



HOWARD B. CONE



JANUARY 21, 1919

WILLIAMSTON, NORTH CAROLINA

A TRIBUTE TO HOWARD B. CONE

by David B. Harrell
Thanksgiving Day, 2008

Internationally traveled, yet Carolina boy at heart
Tee up at the River Course, "No caddie, just a cart"
Cunning, impatient, and always neatly dressed
Cape Lookout and an Icehouse, the recipe for no stress
King Kong with his serve (as well as his appetite)
Smooth with directions, quick to remind you to take
"the next right"
Well-connected, well-respected
The art of negotiating long perfected
Perfect night? relaxing cigar after a meal
at Ruth's Chris
His smile, questions, & charisma, I've already begun to
miss



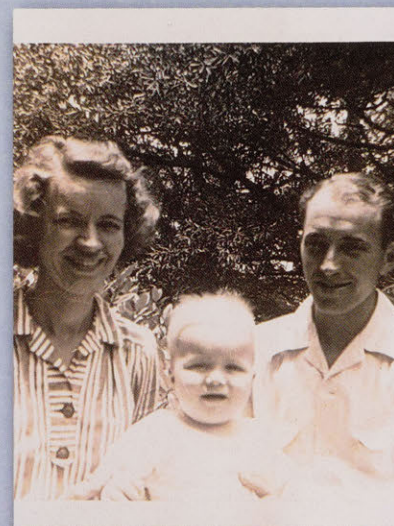
CHILDHOOD AND RELATIVES



Howard and Sarah



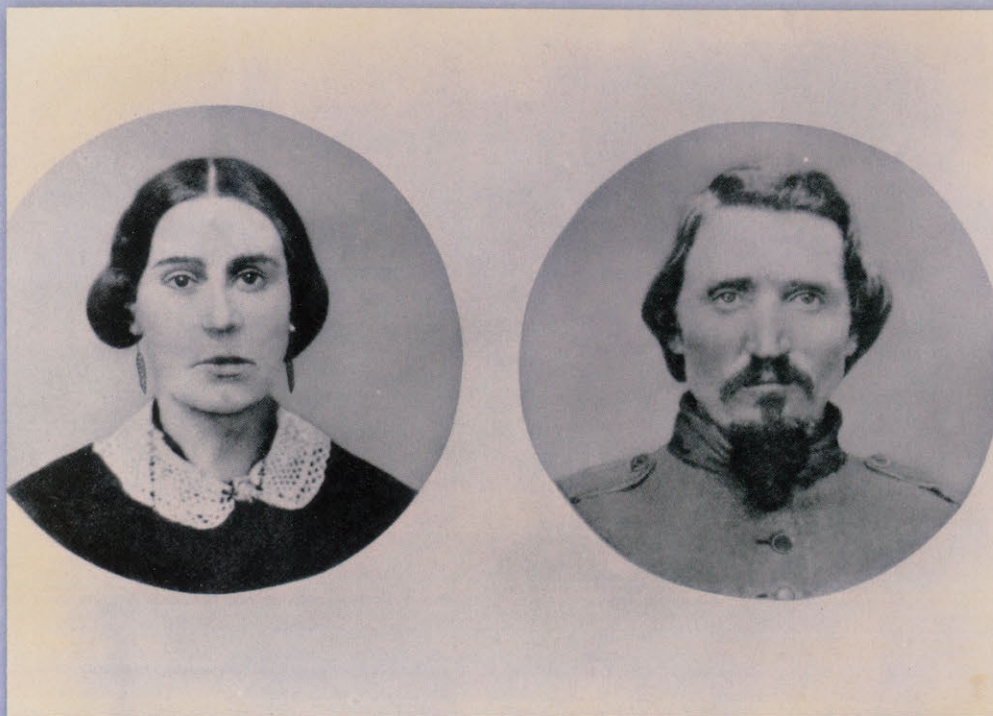
Blanche, Kack, Sara
and Howard



Frances, Johnny and
Urbin Rogers



Sarah, Howard, and
Percy Cone



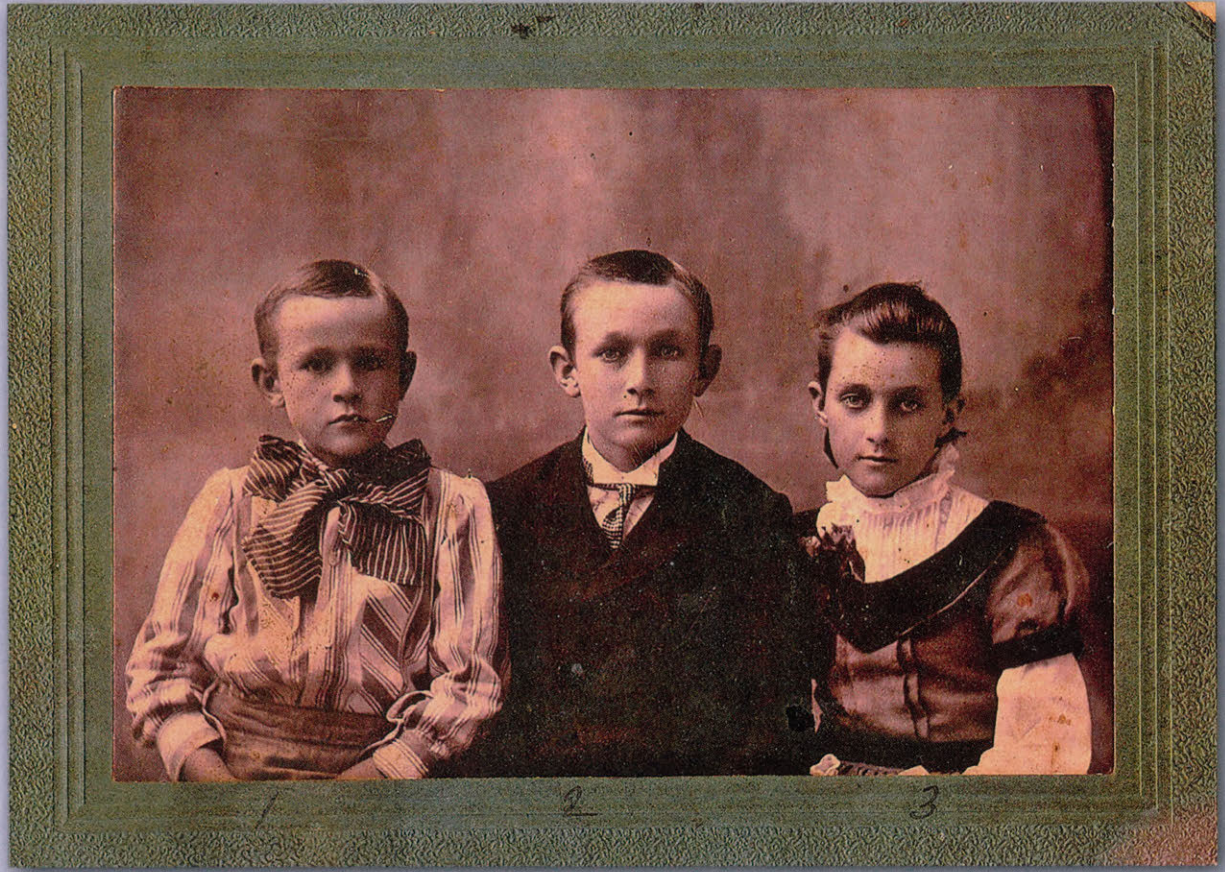
Sarah Ann Westray Bunn and James Bunn Jr.

Henrietta Bunn Cone and Burtis Cone.





Dr. Howard Freeman, Sallie Williamson Freeman and Percy Bunn Cone.



Burtis, Percy and Mary Cone. 1894

HOWARD'S ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Frances K. Parker, Liz's mother, was the Williamston Schools music teacher and taught 6th grade to Liz and unwittingly to her future son-in-law, Howard. With a smile, she recalled Howard's natural humor even as a child. Mrs. Parker stated that sometimes he made her laugh so hard in class that she had to go back to the cloakroom to regain her composure. At that time, Howard had a pudgy face and among his classmates he was known as a grub worm or "Grub" for short.

Howard was an average student, yet he displayed exceptional skills in human relations, he had a noticeable sweet side, with a gift of natural humor and story telling that runs deep into southern culture. He also possessed a near photographic memory for baseball statistics, players, names, and their backgrounds.

These skills would later set him apart to work in concert with some of the brightest analytical minds of the tobacco industry.





Johnny Rogers



Sallie and Sara Cone





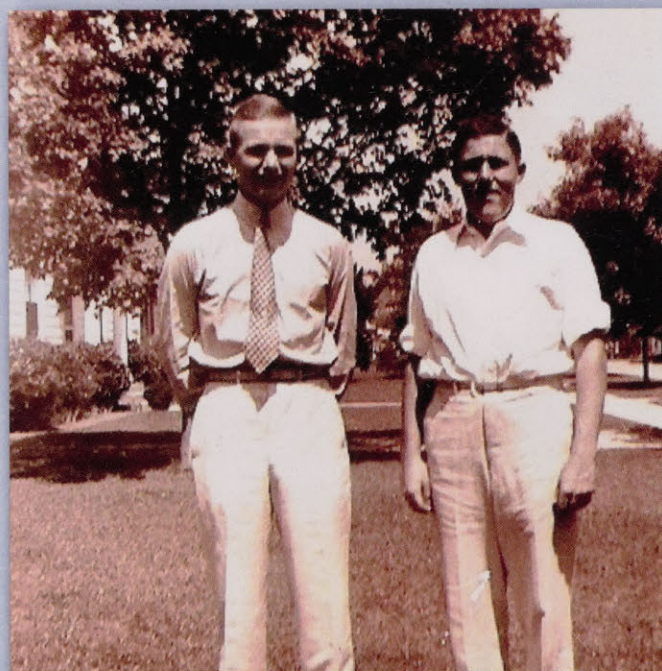
Howard, Sara, Frances, Vivian and
Ruby



Percy Cone



Sara Cone





Sallie Cone, Percy Cone
and Sara Cone Simpson



Sara Cone



Sallie Cone and Jane
Freeman



*Thanksgiving Day - 1983
at the Cones
Frances T., Howard, + Frances*

Frances T., Howard and
Frances



Mammy, Sarah, Effie Cone



Henriette Octavia "Mammy" Cone



Jane Freeman, Sallie Cone



Sallie C., Frances F., Vivian W.

THE HEART OF A SMALL TOWN

by Charles H. Dickey

April 21, 1934

Every resident of a little town, reading this article, will probably comment: "This also applies to my community". On the other hand, the resident of some great center of population undoubtedly will be unable to understand it, because he never comes in contact with any such condition.

They have just laid him away. The last we saw, as we drove away was a great wealth of flowers, hiding from sight, one who had been so dear to us all.

A great pall of gloom hangs over the old town today. Its pace has slowed down, our faces have sobered up; we whisper in softened tones; and we've been wiping the tears out of our eyes.

"It is such a pity" he had said a few days ago, "that one has to wait until he is ill to find out how one's neighbors and friends love him."

That is all too true, And, yet, maybe there's is no other way or time. When we and our friends are well and happy, there seems no particular occasion for going to such a one and saying "We all love you."

So long as neighbors and friends are strong, well and happy, we just take one another for granted. There's Sheriff C.E. Roebuck. I see him every day. I know where he lives. I go fox hunting with him every few mornings.

I know that if I don't see him this morning, then I'll see him this afternoon.

And I also know that if I want him, he'll be there in a few moments when I have had time to ring his telephone. I suppose he looks upon me in much the same manner. And there's Jim King. I think the world of him. But I've never told him so. I think he knows it- just as he has proved, more times that one, that he thinks unusually well of me. Friends don't go about telling one another how much we love; neither do we go currying to each other great expensive bunches of flowers. We know that we are friends and that we love each other. And we let it go at that. I suppose there is nothing else to do.

But when one of us drops out- well, that is different.

And that's what happened to a good friend a few days ago. To use a phrase we learned in the army during the days of the World War, "He went West."

At that moment, and during the days of his illness, our testing time was upon us. All the time we had been knowing that we loved the man.

He knew we loved him too. But now he was ill; now he was gone, and now his family was in trouble.

It was during those several days that we all seemed to say to ourselves "Now is time to rise and shine." And we did. The whole community was concerned. All of us were ready to lend aid in every probable way. And in the eight years I have been in this community, I have never seen it rise to greater heights.

Some of us rode 300 miles merely to be in the same hospital where that man was ill. We did that without seeing him, you understand; but we saw his family and held their hands.

While we were there in the hospital, there was a constant stream of letters, telegrams and flowers being carried into those corridors. I wish you could have seen some of them. Little children had been writing the sweetest notes; professional men from far and near had been sending good wishes over the wires; the telephones were in constant use. Flowers came day and night. People here and there were praying-praying as only one's own neighbors can pray at such time.

I recall three of those prayers, One was by a tiny seven-year-old girl- this man's next door neighbor. Another by a small boy of six, who lived just across the street. One was a full blooded Jewish friend and neighbor. It taught me that down under the skin we were all the same-human beings, made in God's great image. Then the man died.

CONTINUATION

His neighboring women went into the home and opened it up and made ready for their coming. They filled the pantry with everything to eat and a hot meal was waiting when the family came back. Neighbors opened their homes for the guests they knew would be there from far and near for the funeral.

Then, for an entire day and night the populace went in and out through the doors of that lonely home.

Everybody was there.

I saw an old, bent colored woman who had cooked for the family, coming in to see this man for the last time; I saw children there from the schools; and people from out in the country.

