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September 4, 1985

Mrs. Vivian DeJarnette
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Re: Grandpa Young

Almost every day, after I was old enough to remember, I went up the hill to the old home place to see Grandpa and Grandma. I always felt very comfortable with them and they were happy to see me, even though it had not been long since I had seen them before.

Before I went to school, Grandpa started to teach me to read and do all sorts of arithmetic and the entire multiplication table. He had a peculiar form of long division that always got the right answers and was confusing to my teachers, but they liked all my figures on the blackboard. He loved the Roanoke Times and enjoyed teaching me to read the entire newspaper. The first day of school, I could read the entire first page of the Roanoke Times. For some reason, Grandpa enjoyed teaching me. The teachers kept saying that I did not belong in their class, and later in the year they eventually put me in the fifth grade. What I remember most about that was the big giants I had as fellow students.

Grandpa was a very devoted Democrat and situated in the wrong county to be in that party. He loved everything about the Democratic party, especially Mr. Roosevelt. One time, I remember asking him if he were not concerned about the debt that Roosevelt was growing and if the government would not go broke at that rate just like people did. He said, "No, the government could never go broke, because all they would have to do was just print more money."

One time with Uncle Folk, and I am sure that Uncle Jud remembers this incident, the car turned over from the road spilling us out down a laurel thicket on a rather steep bank. Uncle Folk hollered to Grandpa and said, "Dad, are you hurt?" Grandpa merrily said, "I don't know because I haven't quit falling yet."

Mrs. DeJarnette
Page Two
September 4, 1985

I was always amazed at some of the things Grandpa could do so well, and I never could understand how he made such beautiful oak shingles with such a dull instrument he called a froe because it did not look like to me it would cut anything.

The chimneys he built always worked and Uncle Rad must have learned from him. I remember helping him do that and actually the one he had to build in his house on our farm when he moved away from the old place. I remember helping him sometimes with the rocks and the mortar. He also was a master with logs in building what he called cinching, where he put clay in open places between the logs in order to keep the cold wind out.

All the years he lived at the home place and also down below our house, his greatest joy was reading the Roanoke Times. I do believe that he had rather gone without something to eat than to be without that newspaper. He always kept rather informed by doing this.

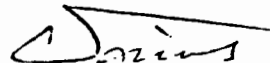
He was a master conversationalist, and could wrap anyone around his finger in no time to his point of view.

A compassionate guy he really was and very sensitive to anyone in need. He really never did encounter anyone that was not his friend.

I can still feel the great days I went trout fishing with him and picked huckleberries on Max Mountain. He could do better than anyone else since he had to lean forward against the mountain due to his stiff spine as he became older--just like my own is doing now. My uncle worried about a rattlesnake biting him on the throat.

During the late summer I can still taste the good corn he used to cook in his fireplace ashes with the shucks on, and also on cold winter nights he did potatoes the same way for me.

He was a great man and I must say my greatest friend during my childhood years. I can only say now, "Thanks, Grandpa, for putting me ahead and teaching me some of the true values of life. I am very sorry that everyone did not know you so well and love you so much."



Darius