

Marguerite Yancey Research



Photo of Photograph of 2nd Lt. Marguerite Yancey.

[illegible]

<https://www.ancestry.com/search/collections/6061/records/35729452>

STATE Tennessee COUNTY Shelby TOWNSHIP OR OTHER DIVISION OF COUNTY _____

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR - BUREAU OF THE CENSUS
THIRTEENTH CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES: 1910 - POPULATION

SUPPLYING DISTRICT NO. 203 SHEET NO. 2 B
ENUMERATION DISTRICT NO. 203 WARD OF CITY 27 (Part of)
NAME OF INSTITUTION _____ ENUMERATED BY ME ON THE 19 DAY OF April, 1910. ENUMERATOR _____

LOC. NO.	NAME	RELATION	PERSONAL DESCRIPTION	ACTIVITY	EDUCATION	INDUSTRY	EDUCATION		INDUSTRY	
							Years of school	Years of college	Years of school	Years of college
781	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
782	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
783	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
784	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
785	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
786	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
787	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
788	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
789	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
790	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
791	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
792	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
793	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
794	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
795	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
796	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
797	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
798	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
799	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	
800	Essemae	Wife	22 5 2	Memphis, Tenn	Memphis, Tenn	Shop	72	20	6 2 4 7 3 6 4	

1910 Federal United States Census [ancestry.com](https://www.ancestry.com)
 Year: 1910; Census Place: Memphis Ward 27, Shelby, Tennessee; Roll: T624_1521; Page: 7b;
 Enumeration District: 0282; FHL microfilm: 1375534
<https://www.ancestry.com/search/collections/7884/records/199200289>

Marguerite Yancey

in the U.S., Veterans' Gravesites, ca. 1775-2019



Add or update information

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Detail Source

Name	Marguerite Yancey
Death Age	92 [92]
Birth Date	12 Aug 1904
Death Date	23 Oct 1996
Interment Place	Tennessee, USA
Cemetery Address	C/O Dyersburg Funl Home 420 Hwy 51 By-Pass Dyersburg, TN 38024
Cemetery	Dyer County Memorial Gardens
Notes	2nd Lt Us Army World War Ii

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Veteran's Gravesites information [ancestry.com](https://www.ancestry.com)

National Cemetery Administration; *U.S. Veterans' Gravesites*

<https://www.ancestry.com/search/collections/8750/records/6374110>



Photo added by [D&J Cloninger](#)

Lieut Marguerite Yancey

BIRTH 12 Aug 1904

DEATH 23 Oct 1996 (aged 92)

BURIAL [Dyer County Memorial Gardens](#)
Dyersburg, Dyer County, Tennessee, USA [Add to Map](#)

MEMORIAL ID 30265440 · [View Source](#)

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Find a Grave Memorial for Lieut. Marguerite Yancey

<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/30265440/marguerite-yancey>

dis yere house.

It happened at an art exhibit attended by the members of the smart set. Herman E. Williams, an amateur, lounging about the room, came upon several young women looking at one of his own efforts, and one, Marguerite Yancey, gazing at the picture with evident admiration, suddenly exclaimed:

"If I only knew the artist who did this!"

Young Williams, with great delight, stepped forward. "I am the artist," said he.

Marguerite Yancey turned upon him with a winning smile. "I am so glad," she said. "In that case you will be able to tell me the name of the dress-maker who built that perfectly lovely frock your model wore."

The Commercial Appeal (Children's Page)

Memphis, TN, Sunday, Sept. 28, 1919, Pg. 74

https://www.newspapers.com/image/768149643/?match=1&clipping_id=196202616



Here is a quartette of Page members from Ripley, Tenn., the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Yancey. Reading from left to right they are: Lucile, Marguerite, Grace and Sadie Yancey.

the horse, but all to no avail. It was all that she could do to keep on her-

The Commercial Appeal (Children's Page)
Memphis, TN, Sunday, Sept. 28, 1919, Pg. 74

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YOUNG FOLKS' LETTER BOX

To the Children's Page—Sometimes I wonder how we embryo writers would vent our frequent literary outbursts if there was no Children's Page. But I'm not going to take the joy out of life by suggesting such a thing, for it's bad enough to miss having one occasionally. What other paper would give a whole page to just kids? But lots of grown people read the Page, and look forward to it with as much interest as we do.

As far as I'm concerned, the Page puts the sun in Sunday.

