

First of all I guess I have to ask what took us so long. Secondly I believe we have to thank First Cousin Iford Flinchum for brainstorming this occassion. It was a great idea as is evident by the participation we have today. When Iford asked me to make some type of presentation to everyone here today, I was a little bit hesitant. And standing here where I'm standing now, this close to the pulpitt, I'm really a little bit hesitant. So if lightning strikes, blame Iford.

Seriously after talking with Iford, I felt it would be appropriate to touch on each child of the Henry Albert Young Family. So let's start with the first, Rad Young.

*- Wagner Young
Given at Reunion 2002*

First of all I guess I have to ask what took us so long. Secondly I believe we have to thank First Cousin Iford Flinchum for brainstorming this occassion. It was a great idea as is evident by the participation we have today. When Iford asked me to make some type of presentation to everyone here today, I was a little bit hesitant. And standing here where I'm standing now, this close to the pulpitt, I'm really a little bit hesitant. So if lightning strikes, blame Iford.

Seriously after talking with Iford, I felt it would be appropriate to touch on each child of the Henry Albert Young Family. So let's start with the first, Rad Young.

- Wagner Young
Given at Reunion 2002

Rad Young--The oldest member of this great family. A carpenter & builder, nature lover, member of the Audubon Society, member of the Masonic Lodge, World War I veteran. A soldier whose term of enlistment required voyages across the Atlantic 6 times during this time of world crisis. A man whom I admired and loved and whose influence on me as a young man helped shape my life somewhat and his presence is still with me to this day. He was the Father of 2 daughters; Doris & Jennett.

Lawrence Young--2nd oldest son also a veteran of WWI. An individual I never had the privilege of meeting. An individual who went to West Va. to seek work in the coal mines after a wage dispute with a local farmer. It's my understanding : Lawrence worked for a farmer by the name of Jim Zull for a number of weeks. At the end of the month when it was time to settle up the farmer offered to pay Lawrence \$1.00 for every day he worked. Lawrence refused the wage and told the farmer a horse was worth \$1.00 a day; told him to keep the money and feed the horses and left for W. Va. He worked in the mines a number of years dying suddenly from a mistaken intake of strychnine. He was the Father of 6 children; Cecil, Clara, Melvin, Kenneth, Rosemary, Lowell Thomas.


Hallie Young--The oldest daughter. Mother & Housewife; a charter member of this very church. As a matter of fact, without her dedication and the support she generated through family, friends and neighbors, this church would probably not exist today. A woman with a heart of gold and a knack for cooking. If you ever ate at Aunt Hallie's you would better understand the meaning of the words dining out. She was a great cook and a great person and Man! could she put on a meal. She delivered 11 children: Darius, Clester, Iford, Eliver, Laura, Gertrude, Nelva, Ida, Erban, Vetta, & Lloyd

Draper Young--4th member of the Young Family. 3rd oldest son Another veteran of WWI. Another Young that went to West Va. seeking work in the coal mines. He worked there for years until an explosion almost cost him his life. Shortly after this experience it's my understanding he packed up and moved to Norfolk. Uncle Draper was a man who loved gardening and growing things. He had a green thumb so to speak when it came to gardening and he seemed to derive so much pleasure from this hobby. He was the Father of 7 children--Henry Albert, Raymond, Daniel, Ross, Betty, Ida Jane, & Vernon.

Fielden Young--Another of the Young Family that died way too young.

Another Uncle whom I personally never had the honor of meeting. A 4 man who also worked in the coal mines of West Va. A man who was fatally injured because of a coal mining accident. Fielden had a broken back and damaged spinal column. He was confined to a hospital bed and suffered 5 months and 18 days after this mishap before his death. A tragic waste of life. He was the Father of one child , Gloria.

Folk Young--Another master carpenter & builder. A person who also loved hunting & fishing. I can still recall fishing trips to Lynhaven Pier, where you could load a cooler with Spot on just the right day. But I always looked forward to the Fall & hunting season because Uncle Folk always came in the Fall to hunt and when he came he always brought me a gift. Nothing big or elaborate, just small items that always meant so much to me. And during his time here I could always get away with missing a day or two of school to go hunting with him. He was a crack marksman and a wonderful and kind individual. A person I am thankful to have known and only wish I could have spent more time with. He was the Father of 3 children--Louise, Norma, & Sammy.

Ewell Young--A man I knew well as a boy growing up. He was not only my  Uncle but one of our closest friends and neighbors. A man who loved farming but like so many farmers then and now had to work another full time job to make ends meet. I'll always remember as a boy growing up, Uncle Ewell walking through the fields from his house to ours. Lots of time it was just to visit; other times he would simply come to get me and we'd go for a walk or a rabbit race with the beagles. How simple life was in those days. He Fathered 3 children--Arwood, Irene, & Curtis.

Andrew Young--Master Carpenter and Builder; a person who loved hunting and fishing. A special person to me who had a great love for life. Some of the fondest memories of my youth were some of those fishing trips to the Eastern Shore, fishing for Flounder and the cook-outs at his house afterwards. As a youth I couldn't understand why Andrew never fished that much on these trips. But no matter who caught the fish, he was the most excited. He enjoyed so much seeing other people enjoy life : A special and kind man to everyone who knew him. He was the Father of 3 children--Vivian, Harold, & Bonnie.

Velta Young--this was a gentle and loving Mother & Housewife. A person who was always quick with a laugh and always made you welcome at her home. A woman who had such a special relationship with her children as did her children with her. You pick up the paper these days and almost every day there are stories of abduction, child abuse, and sexual assaults on kids. If a few of these people could only take a lesson or two from Aunt Velta on family love and devotion we would be reading a lot less of these horror stories. As a matter of fact they would probably be non existant. She was the Mother of 5 children--Julian, Stevie, Sandra, Andra, & Donnie.

