Hyatt Reunion

Hyatt

Newsletter 2010

June 25,'10

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Hyatt Family and Friends,

I hope you enjoy reading the current newsletter.

Jane Verderosa and Leeo Moon have each contributed stories which elaborate the search for our Hyatt "roots". In Leeo's story, "Ruth's Mountain", we travel with Hyatts from Alabama to Texas and back to Alabama. In Jane's story we go from New York to find Hyatts in Colorado and discover that the Hyatt "road" to Colorado led from North Carolina.

I have contributed a letter which I wrote in tribute to my Father, Sam Hyatt, when he was 99 years old. He died this year in March at 101, as far as we can tell the only Hyatt ever to reach such an advanced age.

Our Hyatt Reunion President, Lawrence Hyatt, had a very eventful year. He has made some important connections and discoveries which he recounts in his letter to you. I am grateful to Lawrence for continuing to help us find our Hyatt "roots" and keeping us "connected" *via* the internet.

Thanks also to Anne Hyatt Welch for her careful recording of the "minutes" of our last Reunion, to Victoria Hyatt Sowers for her creative decorating and "hosting" of our Reunions, for her watchful eye on our finances and to her husband, Ron Sowers, who does the Newsletter cover preparation, to our "gatekeeper", Eric Hyatt, for maintaining our website. Eric reports that we have had over 8500 contacts on our website since May,2006. And thanks to Clyde Hyatt for helping me take care of the Hyatt cemetery.

You may reach me for comments or concerns at my email address: shoalcreekhyatt@aol.com or phone # 828-497-1630.

Cordially yours,

Robert P. Hyatt

A Letter From Our President, Lawrence Hyatt

Dear Hyatt Family:

It has been an interesting year since our last reunion on August 1,'09.

Just four days after our reunion I had a lawnmower accident while mowing the cemetery at my home church in Farner,Tn. I broke my neck and had an extended recovery period.During that time I tried to keep up with the correspondence and duties as your President. Many of you heard about the accident, kept in touch and offered your prayers for which I am very thankful.

I have been able to go on with my cemetery stone project. I have placed several stones this year primarily in Swain County,NC where so many of our family members are buried. This is an ongoing project. Who knows where the next cemetery with an unmarked grave may lead us. Just a few days ago I went to a Culberson family reunion in Fannin County, Georgia. They are also Hyatt descendents through Edward's son, Elisha. We discussed the possibility of marking some of the Hyatt graves in their cemetery.

I have kept in touch with our cousin Andy Hyatt who was born in Vietnam. We hope to have a major announcement from Andy sometime this year.

One of my greatest genealogy surprises this year is that I have been able to connect with the descendents of Abel Birchfield Hyatt, the youngest son of Edward and Hannah Hyatt. Actually they found me! They are descendants of Abel's son, Hamilton Franklin Hyatt, who grew up in Missouri and moved to Laimer County, Colorado in 1872. His great grandaughter,Jane Verderosa, has graciously written a fascinating story about this branch of our family which is included in this issue of our Newsletter.

Another pleasant surprise: I found a document in the Maryland Archives explaining the settlement of the estate of Edward Hyatt's father,Shadrack Hyatt, who died in 1761. It's also included in the Newsletter. It adds yet one more piece to the Hyatt story.

I am grateful to our Vice President, Robert Hyatt and all the others who have taken on Hyatt Reunion responsibilities and made my job much

I continue to meet new cousins on the internet. We hope to meet all of you, new and old, at the Hyatt Reunion, Saturday, Aug. 7.

Sincerely,

Lawrence Hyatt, President

Announcing

The Annual Hyatt Reunion

WHEN: Saturday, August 7, 2010

WHERE: Qualla Community Center next to Shoal Creek Baptist Church just off highway 441 two miles From Cherokee

TIME: 11:00 AM, Lunch at 12:00 AM

WHAT TO BRING: Your Favorite Food
Photos, Memorabilia
Questions About Family History

Shadrack Hyatt Estate Settlement, 1761

From the Maryland Archives in Annapolis,Md. Transcribed on Mar. 4,2010 by Lawrence Hyatt
Note: (1)Pounds, shillings and pence have been spelled to make for easier reading.
(2) Shadrack Hyatt, the father of Edward Hyatt who settled in what is now Haywood County,NC,1780

Settlement of Estate of Shadrack Hyatt

21 Sept. 1761. Shadrack Hyatt approved by ----------&---------- Thomas at 192 pounds 15 shillings 10 pence. Includes negro Dick for 75 pounds and negro Hazard, but no other negroes.

Relations: Abednago Hyatt,Christopher Hyatt. Creditors Neal Clark, Abednago Hyatt.

29 July, 1761 Command to Sam'l Beall, Sheriff Frederick County, MD to summon Abednago Hyatt before commissary gen' 2nd Tuesday of Sept. next to show why he does not deliver up belonging to the estate of Shadrack Hyatt at the request of Dinah Hyatt,Adm.

7 July 1762 sworn to by Zachariah Spiers, and his wife Dinah Administrator of Shadrack Hyatt late of Anne Arundel Co. dec'd.

