Their chief virtue was a steadfast honesty. I never knew of a crook among them. (Jason was Royal's father.)



Samily Record. Patterson. Orr. Moodie.

John Patterson, Born in Scotland, about 1796, and Died in Craftsbury, Vermont, January 1.1838.

David Moodie, Born in Scotland, about 1796, " " Sept 15 — 1862.

Ann Orr, Born in Scotland February 9, Baptised 11, 1798, " " Sept 15 — 1863.

John Patterson and Ann Orr were Married in Paisley, Scotland; and these are their Children.

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Mary Patterson, . . . Born in Paisley, July 2. 1816; Married Royal White, Nov. 14. 1834.
                                                                                               Sept 9 1864.
Ann Patterson ..
                                                         " Wm. Barday, July 12,183).
                                                                                               Feb. 18.1858.
Jane Patterson, . . . Born in Craftsbury, June 21. 1822;
                                                             In: Mc Callum, July -7. 1846.
                                                                                               Nov. 26.1850.
John Patterson,
                                         June 17.1824;
                                                             Jane Morse, May 101849.
Janies Patterson.
                                          May 20.1826;
Robert Patterson, ...
                                          Aug. 8.1828;
Charles Patterson, . . .
                                          July 1.1830;
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William Alexander Patterson, "April 8:1832;
Margaret Patterson . "March 1.1834; "Alex: Simpson, Bec. 17:1851.

Jennet Wilson Patterson . "March 10.1836; "Salma D. Seaver, Feb. 7:1856.

Elizabeth Cibson Patterson, "April 13.1838;

Nov. 25.1846.

May 18. 1832.

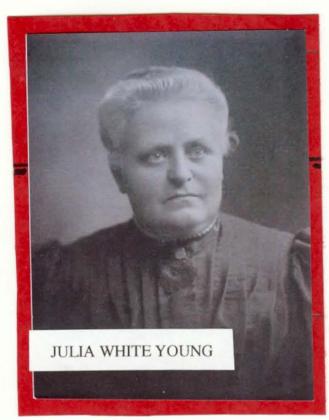
David Moodie and Ann Patterson were Married in Craftsbury, Vermont; and this is their Child.

David Ceraham Moodie, Born in Craftsbury, Jan. 15,1843; Married

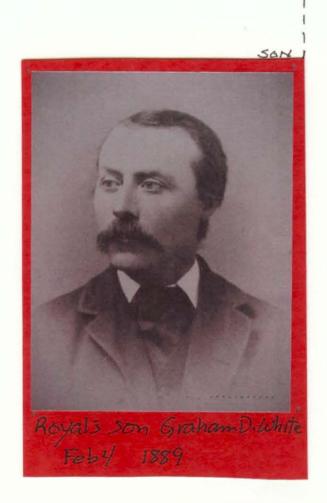
This Register is made in 1855; and in the absence of a record of the birth of John Patterson and David Moodie, their births are here recorded from memory, each being remembered to be two years older than Ann Orr. The other births are transcribed from a Bible record.

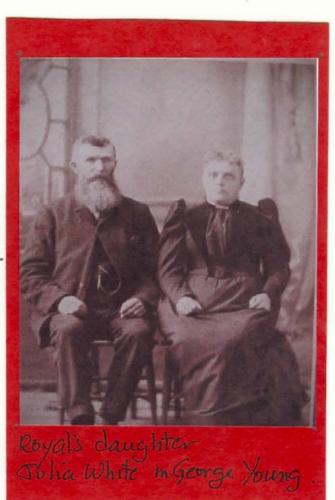
John Patterson married Laura Mason, Sept. 1.1851.

Three of Many Children of Royal White and Mary Patterson White



daughter





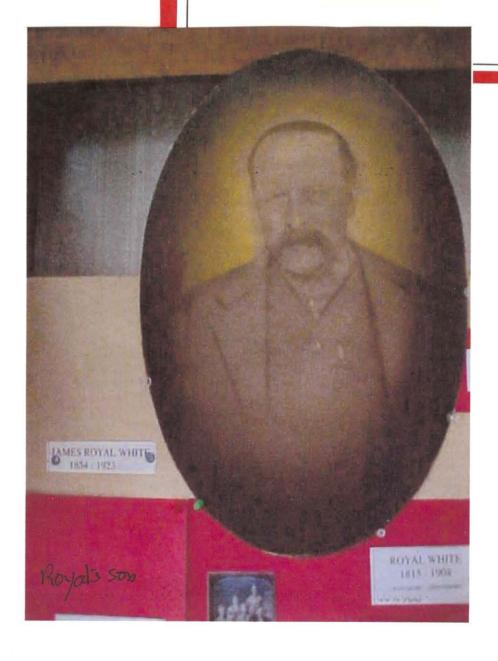
Son of Royal White and Mary Patterson White

JAMES ROYAL WHITE 1854 - 1923

GREENSBORO GREENSBORO

ROCKING ROCK FARM

DOLLY FARR 1863 - 1936



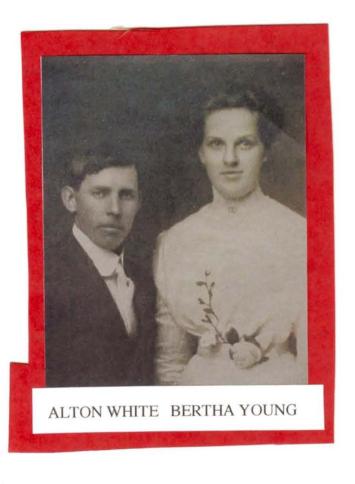
Son of James Royal White And Dolly Farr

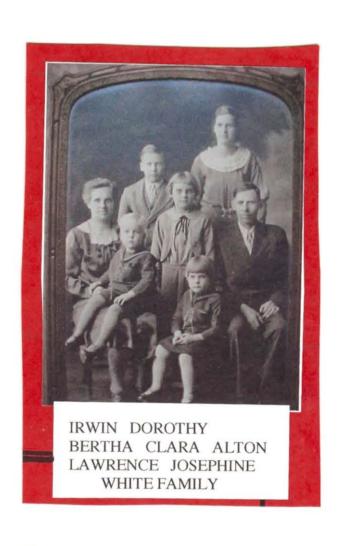
ALTON ROYAL WHITE 1886 - 1935

CRAFTSBURY

BERTHA YOUNG

1891 - 1981





Children of Alton Royal White And Bertha Young daughter

DOROTHY WHITE 1915 -

GREENSBORO

FRED LING

1903 - 1984

BOUGHT FARM ON BEND ROAD

ENGLAND GREENSBORO

UNITED FARMER'S CREAMERY

ARTHUR LING 1952

SON

GREENSBORO

MARRIED

DEBBIE FINNEGAN

SHARON FAYLOR

ALICE LING 1955 NEW HAMP GREENSBORO MINISTER

ALTON 1957 MISSOURI

GREENSBORO

FARMER



Fred Ling, left, poses for a picture with Mr. Robert Levis, U.F. Supervisor of Member Relations.



Fred's son Arthur, now a student at Vt. Tech., majoring in the field of Agriculture.

FORMER UF FIELDMAN

BECOMES FULL TIME DAIRY FARMER

Mr. Fred Ling, Greensboro Bend, Vermont, resigned from his responsibilities as UF fieldman in 1965 and became a full time dairy farmer. He was a fieldman in Addison county for 2 years and then finished up his duties in the Barton area.

Fred has 25 head of cattle, 15 grade and 10 registered, as well as 7 heifers.

He averages about 1,000 pounds of milk which he sends to UF receiving station in Barton every other day. His annual production averages out to be about 250,000 lbs. Average pounds per cow in a year is about 14,000 pounds of milk.

His milk house contains a 200 gallon Mueller bulk tank.

He was also a quality award winner from the Barton District in 1968 and 1971.

Fred's family consists of his wife

Dorothy who is a school teacher in Glover, Vt. She teaches kindergarten as well as a class in reading for grades 4 and 5.

Son, Arthur, senior at Vt. Tech., majoring in the field of Agriculture.

Son, Alton, freshman at Hazen Union High School, Hardwick, Vt.

Fred and his wife Dorothy bought the farm back in 1958. It consists of 206 acres of which 60 acres are tillable. The rest is open land and pasture.

