



## Mary Dye Rector Bell

October 21, 1919 - February 6, 2000

MARY DYE RECTOR BELL, 80, OF KINGSTON PASSED AWAY SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 6, 2000. SHE WAS BORN IN CLARKSDALE, MISSISSIPPI ON OCTOBER 21, 1919. SHE WAS THE GREAT GRANDDAUGHTER OF HENRY MASSEY RECTOR, PRE-CIVIL WAR GOVERNOR OF ARKANSAS, AND JAMES LUSK ALCORN, GOVERNOR OF MISSISSIPPI AND FOUNDER OF ALCORN STATE UNIVERSITY.

MARY LIVED IN HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS UNTIL SHE MARRIED BURWELL BAXTER BELL, JR. OF SHAWBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, ON OCTOBER 9, 1943. IN THE SUMMER OF 1944, MARY AND B. B. JOINED THE MANY WORLD WAR II FAMILIES IN THE DYNAMIC YOUNG WAR TOWN OF OAK RIDGE, TENNESSEE. THERE SHE LIVED, RAISED HER TWO CHILDREN AND, WITH THE MANY OTHER YOUNG OAK RIDGERS, CONTRIBUTED TO THE SUCCESS OF THE WW II MANHATTAN PROJECT, WHILE DEVELOPING THE UNIQUE CHARACTER OF THE CITY.

IN THE MIDDLE 1950'S, MARY AND HER FAMILY ESTABLISHED A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER HOME ON THE BANKS OF WATTS BAR LAKE, WHERE UPON RETIREMENT, SHE AND B. B. MOVED PERMANENTLY. SHE IS SURVIVED BY ONE SISTER, ROSEBUD; HER HUSBAND, B. B.; HER DAUGHTER, DR. AMELIA RECTOR BELL KNIGHT; HER SON, ARMY MAJOR GENERAL BURWELL BAXTER BELL, III; ONE GRANDDAUGHTER

AND NAMESAKE, MARY AMELIA LOWERY; TWO GRANDSONS, RICHARD ADRIAN WALKER III AND BURWELL BAXTER BELL IV; TWO GREAT GRANDCHILDREN, AND ONE GREAT GREAT GRANDSON.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH HER DESIRES, MARY WILL BE CREMATED AND A MEMORIAL SERVICE WILL BE HELD IN EARLY SPRING. THE FAMILY REQUEST THAT THOSE WHO MAY WISH TO SEND FLOWERS IN SYMPATHY CONTRIBUTE INSTEAD TO THE CHARITY OF THEIR CHOICE IN HER NAME.

# Tribute Wall

TB

“ *I believe I met her once. She was a gracious host.*

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**Terry Brown** - March 28, 2010 at 12:00 AM

BF

“ *In January of 1942 my grandfather, Leon Feingold of the Bronx, NY arrived in Hot Springs, AR. He was a medic at Army and Navy General Hospital. He met Mary at a USO dance and they dated for two months. He remembers her wearing a brilliant green dress. When he was transferred to Valdosta, GA (April 1942) she gave him a with a locket of her hair in a little silver box. He doesn't know what ever came of it, but at the age of 92, he remembers the time he spent with her fondly.*

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**Ben Feingold** - August 04, 2009 at 12:00 AM