25 Feb 1771 Balance Book 6:35. 12.5

Zachariah Spiers & Dinah his wife Frederick Co, MD admins of Shadrack Hyatt of Anne Arundel Co, MD

To dec'd act for 215 pounds12 shillings 5 pence

Bard Williams & John Hargrove by disbursement 90 pounds 96 shillings

Balance 125 pounds 2 shillings 16 pence To be distributed to widow of dec'd 1/3 41 pounds 4 shillings 3 pence

To 4 children: Edward, Else, Mary and Martha 20 pounds 17 shillings 1 3/4 pence

DISCOVERING HYATTS IN COLORADO by Jane Verderosa

A quiet evening – nothing pressing – a good time to play on Google. Let me see . . . Hyatt+Roseberry+Rosebrook+Colorado. I wonder what that brings. Oh! Wow! A press release by a Carol Tunner in Ft. Collins, Colorado – she is a historic preservationist contracted to research the people – native and pioneers - - who settled in the area nearby – and she has a deadline (a very near deadline!). It seems that Ft. Collins' government, through donation and purchase, has created a forever-natural area and is calling it Bobcat Ridge. Carol has about a dozen pioneer family stories already but has nothing first hand about Hyatt+Roseberry+Rosebrook! And so begins my adventure into my families' histories – and what an adventure it has been!

My name is Jane DeKorp Verderosa – great-great- granddaughter of Abel Birchfield Hyatt, great-granddaughter of Hamilton Franklin Hyatt, granddaughter of Roy Franklin Hyatt, and daughter of Helen Iris Hyatt DeKorp.

To pick up the thread of my story, I immediately contacted Carol and consequently delved into a binder of genealogical information that had been gathered by Aunt Mabel Hyatt Sayre (my mother's sister) and passed at her passing to my mother and then to me. Aunt Mabel, back in the 1970s, wrote a history she named ROCKY MOUNTAIN LOW (With Apologies to John Denver) that is an anecdotal narrative of her life and includes stories of her ancestors. My mother also wrote an anecdotal life history including remembrances of her grandparents – I had transcribed her writing and so have that to work from, too. From all these sources, I shared pertinent historical information and ancestors' photos with Carol. And I put her in touch with cousin Jim Sayre, one of Mabel's sons, who had more photos and information as did Aunt Ruth's son, John Hotaling.

The story continues . . . Carol's work lead to queries from two other women working on related projects in Colorado/Bobcat Ridge which lead to even more information and photos flowing. As a result of these contacts, a cemetery on Hyatt land has been identified and a photo of the Hyatt children is to be included on an interpretive sign near the Hyatt ranch in Bobcat Ridge. (Note: more information about Bobcat Ridge can be found at fcgov.com/naturalareas).

I have never looked back. After sharing this story with my children, Danielle (my eldest) became interested in family history and set up a family history page on the web. Robert and Lawrence Hyatt found us, and here I am today!!!

Great-grandfather Hamilton F. Hyatt was born to Abel and his 3rd wife, Elizabeth Hamilton, 10 Aug 1848 and spent his boyhood near Rocky Comfort, Missouri.

He left Missouri in his teens, worked as a teamster hauling freight to California, and eventually settled in Colorado in 1872 where he continued to team and work as a "cowpuncher" there. He and Olive had nine living children; besides Roy there was Margaret Elizabeth, Edna, Fred, Carl, Gertrude, Chris, Hattie, and Edgar. I want to share with you the way my mother remembers her Grandfather Hyatt (edited).

> From my early memories I was always intrigued by having Roseberry grandparents and a Rosebrook grandmother. And by sheer coincidence, as I've been told, both my Grandfathers settled in northern Colorado after having been born, raised, and, acquainted, in McDonald County in SW Mo. in a settlement named Rocky Comfort.
>
> My maternal grandfather was Lewis Cass Roseberry, paternal, Hamilton Franklin Hyatt. [*Coincidentally*] they moved to the Masonville area of northern Colorado in the eastern foothills of the Rocky Mountains.
>
> I've never known . . . much about my grandfather "Ham" Hyatt, as he was known around Masonville. He was a teamster, cowboy, and rancher in Colorado. He was married [*1881*] to Olive Rosebrook and they had 8 children, the eldest being my father Roy Franklin. [*Possibly two other children died shortly after birth.*]
>
> Grandpa had a full head of pretty white hair and a full white beard. I always considered him handsome, and I still think he was.
>
> He and Grandma Hyatt were separated before my first memories of them. He seemed to have no definite home in the years that I knew him but Grandma and Edgar, their youngest child, lived in a little brown 4 room house on the Buckhorn road above the Masonville store. I can remember being there with them for a few days at least twice, both times when my mother was giving birth to another baby. Edgar taught me to tell time on an old fashioned alarm clock during one of those visits.
>
> Grandpa became ill in his . . .old age and came to live with us. As his condition worsened he became more and more of a care for my mother . . . I was too shy to show any affection toward him and he wished for it, I think, for he called me "Little Helen", his term of endearment toward me. What a terrible time that must have been for him . . . Finally he was hospitalized in Loveland and died there. I've always regretted my lack of visible affection.