He also uses another 30 acres of land just nearby.

Fred harvested over 5,000 bales of hay last year.

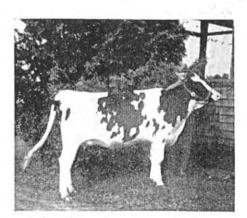
Fred is a member of Agway Council Committee in Newport, Vt. Member of the Farm Bureau and also a Grange member. He is also one of United Farmers voting delegates from the Barton District.



Fred's daughter, 16 year old Alice Mary.



Part of the herd just before milking time.

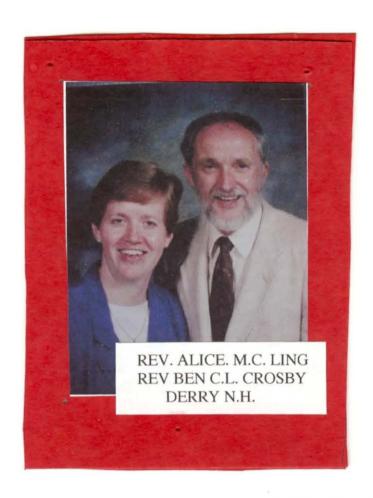


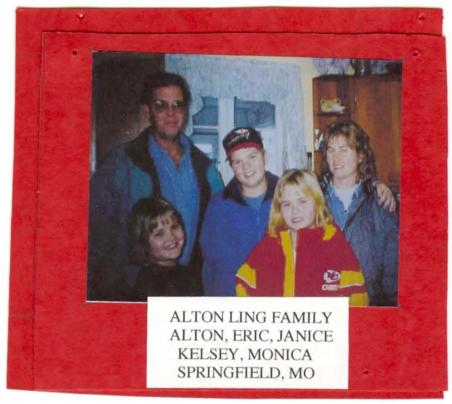
Fred's other son, Alton, proudly poses with his 4-H heifer, Ling Acres Princess.



Earl LaClair and Greensboro dairy farmer Debbie Ling check the milk level in Mrs. Ling's bulk tank before it is pumped into Mr. LaClair's truck for its journey to Troy.

Children of Dorothy White and Fred Ling





from anyone.

Alton Ling, a Greensboro 4-Her, will represent Vermont at the 1975 New England 4-H Dairy Judging Contest and at the 1976 National 4-H Dairy Judging Contests. Alton earned this honor as a member of the Orleans County Dairy Judging team which participated on the Vermont State Judging tour. He had enough points to be declared the holder of Vermont High individual score.

As a first place winner, Alton will join the Addison County team to form the Vermont team which will judge at the New England contest held during Eastern States Exposition this fall. The same team also represents Vt. in Columbus, Ohio at the 1976 National 4-H contest.

Alton learned of this achievement at the Vermont 4-H Dairy Show at University of Vermont on Aug. 11. He was com-

mended at that time by Dr. Chris Woelfel, U.V.M. Extension Dairymen, for his dedicated 4-H work.

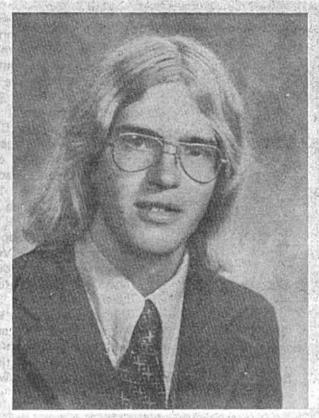
Bancleyston

Alton is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ling of Greensboro. He has been a 4-H member for 10 years and owns six registered Holsteins and operates a dairy farm with his brother

Arthur Ling in Greensboro. He has served on the State Dairy Teen Board, was selected to join the 4-H Dairy Management Tour which included a visit to the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto and was a participant on the Holstein Freisen Association Young Member's Tour. He is also

a member of the FHA and belongs to the New England Junior Holstein Club.

He graduated from Hazen Union High School in 1975 and has enrolled in the agriculture program at Vermont Technical College.



Alton Ling

C 1975 Green Mountain Gazette

MY STATEMENT OF COMMITMENT

Ordination Paper by Alice M. Ling

Ecclesiastical Council
July 13, 1980
Church of Christ
Greensboro, Vermont

Dear God,

contain and an and a

It is the spring semester of my final year at Yale Divinity School. I'm looking for a job. I'm trying to finish courses so that I can get my master's degree. And I'm looking longingly toward a summer vacation. But that sounds like such a trite way to describe what it is that's really taking place in my life now. In a very mundane way, all of that is true, and yet, that only scratches the surface. It's not employers and professors and degree requirements that are at the center of this period of my life, but you. You are the one who has brought me to this place, and it's you who will, hopefully, lead me out from here. (I know you want to, it's a matter of whether or not I can be obedient enough to let you.)

And so now it's time to write to you, to take time out from those mundame pressures and look again at what I'm doing. How did I get here - to Yale Divinity School - preparing for the ordained ministry? Who are you and what do you mean to me? What is it that I'm about to do, as I begin my ministry and am ordained? To what and to whom am I committing myself?

I can't remember a time when I didn't know about you, at least by name and some of your actions in history. Being the good little girl that I was, I regularly attended church and Sunday School, sang about you in the choir every Sunday after I reached third grade, and tried to live the life that I thought you and my parents wanted me to live. When I was old enough, I went to church camp, then moved on into youth group and even did some teaching.

I knew about you then, God, and the institution named after you was near the center of my life. But I didn't know you, and you certainly weren't anybody or anything to whom I'd ever want to write a letter. You just weren't that close, or even that real. You were a way of life and the Bible was a fun history lesson. I would have defended you and said you were alive, but I wonder... Were you really? Or was I just being a good little girl and trying to please?

All of that began to change the summer between my sophomore and junior years of high school when Jo died. My aunt had been you missionary in Pakistan for years, and had recently switched to the Medical Assistance Program and gone to Afghanistan to be a lab technician to serve your people in the mountains there and witness to your loving presence in her life. But on August 9, 1971, she was unexpectedly and unexplainedly murdered. My grief was deep and the questions seemed endless as I tried to come to grips with the fact that my big sister had just been taken away from me. One of my reactions was to want to be like her, to

12 COLLAR TOTAL VALUE HAVE

know you the way the did, to give my life in service the way she had. And so I amost immediately began to read the Bible, and soon decided that 1, too, would be a missionary.

Even now, as I look back at that, God, I'm amazed. My faith and my desire to serve are no longer grief reactions, but I recognize that death as the beginning of the road that has led . me to this place. Your persistent refusal to let death be final began a process that leads me to this place, and beyond.

God I stand in awe silently reverently in awe of you you ve used your hands to gently and lovingly reshape my tragedy to transform my loss

Trajuente)

and the state of

and now I celebrate that even in the midst of death
there comes new life
that because of death
I now know you
now I stand in awe
of the hands of the hands that seemed so harsh but have become so loving and gentle and life-giving

God I stand in awe silently reverently devotedly in awe of you

It was soon time to go to college, so I packed my belongings and headed toward Westminster College in New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, planning to train as a teacher so that I could become a missionary. Sometime during the fall semester of my first year at Westminster, a clergy couple spoke in chapel and for the first time in my life, I realized that as a woman, I could be a minister. Once the realization struck, the idea seemed obvious and during the next four years, it became increasingly clear that that was the occupation to which you were calling me. Even as I continued to study elementary education, I knew that it would function as a resource, rather than as an occupation.

Those four years were important ones for me, as I lived 600 miles away from home, made friends, became involved in some of the activities offered me through W.C., studied and began to form an image of myself as an independent individual, rather than just focusing my identity in the groups in which I took part During those four years, I also became increasingly aware of you, no longer solely as the God of history stories, nor as the God to whom Jo had committed her life. But you were gradually becoming my God, a presence in my life that really made a difference.

One of the reasons that Westminster was a good place for me to be for awhile was because I saw you differently than many of the people there did. Especially my first three years, I struggled to be able to put into words our areas of disagreement. It was a negative way of going about forming my beliefs, because I started with stating what I didn't believe (which was often what my peers and professors did believe), but that really pushed me to articulate what I did believe. So I didn't agree that you spoke to us only word by inerrant word printed in Scripture. What was Scripture to me? How did I define sin if it wasn't a long list of do s and don't s?