Judson Young--The 10th & last surviving member of this great family.

Judson Young, my Father & mentor. A strong, quiet, incitful person who doesn't rattle very easily, who seems to remain calm and thoughtful no matter how difficult the problem and then proceed with a solution to almost any situation. A man who always seemed gifted with mechanical ability and who made his living using this gift. A person whom I admire and repect as a man and a Father and I hope I haven't been too much of a disappointment to him. He was the Father of 4 children--Loretta, Wagner, Debbie, & Eddie.

Gertrude Young-- The 11th & last child born to Henry Albert and Elizabeth Young. A child who died at the young age of 10. A child that was unable to enjoy the years of adulthood and take her rightful place in Society. A tragic life lost because of an unknown illness. Little or no medical help was available during this period. These were hard and stressful times and Henry Albert Young & Family suffered probably the most gut wrenching experience of life: the loss of a child which can never be replaced.

This brings me to a little story about the Youngs that occurred in the early 1900s. But before I get into that I think it is important to point out that in those days (early 1900s) times were tough. No employment, no mfg., no textiles, no production, no high tech jobs. What this family had was farming timbering, mining or Bootlegging. These were the Prohibition years before the Great Depression. For those of you who are not familiar with Prohibition, you could not buy, sell or drink any type of alcohol, by federal law. However it's a known fact that a lot of people did in fact make liquor during those times just to make a living. This was not done in order to get rich or famous but more out of necessity to provide for your family & survive. And I understand the Young's did farm, they did timber, they did mining and they did bootlegg.

In talking with my Father before this reunion today, he told me how the Young's became excellent producers of illegal whiskey. It seems that during this Prohibition Period a man by the name of Julius Bowman came thru these parts and this man's specialty was sugar liquor. Normally it took about 2-3 weeks to work off a batch of corn liquor using corn grain & sugar. With Mr. Bowman's method you could produce a run of whiskey in 4-6 days by using just cornmeal, rye chop and sugar. I think the ratio was 1/2 bushel corn meal, 1/2 bushel rye chop and 100 lbs of sugar. This recipe would deliver between 12-15 gals. of Moonshine. Now this is just for information purposes; however I'm told by reliable sources that this recipe still works.

Several months later after perfecting this recipe, the Youngs had set up an operation in the Buck Hollow area of Max Mountain in Floyd County. This area is not far from here; just off Laurel Creek. I might add the road down Laurel Creek to Mont. Co. was built by Granddaddy Young and Uncle Rad with a team

of horses, picks and shovels. Anyhow it seems that the police had discovered this operation and had it staked out waiting for the operators of the still to arrive. On this particular morning, I guess it was the first shift: Folk, Ewell, Alva Young who was Garland Young's son, & a friend of the family Andrew Cox arrived at their work place. Being the conscientious entrepreneurs they were they of course drew out a sample to taste just to make sure it was a good wholesome product. At that moment the Revenuers sprung the trap; telling them to put their hands up that they were all under arrest. Well determined not to be arrested the Youngs and Andrew Cox ran for the car, a model T Ford with wooden spoke wheels. At that time sensing that these desperados were about to get away, the Revenuers opened fire. It's my understanding that Folk was driving the car with Uncle Ewell on the passenger side and Alva Young and Andrew Cox in the back seat. Evidently the gunfire was intense. There was Government agents on both sides of the car firing at the car creating so much smoke, it was hard to see to drive. Ewell thought they were all going to die and jumped from the car and ran. Uncle Folk continued to drive the car with the Revenuers now jumping on the running boards on both sides of the car trying to get it stopped. There was a G-man trying to get in the passenger door where Ewell had vacated. Uncle Folk, however rubbed him off the side of the car using a tree sapling for assistance during the getaway; but the Youngs did get away. The police had blocked the road to Radford but the Youngs had gone the opposite direction towards Floyd, where they hid the car and began their walk home.

It seems Uncle Ewell had gotten home before any of the others and had told Granddaddy Young and GrandMother Young that Folk & the others were probably all dead: which I can only imagine how they reacted to that news.

But shortly thereafter Folk and Alva Young along with Andrew Cox arrived home. There were some injuries though. Alva Young had been shot in the leg and back. It seems he was bleeding pretty badly and Garland, his Father, was there when they arrived. They pulled up his shirt to inspect the wound on his back and the bullet fell out in the floor. The bullet in his leg had lodged in his knee and had to be removed by a Dr. Barnett in Willis, Va. The Model T had the most damage sustaining 27 bullet holes and 1 wooden spoke shot out of the rim on one of tires. In those days the rims were made out of metal with wood spokes to support the rim. The Youngs made repairs on the car filling the bullet holes and painting over them and Granddaddy Young repaired the spoke with a piece of seasoned Hickory. Afterward Daddy said you could spot the car coming a mile away. He said it looked like someone had thrown a poka dot blanket over the car where the bullet holes had been painted over & the paint didn't match. It must have been a site to see. But the Youngs were never caught or ever charged in this ordeal; & all of them moved on with their lives.

Now I know there are some people who may frown on the conduct of the Youngs during this period. I, myself, am not one of those people. I'm profoundly grateful & impressed with their tolerance & perseverance. What was done in this time of trouble & turmoil was what had to be done to survive. And I am humbled but yet amazed to learn of just a few of the sacrifices & struggles they had to endure in order to simply exist. So let me say at this time that I'm extremely proud of each & everyone of these great people (men & women) I'm proud of this great family which includes each and every one of the people here today and I'm especially proud to be a Young.