Significant to my story is that Hamilton and Olive built a house on their 80 acres of homesteaded land near Masonville, CO probably around 1888. The house (known currently as the Hyatt Ranch), original barn, chicken house, cemetery, and land are incorporated into the 1200+ acres that is now Bobcat Ridge Natural Area. In fact, the ranch house (looking very similar on the exterior but pretty much

gutted and rebuilt on the interior) is now the Bobcat Ridge Natural Area ranger's office.

Hamilton Franklin Hyatt died 3 Jun 1927 and he is buried in Lakeside Cemetery in Loveland, Colorado as are all but two of his children and his wife, Olive.

Roy Franklin Hyatt was my granddad. Unfortunately, growing up on the East Coast as I did, I didn't know him well but I remember he was a tall man with very, very blue eyes and a straight nose – very impressive to a brown-eyed, pug-nosed 4 ½-year-old. He was born in a log cabin not too far from Masonville 23 Sep 1881 and was raised in the Hyatt ranch house. He married Jessie Mary Roseberry in 1907 and they lead quite a productive and adventuresome family life. He was a homesteader, farmer, miner, hunter, logger-/sawmill-owner (he donated a wagon load of finished lumber to build the Buckhorn Church), and a well-known horse-trader; I think he must have done just about anything to support his wife and seven living children (Bonnee, Vhoris, Mabel, Ruth, Helen, Harold, and Harland. A prematurely born baby, Cecil Roy, was born and died in 1920 – one of the two graves at the Hyatt ranch).

Roy and his brother-in-law built a house on land the family called "The Poor Farm" a few miles from the Hyatt ranch where finally, after much moving around the area to make a living, the Hyatt children were raised (and the last four were born). The Hyatts attended the little Masonville Buckhorn Church all their lives and sang in the choir there. Granddad died 2 Aug 1961 at home on the Poor Farm and is buried beside Granny, also at the Lakeside Cemetery.

My mother, Helen Iris Hyatt DeKorp, is the 5th child of Roy and Jessie. She was born October 19, 1915 at the Poor Farm and lived there throughout her early life attending the one-room school house in Masonville through the eighth grade. She writes of (and often spoke about) having 'terrible wanderlust' throughout her life. After finishing high school in Loveland (her mother, one sister, and brothers temporarily moved into town so they could all attend), she graduated and, during the Great Depression, found work as a housemaid for a few years before attending nursing school at Southern Baptist Hospital School of Nursing in Springfield, Missouri. Close family (her father's kin) had remained in the area. After graduation her wanderlust finally paid off; Mom got her first nursing job in New York City and worked there for a time. Then she went to Stanford University Hospital in California and was working there when WWII began – she joined a medical unit forming at the hospital and off she went to the European Theater –

more specifically north Africa, southern France, Italy, Germany. She met and married my father there and returned to Masonville just prior to war's end– she was pregnant with me. Okay – wanderlust over! My father had a job waiting for him in New York City when he returned stateside and so they settled and raised their family on Long Island. Mom and Dad had two more children, Roger Hyatt DeKorp and Nancy Anne DeKorp. Dad, Merwin (Bud) DeKorp, was an attorney and in the late 1960s began work for the NY Secretary of State in Albany and so they moved once more to upstate NY.

Mom passed away 30 years and 4 days after my father – 18 Jun 2003 at the age of 86. She is buried at Mellenville Cemetery in Mellenville, NY about 30 miles south of Albany. Mom was so well liked, a woman of strong ethics and kindness, giving of herself to her friends and family. In her retirement years she took up bowling!- and was called "Tiger" by her teammates. It made her proud.

And now there is me and mine. I am also a (retired) nurse, also an Army Nurse Corps veteran (Viet Nam era – though never served there), and the mother of three. My children live far away, Danielle in Falls Church, VA, Elizabeth and her husband in Phoenix, and Michael in New Orleans. I miss them. My husband of 42 years is Fred Verderosa, a wonderful husband and father and a retired 7th grade English teacher (39 years teaching 7th grade English – a man of great patience). We live east of Albany, NY only a few miles from the Vermont and Massachusetts borders in a very rural setting. We love retirement!

My husband and I went to Colorado last April specifically to visit the Bobcat Ridge Natural Area, "the Poor Farm" (now owned by a kind and generous family named Terrell), and meet Carol Tunner. We had a great visit with the Terrells at the Poor Farm (house very much intact and beautifully maintained – even the original picket fence and rock gardens are there). We had a delightful lunch with Carol and her husband and then, through a series of coincidences, encountered the Ranger who lives on and tends Bobcat Ridge preserve. He very graciously toured us around buildings and welcomed us into the former Hyatt ranch house telling us what was original (the floors, studs, and joists) and what wasn't (pretty much everything else). We stood on the floors that my Great-granddad had sawn and laid and where my great- and grandparents and mother and aunts and uncles had spent so much of their lives. He brought us to the gravesites of the two little Hyatt babes – still marked by a perimeter of stones laid by my grandfather. We hiked one of the public trails to the old and refurbished log cabin a mile or so away where I am certain my ancestors visited their neighbors and where, in fact, I believe Hamilton had lived for a time after separating from his wife. We visited

the original barn built by Hamilton across from the house – in excellent condition – and the falling down chicken house next to it. We saw the mountain way behind the house where my ancestors cut and hauled lumber and the land that he farmed.

