A Review of Southern Folkways Journal

Bob Hughes (Ed.)

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.georgiasouthern.edu/bchs-pubs

Part of the History Commons

Recommended Citation
Bulloch County Historical Society

Presents

A Review of

Southern Folkways Journal

Bob Hughes, Editor

Articles on

Southeast Georgia
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>EDITOR'S FOREWORD</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE ORIGINS OF BULLOCH COUNTY, GEORGIA POST OFFICE NAMES</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>by Delma Presley and Daniel Good</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INTRODUCTION TO SOUTHERN RIVERS</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>by R. Randall Goss</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TIMBER TO THE SEA - PROJECT RAFT: RESTORING ALTAMAHA FOLKLIFE TRADITIONS</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>by Kemp Mabry</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOHN AND WILLIAM BARTRAM: EARLY BOTANICAL EXPLORERS IN GEORGIA</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>by George A. Rogers and R. Frank Saunders, Jr.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE TOWN FOUNDED BECAUSE OF A CURSE</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>by Maria Neder Douglas</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOME NOTES ON FRANKLINIA ALATAMAHA BARTRAM EX MARSHALL (THEACEAE):</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE LOST GORDONIA</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>by John R. Bozeman, George A. Rogers, and Betty Rogers</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BOOK REVIEW PLUS: WITH THEIR EARS PRICKED FORWARD: TALES OF MULES</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'VE KNOWN</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>by Joshua A. Lee, reviewed</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>by Bob Hughes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
EDITOR'S FOREWORD

This collection is a happy combining of efforts by the Bulloch County Historical Society and Southern Folkways Journal. These articles, in the main, are from previous issues of SFJ and in some way reflect upon Southeast Georgia. They are included here because they do deal with areas adjacent to Bulloch County, or are concerned with issues which are of interest to Bulloch Countians.

Dr. Kemp Mabry, President of the Bulloch County Historical Society, is also on the Editorial Board of SFJ, while Ye Editor not only edits SFJ, but is a member of the Society. It should not be strange at all that a natural combining of efforts should then result in such an undertaking as this.

It is hoped that you will derive much from these readings. Author blocks are included with each article to give you some background about the writers. Should you know any of these folk, do express appreciation for their caring enough to put down their thoughts for the rest of us to enjoy. Happy reading!

THE ORIGINS OF BULLOCH COUNTY, GEORGIA

POST OFFICE NAMES

by

Delma Presley
and
Daniel Good

Geographers long have known what folklorists are beginning to appreciate: origins of names often are as varied as the people who talk about them. Today there is a growing number of scholars who are committed to a field of study called onomastics—an examination of the origins and history of names. Students of onomastics draw on insights from linguists, geographers, and historians. On occasion the onomastic facts play havoc with cherished local traditions. Some natives of a section of Indiana, for example, have been known to talk for hours about grizzly details behind the name of a town whose ominous name is "gnawbone." The student of onomastics points out, however, that the true origin of the name has a great deal to do with a French word, "Narbonne." Despite his "facts," however, the student of onomastics is not content merely to expose evidence of folk naming. In fact, folk explanations are important indicators of cultural traditions.

Placenames provide the simplest and, perhaps, quickest introduction to the people of a region. This study of Bulloch County placenames ultimately is an introduction to those frontiersmen who first claimed the land. Certainly a person's
name is capable of indicating his nationality and family background. Sometimes it reveals the parents' values or ambitions. Likewise, the placenames hold hidden insights into the kinds of people who have made Bulloch County their home. Some names still have the flavor of the homespun pioneers (Two Chop Road, Luke Man Swamp). Some are memorials to early families (Blitch, Register, Hагinsville). Others pay tribute to notable events in history and literature (Arcola, Ivanhoe). And some are downright clever (Enal, located southwest of Emit, is Lane spelled backwards).

This study is an attempt to show how people in Bulloch County named some 93 post offices that once existed in the county. (See Fig. 1) Over 400 placenames have been found in Bulloch County. (See Fig. 2) Most appeared on maps at one time or another. Many were places for one reason only: some 93 served as government-approved locations for posting letters and dispersing the mails and newspapers. Many of the post offices have dropped off the U.S. Postal Service's maps. Yet the names remain a part of our everyday conversation and folk history. Postal records are important documents, because they often reveal the origins of familiar placenames.

In compiling this study, the official records of the United States Post Office have been consulted as well as several books and articles about Bulloch County, local newspapers, and many individuals who generously have shared information about their families and places.

The first part covers post offices which were important places before 1883. Part two discusses those which were active in the late 1800s and early 1900s. Part three demonstrates how important family names have been for map-
Part One

STATESBORO was designated as the county seat in 1803, although the spelling was STATESBOROUGH. It became the county's first post office in 1823. The late J.A. Brannen with good reason argued that the name paid tribute to the champion of state's rights, Thomas Jefferson. Jefferson had become President of the United States in 1801, just two years before the birth of Statesboro.