After those three years of being tested and having my belief system greatly challenged, it was right that I did the Vacation Church School worker program in Vermont during the summer of 1976. As I expressed my faith with words that summer, it was a positive affirmation of belief rather than a negative response to others.

I really learned about you that summer, od. More than anything else, I encountered you and learned that your presence is a vibrant and penetrating one. I met you as Creator as I looked at the marvels of your world as Friend as I experienced the healing and love you offered me through the presence of other people and as I began to recognize your own presence beside me as Gift-Giver as I finally recognized the gifts present within me because of your generosity, as Judge as I confronted my sinfulness in refusing to accept your gifts and my inability to achieve your standard of perfection, and as Savier, Bearer of grace, as I learned that that sinfulness matters for nothing except as it keeps me from accepting what you so freely offer (which is actually a very large except). You came to me in the Eucharist, touched me, healed me and united me more closely with my brothers and sisters. You taught me what it is to live in relationship with other people, and in that, I learned part of what it is to live in relationship with you.

At the beginning of that summer, I helped two friends plan a worship service for Pentecost. As we talked about possibilities for the service, I cringed when one of them suggested we could each share the story of an experience of you as Spirit. I had never known your Spirit, no healings, no miracles, no speaking in tongues, so no Spirit. But you taught me repeatedly that summer that experiencing you as Spirit also happens in the warmth of a community Eucharist, in the freshness of a summer breeze, in the love of a friend that stays present when tears flow, in the call of a beautiful sunset. You present to me then, God, in gentleness and unexpected beauty and I was praying to you when I recognized your gifts and responded to your presence.

As much as that summer did for me spiritually, it also did much professionally. I learned skills necessary for teacher training, supervision, creative teaching and the leadership of

worship. Perhaps most importantly, I learned to assess and fill my role in particular situations, rather than waiting for others to define it for me. By the end of the summer, I knew what to offer and did that, even in a situation where, on the surface, it appeared that everybody was more qualified than I was and I was unneeded. And I also knew that I functioned well in small, rural churches and that would be a likely place for me to minister after I finished seminary.

There were no doubts in my mind by the time I returned to Westminster for my final year but that I would be attending seminary and entering some form of ministry. I can't define the process that led to that certainty because it was gradual and subtle, yet uncuestioned. I struggled with when to attend and where to attend but not if to attend. That was clear, and during my senior year, it finally became just as clear that I would go to seminary the following year, and would attend Yale Divinity School.

It's that part of the journey that I'm finishing now. Three years at the Yale University Divinity School, at YDS three years of studying theology, Scripture, counselling, spirituality and prayer, literature, liturgy, church history, UCC polity, preaching, and ethics three years of community worship, music, committee participation, three years of developing a lifestyle, making friends, studying and learning and living community of working at a camp, in churches, at state and local psychiatric centers, and even in a dining hall. Three years of learning about and experiencing you, as my Creator, my Savior and Companion, and my Sustenance. Three years -- three very full years.

One of the areas that has been most important to me these past three years is the study I've done of Scripture. Biblical studies here are demanding and exegesis, in particular, is very difficult. At some unidentified point, however, I began to move beyond that level, to reflect on my learnings and then to incorporate them into my life and my theology. Yes, the Bible is made up of a series of stories, but they re more than just history. They are told for a reason and in a particular way. Nobody recorded all those stories just so we would know what you had done some of the stories may not even recount actual historical events. That they are are ways of telling us about you, how you feel about us, what you want from us, how far your abilities transcend ours, and yet how very close you come to us, how very hard you work in an attempt to get your message across. I find my role models there, in people who listened to you and were obedient to you regardless of the cost of that obedience. And I hear your word seak to me and to all humanity in Scripture, as you continue to call for discipleship and obediential faith.

As I've studied Scripture, I've had a very special encounter with Mary, the mother of your son. Having grown up Trotestant, I ignored her and even disliked her for the symbol of oppression she had become for women (and all too often still is). After an intensive semester of study of Mary as she is presented in the New Testament, however, I've met a woman of deep faith, a disciple of yours perhaps as Luke suggests, she was the first disciple.

She heard your word, unexpected as it was, and was able to respond with total faithfulness, regardless of the intense pain of that obedience. Mary stands in line with other prophets such as Moses and Isaiah, as the first to proclaim your coming among us in flesh. She has become a sister in faith and a role model who leads me closer to you.

mother of life
you stood before God
and agreed
to bear a child
to make room
in your life for a presence that went far beyond
what you knew
you were handed life
in a tiny bundle
embraced it fully
and nurtured it's growth
mother of life
teach me your faith

woman of God
you stood at the cross
and watched
while the bundle
you had embraced
was derided was derided
and rejected
and destroyed
you watched your dreams
be crucified
but agreed to go home with the disciple and begin again woman of God teach me your faith

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sister of love you've accepted a new bundle and agreed to again be the bearer of life with eyes of love you offer it to me asking if I can join you in the embrace and at the cross asking if I can stand before God sister of love teach me your faith

There's another major learning that has taken place for me these three years, God, that is not as joyously liberating as

meeting Mary, but it is probably equally important: I met you in a way that I had never imagined possible for a person of faith. During the summer of 1978, I worked as a chaplain intern at a state psychiatric hospital in Ypsilanti, Michigan, and I was stretched in many ways: professionally, spiritually, in my relationships with others, and in my relationship with myself. After this intensity had grown for about two months, I exploded. I was out of control, as were the other people I was involved with. Life seemed harder than I could bear and the reasons for the pain were not in any way clear. So finally, I exploded. For the first time in my life, I screamed and cursed at you. Little did I know that in doing so I was beginning a confrontation with you that would last for months.

The reason that that confrontation was and is so important to me is because through that we began a relationship. Euring those months you came very close to me. I can't scream at something that's distant and I can't bear my soul that totally to a Being that I don't trust. That night in Michigan, I was totally honest with you, and that kind of honesty and vulnerability lead to a depth of communication. You became very real to me that night, God, because I could touch you and share everything with you.

I've been learning alot about honesty in the last couple of years: that it's crucial, and that I can't live a lifestyle that doesn't include it. I've been able to share both my anger and my love with people only as I come to really trust them and know that they won t walk away when they learn about those hidden parts of me. If I can't trust them enough to share those feelings, I m not totally involved in the relationship. I believe, God, that you have called me to be totally involved with you and in our relationship. I can accept that call because I've learned that I can trust you and because I believe in your total acceptance of me.

All of that brings me back to you, my God. I'm here now, ready to graduate from YDS, ready to publically commit both my personal and my working life to you and to ministry in your name. But who is it that I am committing myself to? Who are you to me, God?

my soul longs
yea, faints
for the living God
not for the God
we've killed
with traditions
and definitions
and liturgical repititions

not for the God we've made too small to be She or too distant to be touched

the direct carra, Got that he not by ovall of alberta or an

my soul longs
yea, faints
for the living God
for the God
that comes close and touches and such as the su and holds significant the same and holds significant and stays present, weather a present

0

for the God that invites me close to love or to scream or to weep

for the God that will greet me now to an accommo face to face
and leave me whole
to bless the encounter

for the God
that by being
unpredictable
and unboxable

and unboxable draws me into life

my soul longs yea, faints for the living God for the Gods 39 300 that lives 300 300 regardless of our constant attempts u to kill and the courant

It's in Jesus, the part of you that is Word and Savior, that I can most clearly see you, God. In him, you show me, and all of us, just how close you are willing to come to us and our situation, and how much pain you are willing to suffer so that we can know your loving message of forgiveness and peace. In your birth as flesh, you begin the statement by identifying yourself with humility and poverty and simplicity. Yours was and is not a glorious and majestic humanity, but in both your birth and your life of ministry, it's a servanthood that by far surpasses any we have known. You worked hard, touching with gentle healing the ugliest and most diseased forms of life, weeping with those who wept, confronting those who did you wrong, and yet always remembering the center. Jesus was human in every way -and yet he managed to live a life without sin, without becoming captive to the clutches of greed and self-concern and pride which hold all of us captive. In Jesus, we all learn how you call us to live out our humanity, and we see that it is possible to do that. He was a radical that defied social norms and established religiousity with his only loyalty being to you. That s a trait that we all run away from because of the consequences both for Jesus and

for us, but yet serious study of his life and of you throughout history inevitably calls us back to that independence from worldly values and pressures. I also meet your power and transcendence in the man Jesus as he was able to do things we humans cannot do: because of your power, miracles took place, life crippling diseases were overthrown, and the tomb was left empty. There is nothing that you cannot do, you who are so much greater than even our imaginations can fantasize.