And flowers- I have never seen so many. They came from everywhere. I saw a truck load twenty four hours before our neighbor was to be buried. It took five automobiles and two trucks to carry those flowers to the cemetery. At those brief services people were present from more than a hundred miles away. It was one of the most beautiful tributes of love. I have ever seen on the part of that man's friends- or upon the part of anybody for that matter.

And when we all left the flowers banked grave and came back home, some of us first went to that home to be with the family. Some of the neighbors were there last night after I had gone to bed. Looking on through the window now I can still see them going in and out. No wonder the broken family plans to stay here with us.

Our town is like that. I suppose your little town is like that too.

The author was a close friend of Howard's father, Dr. Percy Bunn Cone, and was Pastor of the Baptist Church across the street from their home.

Then

The bitter years will end.
Older than winter leaves,
Cool as the wide green sea.
The richer years will come-
Blood will run slow again-
And I will meet with calm
The age that you disdain.

-John Zeigler.

In North Carolina Poetry Review

HOWARD'S WORK AS A YOUNG ADULT

Two days after P. Cone's burial, Aunt Sarah Cone and Aunt Effie Cone began searching for Howard to bid him goodbye before returning to Richmond. Someone directed them to look for Howard at the Margolis Brothers store on Main Street. There they found him working as a sales clerk in the shoe store. Aunt Sarah said it was all they could do to hold their composure as they both hugged him goodbye. Clearly this young man of 15 years old had recognized his duty to help provide for his mother and sister. Howard remained devoted to both of these ladies for all their lives. Our family has always been grateful to the Margolis brothers who extended a hand to the son of their departed friend.

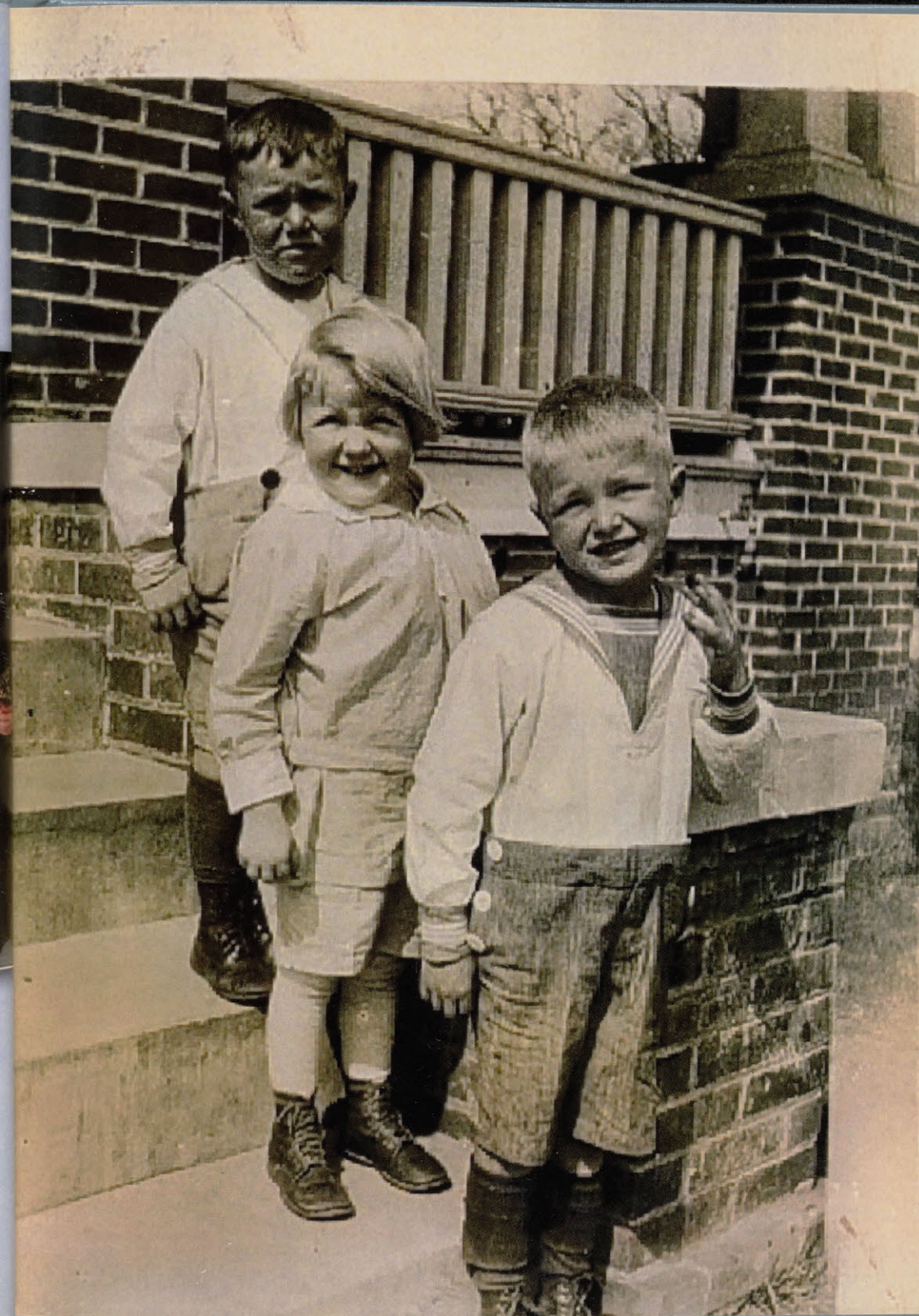
Howard held other summer jobs in Williamston, N.C. as he grew up. He recalled fondly his days as a soda jerk at Clarks Pharmacy that had a real soda fountain serving Cokes, real lemonades, iced tea and milk shakes. Howard loved to make himself thick milk shakes that had so much ice cream loaded in that the mixing blade would barely turn. He also scored baseball games in the Eastern North Carolina semi pro-league. The Raleigh News and Observer trained him to report with concise telegrams the results of the games. Howard remained a devoted baseball fan his entire life and he was a solid catcher in his own right.



Frances Freeman Fulhum



Howard, Anne Cone



In Walden, Thoreau says:

I went into the woods because I wished to live deliberately; to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.

LETTER FROM FRANK FREEMAN

May 7, 1981

Dear Howard,

Now only you and I are left. With the death of your mother, the next to the last of what I always thought of as my extended family is gone. That feeling began 50 years ago when you, Sara, and Aunt Sallie visited Babylon following my mother's death and it grew after Jane went to Williamston to live. Its hard to believe that no one is left on Church Street.

Your mother was the warmest, most loving lady I have ever met. She gave her heart and much, much more to everyone. Her genuine kindness and concern for others made her the best Christian I have known. She had great inner strength, beauty, charm, wisdom, told wonderful stories and was fun to be with. I smile with love and admiration as I write about her, but shall miss her very much as I know you will, too

Sincerely,
Frank

50 East 96th Street
New York City





Sallie Cone and Sara Cone
Simpson



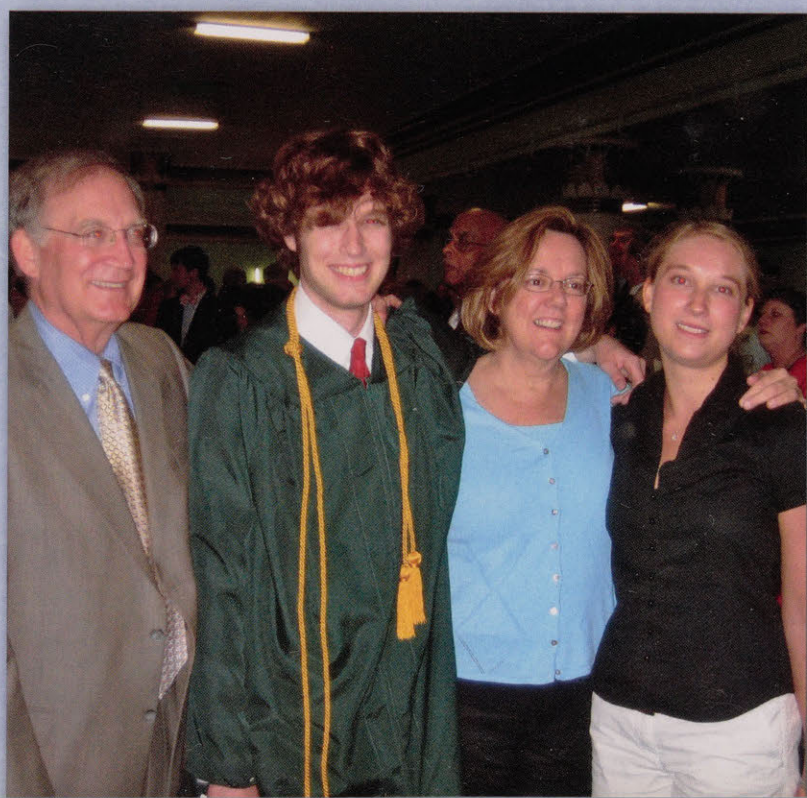
Reg Jr., Melissa, Reg and Milles Simpson

Reg Jr. and Sally Simpson.



Reg Jr., Sally Simpson and Frances Cone





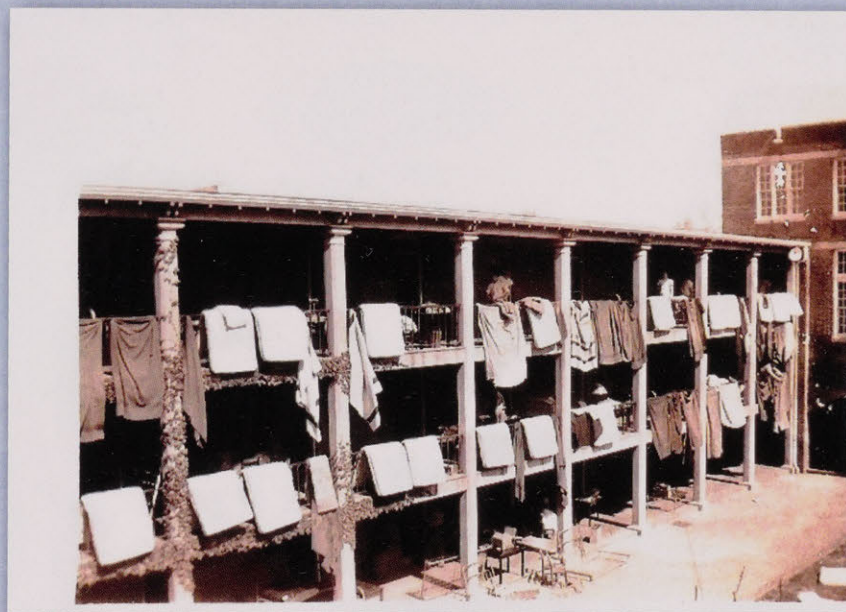
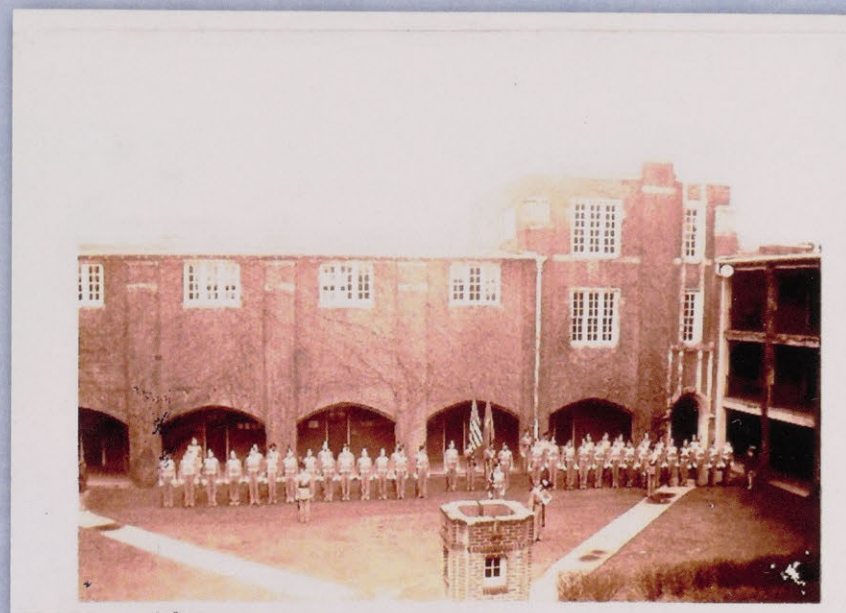
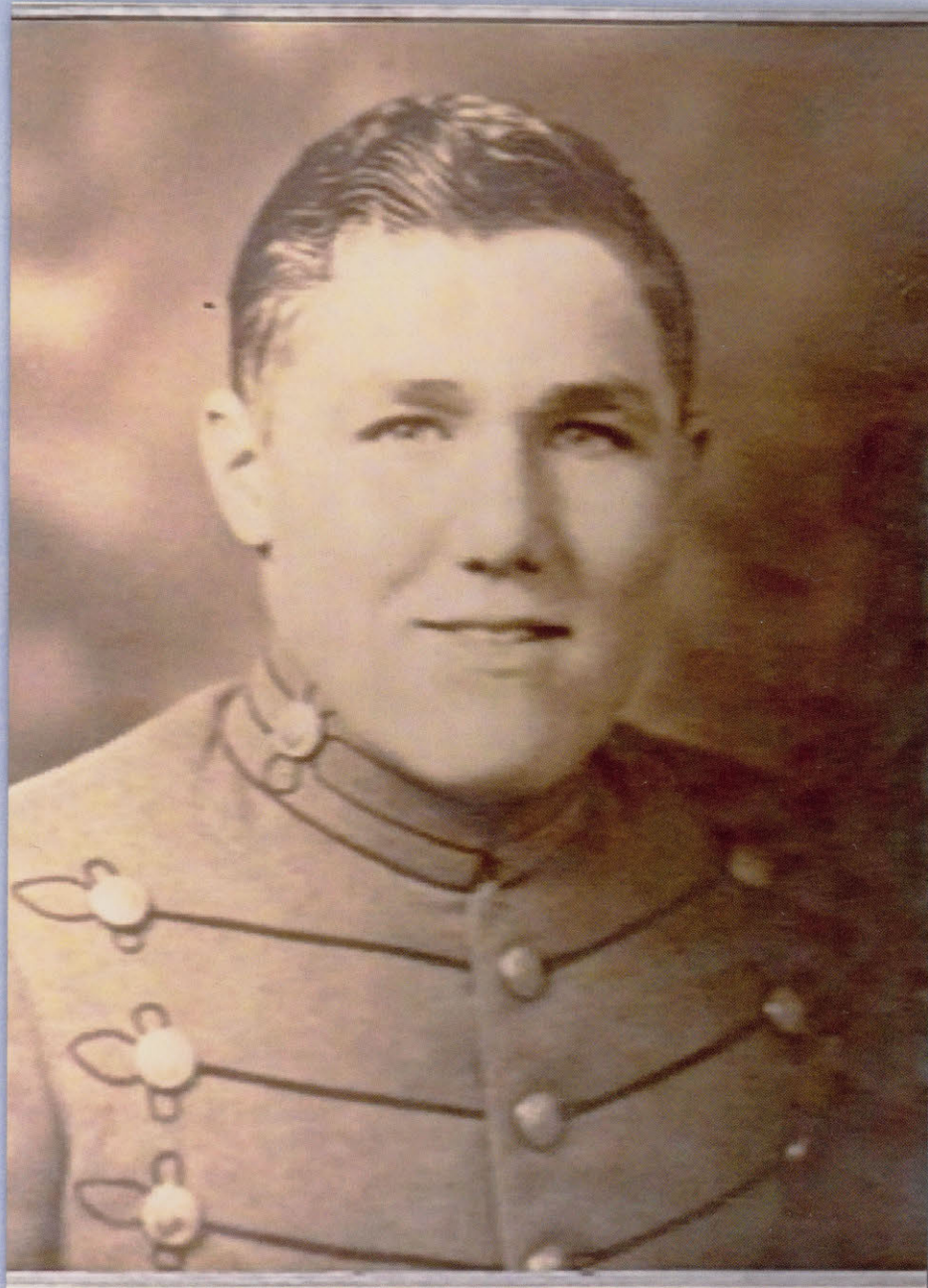
WILLIAMSTON HIGH SCHOOL