Bulloch County was created on February 8, 1796 from Bryan and Screven counties. Originally, it contained parts of Evans, Candler, Emanuel, and Jenkins counties. The county is located on the Atlantic Coastal Plain and the topography is generally rolling to level or nearly level with a mean elevation in Statesboro of approximately 230 feet above sea level. Population of Bulloch County in 1810, seven years after the founding of Statesboro, was 2,305. However, Statesboro only had 25 people by 1880. Then the county population in 1900 was 21,377; 23,625 in 1950, and in 1980 Statesboro had 14,616 people out of a county total of 35,464.

Others point out that the outline of the county roughly resembles the map of the state of Georgia--except for the county's western border. The town, or borough, of the state would be the meaning of Statesborough.

Spelled whatever way, the town was insignificant for most of the nineteenth century. The 1880 census shows 8,052 residents in Bulloch County. But only twenty-five of them lived in Statesboro.

A most confounding mystery appears on recent U.S. Geological Survey and Soil Survey maps. A place called "Statesborough" allegedly exists today and is located near Bulloch Bay south of Mitchell Forks, some five miles north of Groveland.

In the nineteenth century, the postal service insisted that small post offices use only one name in their postmark. Originally the office on River Road was called MILL RAY, but that was changed to one word, MILLRAY, and the place today is spelled as one word.

Millray was established in 1847 at the home of E.W. Hodges on the Old River Road. It received mail from the nearby Savannah-Atlanta railroad and then forwarded it to Statesboro by horseback. Could it be that the I.S.L. Miller family, early residents on River Road, provided the Mill of Millray?

BENGALL was located at the intersection of Blacksock Branch and Lotts Creek on an old Indian trail which became the Burkhalter Road. It was about halfway between Statesboro and Excelsior. A post office was established at Bengall in 1855.

The town had a water-driven grist mill, a steam sawmill, a cotton gin, a general store, and two churches—Baptist and Methodist. The Lower Lotts Creek Primitive Baptist Church east of Register is a good landmark for Bengall in the 1980s.

The origin of Bengall is unknown. It could have been a corruption of "Bay Gall," a common plant in the region. Or it could have stemmed from the English "Bengal" for yard goods like silk and calico. Again, it could come from a popular kind of sugar cane, "Bengal," which was...
introduced to this region in the 1820s.

JIMPS, a station on the Metter-Statesboro railroad, is located five miles south of Statesboro west of highway 301. Two influential residents of the area could have given Jimps its name—Jimmerson "Jimps" Kennedy or Jirnp's Olliff. Mr. Olliff operated an establishment known as "Jimps' Store." Established in 1881, the post office was active until 1933.

ARCOLA, IVANHOE, and IRIC are three familiar names to residents of the eastern side of the county. Irie was not a post office until 1882, but the name appears as early as 1769 when Adam Eirick received a crown grant of 500 acres on Black Creek and Upper Black Creek. The village of Irie was located five miles southwest of Stilson. The Irie post office was in the home of John F. Brannen.

According to Lenwood McElveen and Wilford L. Hagin, Arcola was an early name for the 47th Georgia Militia District. Later the district was named "Briar Patch." The original community of Arcola was seven or eight miles west of present Arcola. The post office which opened in 1877 was active until 1933 when it was closed and its mail forwarded to Brooklet.

"Arcola" might have been suggested by the prominent French resident of early Bulloch County, Nicholas Anciaux. Before coming to American, he had been a member of the French Army. Perhaps this admirer of Napoleon memorialized the historic battle of Arcola. The battle took place at the village of Arcola in northeastern Italy where Napoleon defeated the Austrians in 1796.

Another early resident of eastern Bulloch County who studied history and literature was W.H. Cone. The late J.E. McRoan recalled that
Mr. Cone, an avid reader and book collector, chose Ivanhoe to honor a famous and popular novel by Sir Walter Scott. Original postal service records show that on August 27, 1877, W.H. Cone sought a post office for "Norwood" (perhaps for H.W. Beecher's famous novel called Norwood). When Norwood was rejected, Mr. Cone successfully submitted Ivanhoe.

North of Ivanhoe, near the mouth of Mill Creek on the Ogeechee River, is the town of LEEFIELD. It is a fitting name, because the Lee family long has been identified with the area. The first post office there was BLACKACRE (1883-1887), and the postmaster was Winfield S. Lee. In 1887 the name was shortened to BLACK, perhaps as a tribute to the family of J.W. Black.

In the twentieth century the Lee family took charge of the naming. In 1920 a post office by the name of Tomlee was submitted. It was rejected as was Leeland soon thereafter. The present Leefield was accepted in 1920, and it was active for a decade. It seems likely that the "field" of Leefield came from Winfield Lee, the original postmaster at Blackacre.

In the early 1880s, three post offices served the area east and south of Denmark. They were SINK, ENAL, and HARVILLE. James W. Wilson applied for an office at Sink Hole. This geologic feature long has been a common landmark. The area was a mustering point for the Georgia Militia of District No. 1547. The postal service accepted Sink, insisting on one name.

In 1882 John J. Lane became postmaster and decided to change Sink to ENAL. It was a clever name from an apparently clever man. Enal is Lane spelled backward.