It is to you, o God, that I commit myself: the God that is revealed in the Old and New Testaments, the God that calls people forward and that walks with us in the journey and the God that is willing to be with us in our humanity (even at it s ugliest) and yet simultaneously remains undiminshed and untainted by that walk.

Because of your nearness, I can commit myself to you: you are real to me, not a distant manipulative puppeteer-deity. Because of your power and transcendence, I have to commit myself to you: I would soon be hopelessly mired in the plight of humanity without a belief in your ability and desire to do good. Because of your graceful forgiveness, I am able to commit myself to your you accept me as I am a sinner who repents and yet even my repentance falls short of your perfection. It is to you, o God, that I commit myself.

God Market View View of following you is like going on a trust walk I feel blind so I stretch out my hand you lead me and away we go around corners in is up hills with the time through obstacles every once in awhile
the blindfold slips
and k catch a glimpse
an idea of where we re going
and then I discover
that's not what you
you had in mind

God
following you is like
going on a trust walk
and because I trust
I ll let you lead every once in awhile

through the raspberry bushes of the taspberry bushes of war not what son the other side a large of ald see I trust you God and are as the see and by

of the so I like the blindfold to the stand of the sound tim mery from potents of the consecuences both for Joseph en , a

Well, I've described how I got to the point of being ready to commit myself to you, as well as to whom it is that I commit myself. Now it is time to think what exactly that commitment is. That am I talking about? To what do I commit myself?

At a couple of interviews recently, I we been asked just that cuestion and I we realised that I don't have a firm answer, other than that I commit myself to ministry in your name. At this point in my life, I feel a very definite call from you to be a parish minister but I promise no one that that is a diffetime call. Even now as I interview with churches there are few specifics that must be present in any position I consider. And I have to admit that after the initial awkwardness of being unable to answer my interviewer's cuestion. I've come to feel good about my lack of definition and articulateness. I commit myself to you, o Cod, and to ministry in your name. I have to leave the specifics up to you if that is to truly be a ministry faithful to you and o en to your presence.

will be at the center of my ministry, laying forth the specifics as time unfolds. That placement is easy to state, but not as easily maintained. To truly keep you at the center of my ministry, I must commit myself to a life of prayer; of openness and of listening for the inbreaking of your Spirit. As I've studied Mary, I've seen a marked difference between her response to your annunciation and Zechariah so Zechariah entered the Holy of Holies to perform a ritual, to do that for which he d been trained and hired. In the micst of that procedure, you appeared to him, but he was unable to respond with openness and faithfulness, perhaps largely because of the routine. In contrast, you appeared to Mary in a totally unexpected way and she responded faithfully. My setting as a laster will be much more like Zechariah s and I know that I must be very quiet and very open to let my response be more like Mary's and allow your freshness to enter both my life and the life of the church that I serve.

That life of prayer will take many forms for me, perhaps some which I have not yet experienced. I know well that I pray both when I write and when I sing, and when I spend time in the natural world of beauty that you have created. Thile I know that you know my thoughts, at a depth that I do not, I also must pray to you with words that share those thoughts and feelings with you. Beyond all of that, and perhaps most importantly, I need time to be quiet, to push my thoughts to the side, so that you can speak to me.

As I have studied Scripture, I've also learned that my ministry must be one of social action and of service. The prophets repeatedly stated your demands that all people be treated with justice: that the hungry be fed, that the oppressed be liberated, and that the outcast be included. And in Jesus, I see a lifestyle of doing exactly that. Thile those people addressed a different time in history, my eyes tell me that the needs remain unmet, and I very much believe your demand to be an on-going one. That voice calls me to concern and into action with regards to the hurts, even the gaping sores, of the world. I cannot save the world.

that salvation is a gift from you that we have yet to accept. What I can do is work for justice and repeat your cry that all people be treated as equals,

Chorus:

Jesu, Jesu, fill us with your love, Show us how to serve the neighbors we have from you.

Verses:

STEED SEEDS

12 mb

JOV 33

Living Co.

Kneels at the feet of his friends, silently washes their feet, master who acts as a slave to them.

Neighbors are rich and poor, neighbors are black and white, neighbors are near-by and far away.

These are the ones we should serve, these are the ones we should love. All are neighbors to us and you.

Loving buts us on our knees, serving as though we were slaves, this is the way we should live with you.

(traditional text from Ghana translated by Tom Colvin (translated by Tom Colvin (altered) tune: Ghana Folk Song)

and of correct the bookers seek And so, it is to you, o God, that I commit myself; to the God that I have come to trust and love deeply, in a ministry of prayer and service. As a banner at Weston Friory says, With your Spirit as my strength, I will be faithful to our love. I commit myself to you, but know my inability, if left to my ownstrength, to be faithful to that. Given your strength, I can be faithful to you and to the relationship we share. With your Spirit as my strength, I can be faithful to my commitment, to my promise to love and serve you. Lovingly and prayerfully,

Lovingly and prayerfu

Complete Services and the

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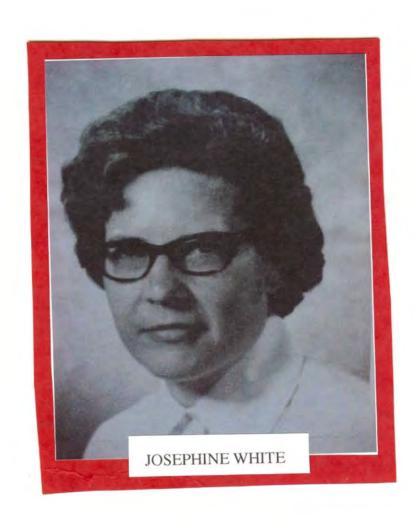
TONYA LING 1976 RUTLAND NICOLE LING 1976 BARRE M. M. D. M. D. M. A. J.



ART LING DOROTHY LING NICOLE L. MCDONALD L.J. MCDONALD 1997 SADIE MCDONALD 1998

Children of Alton Royal White and Bertha Young

CLARA WHITE 1923 MARSHFIELD GREENSBORO
LEONA WHITE DIED 2 YRS. OLD
JOSEPHINE WHITE 1927 - 1971
GREENSBORO
MISSIONARY SHOT IN AFGHANISTAN
LAWRENCE WHITE 1928 GLOVER
GREENSBORO



Children of Alton Royal White and Bertha Young

IRWIN WHITE

1920 - 1985

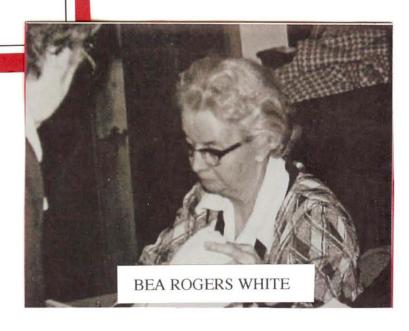
GREENSBORO GREENSBORO

ROCKING ROCK FARM



BEA ROGERS 1917

WHEELOCK



Children of Irwin White and Bea Rogers White



IRWIN WHITE JR.
TONYA AND NICOLE
GLORIA WHITE

PHYLLIS

daughter

SOUTHERN VERMONT

MICHAEL

TEXAS



GREAT GRAND CHILDREN OF ROYAL WHITE (1815-1904) PICTURE TAKEN SEPTEMBER 1983

VIRGINIA YOUNG(FLORIDA)— GRANDDAUGHTER OF JULIA WHITE IRIS RAMAGE WILKINS (KANSAS) – GRANDDAUGHTER OF MARY KATHERINE WHITE

HAZEL DROWN (MONTPELIER) – GRANDDAUGHTER OF JOSEPHINE WHITE ETHEL YOUNG BEAN (GLOVER) – GRANDDAUGHTER OF JOSEPHINE WHITE AGNES WHITE YOUNG (GLOVER) – DAUGHTER OF CHARLES WHITE DOROTHY WHITE LING (GREENSBORO) – GRANDDAUGHTER OF JAMES ROYAL WHITE