Class of 1936



49th Reunion in 1975



FISHBURNE MILITARY SCHOOL



ZETA PSI FRATERNITY 1938 UNC

"Doc" Cone

TRIP ACROSS THE UNITED STATES.

On the Spring of 1941, four UNC students decided to ask their parents if they could take a month to travel by car across the United States. Originally, it was to be Alfred "A" Hobgood, Jr., Howard Cone, Bruce Lea and Hubert Walston. All Carolina Zeta Psi's. They decided that each needed \$200 for traveling money and Bruce Lea's father had kindly offered a 4 year old Packard. At the last second Hubert could not go, and so George Barnes took his place.

These young men had a sense of foreboding. The wars in Europe and Asia were accelerating and soon the U.S. would be drawn in. Already Bruce Lea had volunteered and was scheduled to report to duty in September.

The time line for their trip was gleaned from 15 letters and postcards from Howard addressed to his mother as they traveled North America. These letters were simply addressed to:

Mrs P.B. Cone
Williamston, N.C.

Their journey westward begun from Chapel Hill, N.C.

May 3rd Left Chapel Hill, N.C. stopped by Converse College to visit friends.

May 4th Atlanta "George Barnes arrived late from Louisville, so we had to delay our start to New Orleans"

May 5th/7th Mobile, Alabama. New Orleans. Jung Hotel, dinner at Antoine's.

May 9th Houston

May 11th Carlsbad Cavern, N.M. "I am 750 feet underground eating lunch"

May 12th El Paso, Texas "Went over to Juarez, Mexico tonight to see a bull fight"

May 14th-18th Los Angeles. Bruce Lea's mother was a good friend with the mother of the famous Hollywood Producer, Cecil B. De Mille. He was raised in Washington, N.C. They stayed in Mr. De Mille's home the whole visit and he invited them to tour Paramount Studios and they had breakfast with some of Hollywood most famous stars.

Mr. De Mille arranged and paid for a trip to Catalina island by sea and the return to Los Angeles by airplane. "Never saw such a beautiful island". This was the first air flight for each of the four young men on May 18th in a Ford Tri-Motor

CONTINUATION

May 19th Grand Coulee Dam

May 22nd. Seattle, Washington. Visited the University of Washington campus and some of the islands.

May 26th. Vancouver, Canada. "It seems funny to be in a country who is at war".

May 29th. Banff, Alberta, Canada. "Before you get this letter, you will probably receive a wire from me, asking for money". While visiting the future ski resort of Revelstoke, Alberta they learned of the sinking of the once invisible British Battlecruiser "Hood" with 1500 lives loss on May 24th, then they learned of the sinking of the German Battleship "Bismark" with over 2200 lives lost on May 27th, both in The North Atlantic. "The people there were very distressed".

On the way to Banff, they drove by two small bears beside the dirt road and decided to chase them. They managed to get some pictures with one of them.

May 31st/ June 2nd. They visited Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks.

June 4th. They started heading east at a steady pace as their money was running low.

June 8th +/- . They arrived back in Chapel Hill.

In total they drove over 10,000 miles and the poor Packard had proven reliable but it was worn out.

All four of them served in the war and they survived. "A", Bruce, and Howard each went on to find careers in the tobacco industry and they remained life long friends. Often they spoke about that wonderful journey and kidded each other like they were 22 years old again. George Barnes was always reserved and he sort of faded away as a friend as time passed.

In 2007, Howard's grand daughter, Lizzie Cone and five other Dickinson College graduates left in June for a 45 day trip west on a route quite close to the route taken 66 years before. This time they rode in a Chevrolet, Suburban with a vanity plate "GAS TANK". They had a grand time and its likely that 50 years from now, they too will still be talking about their journey West.

WWII

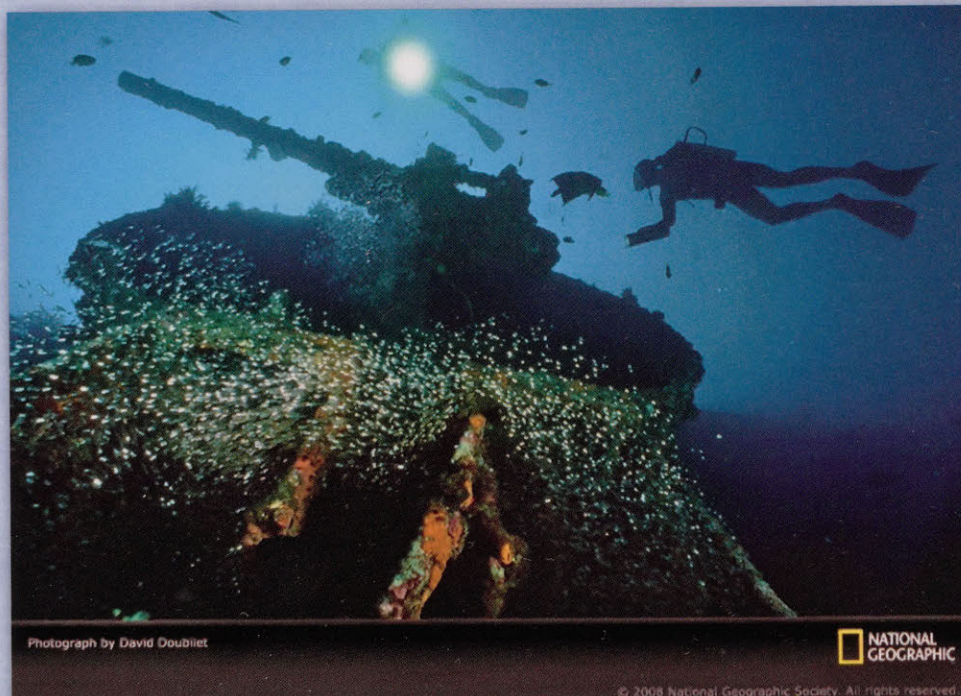
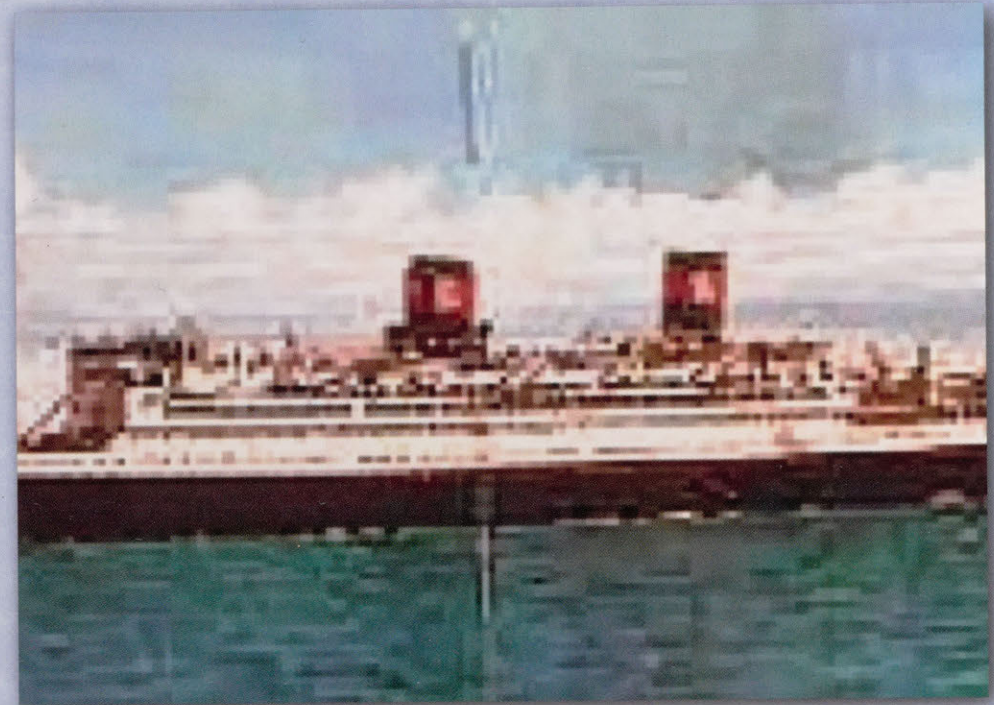
Between 1940/42, three Cone first cousins, all only sons, volunteered or were called up as reservists to the armed services to defend their country. Those young men, Burtis Parsons

"Pete" Cone, Howard Berkley Cone and Richard Morton Cone went forth to serve respectively the Coast Guard and the Army. Each earned different ranks and served in different theaters of operation. Capt Richard M. Cone lost his life in a B-26 accident off of Queensland, Australia in June of 1942. A German U-Boat sank Lt Pete Cone's destroyer escort in March 1944. Only Howard returned from the war after having served 44 months.

He made his first circumnavigation of the globe and survived some terrible but brief combat. Howard's life was recast by his military experience in "this man's Army". He enlisted as a private and returned home as a first private. Yet, this very popular student at Carolina was barely holding his own academically prior to December 7th, 1941. He had been raised in the home of his mother, aunt and sister since the loss of his father in 1934. His mothers letters to him in college implored him to buckle down and take his academic preparation seriously. Howard emerged from the war, in 1945, a man of great discipline, neatness (a clean desk guy), and a keen focus on making something for himself. His powerful people skills and sweet personality had helped him survive the war and he was later to apply them to his professional life. A great deal of Howards military service was spent in hospital administrative in two stints at the U.S. Army Fiji Island Medical Center.

This center was a step removed from direct combat. There he was schooled in administrative skills that he used all his professional life. His company was involved later in 15 days of terrible combat in the New Georgia Islands. A numerically superior Japanese force surrounded them. They were strafed by day and Japanese soldiers pierced their lines at night. Quickly their food and ammunition stores ran short and there was night hand-to-hand combat. Howards right hand was pierced by splinters from a stray bullet and became infected. He lost some 25 to 30 lbs in the ordeal. Their company suffered heavy casualties and thanks to a relief force, a corridor was opened for their extraction. Thanks to a P.B.Y. Catalina, he was evacuated with other wounded soldiers and flown to Fiji, where they saved his hand. Howard never dwelled on the war; he held no grudges and had few regrets. He wanted to move on with his life and make up for lost time, once the Army released him. Later, in order to avoid any tension, he told his Japanese customers, when asked in what theater had he served, he told them in Europe. When asked the same question by his German customers, he told them the Pacific. As a paradox, one of Howards closest customer friends was Gerhard Seitz of Hamburg, Germany. As a 14-year boy, Gerhard had fired, toward the end of the war, anti-aircraft cannons at American bombers flying over Germany. Gerhard knew the truth about Howard's service. Only, once did Howard betray any of the terror of combat, when he urged his eldest son not to volunteer for Vietnam. He stated 44 months in Asia is enough for two generations and that the war cannot be won.

The Coolidge was a troop carrier that transported Howard to Fiji and 3 months later was sunk off of Espiritu Santo, Vanuatu and is a diver attraction today.



U.S.S. PRESIDENT COOLIDGE



HOWARD'S AIR TRAVELS

FIRST FLIGHT

Ford Tri-Motor. May 1941 Catalina Island to Los Angeles, CA. together with his cross country fraternity brothers, "A" Hobgood, Bruce Lea and George Thomas Barnes from the UNC ZETA PSI House. Their flight was paid by their host, Mr Cecil B. De Mille, the Hollywood producer, who was raised in Washington, N.C.