Harville memorializes Samuel Harville, an early resident who died in 1915 at the age of 89, according to Mrs. T. Buie Williams. The post office was located near the intersection of Georgia highways 67 and 46, south of Denmark. It served residents of the Sink Hole district from 1882 until 1916. Today the Harville Baptist Church perpetuates this early placename.

Part Two

Once there was a time when "Sleepy" best described Statesboro and her sister 400 places in Bulloch County. The great awakening began around 1890. Records show a period of unprecedented growth. For the next fifteen years, the population doubled every five years.

The boom was given momentum by three strong economic factors; turpentine, cotton, and railroads. The naval stores industry, advanced by Dr. Charles Holmes Herty, swept southern Georgia. Cotton became king again, especially in northern Bulloch County. And then there were the railroads. During these days five railroad lines converged at Statesboro.

Optimism walked hand-in-hand with prosperity down Statesboro's Main Street which boasted of a shining new Court House. The journalist R.S. Baker visited Statesboro in 1906 and wrote the following for the popular McClure's Magazine:

It is distinctly a town of the New South, developed almost exclusively by the energy of Southerners with Southern money. Its population is pure American, mostly of old Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia stock. Fully 70 per cent of the inhabitants are church members--Baptist, Presbyterians, and Methodists--and the town has not had a saloon in twenty-five years and rarely has a case of drunkenness. There are no beggars and
practically no tramps. A poorhouse, built several years ago, had to be sold because no one would go to it. . . . In short this is a healthy, temperate, progressive American town--a country city, self-respecting, ambitious, with a good future before it--the future of the New South.

Many placenames which were coined during these days reflect the journalist's opinion. Some are optimistic. Others are innovative. Not a few pay tribute by name to the people themselves.

STAR was located at James A. Brannen's place west of Statesboro on the Pulaski highway. He was the first and last postmaster. Another shining light was on Mill Creek from 1888 until 1904. It was known as GEM. In 1881 Henry C. Carr established a post office at his home, calling it REQUISITE. But within a month, unfortunately for Mr. Carr, this office was abandoned for lack of business. Another short-lived place was called BETTER.

PORTAL is the kind of name bustling Bulloch needed near her northern boundary--the traditional entrance to the county. The Latin root for Portal has to do with "gateway" or "entrance." The name probably was bestowed by a member of the founding Denmark family. However, the original Portal, known by some as "Old Portal," was north of the present town. The original site was near D.C. Finch's store. When the new railroad, the Savannah-Augusta and Northern Railroad moved into the county, the placename was moved and modern Portal was incorporated on July 29, 1914.

Bulloch County had its BLISS (now in Jenkins County). It would have had its Merry, had Andrew J. Knight's request been granted by the postal service. As a second choice, he selected LUDOVIC, perhaps in memory of a German or Slavic family. Like Long County's Ludowici, Lucovic is a variation of the more common German name, Ludwig.

In 1894 Franklin Pierce Register moved to a little village known as Herschell. Located on the Dover to Dublin branch of the Central of Georgia Railroad, the village prospered and soon had over 400 residents. The name is a tribute to the leadership of Mr. Register.

John N. Shuman might have been boasting of his green thumb when he wanted the world to send mail to his post office at TOMATO. It was active between 1894 and 1896.

James N. Brunson was the first and last postmaster of a place called SNAP which distributed mails from 1898 until 1905.

Among the several insects which have been immortalized in placenames, Bulloch County claims two. From 1898 until 1904 there was an office known as GNAT (now in Jenkins County). But the insect name which endured for over a dozen years was FLY (1891-1904). Located in western Bulloch County, the post office must have moved quickly from place to place. At one time it was near Clito. Fortunately Herman Nessmith was around when the post office landed for the last time. It stands alone on the edge of a field across the road from Richard Burnett's home on West Side Road.

One can only guess why names such as Snap, Gnat, and Fly came into being. Postal service records show that names such as these often were second or third choices. For example, the original choice for Snap was "Brunson." The first choice for Gnat was "Hobson." Fly was to have been "Troy."
Despite serious efforts to discover the origins of Bulloch County's placenames, we have come up short on many occasions. Three which have stumped us are CLITO, SIKO, and ESLA. We know that the first postmaster of Clito was Mr. Benjamin F. Hogan. He wanted to call the office "Hogan," but the name evidently was in use. Could his wife have been named Clito or Clita? Or was Mr. Hogan a religious man who knew that the Biblical Greek for Clito, like Cleetus, means "called out?"

Siko remains an unlocked mystery. The original application was for "Deals." The last postmaster was indeed Mr. Calvin Deal. Siko existed for only seven months in 1890.

Esla had a relatively long life as a post office in south central Bulloch, and the school name continued well into this century. Since William Hughes was the first postmaster, we might guess that he named it for a relative. On the other hand, the name might come from the first postmaster, Elias Hughes. Take the "i" from his name, and you have the necessary letters for Esla.