All the research completed by new "friends" and the stories documented by family, Hyatt neighbors and friends, by my Aunt Mabel, and by my mother all came to life in that visit. I can't describe the feelings I had and still have – I really can't.

Photos Courtesy of Jane Verderosa

Roy F. and Jessie Hyatt with Jane at the "Poor Farm", 1950

1st Lt. Helen Hyatt, Paris, France, 1945

The "Poor Farm"

The Hyatt Ranch House

RUTH'S MOUNTAIN by Leeo Moon

Calvin Ralph March 17, 1930 - November 7, 2009

A dear old friend of mine, Mr. Calvin Ralph, passed away November 7, 2009. Calvin was known far and wide as Ruth Mountain's most popular and renowned Indian folklorist. Mr. Ralph was a very proud Cherokee Indian medicine man, able to read the skies, the streams-creeks, even bark on the trees around him. He knew how to boil the bark of a dogwood tree and use it to break a fever, knew bark from a willow tree would work better than aspirin, he knew the inside of the bark of a mighty white oak tree was best for relief of an upset stomach.

I met Calvin for the first time in April of 2007 and tried to go see him as often as I could. He lived 75 miles south of me on Ruth Mountain, Arab, AL. For the Hyatt family of north Alabama, Ruth Mountain is home, period. Family history begins there, and for a fortunate few, it ends there. My mother was born and raised there, my grandfather, John Henry Hyatt was raised there and my Great-Grandmother, Martha Emily Hill Hyatt is buried there. Each time I visited with Mr. Ralph I would ask him to tell me stories about our family's history. Calvin was married to a cousin of mine, and Oh how he loved to spin a yarn, tell a tale, he loved so to tell of the history of north Alabama and wonderful stories of olden days atop Ruth Mountain. Calvin's wife's great grandfather Dallas Poke Briscoe, my great grandfather also, gave Ruth Mountain its name in the early 1800's. He named it Ruth Mountain after Ruth of the Bible. Mr. Ralph's eloquence in passing on those old stories was unmatched, and he passed on to me several that I hope to be able to pass along to my grandchildren. I can only hope to share, and pass along such passion and love for the old stories about the wonderful God fearing, hard working patriots of our family scattered throughout America's history.

And so our story begins,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,

I arrived at Calvin's home one evening in early October 2008. After greeting me at the door he ask me inside to sit a spell. There inside his living room, surrounded by old photos, newspapers and magazines, we began our visit. I ask him to tell me another story about our family's history. It went something like this,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,

"Come on outside boy, I got something to show you, we put our coats on and walked outside, around to the back porch and sat down, what a beautiful view atop Ruth Mountain, for miles in every direction, breath taking, absolutely breath taking beauty. The golden leaves of orange, red and brown scream their beauty all along the side of the mountain. Then raising and old withered-hand he points toward what seems to be an old mountain pass, an old, long forgotten roadway, barely visible, hard to make out. Look BOY !!!! see it ? away over yonder, SEE IT BOY !!! right at the top of that pass, see it?" I listen intensely latching on to each word this kind old man says, fearing I might forget something. We need to stop here for a little side note about our story, known to Calvin and I from our talks before, this story is about Miss Martha Emily Hill Hyatt, born December 10, 1848, died December 26, 1904. She was married to Daniel Franklin Hyatt. Daniel served with the 38thA Company of Alabama during the civil war. Daniel was captured at Chickamauga when his horse fell off a bridge. He was taken to Louisville, KY until the war's end and then released. In early 1877, Daniel and Martha sold the farm they owned in Alabama and headed to Cass County, TX, where Martha's father owned some land. After being there a very short time Daniel was bitten by a rattlesnake and died. He was buried in Bivins, TX, in a cemetery where his father and mother-in-law would later be buried.

The year is 1891 -- A few years after Daniel's death, Miss Emily began to long for the beautiful hills of Randolph County, AL, known today as the Talladega National Forest, where she and Daniel lived before the war. Adding to her misery, east Texas was in the middle of a terrible drought, everyone

was losing everything they owned !!!! All crops where lost, livestock starving and dying everywhere, nothing for Miss Emily to do but load up the wagon and head home to Randolph County. Upon arriving back in Alabama, she realized the farm they had lived on before was no longer in the family and the older children who had stayed in Alabama had moved elsewhere. She was told her oldest son, James Pleasant, had moved to a place called Arab, Alabama. So, off through the wilderness she went looking for him.

Our story picks up from there,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,, back to Calvin's back porch, "look Boy !!!,see it?, see the farthest pass just over yonder? It was the second Friday of February, 1891, late in the evening, just before dark, a tiny little buckboard came over that rise there. Inside rode Miss Emily, her children and all her earthly belongings, it was a very small buckboard wagon, didn't even have a top on it, but it was all she owned in the world. It had been sleeting and now it was snowing hard. Just as the old roadbed became completely cover in snow, the tiny wagon hit that two foot hole-rut, in the road, see it Boy ? right on the side of that Mountain where I am pointing too, I can see it in my mind plain as day and my mind wonders back to that little wagon,,,,,,,,,, hitting that hole slammed the wagon over to its left side hard, jarring all aboard, making those pots and pans hanging on the side of it ring louder than any church bell they had ever heard before, it woke the baby in Miss Emily's lap, he was now crying,,, it spooked the horse, causing him to tear off down the side of that mountain, running as hard as he could with the wagon behind. By the time the wagon was stopped, Miss Emily had realized she was lost in the wilderness, getting colder by the minute. It would seem to most all was lost, but not for this lady !!! not after what she had been through,,, Miss Emily was known on many occasions, when things got tough, seemed tougher days where ahead, she was always known to say "We will cross that bridge when we get to it ",,, well,,,, it was " THAT BRIDGE" and, it was time to