WWII PLANES

DC 3

Curtis C47

Consolidated P.B.Y. Catalina, that evacuated him after he was wounded.

On the New Georgia Islands, their position was strafed for over 15 days by Japanese

Mitsubishi-Zero fighters

COMMERCIAL PLANES FLOWN

Lockeed Electra

Lockeed Constellation

Boeing 707, 727, 737, 747, 757, 767

Lockeed L1011

DC 8, 9 and 10

PRIVATE PLANES

Beechcraft King Air

Saber liner Jet

Lear jet

Cessna Citation

Piper twin engine piloted by Ricardo Rodriguez in Guatemala

Aero Commander Guatemala

HOT AIR BALLONS

On photo safari in Kenya

HOWARD'S WWII TRAVELS

Jan 8, 1942. Williamston to Fort Bragg, N.C.

Fort Bragg to Camp Wheeler, Georgia

Camp Wheeler to Sidney, Ohio

Sidney, Ohio to Harrisburg, PA

Spring 1942. Harrisburg, PA via train to San Francisco, CA

San Francisco to the Fiji Islands in the Calvin Coolidge troop ship

Fiji Islands to New Hebrides Island (Guadalcanal)

July 4, 1942. New Hebrides to New Georgia Islands (wounded)

New Georgia back to Fiji (P.B.Y.)

SPRING 1944. Fiji to Bombay, India (troop ship)

Bombay to Assam Province (5 days on a train)

Assam Province to Karachi, Pakistan (C-47)

Karachi to Khartoum, Sudan (C-47)

Khartoum to Lagos, Congo (C-47)

Lagos to Freetown, Sierra Leone (C-47)

Freetown to The Ascension Islands (C-47)

Ascension Islands to Belen, Brazil (C-47)

Belen to Panama (C-47)

Panama to Miami, FL (C-47)

Miami to Camp Lee, Petersburg, VA

Camp Lee to Atlanta, GA (via train)

Atlanta to Fort Bragg (discharged)

August 1945. Fort Bragg to Williamston, N.C. (via train)

This 44 month journey represented Howard's first circumnavigation of the globe. Now his grandsons Richard, Winston, and David Harrell have accomplished this feat.



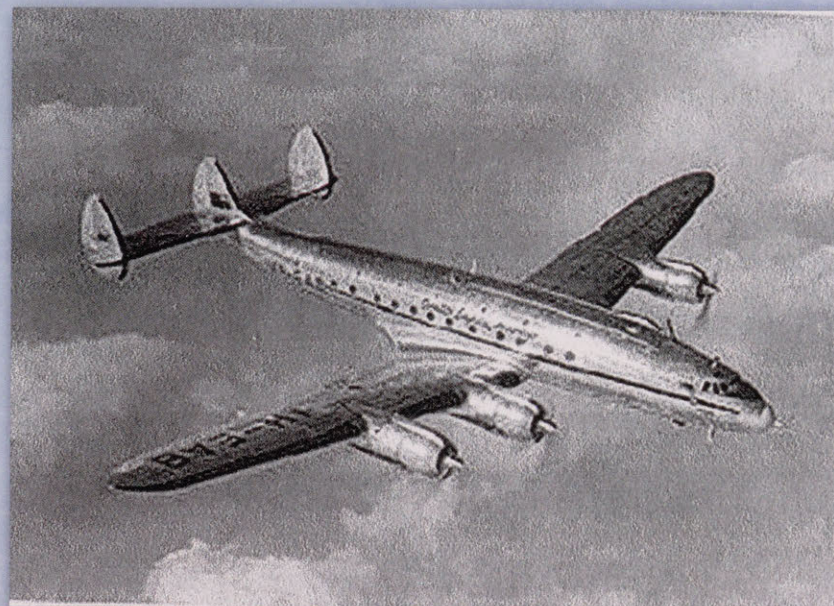
1929 Ford Tri-motor 4-AT-E NC8047



PBY Catalina



C-47 Skytrain



Constellation C-69/ C-121

A WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

by Berkley F. Cone
12-31-08

Sallie Cone related the most terrifying event for her, during Howard's 44 months service in the Army. It occurred on a summer morning in 1943 when an Army staff car pulled up in front of her home on Church Street. Out of the car stepped an Army officer and the Western Union man. She happened to be seated in her living room gazing out, when the car drew to a halt.

Across the nation at that time, families with a loved one at the front were so frightened of a Western Union man or an Army staff car arriving at their door.

It could mean the worst had occurred. This scene was immortalized in the Steven Spielberg movie "Saving Private Ryan".

Sallie Cone said some 30 years after the fact, that she could still hear the car doors close and the footsteps of the gentlemen as they made their way up her cement walkway. As they started up the steps, this Southern lady stoically arose to meet them. She always kept her screen door locked from the inside and decided, as she approached the door to uncharacteristically not open it.

She wanted to first peek at the corner of the envelope they would surely be carrying. If it had a gold star, it meant Howard had been killed or a silver star it meant he had been wounded. Sallie stated that their footsteps as they reached her wooden porch were near deafening as she waited to know her only son's fate. She opened the inner door and looked at the envelope through the screen and to her relief the envelope had a silver star. She quickly admitted them in to learn that Howard, while wounded was not gravely hurt.

LT. BURTIS PARSONS CONE

"PETE"

March 1, 1916 - March 9, 1944



Pete graduated from Saint Christopher's School in Richmond and attended the University of Virginia in 1937 and 1938. He worked for the Crawford Manufacturing Co. and Philip Morris in Richmond. He had three sisters, Jane, Anne and Sara Lee. He joined the Coast Guard and never had the chance to marry.

Executive Officer:

USS Leopold Destroyer Escort (319)

The USS Leopold left Hampton Road on March 1, 1944 on her second convoy escort. Off of Manhattan she rendezvoused with a supply convoy bound for England.

On the night of March 9, 1941 the convoy used their sonar to detect the presence of an enemy submarine. The convoy commander dispatched the Leopold and her sister ship, the USS Joyce, at 2200 hours to engage the submarine. They engaged the surfaced submarine in 30 foot seas, 400 miles south of Iceland.

The German submarine U-255 was commanded by Uber Leutnant Erich Harnas and it had been recently fitted with the German navy's latest Gnat Acoustic Torpedo.

The allies had not developed adequate counter measure to this latest technology.

CONTINUATION

As the Leopold and Joyce closed on the first sub's position, they entered a deadly trap with two submarines rather than one. U-255 was submerged and fired three torpedoes as the Leopold was firing on the first sub. Two of the torpedoes struck the Leopold at her mid section causing massive damage.

The captain of the Joyce elected to come to the aid of the stricken Leopold crew despite the risk to his own. the Leopold managed to avoid two additional torpedoes sent from U-255 and rescued 28 men. 170 perished, including all the officers. Pete's remains were never found. It is likely he suffered little if he was thrown overboard into the frigid waters. He was posthumously awarded the Navy Cross.

As a epilogue, U-255 continued on with its military mission till the end of the war in May 1945.

Erich Harmas returned after the war to his village near Hanover, Germany and lived until March, 2008, when he celebrated his 98th birthday. Several months later, the Joyce rammed U-555 after it had sunk a fuel ship and captured part of the crew before the sub sank.

Pete's father and mother were devastated by their loss. They erected a headstone for their son at the Hollywood Cemetery in Richmond, Virginia. They engraved on the plaque the following poem written by Ms. Elizabeth Clark Hardy:

"But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In mooring sheltered from the storm and gale
And greeted friends who had sailed before
O'er the unknown Sea
To the Unknown Shore".

RICHARD M. CONE

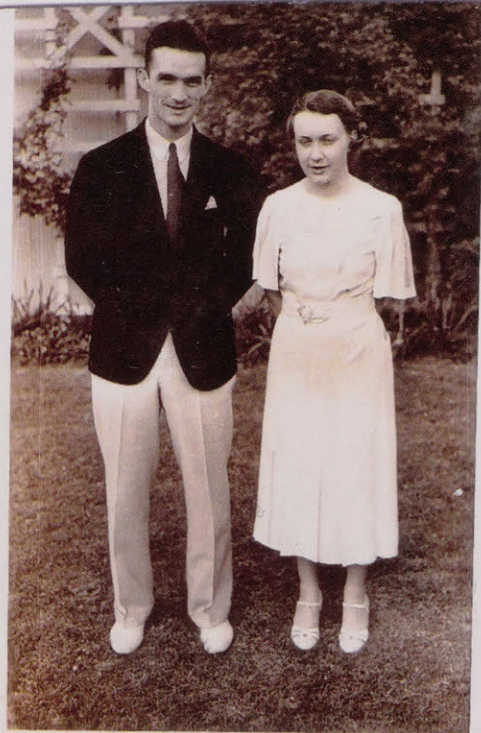
Richard Morton Cone was born in 1907 in Richmond, Virginia the only son of Milton and Effie Cone. He graduated from Thomas Jefferson High School in Richmond, and then V.P.I. at 19 years of age. He then received a PhD in chemistry from the University of California at Berkeley when he was 23. Richard was noted for having a near photographic memory. He also had a sister Elizabeth Cone later Brauburger.

Richard married the former Virginia McDaniel, who was born and raised in China of a Baptist missionary family and lived there until she was 16 and was fluent in a Chinese language. She returned to Virginia to prepare for entrance into Westhampton College, where she graduated. Virginia's father Charles Gilbert McDaniel, is credited with having saved literally thousands of native Chinese lives from certain death at the hands of Japanese soldiers in the infamous "Rape of Nanking". Virginia's brother C. Yeatts McDaniel was a very well known Asian correspondent of the Associated Press and Time Magazine.

He was known for staying to the bitter end so to recount the story as many countries fell under the rule of the Japanese in the 1930's and 1940's. By the time he was in his early 30's, he already had white hair. Richard and Virginia had three children as he worked briefly for Philip Morris, setting up their first chemistry laboratory in Petersburg, Virginia. Their names are Charles Berkeley Cone, James Cone and Martha Cone now Yeatts. Richard then moved to Allied Chemical in Syracuse, New York where the team he joined developed long lasting sodium lamps for the illumination of the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco, CA. Those lamps became the standard for outdoor bridges and road illumination due to the fact that they were designed to be long lasting and bright.

Interestingly, Martha Yeatts also attended Westhampton College like her mother, and one of her mentors was May Keller, Dean of Students. Dr. Keller was first cousins with Liz Parker Cone's mother. Liz Cone also graduated from Westhampton. Richard was an Army R.O.T.C. student at V.P.I. and had continued to be a member of the Army reserves where he held the rank of Captain in the Chemical Laboratory Co. out of what is today Aberdeen Proving Grounds in Maryland.

His unit was called up after Pearl Harbor and sent to Queensland, Australia. There, during trials for potential Japanese chemical warfare counter measures, their B-26 Marauder crashed and 6 of the 7 crew were killed including Richard on June 5, 1942. He is buried in the Honolulu Memorial Cemetery.



WORDS THAT DESCRIBE HOWARD

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS:

Sea blue eyes
A sweet face
Brow hair
An easy smile
Asthmatic
Big shoulders
A compact-stout body
A strong face
Pink skin
Snow white hair

PERSONAL TRAITS

Polite
Impatient
Neat
His natural humor
The Cone temper
His sneeze/wheeze
His grimaces
A healthy appetite
Good company
Distain of sweating
Forthright
Generous
Organized
Scratching
His shyness

Neatly folded hands
A great story teller
Loves to be waited on
Easy to cook for
Loves dogs and cats
Fondness for strolling
Avoidance of the cold
Fear of snakes/spiders
An Eastern North Carolina Accent

PERSONAL CONDUCT/FAMILY

His love for Liz
Loyal
Affectionate
Determined
Demonstrative
Decisive
Southern gentleman
Black and White scotch
Buicks
Cigars
A good father/grandfather/uncle
Cooking a steak
Scrambled eggs with cheese
Chinese food/Mr. Chou's
Devoted to his mother
A nice cigar
Shaking a glass of iced water
Daddy's girl: Frances
Singing "They call her Sal"
Honest
His white handkerchief

LIZ

Liz always said that besides love, one of the principle reasons she married Howard was that he made her so happy. She loved his natural sense of humor, his sweet demeanor, his sharp mind, desire for a family and his fine manners.

Howard in turn married an educated woman of strong will, fierce independence, and a positive personality with an infectious laugh. If words could describe their 61 year marriage, they would be good humor and happiness.

They embarked on a journey together that involved seven moves back and forth between North Carolina and Virginia. The birth and upbringing of three children. Liz was the keeper of the

hearth and many times head of the family when Howard was working on the tobacco markets or traveling abroad. They attracted many friends in an industry that saw tremendous growth by American companies in a traditionally British/Dutch enterprise.

Howard and Liz never lost sight of where they had come from or who they were, despite considerable social, professional and financial success. Their generosity attracted so many people to them from all walks of life. The opportunities for cultural exchange in their house were plentiful. Japanese executives taught Liz, the intricacies of preparing and cooking their national dish Sukiaki.

These same men patiently taught the Cone family to use chop sticks. Gerhart Seitz of B.A.T., who became a close family friend had a special meal waiting when he arrived in the Fall from Germany. Red peppered steamed shrimp that were delicious but would make your eyes water. Liz's New Year's good luck lunch was a sought after invitation among tobacco folks. Sometimes she hosted over 40 of Howard's customers and their wives.

They remained devoted to their families, frequently making the trip to Williamston on holidays. The family recalls fondly of the times that Reg Simpson and Howard teamed up to tell stories to a party. One would always hear Liz's rich laugh at their jokes.