There are many theories about the origin of the town of BROOKLET. On December 22, 1911, the Bulloch Times reported that the name came from a winding brook which ran through the corporate limits of the town. While this suggestion may well be true, it comes as a surprise to learn that the first choice for Brooklet was Troy. Indeed, the first postmaster, Andrew J. Lee, listed these possibilities with the following suggestion: "any of these names you select." Among the names were Leesville and Sunbright. But the postal service selected the fifth name on the neat list—Brooklet. Since 1899 it has been an official post office in Bulloch County.

We have noted that odd-sounding names often were not the first choices of would-be postmasters. Ludovic was a second choice for "Merry." Clito was to have been "Troy." Brooklet might well have been "Sunbright." But the postal service rejected them.

Not all name changes can be blamed on Washington. Sometimes postmasters chose to re-name their stations. One can only second-guess their reasons.

The first postmaster at the local college was Guy H. Wells. His original choice for the post office was "Studentsboro." Apparently the name was approved by the postal service, because records contain the listing with Dr. Wells as postmaster in 1928. He was president of the college from 1926 until 1934.

Within a month of its beginning, however, "Studentsboro" fell into the dead office file. The name was replaced with the more dignified COLLEGEBORO. This name was stamped on hundreds of thousands of letters dispatched by students and faculty at the college between 1928 and 1960. In 1960 Collegeboro gave way and became merely the Georgia Southern branch of the Statesboro post office.

Today many students from throughout the nation refer to their home-away-from-home as the "Boro." The tradition undoubtedly grew out of the long-standing post office name. Few students who speak of "the Boro" realize that the campus post office until 1960 was Collegeboro.

Part Three

Considering the strong influence of both religion and agriculture in the county, we expected to find post office names which reflect
these forces. However, we have found few names related directly to farming. And one of our earliest discoveries was that names which appear religious are not always religious in origin.

A well-known book about placenames in Georgia points out that a community in Bulloch County was named for the brother of Moses. That place is AARON. We were ready to take the suggestion as absolute fact until we started visiting in the region of Aaron Station, located five miles northwest of Portal, near the Emanuel County line.

It seems that Aaron was named for one of the early families in that part of the county. The individual who probably gave the place his name was Hubert Aaron. Early in this century the community was the site of an active cotton gin, a turpentine still, a general store, a doctor's office, and a drug store. After the Savannah-Augusta and Northern Railroad (also called the Midland Railroad) was removed in 1951, Aaron became less well-known. But it still has a general store and several homes, most of which are occupied by members of the Aaron family.

We have learned the following rule of thumb: unless we know otherwise, the post office name first was probably a person's name. Good examples of this rule are PROCTOR (for "Little" Henry Proctor), GRIMSHAW (for H. B. Grimshaw, superintendent of the Savannah-Statesboro Railway), WATERS (for H.R. Waters), and dozens more.

AKIN, located seven miles southeast of Brooklet, was named for the Akin family which still resides in the area. Remer Lane was a creative man who selected a pleasant addition to his name; he called his post office ROSE LANE.
NEVILS post office first appeared in 1899, but it became extinct in 1904. However, with the increased activity caused by the Shearwood Railroad, the office was re-established for a brief period in 1920. Nevils is a thriving community today, but it has not been served by a post office of its own since the twenties. The name is most appropriate in view of the long history of the Nevils family in the southern portion of the county.

Other post offices bore the first names of postmasters or the names of their relatives. KEEL, active from 1901 through 1904, was named for Keel Waters. EMIT, a current place on highway 67 between Statesboro and Denmark, was named for a man who eventually became postmaster of Statesboro, Emit Anderson. BLOYS, near the Bulloch-Emanuel County line about five miles southwest of Portal, was named for Bloys Deal.

ADABELLE is the memorable name of a community located on the old Register and Glennville Railroad. The postmaster, John W. Williams, coined the name as a tribute to a belle named Ada. Ada Williams was the mother of Everett Williams.

In the nineteenth century, a rather large territory south of modern Brooklet was called Irie. However, as population increased, individuals saw fit to designate names for local areas. STILSON is a good example of this situation.

During frontier days the only structure nearby was the old stagecoach station at the Haskell Simmons place. However, the place grew at the end of the century, and it needed a name. As we well know, a place without a name is just not a place.

J.E. Euall Brannen happened to be county school commissioner at the time. He decided to give the place a name which was close to his heart—the name of his infant son, Stilson Brannen. As Miss Dorothy Brannen has pointed out, few people outside the Brannen family know how Stilson got its name.

Perhaps unsolved riddles such as KETUS, OLNEY, OMIE, ESSIE LEE, and LUCETTA are nothing more than names or nicknames within families. In this regard, we might mention that Moses J. McElveen wanted to have his post office called "Mack," his nickname. The postal service turned him down, and he settled for JAY, surely for his middle initial.

If you want to visit a place whose name remains a mystery, why not go west on highway 80 and turn left at Fellowship Baptist Church. Follow the unpaved road to a crossing, and you will be in what once was COLFAX. We know that the Augusta and Northern (Midland) Railway passed through the community. Several remaining buildings suggest earlier activity. Official records show that the post office served the community from 1913 through 1915. Jasper N. Akins was the first and last postmaster.