How many of you members like Kipling? If I were the type of girl who describes everything with the superlative, and thinks the ocean "perfectly darling lovely," I'd say I adored him. Since I'm not, I'll try to give some idea of my intense regard for his works by saying I'm an ardent admirer of him.

When I first read Poe's "Tell Tale Heart" and the "Pit and the Pendulum," I thought Poe had achieved the highest pinnacle of producing horror. But when I read "The Strange Ride," by Kipling, I experienced worse thrills of horror. Kipling, in addition to causing one's hair to assume a perpendicular position and curdling one's blood, describes such gruesome inci-



This is Margaret Elizabeth Hearn, known as "Elsie." She is the beautiful little daughter of Mrs. P. L. Hearn of Dyer, Tenn. She has black curly hair and blue eyes and is three years old. She wants to become a Page member.

dents that the reader becomes positively sick. But I like it. I take a morbid interest in reading about detached heads that are carried around in horsehair bags embroidered with silver thread, like Peachey Carnehan carried the head of "The Man Who Would Be King."

I know I've consumed too much valuable space, but I assure you, dear members, that I wouldn't do such a thing except when I am extolling the virtues of my literary idol.

With best wishes for the success of the Page, I am, a faithful member,
MARGUERITE YANCEY.

Ripley, Tenn.

To the Children's Page—Dear "Everybody"—This is honestly my last

To body. of ne story op. best I'm been have But i never Bef I will still even not t chestr have Sunda fair s I'll be for m the s I wea just l How ters? and t promi receiv How I am seven to ser Say, cook? how. was a was " to fee Som promi

Box

(By I Tak of wa done a a lum pans i Try ti

(By

Tak it on round ERATED into f the p pimen spoons ad. T

for she had sacrificed her own needs
for her children's pleasure and been
doubly repaid.

NIGHTFALL.

(By Marguerite Yancey, Ripley, Tenn.)

The azure clouds are fading,
The sun is sinking low,
And weird shadows flicker
On the lawns where fireflies glow.

Each tree stands like a dull silhouette
Against the evening sky,
And in the dusky twilight
A belated bird glides by.

Then from behind a fleecy cloud
The silver moon shows her pale face;
Like a sparkling jewel is she,
In a velvet jewel case.

Then a million little stars appear
To make the heavens more bright,
And all is calm, and cool, and still,
For now reigns peaceful Night.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

https://www.newspapers.com/image/768010960/?match=1&clipping_id=196202943

School Commencements.

RIPLEY, Tenn., May 29.—A large crowd greeted the graduating class of the Ripley High School Thursday night when a most interesting programme was rendered. Miss Marguerite Yancey gave a piano solo, followed by class history, by Miss Louise Maclin. Miss Sara Given sang a solo, "April Rain," and McLeod Barnes delivered the class will. A medley by the Boys' Glee Club and chorus by senior class were good. The prophecy, by Miss Mary Lou Sharpe, crystal gazer, was interesting. Kelly Coughlin sang well a solo, "Rolling Down to Rio," and the chorus "Farewell to Ripley High," composed by Miss Marguerite Yancey, a talented member of the class, brought great applause.

Last night the final service of the closing exercises of the Ripley High School was held at the Methodist Church and one of the most attractive of the many during the past week. The vocal selections by the high school chorus were fine and the class address by that gifted divine, the Rev. P. D. T. Roberts of Memphis was a literary gem, sparkling with eloquence, embellished with the most choice rhetoric, replete in its harmonious construction and faultlessly delivered.

He implored the members of the large class to "Sail on and on" to the highest peak of endeavor and perfection, and strive to make noble, worth-while men and women, an honor to themselves and a blessing to humanity.

Hon. E. C. Bullock, in a well-chosen talk, presented diplomas to the following: Mary Lou Sharpe, Hilda Majors, Elizabeth Williams, Jennie Sue Chandler, Era Weaver, Nettie Wadsworth, Frances Hale, Ruth Hedgepeth, Marguerite Yancey, Frances Long and D. B. Archer, McLeod Barnes, Kelly Coughlin, David Thompson, Charles Paris, Walter Wadsworth.

The Commercial Appeal

Memphis, TN, Sunday, May 30, 1920, pg. 25

https://www.newspapers.com/image/768133953/?match=1&clipping_id=196203086

is an excellent dish; try it.

THE VOICE IN THE CLOISTER.