cross,... stopping the wagon, she told the older boys to start cutting wood and to build a bonfire in the middle of the road, the boys cut wood all night as Miss Emily walked around the fire with the baby to keep him warm. Now, the rest of the story. After daybreak the next morning, Miss Emily headed off the side of that Mountain, along that old roadbed. Toward the bottom they ran across an old abandoned cabin that someone had built years before and left. She set up house there, getting by on the meager provisions she had, along with what meat the boys could hunt and kill. They made it through the rest of winter. Well into the spring, a Mr. Crandfield happened by,,, he was living father down in Apple Valley. He had heard someone had moved into the old Briscoe place and wanted to see who it was. Anyway, Mr. Crandfield, more out of spite, trying to make fun of or ridicule more than anything else, joking told Miss Emily if she wanted a place to live all she had to do was to go the land office in Huntsville, Alabama, and apply for a land grant, receive a sheepskin deed, and it was hers to keep, knowing all the time it was unheard for a woman in the 1800's to receive a land grant. Well !!!!!! seems Mr. Crandfield didn't know Miss Emily to well. The very next day off to Huntsville she road, applied for, and later received (personally signed by no less than the President of the United States himself, Benjamin Harrison) a land grant for 166 acres.

These days, if you leave Arab, Alabama, heading north on highway 231, just outside the old city limits, you will see Ruth Mountain Road heading west. After turning onto that winding road, that same old path, and traveling about ten miles you will arrive at the top of Ruth Mountain. And, there on the left side of the road you will see Mount Oak Methodist Church. On the west side of this beautiful old church, looking toward Apple valley, you will see a small graveyard and there is where you will find Miss Emily's grave,,,,,,,,,,,, overlooking the beautiful homeland she gave to all who follow her to,,,,,,,,RUTH's MOUNTAIN.

About Leeo Moon----

Leeo Moon, 57 of Fayetteville, Tn. is one of thirteen children born to Oscar and his wife, Dollie Hyatt Moon. Leeo is one of a set of triplets, Cleo,Leeo and Theo. He has one child, a daughter Tracey, a son-in-law, Rodney Hillis and two grandsons, Luke and Jacob. Leeo is an avid fisherman who helps sponsor a "Take a Kid" fishing tournament for more than 1000 children. Leeo makes a living running a water treatment plant in Fayetteville.

Leeo traces his Hyatt ancestry this way: Thomas Hyatt, b- 1612 England, Charles Hyatt, b-1650 Md, Seth Hyatt, b 1694 Md, Meshach Hyatt, b-1723 Md, Asa Hyatt, b-1756 Md, Allen Hyatt, b-1790NC, Daniel Franklin Hyatt, b-1829 NC, John Henry Hyatt b-1872 Al, and his mother Dollie Hyatt Moon.

Leeo loves the study of American history and family history. He takes events in American History and tries to find someone in the family who was involved in that event. He hopes to pass on the love of these stories to his grandchildren.

(4—404.)

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Homestead Certificate No. 2112
APPLICATION 12353

Whereas There has been deposited in the General Land Office of the United States a Certificate of the Register of the Land Office at Huntsville, Alabama, whereby it appears that, pursuant to the Act of Congress approved 20th May, 1862, "To secure Homesteads to actual Settlers on the Public Domain," and the acts supplemental thereto, the claim of Martha E. Wyatt has been established and duly consummated, in conformity to law, for the East half of the South East quarter of Section eight and the West half of the South West quarter of Section nine in Township eight South of Range one East of Huntsville Meridian in Alabama containing one hundred and fifty eight acres and thirty five hundredths of an acre according to the Official Plat of the survey of the said Land, returned to the General Land Office by the Surveyor General:

Now know ye, That there is, therefore, granted by the United States unto the said Martha E. Wyatt the tract of Land above described: TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said tract of Land, with the appurtenances thereof, unto the said Martha E. Wyatt and to her heirs and assigns forever.

In testimony whereof, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States of America, have caused these letters to be made Patent, and the Seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, the thirtieth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety one, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and fifteenth.

BY THE PRESIDENT: Benjamin Harrison

By Ellen Maitland Cook, Secretary.

J. M. Townsend, Recorder of the General Land Office.

Recorded, Vol. 13, Page 18.

**A LETTER TO MY FATHER, SAMUEL P. HYATT,
ON THE OCCASION OF HIS 99TH BIRTHDAY**

Dear Dad,

How amazing it is that you are now 99 years old, going on 100. I've been thinking about what the legacy of your long life might be for me.

You and I were both born in your Grandfather Shelton's log cabin on Shoal Creek. Those log walls placed us in a historical framework from which I cannot escape even if I wanted to. And I don't. It pulls me back to other times and other places about which I have heard and read and imagine.