But why call it Colfax? Was it named for several Colfaxes which were counties and towns in western states at the turn of the century? These places paid tribute to Schuyler Colfax, Vice President of the U.S. from 1869 to 1873. Or was it named for a railroad official who might have been a Mr. Colfax? Census records do not show a person by that name in the vicinity at the time Colfax came into being.
Part Four

Nearly one-fourth of Bulloch County's 400 or so placenames once were post offices. In earlier articles we have pointed out that many names are tributes to the imaginations of the first postmasters. Without their creative touches, the county would not have such colorful names as Adabelle, Brooklet, Clito, Dock, Ena!, Fly, and many others.

Today the county is served by a central office in Statesboro and by three smaller offices in Brooklet, Portal, and Register. While many units collapsed after the beginning of RFD (Rural Free Delivery), several continued to exist because they served areas of concentrated population. One also has to believe that some postmasters of small stations were plain stubborn enough to stay open just to keep the name alive.


We still speak of the old places, calling them by their rightful names, even though the post offices long have been removed. There are some places that we can no longer claim as Bulloch County places, though postal records list them as ours. These were county post offices before the legislature decided to create several new counties in southeastern Georgia.

In 1905 Bulloch County lost BLISS, ECHO, and ENDICOTT to Jenkins County. The interesting place called Echo was a post office from 1893 until 1904. Postal records show that Albert Kieffer requested the name Echo.

Located near the Ogeechee River, Echo is less than two miles from Rocky Ford. Tradition has it that a person could shout near Mr. Kieffer's place, and the echo would bounce back from Rocky Ford. Hence the name Echo.

In 1914, Evans County claimed GERANIUM, GREEN, and LANHAM. All places are in northern Evans County, just south of the Bulloch County line. Both Geranium and Lanham were second-choice names. Geranium was supposed to have been named for the first postmaster, William F. Anderson. But there was another Anderson in Georgia at the time. The postmaster concluded that no other place could have been named Geranium, so he submitted it with success.

William N. DeLoach wanted to establish an office located three miles north of Geranium. He submitted two choices: Vadna and Esther. The postal service told him to try again, and he selected Lanham, perhaps a name within his family. Lanham existed as a post office from October 25, 1900 to May 16, 1902.

Mitchell J. Green had no trouble getting his proposed name accepted. It was Green. The office served a large number of constituents between 1882 and 1904. In addition to his post office, Mr. Green operated a store. His descendant, Mr. A.B. Green, has restored the home, including an attractive cabinet that once was the Green post office. People who drive by his two-story plantation style home on the Caddy-Green Road (also known as the Claxton-Statesboro Road) will notice that his rural
mailbox still carries the name of Green, Georgia.

The county's greatest single loss of place-names occurred when Candler County was created in 1914. With a swift stroke, the legislature ruled that these places thereafter would belong to Candler County: BLOYS, EQUIP, EXCELSIOR, JOSH, LON, METTER, MYERS, PARISH, PULASKI, QUEEN, and SULAR.

The loss of Excelsior was significant, because it had been one of Bulloch County's earliest settlements. Originally the post office there had been established as RED BRANCH in 1874 by Jamieson Kennedy. It was an appropriate name, for RED BRANCH was a stream which flowed nearby.

In 1879 the name became Excelsior. It was Bulloch County's only major placename which had been created as a response to community pressure. The settlement of Red Branch had become a prosperous community during the period known as Reconstruction.

Local citizens established a "commons" in British fashion, and that land still is community property. Red Branch had turpentine stills, cotton gins, and several shops and stores. The community also boasted of its own newspaper, The Excelsior News.

Some people maintain that the community received its name from the school. Miss Ida Middleton said that the school's purpose was to help local students "to rise" or "to excel." Along these lines, we should note that a very popular poem of that day was Longfellow's "Excelsior."

The name is prominent today in Bulloch County, thanks to an electric cooperative, the "Excelsior Electric Membership Corporation."

Whatever the origin of Metter, it has proven to be useful to the local Chamber of Commerce--"Everything's Better in Metter." The town was incorporated on August 17, 1903, and it was a Bulloch County place until 1914. It had been a post office as early as 1884.

Metter originally was a stop on the Georgia railroad. Local folklore about the origin of the placename is as follows: A railroad official named it for his wife, because he "met her" at this place. Metter, of course, is now the busy county seat of Candler County.

Pulaski is just outside the Bulloch County line, some five miles west of Register on Georgia highway 46. The original post office there, STRAHL, was established on November 15, 1899. It was changed to Pulaski on May 28, 1900, as a tribute to the Polish Count who helped defend the southern colonies against the British at the time of the American Revolution. No one seems to know the origin of the name Strahl.

Conclusion

After 1900 the Rural Free Delivery system made life easier for most Americans. Eventually the rural post offices were replaced by mail carriers who daily stirred up the dust or sloshed through the mud as they kept their appointed rounds.