(By Marguerite Yancey, Ripley, Tenn.)

In a secluded vale, where the sun's rays never penetrated and the occasional traveller lost his way in the pathless wood, there lay a certain typical 16th century convent—St. Whitby's Abbey.

Within its ivy-tapestried walls the saintly abbess, with her austere sisters and the novices, maidens who had lately renounced all worldly interests to don the somber veil, reverently counted their beads, knelt in devout prayer, observed fasts and ministered to the suffering.

From time immemorial had they dwelt there, unconsciously shedding their benign, if severe, influence on all the surrounding country.

Then, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, came the irrevocable order of Henry VIII. that all monasteries must be suppressed.

Henry's itching palm was concealed under the thin fiction that the monasteries were being conducted immorally, which statement was made by two royal commissioners appointed for the purpose.

St. Whitby's Abbey, along with more than 600 others, was dismantled. Every particle of metal was torn away. The unprotected walls were left to sink into picturesque ivy-clad ruins.

The sisters, rudely thrust from the solitary, self-sacrificing life they had chosen, were allotted a meager pension. The majority of them, rather than endure worldly pleasures after a life of seclusion, retired to some quiet place, there to spend the remainder of their lives.

But the abbess—what became of that deeply religious woman? No one knew save, perhaps, the ivy, but it kept the secret to itself.

Years passed. Gradually the wood was cleared away, and from a few wood cutters' huts there grew a small village.

Along with the village grew a tradition that nightly a voice rose from the debris, and that upon several occasions a slight form had been seen among the ruins.

These peasants were simple people and no doubt regarded this voice with profound respect. No one ever disturbed the cloister, where the ivy crept over the crumbling walls as if to shield them from secular eyes.

It was midnight. A shadowy figure stole across the ruins, vanishing behind a heap of stones.

Presently the ivy that covered a wall was pushed aside, an old door creaked as it opened, and a slender, black-clad figure glided to where the shrine had been in the days when the abbey flourished.

There it knelt, with humbly bowed head, and prayed a fervent prayer.

As the clear, earnest voice rose heavenward the crouching figure listened and took heart.

The next day there came to the village curate a stranger.

"Last night," said he, "fleeing from those who sought me for a crime I had not committed, I hid myself among the ruins of yonder cloister. At midnight I perceived a figure issue from beyond a wall. It knelt before the ancient shrine and prayed. Such a prayer I had never heard before. I had despaired of proving my innocence, but the infinite faith which prompted such a prayer as that encouraged me, and I believed again. This morning I received word that the offender had been located and I was no longer suspected.

"But tell me, who was it? Who makes a practice of praying at night in that deserted place?"

Then the curate told of the traditional voice that had been heard there. "But such a prayer could have issued from no other save human lips.



The Commercial Appeal (The Children's Page)
Memphis, TN, Sunday, Sept. 12, 1920, pg. 54

https://www.newspapers.com/image/768147105/?match=1&clipping_id=196203413

vited to speak.

RETURNING FROM EAST

Marguerite Yancey, Ripley, Will Go To New York

RIPLEY, Tenn., Aug. 6. — After five years of journalistic work and feature story writing in the Philippines, Hongkong and Shanghai, Miss Marguerite Yancey of Ripley, sailed Aug. 2 from Southampton, for New York.

She returned from China by way of Europe and spent some time in Italy, France and England.

Miss Yancey will arrive in the United States next week and will go from New York to Asheville, N. C., where the Yanceys are now making their home. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Yancey, and was reared here. She will visit here later.

Mrs. Martha Wiseman

COVINGTON, Tenn. Aug. 6

JOURNAL, KNOXVILLE, TENN., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1935.

Miss Yancey Tells of Horrible Experiences in 'Covering' War

Former U-T Co-ed Finds Many Changes on Return After 11 Years

After 11 years of wandering that took her into the glamorous corners of the earth, Marguerite Yancey came back to Knoxville yesterday, excited to find out what changes had come over her alma mater, the University of Tennessee.

While old friends quizzed her on conditions in Shanghai or in war-tense Italy, she was worrying about the fact that Barbara Blount, former U-T girls' dormitory, had been made a boys' dormitory.

Her story, a tale woven of romance and the bright colorings of adventure, began in 1924 when she stood on the U-T campus, diploma in hand, and looked out in the future.