So, when I think of your legacy, my mind wanders back to images of our ancestors Edward and Hannah Hyatt, in 1780, crossing Swannaoa Gap to become the first permanent white settlers west of the Pigeon River, in Indian territory.They cleared land, built a log cabin, planted crops, raised pigs,cows,horses,mules,chickens and children. Civic minded and religiously inclined, they built a "meeting house". Why did they make such a perilous journey from their land on the Catawba River near Morganton? Why did their great grandparents, the Hyatts and the Leatherwoods, leave England in the 1600s and sail to Baltimore, settling in the tidewater. Whatever brought them this way, when they arrived, they began to plant. Everywhere they went, they planted crops and grew livestock. Even here in the mountains they called their farms"plantations".

From Edward down through your Grandfathers Elisha,Robert,Samuel and your father, John Hyatt, you stand in a long line of Hyatt planters. And, on your Mother's side, most notably, your Grandfather, William Perry Shelton, was a skillful planter and grower of livestock. You've told me stories of how, before you were ten years old, working alongside Grandfather Shelton,you learned how to plant and tend a garden. And that your Father taught you how to grow corn and wheat and hay. You told me that during the Depression years, just before I was born, you hoed corn for your Uncle, Crawford Shelton. He paid you $1 per day. You said that kept you going until you could get back to your teaching job each September.

My most pleasant memories of times with our family have to do with planting: planting a garden. After we moved to Cherokee in 1941 and you

began teaching at Cherokee Central School, almost every evening in the spring after supper, you and Mother and Theresa and Frances and I would go up past the Boy's Dorm to our garden. You had already plowed the field making deep furrows, "geeing and hawing"with a mule drawn plow then smoothing it out with a sharp tooth harrow.That first spring, in 1942, Mother must have carried Frances to the garden in an Indian basket because she was just over a year old. I was eight then and Theresa was five.

I remember cutting Irish potatoes in quarters or smaller,each one with an eye, to make "seed" potatoes which we planted in long "hilled up" rows. Oh how I loved to see those rows raised up smooth, like shallow waves rolling on shore! You showed us how to make little pockets in the row about a foot apart. Then one of us walked up and down the rows carrying a bucket full of seed potatoes dropping each one into a pocket. Another of us covered them over. A few weeks later when those potato sprouts broke through the earth, at first white then green, it was a miracle! All the while we worked together you were so calm and self assured and Mother was happy. When the call went out from Franklin Roosevelt for Americans to produce food for the war effort by planting "Victory Gardens", standing hoe in hand in our garden, I felt like I was a frontline soldier in the Allied Army!!

So, faithful to the fields of your Fathers, you taught me to plant: Not just Irish potatoes, but sweet potatoes, beans,cucumbers, squash, tomatoes, peas,okra,onions, spinach,turnip greens, kale, rhubarb and asparagus. And,when I was 14, in a field that Grandaddy Hyatt tilled on Shoal Creek Road, you showed me how to raise corn that yielded over 100 bushels an acre, a record at that time.We did it mostly by hand. It was hard work. But Theresa helped me and we did it! At the same time you taught me how to raise chickens and feed and milk a cow. Our chickens, our cow, our fresh milk, our butter which we churned ourselves! From the time I was eight until after I was in college we kept a garden going. I remember selling fresh vegetables to restaurants in Cherokee in order to help pay for my college expenses.

I was not the only one you taught to plant. Beginning in 1943, even though you had no formal education in agriculture, you were chosen to become Agricultural Extension Agent for the Reservation. I don't know if you have ever thought of it in this way but, when you began farm work at Cherokee, you began to give back something to the Cherokees which our Hyatt ancestors, along with hundreds of white settlers, had taken away from them many years before: namely, their long history of growing their own

crops,supplying their own food in their own way. From time immemorial Cherokee women had raised corn,"*selu*"(the Cherokee word for corn), the staple of their existence; and beans, squash, pumpkins, watermelons, potatoes,sunflowers and gourds.Cherokee men helped clear the land but the women raised the crops. The men hunted, supplying meat and fish. The arrival of white settlers changed all that. The best crop land along the river bottoms was taken by the settlers.Indian villages along the rivers were destroyed. Deer and wild game were decimated by white settlers.Cherokee men had to roam further and further away to find meat. The Cherokees were pushed back into the hills and, in 1838, except for a tiny remnant, they were "removed" entirely. The remnant left in the mountains struggled to survive and adapt. In the process they lost the ability to raise their crops in the old ways. Many were left desperately poor and undernourished.

Your farm work began to help change that situation. Through the Boys Club you taught Cherokee school children how to plant crops and grow livestock. I will never forget those beautiful Holstein and Brown Swiss cattle you raised. What milkers they were!! When Cherokee veterans began returning from WW II you started classes to teach them how to make their farms profitable. You helped them put food on their tables and feed their livestock, often with some left over to sell. And you helped them get loans to purchase seed, fertilizer, livestock and equipment. The Cherokee men you helped once again became contributing members of their families. You helped restore their dignity! Now they had a vital role to play. And the community development work you did with Chief Jarrett Blythe and Superintendent Joe Jennings, of which agriculture was a central part, helped to strengthen the civic life of the Reservation. Those years were the happiest ones for me with you,especially the summers when you took me all around the Reservation to visit families and see their crops and gardens, their cows and horses, their chickens pigs and children. They seemed so pleased to see you. I believe you felt the same toward them. I was proud and delighted as only a ten year old boy can be with his Father! For me those were the best of times made more so when we stopped off at one of the craft shops for an ice cold Orange Crush soda in a dark bottle. I can still taste it!!