So effective was RFD that in 1904 and 1905, some thirty-five post offices in Bulloch County submitted their notices of discontinuation. Between 1900 and 1920, sixty rural post offices in the county shut their doors never to reopen.
Unlike the postmasters of earlier days, modern postal workers seldom know the people whose mail they process. Efficient computers and speed sorters can do in an hour what one postmaster might have done in a day or two. Bulloch County's post offices are relatively small channels in a vast computerized network which serves the state through a gigantic central station in Atlanta.

People generally receive faster and more efficient service than they have ever received. Yet, like many American institutions, the postal service has lost its personal touch. To study the placenames of Bulloch County is to study, in part, the personality of those who first delivered the mails.

Dr. Delma Presley is Professor of English and Museum Director at Georgia Southern College. Dr. Daniel Good also teaches at Georgia Southern as a Professor in the Department of Geology and Geography.

The following article was written at the request of the editor. Renewed interest in the rivers of our country and the quality of life they afford, as well as the history they reveal, make this article timely. However, this brief summary is not intended to be comprehensive, but rather, suggestive and introductory to some of our more common waterways in the South.

R. Randall Goss has fished and float-tripped over forty rivers in his native region, and lives in Huntsville, Alabama.

One further note: look for a full article in this publication (Sept. issue, 1982) on the mighty Altamaha River of Georgia and a recent replay of early timber-rafting upon it. Also see centerfold of this issue, pages 36 and 37.
INTRODUCTION TO SOUTHERN RIVERS
by R. Randall Goss

The importance of rivers to a people living in any land at any time with any sort of cultural milieu has always been appreciated. It follows that a river, or river system, would have great impact upon those people in that culture. Would it be possible to study a river, then, and gain insight into the people who live along its banks and use it and its resources? It is not only possible; it is an excellent way to study culture.

We have only to remind ourselves of the importance of the Nile to the delta farmers of Egypt, or the kind of life style created in this country by the Mississippi, to know that this is true. The veritable worship of the Nile among early Egyptians, and the famous riverboat gamblers and showboat entertainers of our Mississippi, offer proof positive that culture can be shaped by waterways.

However, there are lesser-known rivers which have also had their influence, as all rivers do. How does one get at a study of them, or at least the proverbial "nodding acquaintance" of them? The United States is blessed with an abundance of rivers, and a firsthand knowledge of them all would take lifetimes. Most folk probably are most interested in the rivers near their "home" areas. With these facts in mind, the following information was assembled. Where prices are shown, the latest available are used, though there might be some slight increases as this article was begun some months past.

We have also chosen to be very eclectic and choose only a minimum of the simplest, easiest sources to obtain, not necessarily the most full treatments. Perhaps this can be excused, given our title of "Introduction..." to the rivers. There are other books, pamphlets, etc., available, and perhaps better ones than these listed, but with the constraints mentioned, these do nicely.

Remember that this introductory guide is just precisely that. Understanding the rivers and their characters will enable one to understand cultural differences along them, but that will take additional inquiry. Of course, the rivers will not account for all the cultural differences found, but they will account for some, and usually some important ones.

For ease in locating the rivers of interest to given readers, river information sources are listed by states. Take the information and then swim in, boat upon, fish up and down these streams to learn their characters. Folklife traditions cannot be far behind.

ALABAMA:

There is a well-written guide to the Cahaba River, as well as 25 other creeks and rivers of the state, entitled Alabama Canoe Rides and Float Trips. The book is by John Goshee, costs $4.95, and may be ordered from The Strode Publishers, Inc., Huntsville, Alabama 35802. River conditions are detailed, maps provided, and access points included.

ARKANSAS:

Some of the best general information available is free from The Publicity and Parks Commission, Publicity Division, 149 State Capitol, Little Rock, Arkansas 72201. Most of the state streams are covered and you may ask for specific rivers or all of them.
FLORIDA:

Suwannee Country is a very detailed boating, canoeing, and recreational guide to one of the most famous (and popular) rivers in the South, the Suwannee. It may be ordered from the author, Clyde C. Council, Council Company, Box 5822, Sarasota, Florida 33579; $4.50. Tips for making certain the trip is a good one are offered along with mileage charts, access points, and other helpful suggestions.

Information on Everglades canoeing or boating can be had from Canoe Outpost, Route 2, Box 301, Arcadia, Florida 33821. It is also rumored that new information is being prepared by the state but that will not be ready for a few months yet. When ready, it may be ordered from the Department of Industry and Trade, State Capitol, Tallahassee, Florida 32302.

Florida also has established some 32 (perhaps one or two more by now) official canoe trails. Info about them may be obtained from Florida News Bureau, 410-D Collins Building, Tallahassee, Florida 32304.

GEORGIA:

Free brochures and maps offering all details of the canoe trails that crisscross the Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge, including camping spots within the Swamp itself, are to be had from Box 117, Waycross, Georgia 31501.

Brown's Guide to Georgia, a monthly slick-paper magazine, regularly carries articles on the rivers of Georgia and surrounding states. The articles are written from the canoeist's point of view by Reece Turrentine, a go-and-do-it-then-write-it-up type. The magazine is available in most public libraries, especially in Georgia.