HEARS CALL OF ORIENT

Originally from Memphis, she journeyed to the University of California, and, for want of something better, took her master's degree. It was in San Francisco, that strange twilight city where East and West blend, that she sensed the faint clear call of the Orient.

Thousands were leaving daily for the golden summerland that seemed just outside the city limits. She succumbed to the lust for wandering and went.

She was determined to be a newspaperwoman. Her only experience had been in writing squibs for the Orange and White, U-T student newspaper. But she never faltered.

WROTE ABOUT WAR

Soon she was a reporter on the North China Daily News—then society editor and finally war correspondent, when the empires of the Dragon and the Rising Sun leaped at each other's throat in a conflict that was to be called the Sino-Japanese war.

She wrote of the war from a woman's angle, wrote of the writhing dead, the blankness of mothers who looked at mangled sons, the dry-eyed grief of sweethearts, the wondering sobs of little children.

Once, in a war-stricken area, she saw 89 new babies, only a day old, piled around in dressing table drawers, in discarded boxes, anywhere. She heard them crying for mothers who were cold and still.

LONGED FOR STATES

But the war ended. She went to the Philippines as society editor of the Manila Daily Bulletin. Stories about gowns and teas helped rub out the memory of death and shrapnel. Later still she went to Hongkong as correspondent for a Shanghai paper.

All this was glamorous, but there was a country she longed mightily to see—the United States of America. In the midst of languor and exoticism, her mind turned back to the land of running water and of ham and eggs.

So she headed back, taking the longest way home, through Europe. In Italy she found the single-mindedness of a machine, a machine headed inexorably toward Ethiopia.

"War was the only thing they could think of," she said, "unless they cried the name of Mussolini. They adore him. It's a fine country, but you can't get a job unless you're a Fascist."

In Knoxville Miss Yancey is visiting an old classmate, Miss Elise Merrell, Island Home park. She will return soon to Asheville to visit her mother, Mrs. N. A. Yancey.



MISS MARGUERITE YANCEY
She prefers America.

ASK MORE AID FOR TEACHERS

Tennessee Delegation Calls On FERA Administrator.

By JOHN D. ERWIN

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8—Speaker Joseph W. Byrns, Judge Barton Brown, Tennessee relief administrator, Dr. Walter D. Cocking, commissioner of state institutions, H. F. Strygley, superintendent of schools of Nashville, and Fred Fuller, superintendent of the Watkins night school at Nashville, called on Aubrey W. Williams, acting administrator of FERA, today to urge a more liberal interpretation of the rule in respect to teachers on relief.

Mr. Williams was told that there are approximately 1,800 unemployed teachers in Tennessee, the majority of whom cannot be paid from relief funds because their names were stricken from the relief rolls by social workers. It is argued by the Tennesseans that strict interpretations of the rule leaves the state without competent teachers on relief rolls who are needed for the

Miss Yancey Tells Shanghai Adventures of Eddie Jappe

Young Memphis Cotton Man Enrolled in Volunteer Corps Finds Protection of Settlement Has Its Ups and Downs.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The following amusing account of conditions in Shanghai and the enrollment of Eddie Jappe, young Memphis cotton man in the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, is by Marguerite Yancey, who was born in Memphis, reared in Ripley and educated at the University of Tennessee. For the past 18 months she has been on the staff of the South China Daily News at Shanghai.

BY MARGUERITE YANCEY.

SHANGHAI, Feb. 13—When Eddie Jappe left Memphis a few months ago to come out to Shanghai, he told people he was going to the Orient in the interest of the cotton business. And until a few weeks ago he really was in the cotton business, putting over his data with the Wing On Company and negotiating with the Royal Wits in true Business Magazine style.

But the unsettled period we have known here for four months culminated in a week of nerve-racking

Caught by War.



EDDIE JAPPE.

TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL
one tumbler of tomato juice and one teaspoon of

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

COAL SALE

GENUINE MAGIC DOMESTIC

(Kentucky's Wonder Coal)

\$4.95
Per Ton

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"skin-healthy" children are not apt to be fretful

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25% Discount

★

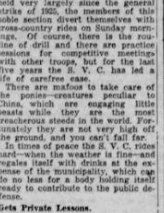
SUITS All Dresses HATS 50c

★

CRESCENT Laundry -- Cleaner

Rye Straw Sayings.

BY GEORGE BINGHAM, Rural Reporter.