CLARA WHITE WELLS (MARSHFIELD) – GRANDAUGHTER OF JAMES ROYAL WHITE

IRWIN WHITE (GREENSBORO) - GRANDSON OF JAMES ROYAL WHITE

ABSENT MARY DUNN BROWN (CRAFTSBURY) GRANDDAUGHTER OF JULIA WHITE

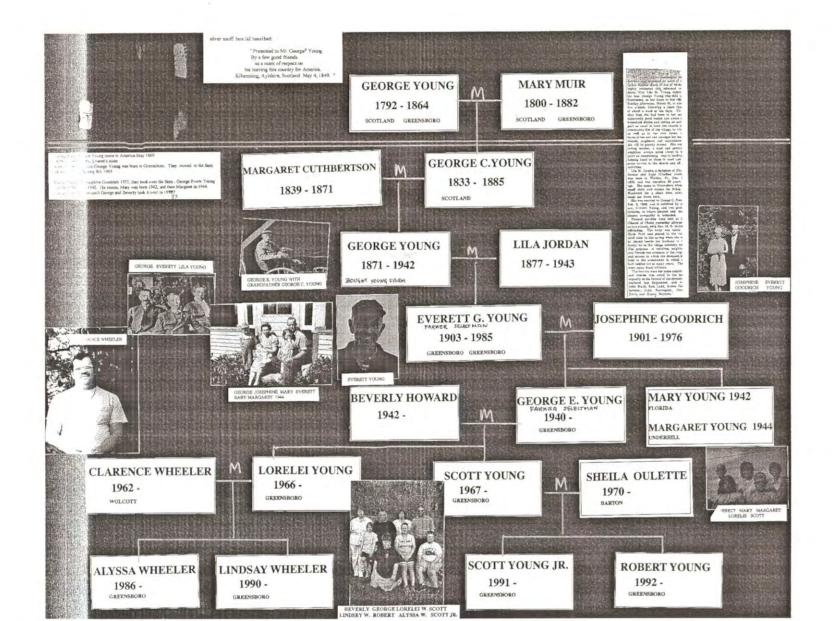
ABSENT - OTHER DROWNS

YOUNG





YOUNG FAMILY TREE



CLOTHING FROM YOUNG FAMILY





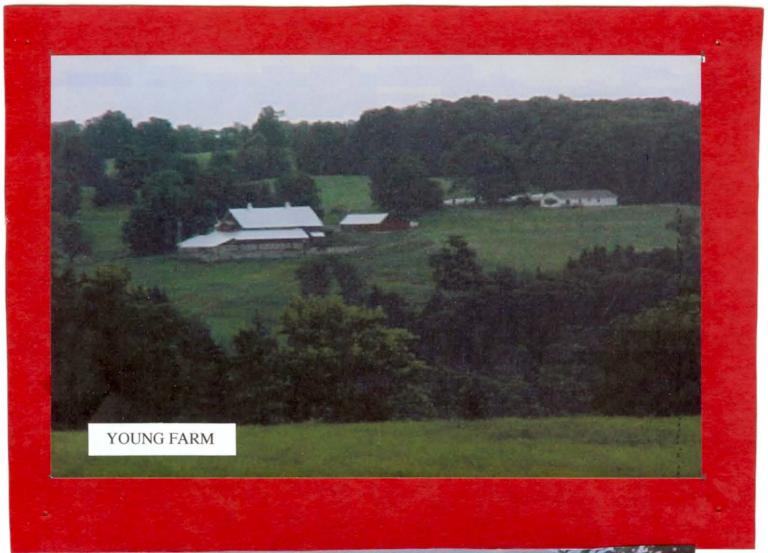


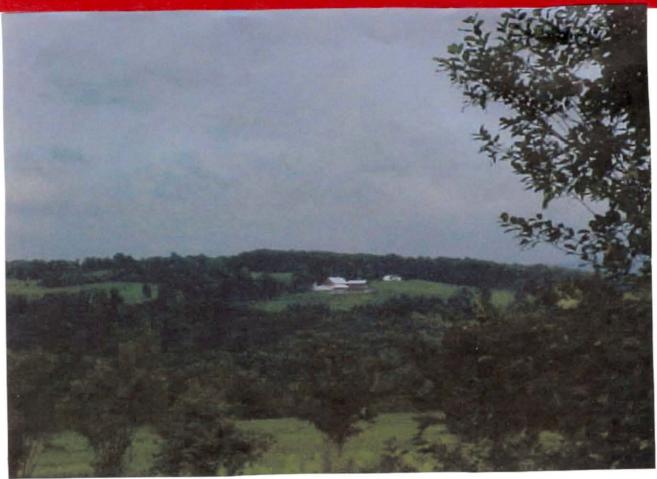




silver snuff box lid inscribed:

"Presented to Mr. George⁶ Young
By a few good friends
as a mark of respect on
his leaving this country for America.
Kilurnning, Ayishire, Scotland May 4, 1849. "





GEORGE YOUNG

1792 - 1864

SCOTLAND GREENSBORO

MARY MUIR

1800 - 1882

SCOTLAND

GREENSBORO



M

1833 - 1885

SCOTLAND

George Cuthbertson Young came to America May 1849

MARGARET CUTHBERTSON

1839 - 1871

GEORGE YOUNG

1871 - 1942

BOUGHT YOUNG FARM

LILA JORDAN 1877 - 1943

daughter

1899, stillborn baby, Everett's sister

Sept. 5, 1903, Everett George Young was born in Greensboro.

They moved to the farm on what is now Young Rd. 1907

GEORGE EVERETT LILA YOUNG





GEORGE E. YOUNG WITH GRANDFATHER GEORGE C. YOUNG

Life-Long Resident Passed Away Rather Suddenly

The people of this community were shocked to learn of the rather sudden and unexpected demise of a life-long and highly respected resident of Greensboro, George C. Young, at h' home Saturday afternoon, Sept. 12, after an illness of about three ways, death being due to a complication of troubles.

In the passing of this well known, home-loving, unassuming resident the town loses one of its most prosperous farmers, the community a man looked up to with the highest respect, the home a loving husband, father and brother, the church a regular attendant and the people of the community a friendly and thoughtful neighbor. No better tribute can be paid this gentleman. To know him was gaining a friend at once. He never sought town office, but was vitally interested in the welfare of this home town and its

George Cuthbertson Young, a son of George Young and Mary (Cuthbertson) Young, was born in Greensboro, Vt., August 22, 1869, and was therefore 71 years of age. He obtained his education in the district schools of his native town, early following the agricultural pursuit of farming, and which fitted him for becoming the successful

farmer that he was.

On February 3, 1897, he married Lila Jordan, who survives him, with one son, Everett Young, two grand children, two sisters, Mrs. Eunice Austin of Sherbrooke, P. Q., and Mrs. Margaret Lawrence of Hardwick, as well as other relatives, and to all of whom deepest and most sincere sympathy is extended in the time of their sorrow.

Thirty-five years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Young purchased and took possession of the farm now occupied by their son, Everett Young. Five years ago when their son married, Mr. and Mrs. Young came to Greensboro village to live. But Mr. Young was not a man with a disposition to retire and take lite easy, and so every day since he left the home farm he went back there to work side by side with the son with whom he had shared all the ups and downs of every day farm life since the boy was old enough to share his part of the burden of conducting a successful farm business. He was always so happy with his two grand-children and they were his great delight, at the farm and at his home in the village.

Funeral services were held at the Church of Christ Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 15, at two o'clock, with Rev. M. O. Mahler, pastor, officiating. Burial was made in the family lot in the village cemetery. The church was filled with relatives, neighbors and friends, evidencing the respect in which the deceased was held in the community. The floral tributes were many and beautiful. were Geo. Davis, J. H. Barrington, John Black, Sam Ladd, Archie Cuthbertson and Homer Hartson.