Howard and Liz



HOWARD AND LIZ's WEDDING



WILLIAMSTON, NORTH CAROLINA
NOVEMBER 15, 1947

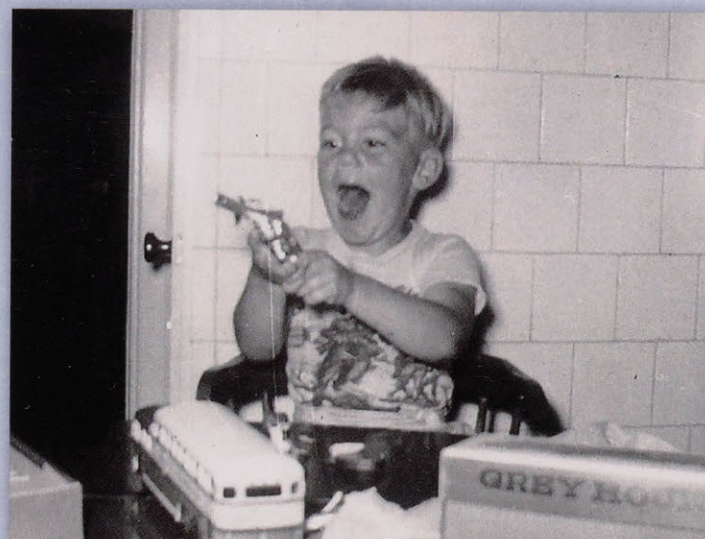
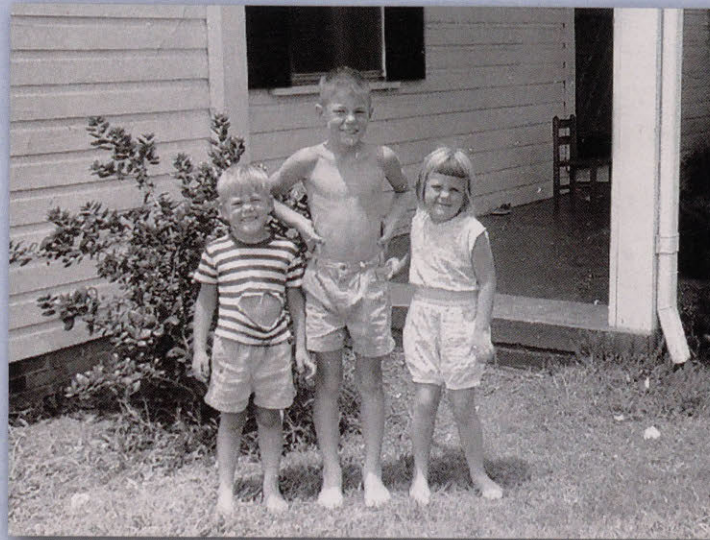


CHILDREN



Left: Howard and Berkley Above: David





Howard, David, Berkley and Frances



David and Frances



Frances and Berkley



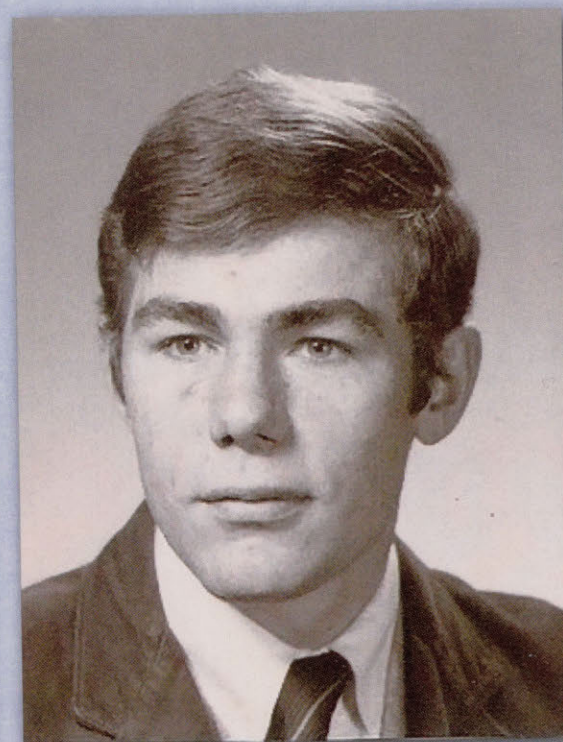
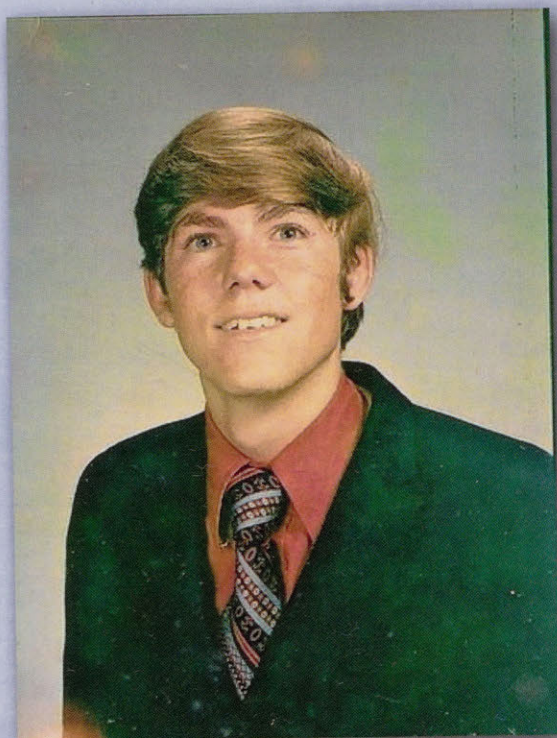
David, Berkley and Frances



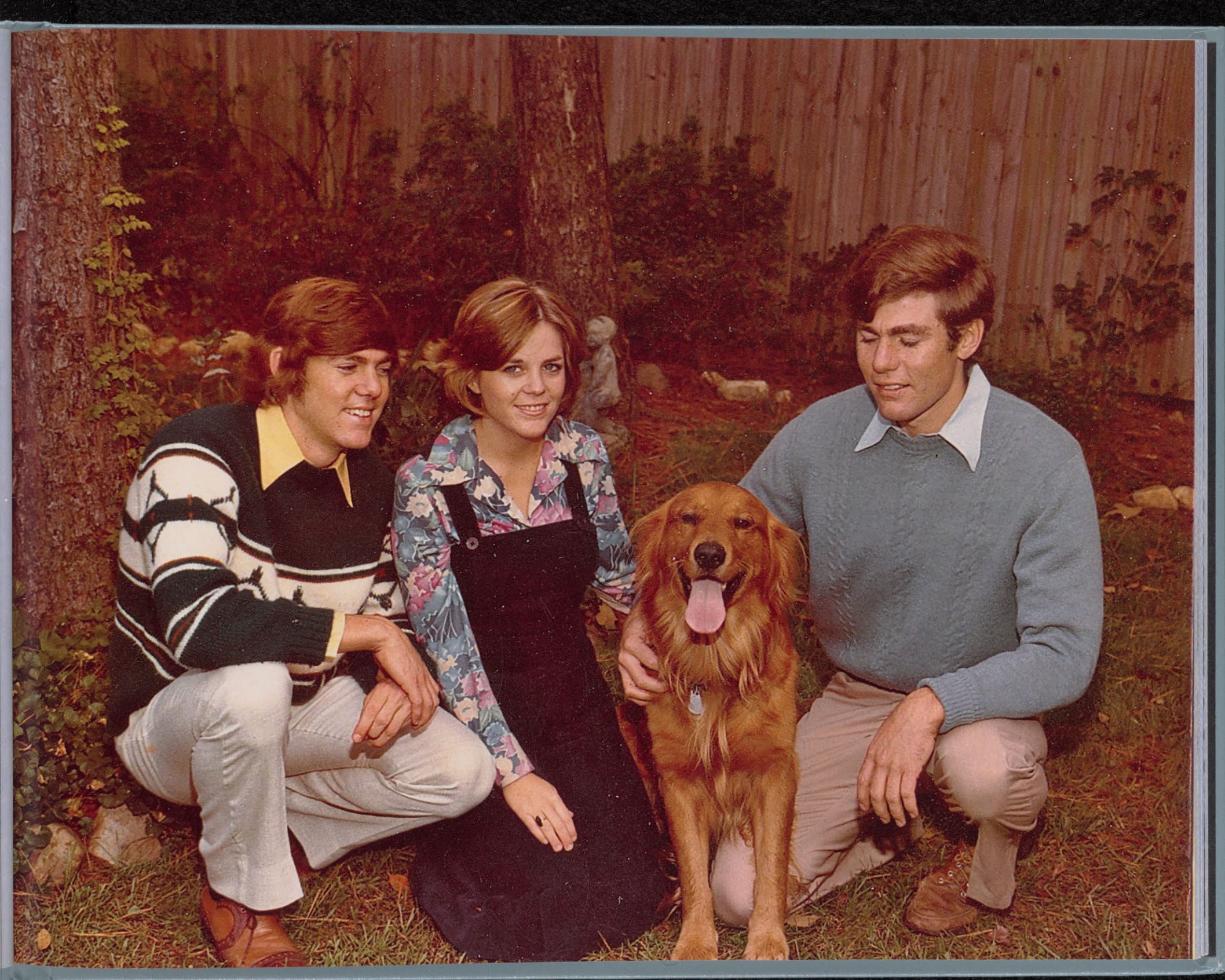
Berkley and David

Liz and Howard were instrumental along with 20 other signers, in meeting the requirements to start the first Episcopal Church of Fuquay Springs, North Carolina in 1956. They have both reflected that the simple desire to practice their faith in their adopted community led to one of their best civic acts as a couple.





David, Frances and Berkley





Frances, Howard and Liz



Berkley, Howard and David



Tikal, Guatemala, January 1982



Frances



30 YEARS EXPERIENCE

by William S. Humphries

Among growers, warehousemen, dealers, exporters and manufacturers, one of the better known leaders in the tobacco industry is Howard Berkley Cone, a 52-year-old native on Williamston, N.C., who has spent his entire adult life in the leaf business.

Cone is a vice president of Universal Leaf tobacco Co., Inc., in Richmond, VA, one of the largest tobacco companies in the world. Its gross revenues in the year that ended June 30 totaled over \$463 million, an increase of about \$53 million over the previous year.

In June of this year, he was elected president of the Tobacco Association of the United States (TAUS) at its annual convention at White Sulphur Springs, W.VA.

This is the oldest tobacco trade organization in the United States. For four years prior to his election he had served as chairman of the association's Sales Committee. In 1967 he was appointed to the 36-member industrywide FlueCured Tobacco marketing Committee, of which he has been vice chairman for three years. He has played a very active role in the work of the marketing committee ever since it was formed.

Cone's father, the late Dr. P.B. Cone was a dentist. His mother, Mrs Sallie Freeman Cone continues to reside in Williamston. He has one sister, Mrs. John Reginald Simpson, also of Williamston.

Howard is married to another Williamston native, the former Elizabeth Parker, and they have three children, Berkley Freeman Cone, 22, is a senior at The University of Virginia, Frances Parker Cone, 20, is a sophomore at Stratford College, Danville, VA., and David Williamson Cone, 18, is a freshman at Ferrum Junior College, in Ferrum, Va.

A graduate of Williamston High School and Fishburne Military School at Waynesboro, VA., Howard also attended the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, but his studies there were interrupted by 44 months of service in the U. S. Army in World War II. He spent 34 months in the Pacific Theater of Operations.

CONTINUATION

Started in 1940

Cone's first job in the tobacco business was with W. I. Skinner Tobacco Co., at Williamston, starting in 1940. He worked subsequently as foreman, buyer, and supervisor of various dealer companies. It was in 1967 that he moved to Richmond, home office of Universal Leaf, to become vice president of that company.

Mr. and Mrs Cone helped organize Trinity Episcopal Church in Fuquay-Varina, N.C., while thay were living there, and Howard served a term as senior warden of the church. Currently the Cones are active members of St. Stephens Episcopal Church in Richmond.