One day in the late '60s you called Ray Kinsland, who followed your path with the Boys Club. You told him a contract was about to be let for Cherokee schools transportation. It looked like it would go to a private company. You said this was an opportunity for the Boys Club. Ray seized that opportunity and, despite strong opposition, with the help of Chief

Blythe, succeeded in obtaining the contract for the Club and for the Tribe. Recently Ray told me that this was the first time in the history of the United States that an Indian tribe had been awarded a contract to manage its own transportation or any major enterprise. It was such a momentous occasion that it was announced in the Washington Post that the Secretary of the Interior had briefed President Johnson about it. Now the Boys Club has multimillion dollar contracts through the Tribe,for everything from homebuilding to solid waste removal,from school lunches to daycare programs. You trusted Ray and the Club. You planted the idea. The Tribe reaped the benefit, not just in money, but far more important: in a feeling of accomplishment and self worth. You helped them affirm their intelligence and competence to manage their own affairs.That fork of the road to Tribal emancipation went right through you and Ray for whom you have been a lifelong mentor.

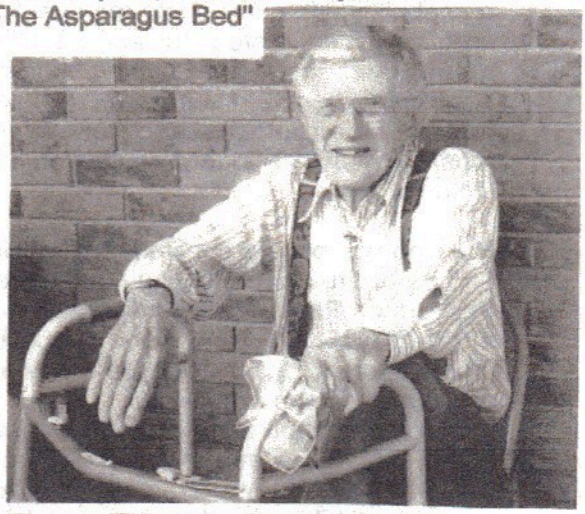
Planting has been a constant in your life. Even, after you retired in 1969 and moved to Asheville, you made a garden at your new home on 62 Providence Road. On that steep hillside you planted and tended it masterfully. From year to year you built up its rich loamy soil with rotted plants, food scraps and leaves, trellising it with a tapestry of rags and wire, sticks and strings. Angie has captured your very essence in her wonderful photograph of you standing in your garden wearing your battered old hat, hoe in hand.For almost 40 years,Theresa and Frances and I have watched your Asheville garden grow. So have your sons and daughter-in-law and all your grandchildren and great grandchildren. We have all eaten the delicious food which Mother prepared from the fine vegetables you grew. Many of us have plantings which you have given us for our own gardens. I have continued to plant: squash, beans,cucumbers,tomatoes, roses, dahlias, zinnias,chrysanthemums grapes and even pine and maple trees.Just a few weeks ago in memory of Mother, Emily and I planted a magnolia tree which Russell and Pam gave us in her honor.

Of course this is not all that there is to be said about your legacy. I haven't touched directly on your work as Principal of Cherokee Central School and Cherokee Elementary School. Perhaps another time. What I have spoken about is of particular significance to me and has been very important in shaping who I am.

As I leave off writing this letter I look out my window and see the smoke rising from the maple and pine and walnut and sourwood and dogwood trees, buldozed and burned, on the land for which you and your Father and

your Grandfather Shelton cared. TheTribe is building a golf course there. The hillsides above where you and I were born are naked. Not even the contours remain, only my memories of them: their shape, their feel; their lights and shadows.

Nevertheless,I leave you with the warmth of my feelings and the consolation of a poem written by a farmer-poet, Wendell Berry, whose fields are in Kentucky: It's called "The Asparagus Bed"



(Farmer/Educator, like you Daddy)

There is poor pleasure in this
entrance to the ground. A weary
bearing of earth brings the roots
into the dark,from which
tasty shoots will spring.
This work will last,or should,
and one thinks like an ancestor
of the perseverance of delight
life after life--or of the tipped
stalks rising, faithful to the day,
though forgot. And one must think
---it is the trial of the time---
that the ground may be despoiled
and paved to expedite the vain,
the greedy, and the merely bored.
Here, at such risk, the local poet
digs an asparagus bed, one
of the graves of his labor, from which
there may be many resurrections.
Thus the dead come to life.
But not this year will he know
the fruit of his work. That will come
later, if it thrives, if he lives.

But you, Daddy, have lived long! And you have seen your work thrive!!

I love you Daddy.

Robert Perry

Minutes of the Hyatt reunion, Qualla, NC, Aug. 1, 2009

Lawrence Hyatt opened the meeting by welcoming everyone and introducing newcomers Cathy and Andy Hyatt, from Seattle.