Among those from out of town attending the services were Mrs. Eunice George Cybung 1942 Obitvary

Austin and son, Theodore Austi Mrs. Margurita MacIntosh at daughter, Miss Frances Watts, all Sherbrooke, P. Q., Mrs. Clyde Ric ardson and daughter of Wilmingto N. Y., Mrs. Ellis Wright and daught of Schuyler Falls, N. Y., and Mr. a: Mrs. Foster Amidon of Springfield, \

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our most since and he rifelt thanks to the neighband friends for their many acts kindness and expressions of sympat extended us during the short illn and loss of our husband, father a brother. These thoughtful acts v long be remembered by us in the ye The bearers to come. To the donors of the betiful flowers also we extend thanks

Mrs. Geo. C. Young Everett Young and tamily Mrs. Eunice Austin and fan. Mrs. Mergaret Lawrence.

Lila M. Young

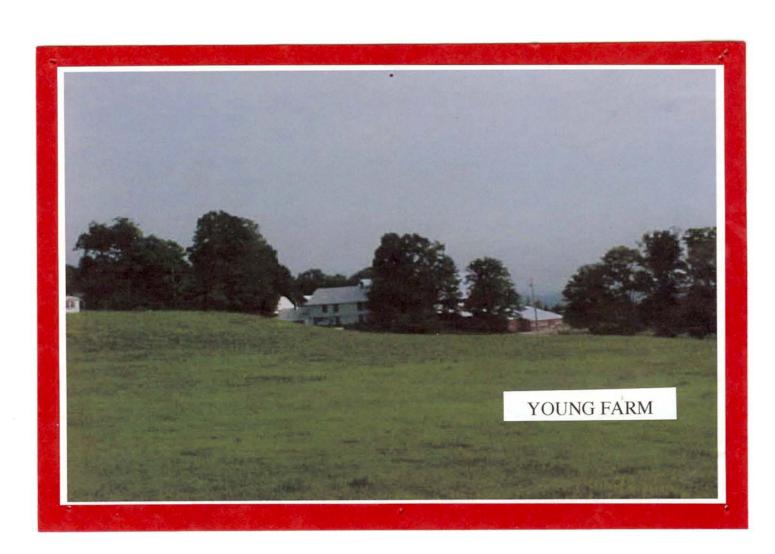
The people of this community we shocked and saddened to learn of t rather sudden death of one of its me highly respected and esteemed redents, Mrs. Lila M. Young, widow the late George Young who died 1: September, at her home in this villa Sunday afternoon, March 28, at abo five o'clock, following a short illne of about a week or ten days. Up that time she had been in her usu apparently good health and about ! household duties and taking an acti part as usual in both the church a community life of the village, in whi as well as in her own home, t home of her son and amongst her ma friends, neighbors and acquaintance she will be greatly missed. She was loving mother, a kind and genero neighbor, always going about in h quiet an unassuming way in lending helping hand to those in need and great service to the church and all activities

Lila M. Jordan, a daughter of Hir: Jordan and Lucy (Chaffee) Jorda was born in Walden, Vt., Dec. 1 1876, and was therefore 66 years age. She came to Greenshoro when small child and except for living Hardwick for a short time, alway made her home here.

She was married to George C. You Feb. 3, 1898, and is survived by o son, Everett Young, and two gran children, to whom deepest and me sincere sympathy is extended.

Funeral services were held at t Church of Christ yesterday afterno at two o'clock, with Rev. M. O. Mahle officiating. The body was taken Hyde Park and placed in the var until later in the spring when she w be placed beside her husband in t family lot in the village cemetery her The presence of relatives, neighbor and friends was evidence of the respeand esteem in which the deceased w held in the community in which s had resided for so many years. The were many floral tributes.

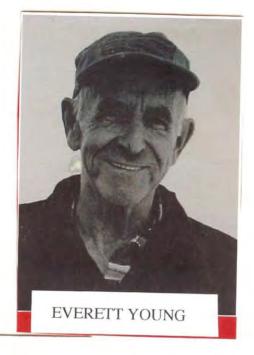
The bearers were the same neighborh and friends who acted in the sa: capacity at the funeral of the deceasehusband last September, and we John Black, Sam Ladd, Archie Cul bertson John Barrington, Geo: Davis and Homer Hartson.



EVERETT G. YOUNG

1903 - 1985

GREENSBORO GREENSBORO

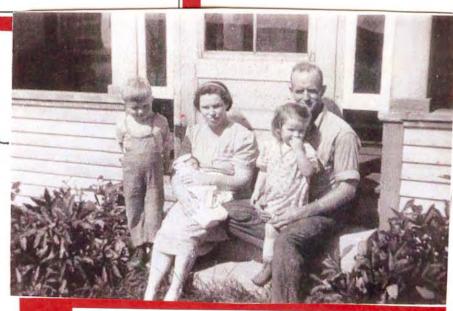


Everett married Josephine Goodrich 1937, they took over the farm. George Evertt Young was born Nov., 1, 1940. His sisters, Mary was born 1942, and then Margaret in 1944. Everett ran the farm until George and Beverly took it over in 1975?

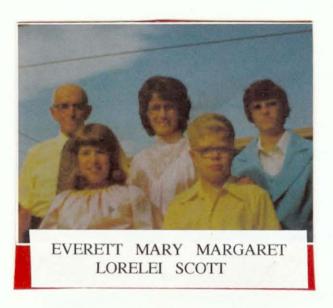
JOSEPHINE GOODRICH 1901 - 1976

George E. Young - 1940 -Mary Young - 1942 (Florida) Margaret Young - 1944 (Underhill)

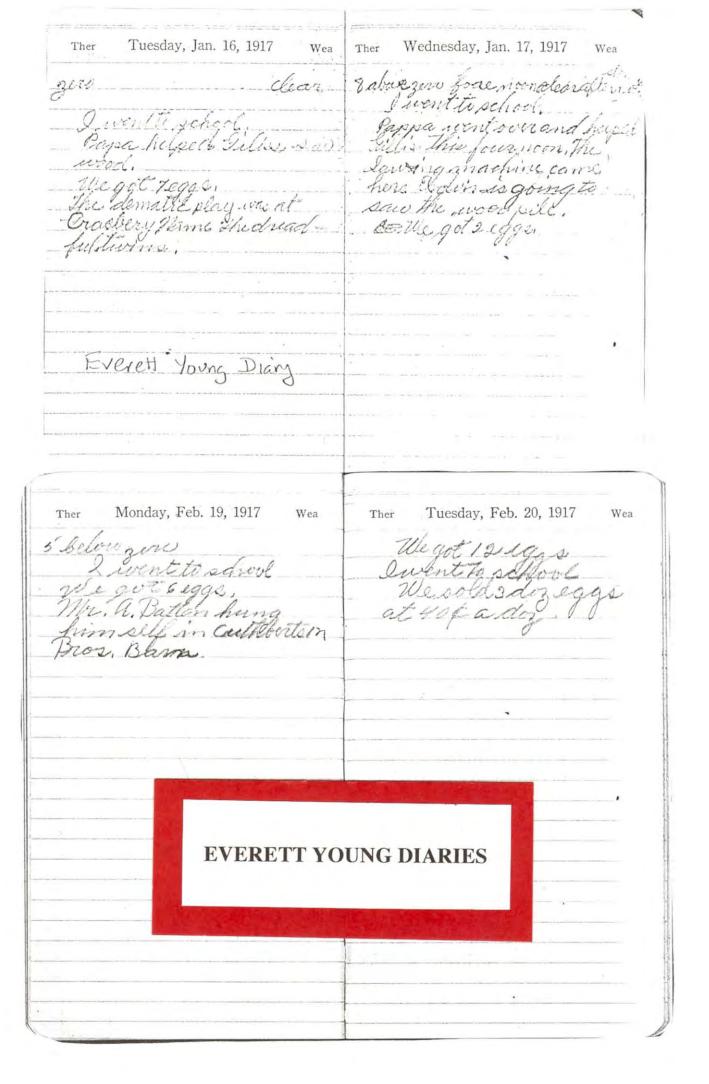
children.



GEORGE JOSEPHINE MARY EVERETT **BABY MARGARET 1944**



Approximately 1978



Thursday, May 8, 1924

Weather; Cloudy Warn.
Wind in the South
We won't & church.
Delay.
We had sug ar one
snow to day
and the cause up
here after elwech & b
etayed over might.