KENTUCKY:

The Little River Canoe Trail is one of the more popular Kentucky trails though there certainly are several important rivers and streams, including the Ohio and the Mississippi. Several good books are available on these major rivers, but L. Darryl Armstrong (Land Between the Lakes, TVA, Golden Pond, Kentucky 42231) can supply detailed information on Little River Canoe Trail.

LOUISIANA:

For $2.20, "Canoeing in Louisiana," a rather detailed booklet concerning 10 float trips, is available from the Lafayette Natural History Museum, 637 Girard Park Drive, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

The New Orleans Group of the Sierra Club has published "Guide to Louisiana Wilderness Trails and the Delta Country" which is also available. Write to: Canoe and Trail Shop, 624 Moss Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70119; $3.50.

MARYLAND:

Louis J. Matacia (Blue Ridge Voyageurs, Box 32, Oakton, Virginia 22124) has written four volumes entitled Blue Ridge Voyages. The books sell for $3.50 each, postpaid. They describe canoe routes in Maryland, Virginia, and other surrounding areas.

MISSISSIPPI:

Again, the major rivers (river?) are well detailed in numerous books. However, an interesting and not widely-known trip is the Black Creek Float Trip which is detailed in a free brochure with map from the District Ranger, DeSoto National Forest, Box 248, Wiggins, Mississippi 39577.

NORTH CAROLINA:

The Travel and Promotion Division, Department of Natural and Economic Resources, Raleigh, North Caro-
lina 27611, offers free "Trails and Streams of North Carolina," a booklet about just what it says over the Tarheel State. There are several other publications which are usually available in the public libraries.

OKLAHOMA:

The popular Illinois River can be floated best by studying first "Floating the Illinois," a brochure (with map) showing access points and facilities along the 70-mile route. It's available from the Department of Wildlife Conservation, 1801 North Lincoln, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73105.

SOUTH CAROLINA:

Float information for the entire state can be had by writing to The Wildlife and Marine Resources Commission, Box 12559, Columbia, South Carolina 29202.

TENNESSEE:

A free brochure, "Canoeing in Tennessee," is available from the Tennessee Tourism Development Division, Andrew Jackson Building, Nashville, Tennessee 37219.

A free map classifying streams (white water, pastoral, etc.) and entitled "Tennessee Recreational Waters" can be sent for from the Game and Fish Commission, Box 40747, Nashville, Tennessee 37203.

If you are interested in the Hiwassee River in particular, specific info is yours by writing to H. C. Sartin, Hiwassee Float Service, Inc., Highway 411, Delano, Tennessee 37325.

TEXAS:

Texas Rivers and Rapids (by Ben Nolen, Box 673, Humble, Texas 77338; $5.95), is a detailed assessment of some two dozen of Texas' most popular rivers and streams. The book also includes some rivers in Arkansas, Mexico, Colorado and Oklahoma.

The Rio Grande is the subject of many publications, but good information on canoeing or rafting it is available from the Texas Explorers Club, Box 844, Temple, Texas 76501.

VIRGINIA:

Randy Carter has written a popular guidebook to the canoeing waters of Virginia, West Virginia, and the Great Smokey Mountains. It is entitled Canoeing White Water and is ordered from the author at 158 Winchester Street, Warrenton, Virginia 22186; $4.75.

For the eastern section, "Canoe Trails of Eastern Virginia" is free from the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, Box 11104, Richmond, Virginia 23230.

WEST VIRGINIA:

Two of the more popular rivers are the New and the Gauley. Free info concerning them is to be had from Mountain River Tours, Box 88, Hico, West Virginia 25854.

The Ohio is documented well in several books as has been pointed out earlier.

It is impossible to list all the sources on the great rivers of this land. There are even several series of books dealing with nothing but rivers and their histories. What we have done here is to record additional sources which may not so easily come to mind, and which may offer insight not always gained at first glance. This was also intended to be a "popular" list and an introduction to studying folkways along our rivers. Perhaps some of that is achieved. One thing is certain: Rivers do help shape culture.
"All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." This Bible verse from Ecclesiastes is fraught with meaning for the 20,000 people who were caught up in Project RAFT and the festivals in Southeast Georgia held on the Altamaha River last April at Lumber City, Baxley, Jesup and Darien.

R.A.F.T. is an acronym for Restoring Altamaha Folklife Traditions, a project of Georgia Southern College (GSC), the National Endowment for the Humanities, the communities involved, business firms, and individuals.

Focus of the project was the design and construction of a 35 x 80 foot raft to be used in the reenactment of a primitive method of floating "Timber to the Sea." From 1721 to 1946, timber was floated down the Altamaha River to Darien on the Georgia coast. (My wife's cousin claims to have ridden the last raft to Darien in 1946.)

In the 18th and 19th centuries, along the river during the months of August, giant cypress trees were ringed—that is, an ax was used to cut through the bark around each tree so that it would die. This was done during the full moon phase in August—just to be sure!