Prisby Harnock is breaking his life of nudging him in church every Sunday by sitting out of her reach. Cricket Hicks says some men attract so much attention in life that after they pass out, the backs even close for them. He says he never had one close for him, but one time the Tickville Bank threatened to close if he didn't quit writing checks.

The Rye Straw Storekeeper has been conservative in the heating stove this winter, and sometimes the fire goes clear out. After which the landlord do, too.

Somehow, as we have most of the disastrous events which seem to be that at some late time. We spend our days at the North China Daily News in trying to sift the facts from the propaganda, but even then the high powered correspondents in the city have to find some great for their mills.

But in due course of time Mr. Jappe will come back to deal with cotton on the native health, and can repeat his old friends with many tales of the campaign in China. He is a member of the first "Boy" in name, that Judge Franklin of the U. S.

NEGRO HAS CRAMMED LIFE.

Calvin Dale, 24, negro, owes his life today to the fact that J. H. Poulos, 28, Scotch-Polish, shot before he aimed last night.

The negro, a patient at General Hospital suffering from gunshot wounds, escaped at 5 p.m. yesterday, clad in hospital clothing. Thirty minutes later, police said he attempted to enter Mr. Poulos' home, but was routed by the pistol fire.

He was captured a few minutes afterward by a squad of police and returned to the hospital. Dale, recovered his wounds a week ago in a brawl.

PROWLER IS ROUTED.

A negro took advantage of an entertainment at L. R. Thompson's home, 1265 Harbert at 10 p.m. yesterday.

EASTER EXCURSION FARES

To	Rate	Note
Chicago	\$10.00	Includes breakfast and lunch.
St. Louis	7.00	
Indianapolis	10.00	
Cincinnati	10.00	
Cleveland	10.00	
Buffalo	10.00	
Pittsburgh	10.00	
Philadelphia	10.00	
New York	10.00	
Boston	10.00	
Washington	10.00	
San Francisco	10.00	
Portland	10.00	
Seattle	10.00	
Alaska	10.00	
Yukon	10.00	
Alaska	10.00	
Yukon	10.00	

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PRIZE WINNERS OF THE WEEK.

Our Young Cooks—Bessie E. Hoffman, Greenville, Miss.; Sallie Arnold, 566 Adams Avenue, City, and Elizabeth Hood, Box 548, Vicksburg, Miss.

New Puzzles—Constance Blair (no address).

Money-Making Contest—Ethel J. Wood, Marks, Miss.

The Poets' Corner—Marguerite Yancey, Ripley, Tenn.

Short Story Contest—"Peaches," (no address).

Drawing Contest—Elizabeth Turner, Brownsville, Tenn.

The Kodak Club—(1) Willie V. Smith, Winborn, Miss.; (2) J. D. Anderson, Mize, Miss.; (3) Mabel Butler, 519 Leath Street, City.

THE MONTHS.

(By Marguerite Yancey, Ripley, Tenn.)
January comes first, with its ice and snow,
'Tis a very cold month, as we all know.
Then comes February, the shortest month
in the year,
With many holidays, but this month is
dark and drear.
The windy, blustering March is next in
line,
But then of spring we see a sign,
The fourth month, April, brings sudden
showers,
Which change the earth to maidens' bow-
ers.
May comes next, with warm weather
fair
And sweet blossoms blooming everywhere.
Fairest June brings flowers and sunny
skies,
Everything beautiful for children's eyes.
July brings warm weather—the warmest
of the year.
Early fruits are ripening and all the flow-
ers are here.
Then August comes, with her sultry
hours;
The earth is perfumed with the fragrance
of flowers.
The next month is September; we all go
back to school;
We should study with a zest and never
break a rule.
October comes to begin the harvest sea-
son;
Chill November ends the harvest moon,
Cold weather will be here all too soon.
Bleak December is the last month of the
year,
But let's be merry, for Christmas is here.

The Commercial Appeal

Memphis, TN, Sunday, Feb. 3, 1918, pg. 24

https://www.newspapers.com/image/767998866/?match=1&clipping_id=196204286

T Tennesseans in Far-Away China T Thrill at News of TVA Projects

Graphic Story of East Is
Told by Newspaper
Woman in Letter.

WRITES HOME

Parts of China Look Like
East Tennessee Moved
Into the Orient.

The fame of the Tennessee Valley Authority has spread to Hongking, China, and Tennesseans 6,000 miles from home rejoice in the new development of their state.