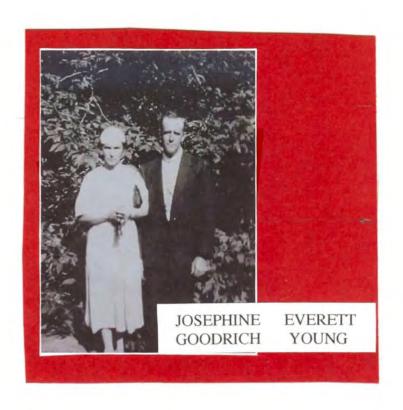
Everett Young Diary

Monday, May 12, 1924

Beadereau was up+

Miss Josephine Goodrich
and
,
Mr. Everett George Young
request the honor of your presence
at their marriage
on Wednesday, the twenty-fifth of August
nineteen hundred thirty-seven
at two-thirty o'clock
The Congregational Church
East Hardwick, Vermont

Reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs C. S. Montgomery East Hardwick



Residence Thuld Koto reems remo & reenebour Vermond Residence Themsboro. VI "wwwel x remobers Hardwick Name Concord James Guests at Reception Nov. 5, 37 Genevieve Godrich Everett & Rulledge Vivin M. a Blan Fobut a. Willen Hinstead Myses A. Mierry Name Geeneloes, Dermont Residence Greensbro VA. Greensbow Lembers, 97. Greenahord, It grendore, V.t. Greenstons, Grendhers Treendow necessor quenostors Geneboro, N. 1sth X allen Mildred F. Willey yera marahall handler & B Name may be Starot 78.5,37

GUEST BOOK



Everett G. Young (son) George E. Young (father)



Everett G. Young (son) Lila Jordan Young (mother) George E. Young (father)

GREENSBORO AWARD EVERETT YOUNG

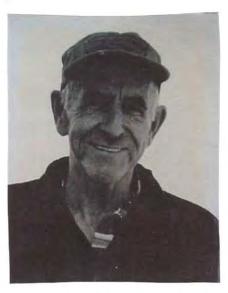
Everett Young

Everett was born here in Greensboro and lived in the same house since he was four years old. Before the days of snowplows, he used to roll the roads with his team. He was a selectman from 1933-36 and again from 1961-78. He was a deacon and trustee of the church for many years. Everett served on the Orleans County Fair committee for several years.

Everett and Josephine used to enjoy square dancing until all hours of the night — even with a 5 a,m. cow

He was always an avid basketball, card party and chicken pie supper patron supporting all in the area.

In 1979 Everett was honored by the Caspian Lake Grange as Community Citizen of the Year.



Everett G. Young

EVERETT YOUNG



A FISHERMEN'S PARADISE

Caspian Lake in Greensboro has been proving to be a fishermen's paradise for the last two weeks, and fishing is very good at the present time.

Within the past two weeks Robert Collins of Greensboro caught a laker weighing 151 pounds; two days after this capture Millard Berdet of Newport, N. H., landed a 143 pound laker, and the following day another native, Bruce Young, caught one weighing

103 pounds.

To cap the climax a few days following, Henry Goodrich of Hardwick, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Everett Young of Greensboro, Mrs. Young being a sister of Mr. Goodrich, all went fishing together, and created a record that probably will stand for some time to come. Mr. Goodrich landed a lake trout that tipped the scales at 17 pounds; Mrs. Young landed one that weighed 181 pounds and last but not least Mr. Young captured one weighing 141 pounds, or 50 pounds of fine lake trout in one part in one day.

Many other catches of big ones have been made thus far this season at this lake.

A letter from Lila Jordan Young to her son and daughter-in-law about the hurricane of 1938. The George mentioned is her husband, Everett's father. Everett and Josephine Young were on their honeymoon

Greensboro Bend, VT Sept 24, 1938

Dear Everett and Josephine,

I am writing a line but do not know if you will get it. Oh how I wish you was home. What a night we put in Wednesday night. Dad had just begun milking, had got six milked when the power went out. Then came the wind. I had a lamp lit and was fixing apples for pickle and the kitchen door blew open and blew out the light and before I could get the door shut the pan of apples had blown right off the table. I thought I could never shut it. About that time one of the trees in front of the house came on to the house. I went upstairs to see if it had broken a window, but it had not. Just got down when another tree came on the house and the door blew open again. I could not shut it in far enough to lock it and could hardly hold it shut. While I was at the door the third tree came down on the ell part right over me. (The part of the house between the wood shed and the main house) Do you think I began to wonder what was going to happen and me all alone? Very soon then George came over (from the barn) and did it seem as though the windows would all come in. We could feel the house tremble but no windows were broken or cracked. But Oh what a sight the next morning. The sugar place is a wreck. 3 men worked all day and four men worked half a day and did not get the road opened over to the brook. Three men worked all the next day before they got to the brook. Dad done the chores alone Wednesday night. In the morning Bruce (Young?) came up. They have been getting the trees out of the yard all the first day. I was shut in like being in a thick wood. Not only here, but all over town is the same. Hardly any sugar places left. Took part of the roof off of Hill's barn, took some off of Hussey's (across from now Putvain's). All of John Barrington's rafters and all up at the farm. Tree after tree at the village. All of the woods back of Burt Willey's. What a week, wondering if you are all right. Barre had plenty of water aside from the wind. Well, I am still just hoping you are both all right. Oh could I only telephone. The trees took down the electric wires and the telephone and as yet cannot telephone to Hardwick. Hoyt told Dad this morning he heard on the radio that some one from Greensboro was all right but did not get the name. It began to be so noisy. Do hope that it might of been you. If you get started home and can telephone call central? and have them get word to us. Love you both, from Mother.

all the words in parentheses refer to places, people now, or to explain

EVERETT YOUNG



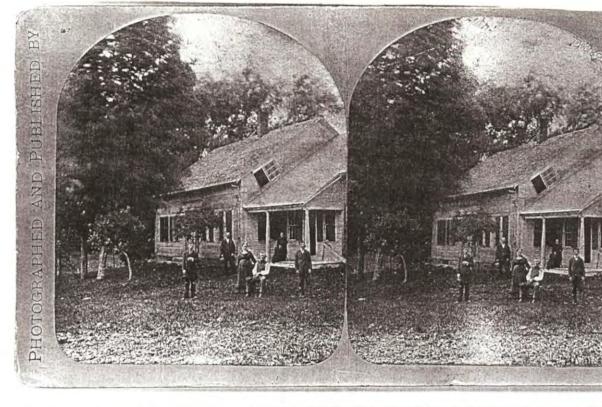
A FISHERMEN'S PARADISE

Caspian Lake in Greensboro has been proving to be a fishermen's paradise for the last two weeks, and fishing is very good at the present time.

Within the past two weeks Robert Collins of Greensboro caught a laker weighing 15½ pounds; two days after this capture Millard Berdet of Newport, N. H., landed a 14½ pound laker, and the following day another native, Bruce Young, caught one weighing 10½ pounds.

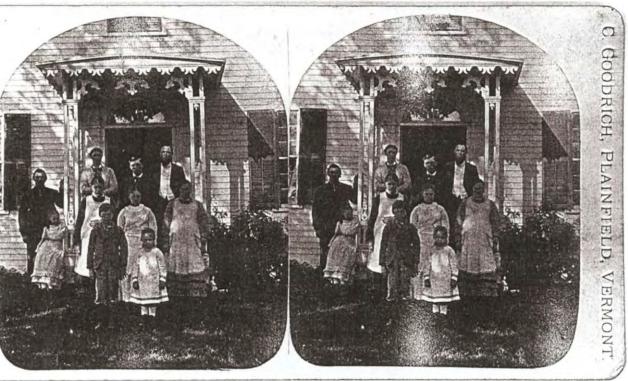
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Many other catches of big ones have been made thus far this season at this lake.



C. GOODRICH PLAINFIELD, VERMON

PHOTOGRAPHED AND PUBLISHED BY



Stereopticon—Goodrich Family

David Lewis & family Sept, 13, 1878

H. Soobich

MAPLE SUGARING

The Everett YOUNG
FAMILY GREET TOUNG Green mountain g



Peggy Counce of Giover, owns and managers team of horses which in pulling sup-gathering sheigh through the innex. Horses are named Besty and Mary. (Photo by Linda Troubvidge, GMG staff; see additional shotts tools).