Other newcomers introduced themselves: Greg and Eugenia Hyatt and daughter Hannah; Jeanie Orr of Asheville and sister Linda Williams of Piedmont; Jim and Anita Culbertson of Greenville, SC; Tommy Ferguson, Belmont, NC; James and Janie Jarrad from Georgia; Marilyn Vance of Alabama and Hugh and Marilyn Vance from Warner Robbins, GA; Frank, Fred and Charles Nichols of Georgia.

Jim Hyatt, chaplain, asked the blessing and lunch was served. The tables were beautifully decorated with bouquets of fresh flowers from the garden of Robert and Emily Hyatt. Children's place settings featured balloons and crayons. Thank you, Victoria and Emily, for another great decorating success. Many thanks, also to Geneva Hyatt for registering all our guests.

After lunch, Victoria Hyatt Sowers prompted all returning guests to introduce themselves. These guests included:

Janie Merchant of Catawba County; Theresa Hyatt Cotten and husband Joe, from outside Knoxville; Leeo Moon and his guest Karen Dye, of Arab, Alabama; Ruth Hyatt Kimberly of Kissimmee FL and Linville NC with her brother Howard Hyatt; Clyde Hyatt of Qualla, a descendant of Ransom Lee Hyatt; Elaine Hyatt of Asheville, a cousin to Clyde Hyatt; John Stephen Hyatt of Greenville, his son Greg, brother Ed and his wife Gail and daughters Yvonne and Catherine; Louise Rhodes of Huntsville, AL, her husband Arnie and son Lance; George Hyatt of Hazel Green, Alabama and his wife Nadine (George invited everyone to the Hyatt reunion at Hazel Green during the 2nd weekend in July, 2010); George's sister Ann Powell and her husband Carlos; Anne and Bob Welch, of Lenoir, NC; Louisa Chapman and cousin Nathan Hyatt Walker, his wife Betty and their two grandsons, all of Williamsburg.

Robert P. Hyatt introduced himself and brought greetings from his father, Samuel Perry Hyatt. He expressed Mr. Sam's regrets at not being able to attend this year's reunion. Mr. Sam, who turned 100 years old in January, recently fractured his pelvis in a fall at home. Robert also announced that open house would be held at his home on Shoal Creek Drive until 5 p.m. He invited everyone to come and view the antique looms used by his wife Emily and daughter Victoria, both master weavers. The mother and daughter team serve as guest artists in schools throughout the Southeast.

Jim Hyatt introduced himself and his wife, Carolyn. Jim, a descendant of the Hezekiah line, remarked that Andy Hyatt found our group through DNA testing and encouraged anyone who has "hit a brick wall" in their genealogy research to take advantage of DNA testing and recommended the 67-marker test.

Victoria brought the group's attention to photos of Mr. Sam's 100th birthday celebration. The photos were viewed on a computer set up, along with the opportunity to purchase any of the photos.

Marilyn Vance brought two styles of t-shirts for sale. One style was black and featured the Hyatt crest; the other was purple and featured the motto: Hyatt Family Reunion. The shirts sold for $20 and $15, respectively, with proceeds to help defray expenses of the reunion. Note cards with the family crest were also available for purchase.

Robert reminded the group to check out the wall sheet for any additions or changes to the family tree and to note them on the sheet. He thanked Anne Hyatt Welch and Lawrence Hyatt for submitting items for the newsletter and asked that additional members submit items to be published in the future, specifically items from the 1700s, as well as contemporary notes about any of the Hyatts. "Anything you are willing to share," he said. These things knit us all together. "Just let Anne or me know."

Lawrence mentioned that a land grant was awarded to Martha Emily Hill in 1891. Martha was the wife of Daniel Franklin Hyatt. Daniel died from a snake bite and Martha returned to NC by wagon alone, a feat unheard of during the pioneer era. He also announced that anyone who would like to visit the Hyatt Cemetery after the reunion would be welcome, but that the road might be too muddy from thr recent heavy rains.Victoria pointed out that copies of the directions to Robert and Emily's home were on a side table for those planning to attend the open house.

The annual "passing of the hat" for donations was assigned to young Quinton and Marshall Blanchard, who did an admirable job. The donations help with the cost of the reunion each year as well as with expenses of keeping up the Hyatt Cemetery.An election was held, with all present officers re-elected by acclamation. The officers are:President….Lawrence Hyatt; Vice-President…..Robert P. Hyatt…..Chaplain…Jim HyattVictoria Sowers will continue as Financial Officer and Hostess, with Anne Hyatt Welch assuming the recording of the minutes.

The reunion concluded with everyone pitching in for clean-up.
Respectfully submitted,

Anne Hyatt Welch

Hyatt Reunion Financial Report
Victoria Hyatt Sowers, Treasurer

Beginning Balance:	$20.00	
2008 Collection	$771.00	
Newsletter(Printing and Mailing):	$229.36	
Community Center Rental:	$100.00	
Graveyard(dirt and mowing):	$160.00	
Hall Decoration:	$52.07	
Service ware(plates,cups,etc.)	$49.57	
Ending Balance:		$200.00