When the Tennessee Vols lose a football game it is known and deplored in Shanghai as in Knoxville and Vols fans recall the old days when "everyone wept after a game with Vandy."

Parts of Hongkong look as if a slice of North Carolina or Tennessee had been transplanted to the other side of the world and had kept on growing.

The novelists are right in one thing—there really is "something about the East that gets one."

All this colorful information comes from Marguerite Yancey, a graduate of U. T. in the class of 1924, who has spent the past four years in China and the Orient working on English-language newspapers. She's going to attend the reunion of her class in 1944 no matter what happens to the gold standard in the meantime, she says.

Parts of her letter, address to the class of '24, follow:

"Perhaps you who are gathered together will be accounting for the years in between—but where you will be gathered, I cannot decide. Not in old Jefferson hall, where we were ushered into the Alumni association one night 10 years ago, perhaps. I have heard of a new memorial building and George Hayes (now Mrs. Ralph McConnell, another of those U. T. intermarriages) wrote me from Montreal of her visit to homecoming last year and spoke of the excessively built-up appearance of the Hill.

PROFS ARE SAME

"She said that people of our generation had changed, but that those who had reached maturity when we knew them—i. e., the profs—were much the same.

"A year in a polite refined girls' boarding school in Berkeley, Calif., made me decide to change my profession and in the end drove me from my native shores—which I have not seen for these many years, and probably won't while the monetary systems of the world continue their mad gyrations.

"Anyway, I am not quite ready to come home. It is a mistake to leave the East until it is thoroughly out of your system, and once you proceed as far as Europe you are to all intents and purposes at home. I have felt during these trying times that I was doing my country a service by staying away, and thereby contributing slightly to easing up the unemployment situation.

"When I arrived in Shanghai four years ago, American girls were still getting off round-the-world boats, spending their last \$5 for a perky red hat and setting forth to conquer the world.

SHANGHAI INTERESTING

"In those days anyone who was a good stenographer or an adequate dancing partner was sure of bread and butter, even the luxury of jam. I didn't have those qualifications, but what with the connections I had before I arrived to help me get a foot-hold, and some amazing good luck, I was on the staff of the North China Daily News, the leading English language daily of the East, within a few months.

"Shanghai was interesting in one way and another for almost two years. The place is vast and ugly and crowded and squalid but it is an international melting pot, with the British in the ascendancy but with a large enough American community to make us count for a great deal. (The British gave me my first chance at journalism since my days on the Orange and White at the Hill).

"Everybody comes to Shanghai eventually, and I had some wonderful opportunities there. Then,



Marguerite Yancey, U. T. graduate, doing newspaper work in Hongkong, China. The above picture was taken at Fort William McKinley, Manila, P. I. The Horse is "Mack"—who "subsequently spilled her."

after the Sino-Japanese war, I felt that I wanted a change. Shanghai isn't China, but I wanted to get out, though all I had seen of China was Peking and the Great Wall and the part I traversed on the way to Manchuria.

So I set sail for Manila. Now that we are about to relinquish our hold on the islands I am glad that I had a year and a half there. I worked on the American daily in Manila, having my first taste of American newspaper work—I have yet to get it in my own land—and I was in a good position to hear a great deal about political developments. Most of it I naturally didn't understand.

MUCH ACCOMPLISHED

"It will be interesting to see what happens to Manila and the rest of the islands now after 30 years of intensive Americanization—which the Filipinos of course lapped up, for they have always wanted their freedom, and 300 years of Spanish domination whetted their desire to learn to be independent. Roads and schools and improved conditions—there is still plenty of room for more development, but never has so

much been done in 30 years by a benevolent government.

"I used to grow annoyed in Manila at our 100 per cent. ways, and the screaming of the eagle became monotonous, but I find that the lion roars just as loudly in this British colony of Hongkong.

"It will be interesting a few thousand years hence when ethnologists dig down among the ruins of the Los Banos Agricultural college in Laguna province and find that the students there howled the same yells that were in vogue in Tombstone, Ariz.

"They will be forced to deduce that a chain of islands once connected the Philippines with the North American continent—which is probably as intelligent as other things which anthropologists have deduced from time to time."

"EAST GETS YOU"

"After some months in Manila, Miss Yancey yearned for China."

"You know how the novelist makes his tropical hero mutter in throaty whispers that 'There is something about the East that gets you,' and then take a long drink from his tall glass on the club veranda.