Positions Held

1940 Howard started in tobacco industry with W. I. Skinner Inc.
1946-1948 Fields Tobacco Co., Robersonville, N.C. as buyer
1948-1953 Bridgforth Tobacco Co., Kenbridge, VA as buyer
1953-1955 Dominion Leaf Tobacco Co., Richmond, VA. Vice-President
1955-1961 North State Tobacco Co., Fuquay Springs, N.C. President
1961-1964 Dickinson Leaf Tobacco Co., Richmond, VA Vice-President
1964-1967 R. P. Watson Co., Wilson, N.C. President
1967-1984 Universal Leaf Tobacco Co., Richmond, VA. Sr. Vice-President and consultant until 1986

TOBACCO INDUSTRY



WORLD TRAVELS OF HOWARD B. CONE

NORTH AMERICA

U.S.A., Hawaii, Puerto Rico, US Virgin Islands
Canada
Mexico

CENTRAL AMERICA

Guatemala
Panama

SOUTH AMERICA

Brazil
Argentina

EUROPE

Ireland
Scotland
Wales
England
Portugal
Spain
France
Germany
Holland
Italy
Belgium
Austria
Norway
Sweden
Denmark
Rumania
Yugoslavia
Hungary
Bulgaria
Czeckoslovakia
Greece and The Greek Islands
Turkey

ASIA

Japan
China
Vietnam
Taiwan
Korea
Philippines
Singapore
Indonesia
India
Burma
Pakistan
Formosa
Hong Kong

AFRICA

Egypt
Morocco
Kenya
Sierra Leone
Sudan
Nigeria
Morocco
Ascension Islands

SOUTH PACIFIC

Australia
New Zeland
Fiji Islands
New Georgia Islands
Guadalcanal
New Hebrides Island

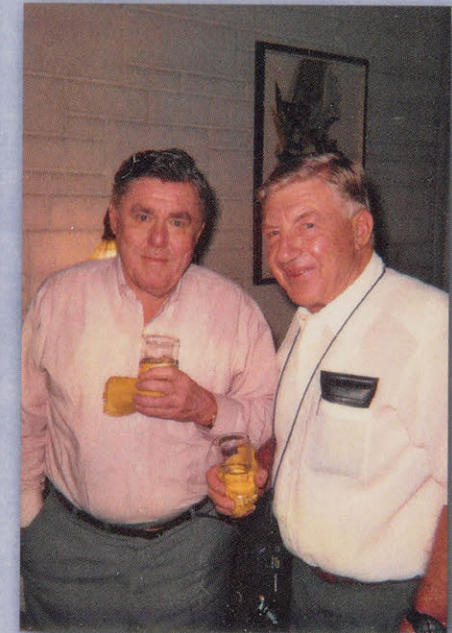
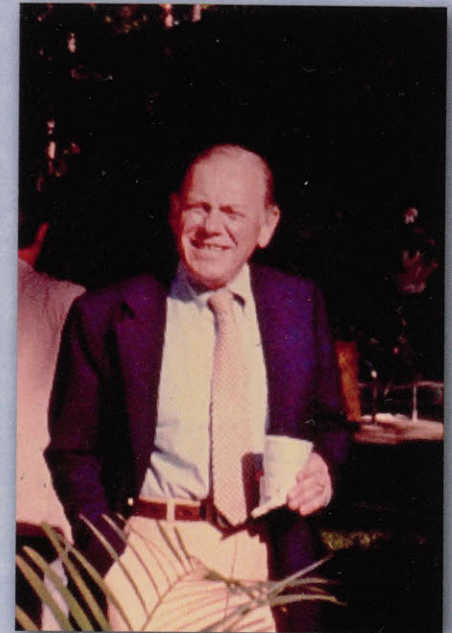
Harvard & Keane

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL OF HOWARD CONE

Back in the early 1960's Howard, was stepping up the mobile staircase towards the door of an Eastern Airlines plane and slipped. He deeply cut his shin and was helped back to the terminal of the Raleigh-Durham airport. A doctor was summoned and he cleaned and stitched the cut. Howard then asked about catching another flight and to his surprise, Eastern had held the plane full of passengers for his return. Howard said he felt very embarrassed about the long wait the other passengers had endured.

In the mid 1980's Universal's Saberjet was struck by lightning and all the on board electronics of the aircraft were temporarily knocked out. An adroit pilot knew where he was over Kentucky and brought the stricken plane down to land on a private airfield with little fanfare. All the Universal executives aboard were greatly relieved to land back on mother earth.

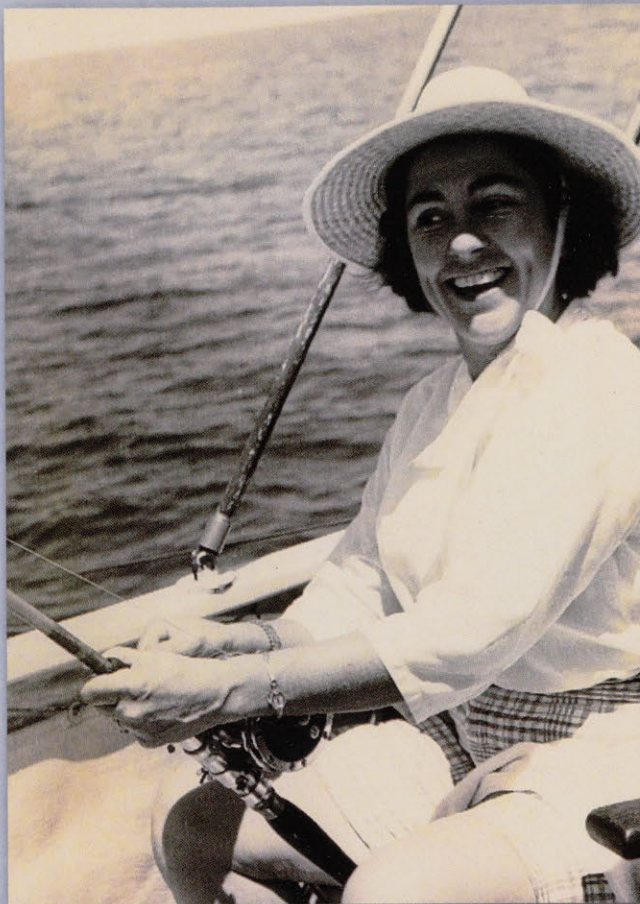
In the late 1950's, Howard got into the back seat of one of Dickinson Leaf's two executive cars parked on an elevated parking space. One of the vehicles was a Chrysler with a normal automatic gear pattern, the second car a DeSoto had a peculiar shift pattern, reverse was down all the way to the right. Mr Dickinson and his assistant piled into the front seat with the assistant in the driver seat. On this occasion the driver did not notice they were in the Chrysler rather than the DeSoto when he shifted the gears. In stead of reversing out, they drove forward right off the edge, fifteen feet straight down. Howard ended up shoved into the front seat, Mr. Dickinson broke his nose and the driver was cut up like Howard. They all walked away from the episode.



FRIENDS









The Jiggers 1988







HAPPY

GOLF

Howard initially took up golf as a means to an end. Playing decent golf was an important social component to the southern based tobacco business. Saturday golf with customers and colleagues was a key part of his tobacco career. He played at a number of storied courses like The Greenbriar, Augusta, Pebble Beach and Doral C.C.

He had hole-in-one at Hope Valley Country Club and his best round of 18 holes was a 75.

His game was characterized by steady drives and approach shots. Yet he had an exceptional feel for the short game. One of Howards favorite clubs was a run-up-club that he used to putt from off the green.

Howard would not play golf unless the temperature was sure to be above 50 F. Gordon Crenshaw used to needle him about this, but Howard stuck firm to this rule.

The Hopper painting of Howard (right), originated in a chance meeting at a Florida golf course. Howard was playing with two Phillip Morris customers, Witcher Dudley and Hugh West at the time. The painter asked if he could take a few photos over a couple of holes and then gave Howard his card. Once the oil painting was finished Mr. Hopper dropped by Howard and Liz's home and Howard signed away the distribution rights for reprinting his painting in exchange for purchasing the original oil. The print was commercially successful and could be found in country club bars and locker rooms all over the world.

Howards mother, however, never quite saw so much humor in the painting.



HOPPER



Rick and France's Wedding

Sept. 2nd, 1978 Richmond, VA

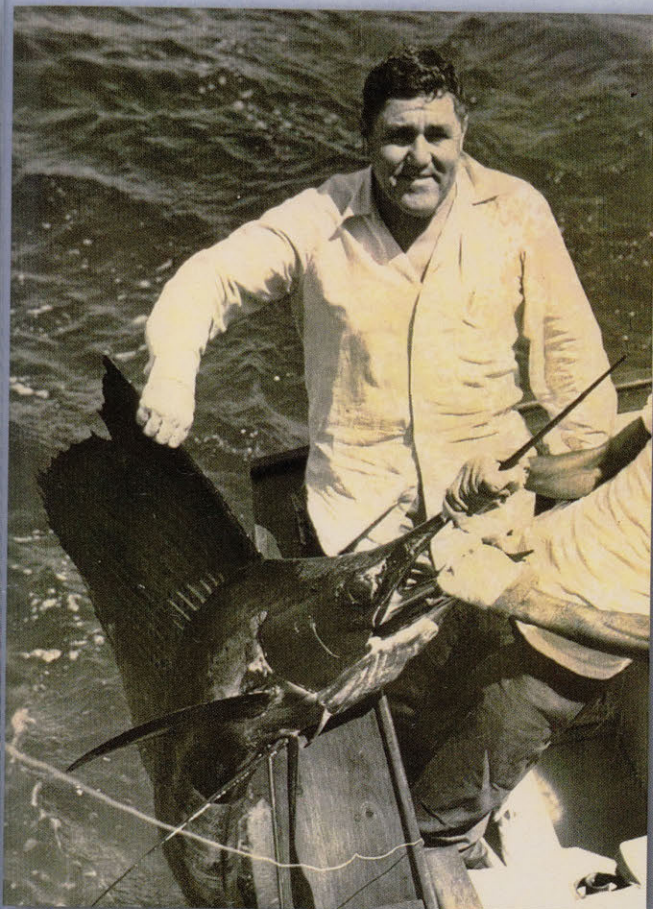




Berkley and Margarita's Wedding
May 8, 1982 Guatemala



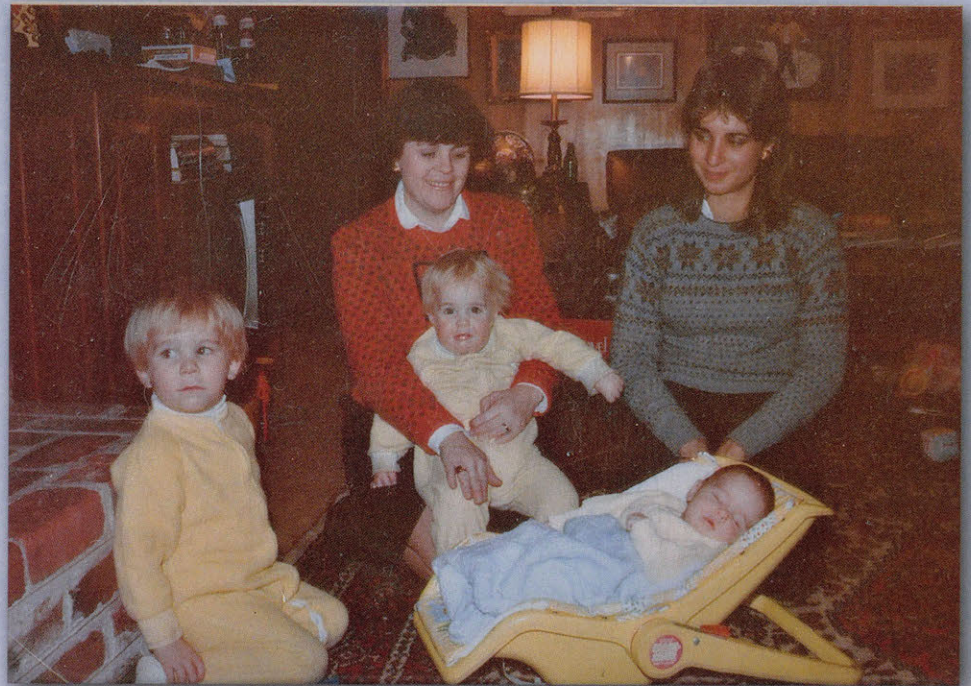
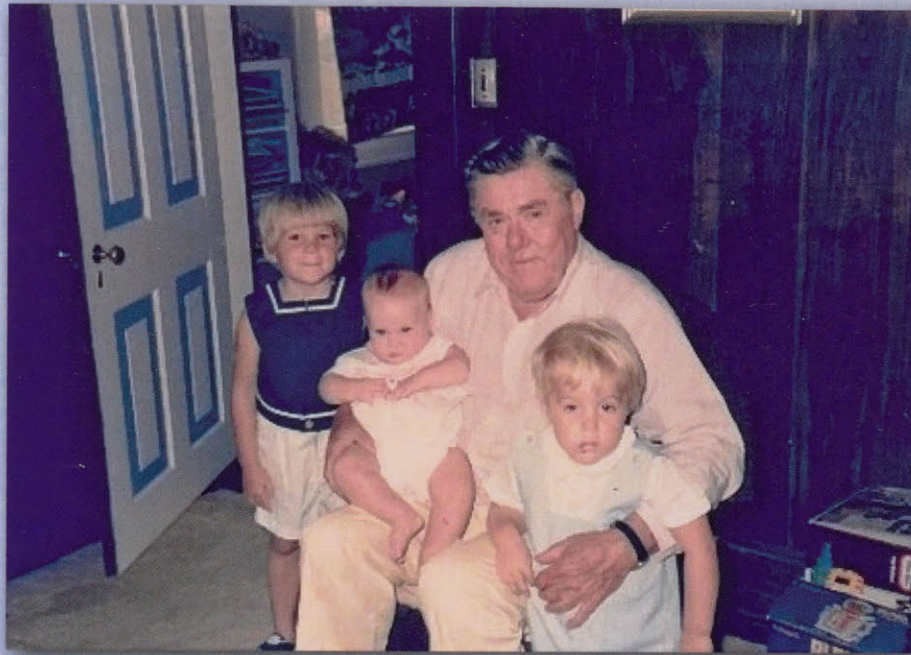