It's Sugaring Time For The Youngs And Fishers



Syrupmaker

Everett Young of Greensbore, pauses from his chore of boiling sup, to invite his visitors for a laste of good hot syrup. (Photo by Linda Trowbridge, GMG Staff







Family Work

Truy Fisher is spending his school vacue with the family sugaring.





EVERETT YOUNG GREENSBORG BEND GREENSBORG BEND

VOL. 84 NO. 13

Ten Pages

Hardwick, Vermont



Teamwork

Peggy Cowan of Glover, owns and manages team of horses which is pulling sap-gathering sleigh through the snows. Horses are named Betty and Mary. (Photo by Linda Trowbridge, GMG staff; see additional photos inside.)

It's Sugaring Time For The Youngs And Fishers

By LINDA TROWBRIDGE

It is sugaring time in northeast Vermont, and syrup makers are very busy right now. The technical aspects of sugaring grow increasingly more varied, with the introduction of plastic tubing, suction pumping and oil bur-

However, whether you use a team of horses or a bulldozer, burn wood, rubber tires, or oil, the result is always the same good Vermont maple syrup.

Everett Young of Greensboro has been sugaring for 55 years. For the first time ever, he is using oil burners to evaporate the sap. He seems pleased with the shorter boiling time possible with oil. This year he has over 3300 taps out, with about 1000 on plastic pipeline.

Young says that it has been a very good year so far, with the

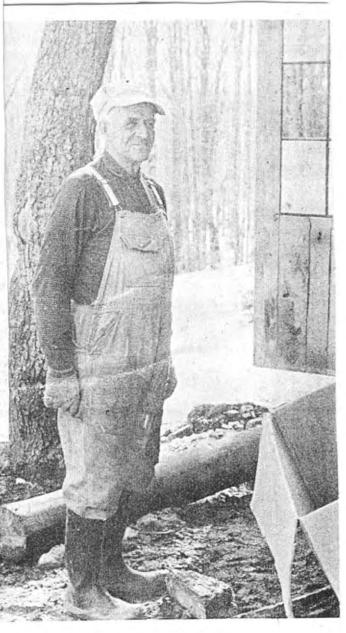
best run for a number of years. For the Fisher family of Greensboro, sugaring is a family occasion, with everyone joining in to help Galen Fisher who heads the operation.

Right now, Tony Fisher is spending his spring school vacation gathering sap, aided by Mr. and Mrs. Fisher. For the first time, the gathering is being done by a

fine team of horses, owned and managed by Peggy Cowan of Glover. The Fishers have about 1800 taps out, mostly using

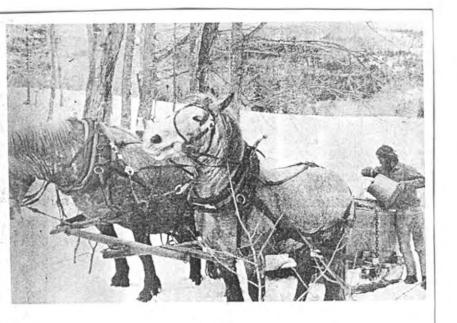
buckets, but also using plastic tubing. They burn wood in their evaporator.

With the high amounts and light color of the nitre deposits in the sap, old time sugarers are expecting one of the best



Syrupmaker

Everett Young of Greensboro, pauses from his chore of boiling sap, to invite his visitors for a taste of good hot syrup. (Photo by Linda Trowbridge, GMG Staff)



Whoa Galen Fisher, head of the Fisher family, empties sap.



Pause

Wayne Marcus, driving the bulldozer, stops to let people empty their sap buckets at the Young sugar place in Greensboro.

March 29, 1973



Everett Young, busily at work in his sugar house.

Green Mountain Gazette



 $Filling\ \ The\ Air$ Steam rises from the sugar house of Everett Young.



Family Work

Tony Fisher is spending his school vacation helping with the family sugaring.

GEORGE E. YOUNG FARMER SELECTMAN

1940 -

GREENSBORO

BEVERLY HOWARD 1942 -

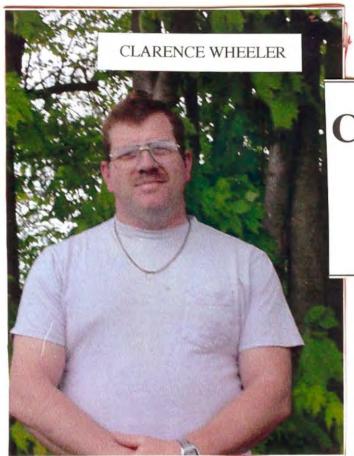


BEVERLY GEORGE LORELEI W. SCOTT LINDSEY W. ROBERT ALYSSA W. SCOTT JR.

Children Lorelei Young 1966 Scott Young 1967

LORELEI YOUNG 1966 -

GREENSBORO



CLARENCE WHEELER 1962 -

WOLCOTT

children

ALYSSA WHEELER 1986 -

GREENSBORO

LINDSAY WHEELER 1990 -

GREENSBORO

SCOTT YOUNG 1967 -

GREENSBORO



children

BARTON

SCOTT YOUNG JR. 1991 -

GREENSBORO

ROBERT YOUNG

GREENSBORO

1992 -

GEORGE YOUNG 1857 - ?

AYRESHIRE

MARY URIE ? - 1918

DIED IN FLU EPIDEMIC

RUTH BAKER 1900 - 1982

W. GLOVER

CLARENCE YOUNG 1897 - 1953

GLOVER

BERTHA YOUNG M ALTON ROYAL WHITE

GEORGE YOUNG 1924 -

MA

MARRIED

RUTH WHALEN 1926-

IRASBURG

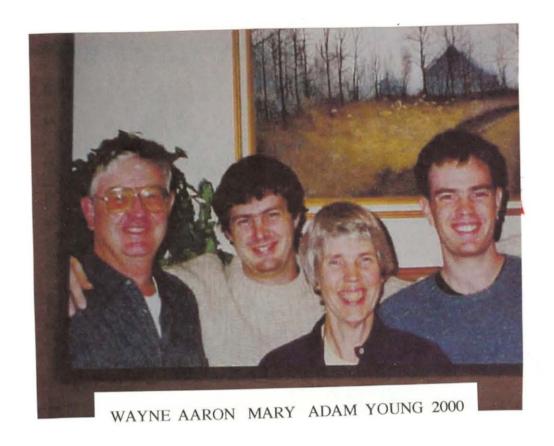
WAYNE YOUNG 1947 -

MARRIED

MARY FRANTZ 1946 -

ADAM YOUNG 1976 ITHACA, NY

AARON YOUNG 1974 CALIFORNIA





Lunch box like the one used by George Young

Hardwick k Gazette, Thursday, July 5, 2001



Jim Cook and Evelyn DeBrune Springstead look at the DeBrune exhibit at the Greensboro Historical Society. A number of century family histories are now on display. (photo by Dorothy M. Ling)

Commemorated Century Families

by Dorothy M. Ling

GREENSBORO — The 2001 exhibit at the Greensboro Historical Society opened for the season with an open house Saturday afternoon for the families portrayed in the "Century Families: Many Roots of Greensboro". This was very well attended.

As one enters the building, the theme is presented with lists of families represented and lines drawn to the country they came from — mostly from Scotland, but also from England, France and the Azores. In the front corner is the inter-married French families, the Tanguay, Fortin, Lavertu, and Hussey, the latter with an English background. Margaret Kelly arranged this exhibit. Behind the theme display is the Debrune family arranged by Jim Cook.

On the right is the Davis/ Hutchins family, arranged by Nancy Davis Hill. Opposite this exhibit are the White, Drown, Young and Gebbie families. Drowns and Lings descend from the White family and several White women married into the Young family. Wilhemina Smith arranged this exhibit. At the end of the room is the Lumsden family showing its prize winning dairy cattle, arranged by Ercel Harvey.

All go back to the first family settler in Greensboro in the mid-1800s and trace the family to the ones living in town now. Many photographs from earliest to present days are shown. Exhibits include crafted furniture, early clothes, army uniforms, a butter press, hand woven blanket and many more mementoes of family lives. The post office boxes used by Earl Hussey to sort rural mail is exhibited.

The exhibit will be open through Sept. 1 on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays from 10 a.m. until 1 p.m. and on Saturdays from 10 a.m. to noon.