"Well, Hongkong isn't China, of course, but just across the harbor from this little island lies Asia proper. I haven't been any farther into the interior than Canton, which isn't in the interior at all, but still you get a good deal of color there.

"Hongkong has Shanghai's interest and variety without quite such huge crowds and with much less squalor. People fresh from England or the United States think Hongkong is dirty, but that is because they haven't prowled around Shanghai, and Shanghai is a garden spot in comparison with sections under native control.

EXCELLENT ROADS

"There are only 30 square miles on this island, but many of them are perpendicular and for the relatively small area, as we should think of it at home, there is a great deal to see. Hongkong suggests a big lump of Western North Carolina, on a small scale, of course.

"We have miles of excellent roads, something that China proper knows little of as yet. Old China traveled by waterways. But many parts of the island are accessible only by foot-paths, so the beauty, because it has to be sought out gradually, lasts longer than it would at home.

"The local chamber of commerce hasn't subsidized me to exult over the glories of the harbor which stretches below the mid-level perch of my little flat so that the vista from the windows beyond my desk is unsurpassed for color and interest. Today it is blue as the sky is blue with battleships and cargo boats and ferries and native junks dotted over its smooth surface.

"In the stories of the East which you read people invariably have whole retinues of soft-footed servants who come tripping to fulfill every wish, even before the master knows it is going to be a wish. Well, there are servants here, and many of them. People remember the spacious old days when boys and amahs all but drew the breath of life for master and missy. However, when a poor journalist who ought to be living in a boarding house over in Kowloon, aspires to have a flat, however modest, with a view, she has to be ready to do quite a few things for herself.

"I read such wonderful things about Dr. Morgan and the Tennessee Valley Authority. The Literary Digest which brings me each week in this British stronghold news of my own people—a month late of course—thrilled me with its TVA number. Tennessee on the back of the Literary Digest!"

The Knoxville Journal

Knoxville, TN, Sunday, June 10, 1934, pg. 25

https://www.newspapers.com/image/586452759/?match=1&clipping_id=196204515

WAAC TRAINEE SAW JAPS INVADE CHINA

Marguerite Yancey Was in Mukden When Japs Took City in 1931

FORT OGLETHORPE, Ga., May 6. (AP)—There's one auxiliary at the third WAAC training center here who witnessed the opening incident of the present world upheaval, and she's determined to be as close as possible to the final shot of World War II.

She's Auxiliary Marguerite Yancey of Asheville, N. C., who as a newspaper reporter on the North China Daily News at Mukden in 1931, watched the Japanese occupy the Chinese city. It was the Rising Sun empire's first move against China, and has been termed by contemporary observers as actually the beginning of events leading to the present conflict.

"It was practically a bloodless invasion," she said. "The Japs just walked in and took over. I didn't see any injured — just piles of sandbags and plenty of barbed wire.

"No one thought at that time that the Mukden invasion was the torch that would set fire to the world."

In 1932 Auxiliary Yancey went to Shanghai, where the Japs were bombing all around the city. "They gave me all the pictures I wanted for my paper," she recalled.

"I got out easy enough—because with the right kind of passport you were protected. Then I went to Manila, and led a comparatively calm life there as woman's editor for the American Daily."

In 1935 Auxiliary Yancey traveled through Europe and saw the beginning of Mussolini's program to sell the idea of colonial expansion to Italians. She is the daughter of Mrs. N. A. Yancey of Albemarle Park, Asheville, N. C.

The Bristol Herald Courier
Bristol, TN, Friday, May 7, 1943, pg. 5

https://www.newspapers.com/image/585344472/?match=1&clipping_id=196204779

Peabody Junior Gets Scholarship

The scholarship committee^N of Peabody college announced yesterday that Miss Geneva Ross, junior, daughter of Mrs. Geneva F. Ross, Portsmouth, N. H., will receive the Bertha Bradbury Yancey scholarship of \$500 for next year.

A Spanish major, she is a member of the Pan-American circle and last summer attended the session offered by Peabody college in Mexico City college. She was a recipient of the Elisa Claybrook scholarship last year.

This scholarship was given by Marguerite Yancey in memory of her mother, Mrs. N. A. Yancey who as Bertha Bradbury, received the L. I. degree from Peabody in 1901. Mrs. Yancey was a Nashville girl and attended the old Ward's school, Hume-Fogg high school and Peabody college. She died at her home in Asheville, N. C., a year ago.