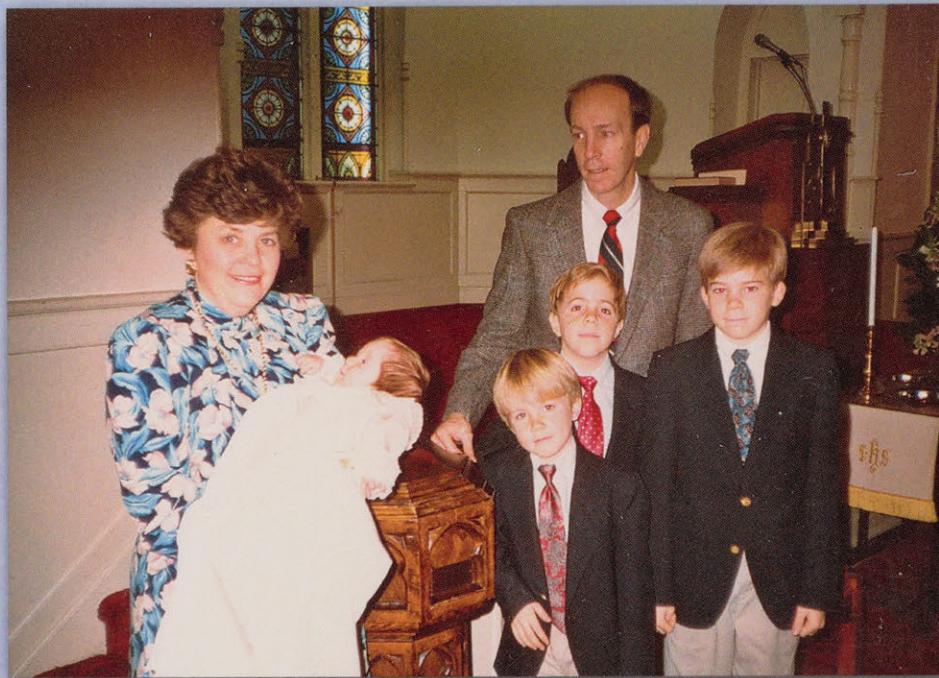
GRANDCHILDREN

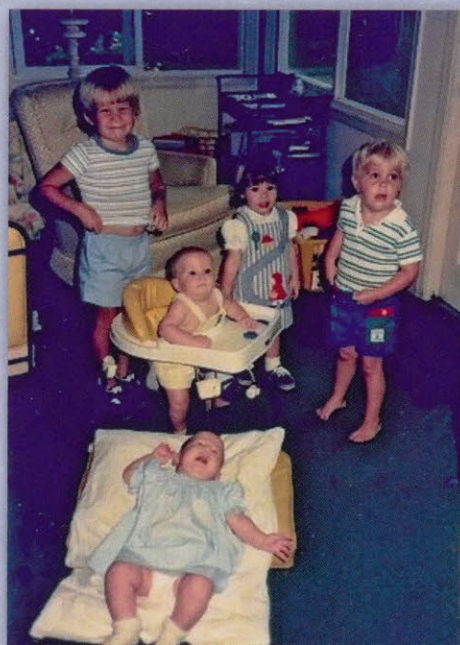
Howard's relationships with his grandchildren could possibly best summed up by a chance meeting at a Highs ice cream parlor in Richmond. Gordon Crenshaw had worried about how his friend would adjust to his recent retirement. On the way home from work, Gordon stopped by a Highs for a purchase. There he found Howard patiently spoon feeding ice cream to one of his young grandsons, who was seated in a high chair. Gordon related, that after they chatted, he felt good for his close business associate that he had found new priorities in life.

Howard made himself, together with Liz, accessible to their seven grandchildren. He was their chauffer, cook, baby sitter; he picked them up from camp, attended graduations, christenings, Eagle Scout ceremonies, attended tennis, soccer, lacrosse games and taught them to score a baseball game. Likely, the name that Howard chose to be addressed by his grandchildren says a lot about his relationship with them. Its simply Howard.



And then came the grandchildren







Liz and Howard's visit to Guatemala



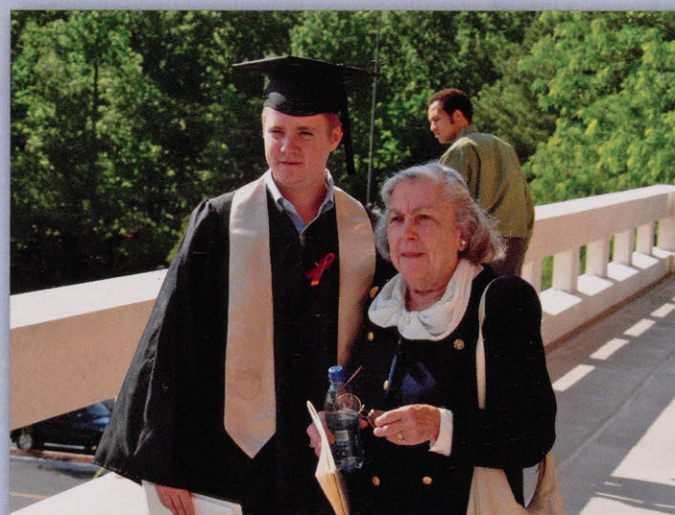
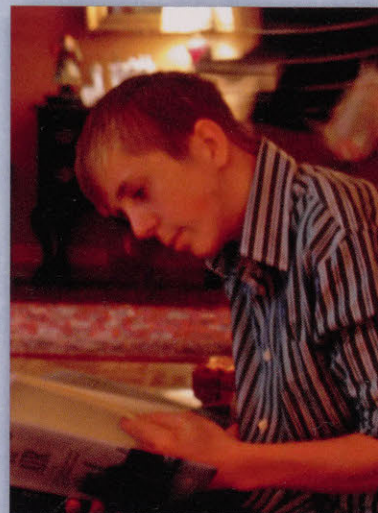
Parker's Christening in South Boston



Margot and Lizzie's First Communion



Howard with Cristina



Attending events with the grandchildren



ATLANTIC BEACH,
NORTH CAROLINA



Relaxing in Atlantic Beach



Frances Fulghum
Tilghman



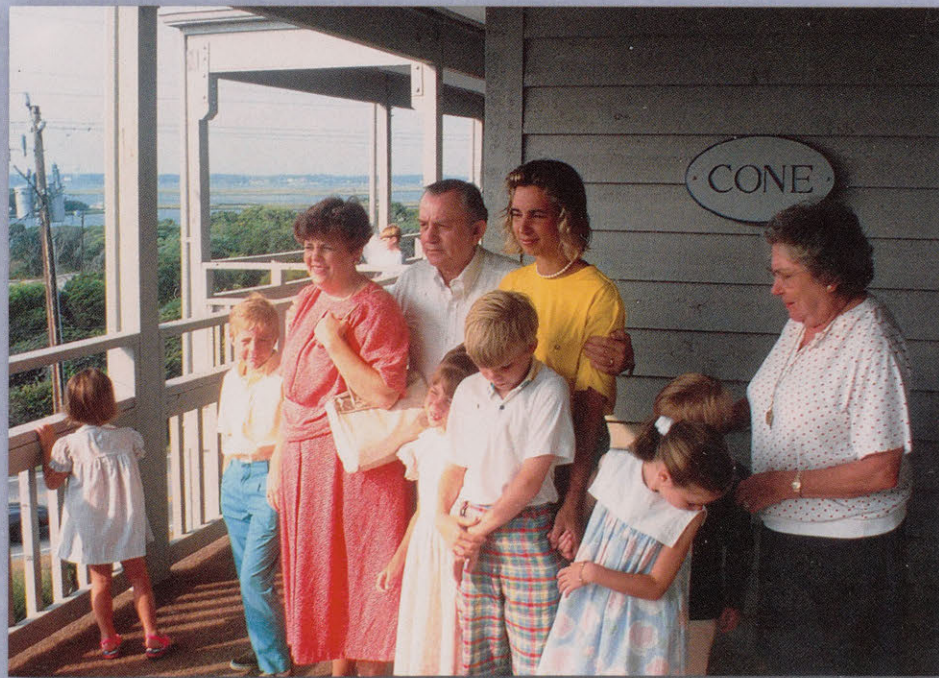
Sarah Cone

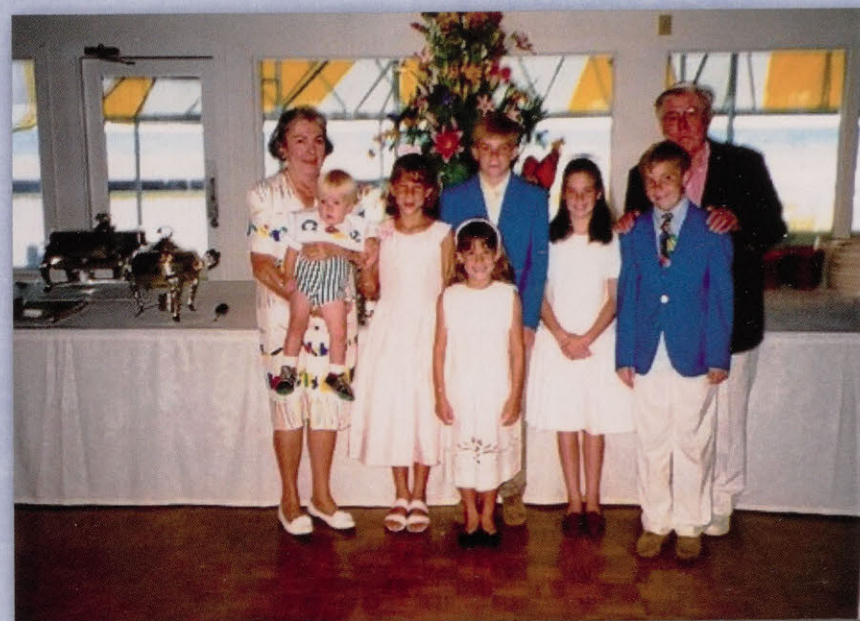


Sallie Cone



Fishing on Lord
Nelson









WORDS THAT DESCRIBE HOWARD

PROFESSIONAL

His word was his bond/integrity

A good judge of tobacco

A loyal colleague

An industry leader

Customers as friends

Suppliers as friends

Competitors as friends

Excellent investor

One of the most popular men in tobacco
industry

The Greenbrier

World traveler

Over 60 countries traveled

A keen sense of people

Cholera shots

Tobacco auctions "hold me"

SPORTS/SOCIALITES/CLUBS

Baseball: good catcher

Golf: 75 (1) hole in one

Hope Valley CC

Country Club of Virginia

Doubles tennis/King Kong

Club La Salle

Commonwealth Club

Atlantic Beach

Lord Nelson

Coral Bay Club

Carolina Tar Heels

Virginia Creepers

Jiggers Golf Group

SOLDIER/SERVICE TO COUNTRY

Volunteer

Citizen/soldier

FRIENDS

Clayton Moore

Junie Peel

Frank and Bev Freeman

"A" Hobgood

Hubert Waltson

Bruce Lee

Gordon Greenshaw

Gerhard Seitz

George Macon

John van Harn

Judy and Mac Pace

Hardy and Nolie Rose

Nancy and Budick

Warner and Paula

Polly and Bob

Reg and Sarah

Jack and Xan

Ben and Carol Ussery

2008 EXPRESSIONS

Thank you

I love you



50th AND 60th WEDDING
ANNIVERSARIES AT TIDES INN



Nov 15th 1997 and Nov 15th 2007



HOWARD'S LAST STORY

Richard Harrell
12-27-08

In June of 2004, Howard Cone told his last story. Our family was on its annual vacation to Atlantic Beach, North Carolina -- a tradition stretching back four generations (in some form or another). As we finished another delicious lunch prepared by Liz's capable hands, Howard indicated that he had something he'd like to say. Every grandchild gathered around the lunch table as the dishes were cleared. By this time Howard was having a difficult time getting his words out. But he knew quite well what he wanted to say. In slow, halting speech Howard recalled the time he got lost on the beach near Fort Macon. The year was 1922, and Howard, a boy of three, was making his first of many visits to Atlantic Beach. At that time, one had to travel by ferry from Morehead City (the mainland) to Atlantic Beach. Howard was walking along the beach with his mother, looking at the ocean for the first time. Something must have caught his attention, as he quietly, imperceptibly walked off (a habit that he would retain throughout his life). Soon Howard realized that he was all alone and he began to panic. Despite his crying out and his searching, he could not find his mother. He had never been so scared in his life. He had never experienced anything as terrifying as being lost. Meanwhile, his mother, Sallie, was undergoing her own unique form of panic. Not only was her little boy lost but she knew he must soon be found or else the evening ferry, which departed at 4 pm, would leave them stranded on the island overnight. Sallie's sense of urgency was intensified as she saw the sun had already begun its inexorable descent toward the west. Fortunately, the story has a happy ending. Young Howard found his mother after several hours. Such joy! Tears came to my grandfathers eyes as he remembered how happy he was to see his mother again.

CONTINUATION

I find it fascinating that Howard chose to tell his first story as his last story.

Of course, this wasn't a planned event; no one knew this would be the last story that Howard would tell. But all of us gathered around that table knew Howard's mind and speech were slipping further and further every day. At that point in time, we were just beginning to realize that Howard's remaining words were diminishing and therefore something to be treasured (and now those words are as precious and rare as diamonds). Howard, of course, knew more so than any of us that his words were numbered. His awareness of his own limitation serves to heighten the importance and poignancy of the story he chose to tell.

I don't think we have to look too hard to find in Howard's story a lesson about how we ought to see our lives. Howard chose to tell a story in which he appeared weak, lost, and fragile. These qualities are essential elements of the human condition, and are especially salient during childhood and old age. Too often, vanity and pride prevent those of us in between the two bookends of life from admitting our fundamental vulnerability. It takes courage to admit that one is weak and broken and lost. But without the knowledge and admission that we are lost, we can never know the joy of being found.



THANKSGIVING 2008

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

It has been a journey to put together a book on this great man's long and most interesting life. Over these two months of the assembly, of the supporting information, so many members of the family have generously provided stories, photos, letters and time.

Within our family we have discovered poets, historians, solid writers, organizers and photographers.

We have also found three second cousins and they us; C. Berkeley Cone, James Cone and Martha Cone Yeatts. All grandchildren of Milton Cone, Howard's father's brother.

Additionally, we have tried to pay tribute to two members of our family, Pete and Richard. They gave their lives in the defense of our country in WWII, so that we may live in freedom.

We wish to acknowledge the assistance of all the members of our family that helped in the assembly of this book.

The advances in information technology have allowed us to research this book with the help from the internet. The assembly of the book itself was done through Shutterfly.com

Howard would be proud.

Berkley F. Cone
Margarita R. Cone
January 8, 2009

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Charles Coppage

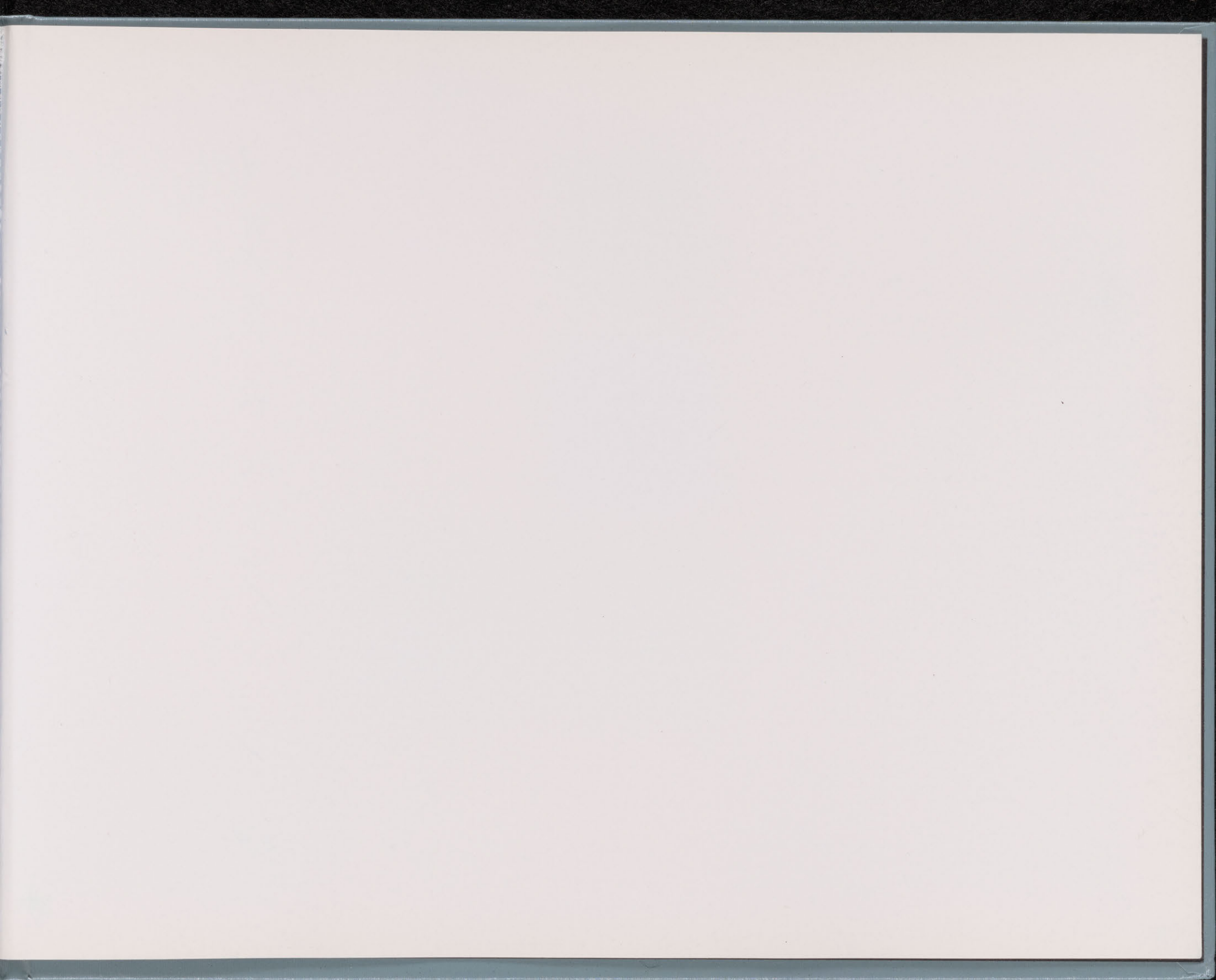
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QUAIL SOUTH 2!

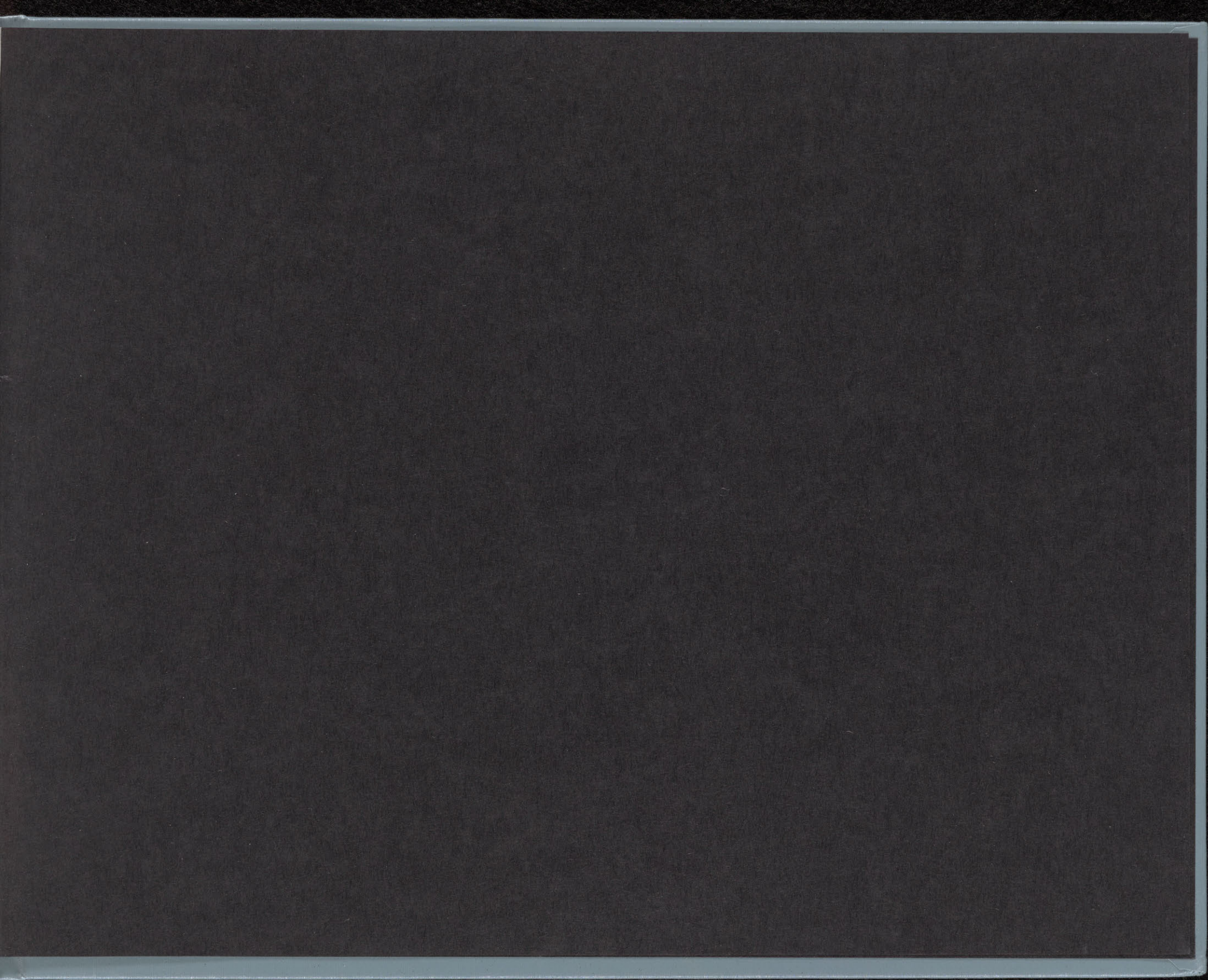


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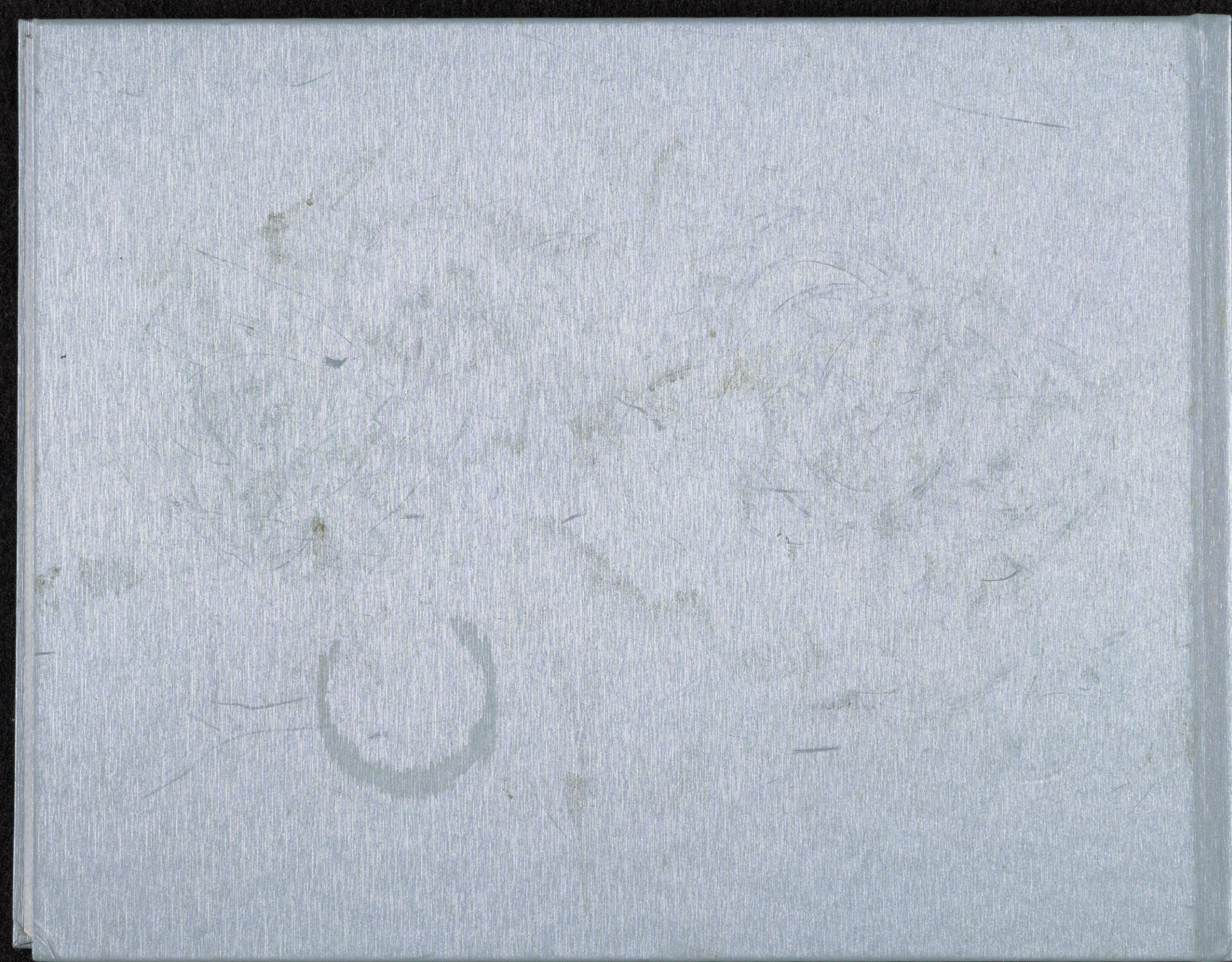
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light blue satin











Dear Berkley,

I am enclosing a check to help in some small way with the costs of the books. You created a gift to be treasured - memories of Daddy's life. It has been ~~enjoyed~~ so much by all that received a copy. You learned so much in the process, contacted people you never knew, renewed friendships and gained new relatives in the ~~process~~ of documenting history, family and friends. Your dedication to this effort never ceased - constantly going for the best and all of your work has enriched our lives by having this beautiful memoir. We are deeply indebted to you for creating this fine book. As I flip through the pages, I feel blessed to be a part of this family and all of the experiences we have shared together. We are indeed fortunate to have grown up with parents that

we love, admire, cherish and respect. The example that was set for us will stand us in good stead during periods of adversity as well as periods of joy. We were blessed ^{with} family and loved ones that shared our journey in this rewarding life. I am very grateful to have been brought up in a home that honored faith. The Lord has blessed and guided us over the years in so many ways. We were encouraged to think, enjoy life, read, pray, laugh, give, to love others and to share the principles of Christian living with people.

You are a caring and loving person, always reaching out in special ways to be a presence in the life of those that mean so much to you.

Love,
Frances

THE SEINE RIVER AT CHATOU

Pierre Auguste Renoir, French, (1841-1919)

Oil on canvas, 28 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 36 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, c. 1879

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

Gift of Arthur B. Emmons

19.771 04.84

75 BB 9

Dear Berkley,

The beautiful items sent to me for our gallery were most appreciated. The glasses were bought by a Carolina professor to be given as a gift to his son in law. The ornaments were lovely and now are enjoyed in the homes of those who bought them. I was delighted and humbled to receive such a thoughtful gift from you and the men who created them for our galleries.

Now the Christmas season is over and no tree is in gallery, we don't have

a unique way to display ornaments, so they won't
sell as well in this particular time. The gallery
has done very well, selling artwork, woodturned
pieces, pottery, textile art, sculpture and some large
handblown glass vases in exquisite colors from
Columbia, S.C. (He has shown in the art show for
four years & done well). The economy is definitely
affecting people's decisions, but overall we
feel pleased with the sales & feel blessed
with such a supportive community.

The gallery's director, our Parsons-Burce
Board and I are deeply grateful for your kind
gift to us. It was certainly appreciated and
made such a lovely Christmas display. Thank
you for helping us make more sales over the
holiday. The work was
exquisite in detail & design.

Love,
Francis