Miss Yancey who was born in Ripley, Tenn., received her A. B. from the University of Tennessee and her A.M. in English literature at the University of California. She is now a graduate student at Columbia University. During the war she served three years in the Women's Army Corps, and then went to Korea with the Army of the Occupation and then spent a year in China.

5 Killed 7 Injured

The Tennessean

Nashville, TN, Sunday, May 21, 1950, pg. 5

https://www.newspapers.com/image/111354216/?match=1&clipping_id=196205034

70 missions and has won the Air Medal.

and has been serving overseas since January.

Service Awards Come To Women For Zeal, Ability

Daughters Of MidSouth Receive Promotions, New Positions

WOMEN from the MidSouth who have answered their country's call for volunteers to serve in the military forces, continue to win laurels and earn promotions.

ELOIS RENFRO HUDSON, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Hudson of Osceola, Ark., formerly of Clarksdale, Miss., graduate of the Baptist Memorial Hospital School of Nursing, has received promotion to captain at Camp Cooke, Calif., where she is stationed with the Army Nursing Corps.

MARTHA K. WHITAKER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Al K. Whitaker of Millington has been promoted from second to first lieutenant in the WACS at the Mobile Air Service Command headquarters at Brookley Field, Ala., where she is presently stationed.

AGNES D. BYRD, daughter of Mrs. Vivian B. Byrd, 276 South Pauline, who was graduated from St. Joseph's Hospital School of Nursing, has completed her Army training at Camp Rucker, Ala., and has been transferred to Camp Blanding, Fla., as an officer in the Army Nurse Corps with the rank of second lieutenant.

JOSEPHINE I. FERRETTI, 446 Mosley, Memphis, was one of 53 Army Air Forces nurses who were graduated this week from basic military training at the A. A. F. Training Command's Basic Training Center at Greensboro, N. C., with rank of second lieutenant and is now awaiting assignment to one of the military posts in this country.

MARGUERITE YANCEY, lieutenant in the Air WACS, a former resident of Ripley, Tenn., the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Yancey, has been transferred to

Headquarters, Army Air Forces, Washington, D. C., for duty. Lieutenant Yancey, whose home address is now Asheville, N. C., had been in the public relations office at First WAC Training Center, Fort Des Moines, Iowa, since receiving her commission in August, 1943.

EMILY V. HARBIN, daughter of Mrs. Emma V. Harbin, 1091 Homer, Memphis, private in the AIR WACS, is now stationed at A. A. F. Tactical Center, Orlando, Fla., as a teletype operator for the fighting wing there. A brother, John C. Harbin Jr., is an Army aviation student.

MidSoutherners Win Merited Promotions

Three Memphians have completed their basic training with amphibious force units of the Navy at Norfolk, Va. They are **LEE C. THOMPSON**, 945 South Cox; **JOHN W. BROCK**, 1095 Beechwood, and **FRED L. CROWDER**, 697 Woodlawn.

Included in a recent graduating class from the Medical Field Service School at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., were **LIEUTS. CHARLES B. DUKE**, Dental Corps and **WILLIAM W. AYCOCK**, Medical Corps, Lieut. Duke lived at Route 3, Memphis and Aycock at 1511 Vinton. Both attended the University of Tennessee.

JUSTIN CHRISTOPHER ADLER, general supervisor for the National Peanut Corporation, son of Mr. and Mrs. James C. Adler, 1234 Poplar, has been commissioned a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy and is attending deck volunteer specialist school at Princeton University. His wife and daughter live at 1364 Court.

STAFF SERGT. HOWARD M. DUKE, son of Mrs. H. R. O'Brien, 3363 Macon Road, has received the Expert Infantryman's Badge at Camp Livingston, La., where he is

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The Commercial Appeal
Memphis, TN, Sunday, April 30, 1944, pg. 39
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MARGUERITE YANCEY, B.A.
RIPLEY, TENN.

Delta Delta Delta; Volunteer Staff '20-24; Orange and White Staff '20-24; Mugwump Staff; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Treasurer State Student Volunteer Union; Delegate to Convention at Indianapolis; Alpha Phi Epsilon; Vice-Pres. Theta Alpha Phi; University Players; Carolina Playmakers; Modern Drama Club '23; "The Periscope" '24.

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UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE



The Volunteer 1924, pg. 69