The trees were allowed to stand until December or January when farm work was at a minimum. Then they were cut and rafts were made up. The logs were branded in case the raft broke up before it reached the big sawmill at Darien. Rafts over 100 feet long were not uncommon in those days when virgin timber was still being cut. Such rafts were "hinged" to help negotiate sharp turns.

On each end of a raft there was a great sweep to be used as combination rudder and oar. Each raft had a "goat house" for shelter from the elements and a fire board covered with sand on which a fire could be built on cold winter nights.

The movement of a raft was strictly with the current, about five miles an hour on the Altamaha River. A raft originating at Lumber City would take a week to reach the Georgia coast at Darien, a 145 mile trip. My late father-in-law, John Darley, told me that he rode the rafts down the Altamaha prior to World War I, when it took a week to get to Darien and two weeks to walk back to Soperton in Treutlen County, Georgia. His son, and my brother-in-law, Hugh Darley, and Lew Silveridge, both GSC professors, designed and helped build the raft for this project.

At 4:35 p.m., on Saturday, April 3, 1982, the 35 x 80 foot raft was loosed from its moorings at Lumber City and strong men began the arduous task of maneuvering it into the channel of the Ocmulgee River. The pilot was 90-year old Bill Deen, who was to make the entire 145 mile trip to Darien. Along with Deen was another raft pilot of the bygone timbering days, 72-year old Henry Eason. The project director was Dr. Del Presley, a GSC professor whose great-grandfather was a raft hand around the turn of the century. I counted more than 1,000 people who lined the banks of the Ocmulgee River for the launching. There were nine men and a boy aboard the raft as it headed for the juncture with the Oconee River which forms the mighty Altamaha. The Oconee comes down from Athens, Georgia, and the Ocmulgee originates south of Atlanta.
The Altamaha is a crooked river, so much so that raftsmen tied up on sandbars at night could hear the "hollering" of other raftsmen 40 miles downstream by river but only a couple of miles "as the crow flies." (These distances may seem exaggerated at first, but they are commonly used by old raftsmen in reference to the crookedness of the Altamaha.) Raftsmen "hollering" in the long ago relieved tension as well as established the location of various rafters on the busy Altamaha.

Many old raftsmen in their 80's attended the RAFT festival at Lumber City. One old gentleman of rafthand age was seen moving proudly toward the crowd as he carried the model of a raft he had constructed from memory. Several women proudly reported they had ridden rafts with their husbands in the long ago.

Brainard Cheney, an old raft pilot and author of River Rogue and other novels set in the Altamaha basin, came back for all four festivals to autograph a special edition of his book. An introduction by Robert Penn Warren, dean of American letters, set the work in proper perspective. Cheney's papers have been placed at Vanderbilt University.

In the old days, Altamaha Station Post Office, a 6 x 8 foot wooden structure built on wooden skids, was dragged from logging camp to logging camp. For the four festivals, the U.S. Postal Service placed the station in service again. The old Post Office had been found in a hog pen. Cleaned up and wearing a new roof, it was a busy station at each festival. It was later placed on permanent display at Reidsville in Tattnall County. (Reproductions of the postmark cancellations at each festival site are scattered throughout this article. Stamp collectors and other souvenir hunters had a field day with these very economical but grand mementoes of these occasions!)

Among the artisans and craftsmen at the festivals were Sea Island singers Doug and Frankie Quimby, whose tribal roots are in Nigeria. They taught slave and sharecropper songs at the festivals. Hicks Walker, age 77, made the longest journey of his life from Sapelo Island to Lumber City to demonstrate net making and to explain the process in coastal Gullah accents.

A remnant of Sacred Harp singers, left over from the 19th century, led a "singing school," teaching shaped notes. Some of my former college students and others learned Charles Wesley's "Idumea," one of the saddest songs ever set to music. It begins "And am I born to die? To lay this body down? And must my trembling spirit fly into a world unknown? A land of deepest shades, unpierced by human thought; the dreary regions of the dead..." Fortunately, the song ends on a somewhat happier note!

Also at the Lumber City festival were displays of Indian artifacts including several hundred arrowheads collected from the river basins around Lumber City. An ancient east-west Indian trail crossed at the confluence of the Ocmulgee and Oconee Rivers, which confluence forms the Altamaha. There, Mary Musgrove maintained "The Forks," one of her many
residences during Colonial times. She was the Indian princess who was General James Edward Oglethorpe's advisor, interpreter and friend. General Oglethorpe, of course, was leader of those who founded the colony of Georgia in 1733. Mary Musgrove eventually became the largest landholder in Georgia and the richest colonist.

Tama, an Indian village, was located at the forks of the Ocmulgee and Oconee Rivers. Coastal Indians traveled up the big river (Altamaha) to this community, so the name, "Al-tama" or "way to the Tama Country" became the name of the river itself. (The author's wife was born near Tama not far from the forks in what is now Wheeler County.)

Life was hard for many past generations bound to the river. The mighty Altamaha has influenced countless thousands bound to the river region by birth, kinship, friendship, fierce loyalties and toil, as well as by the unspoiled beauty and majesty of much of the Altamaha, even today. The people of the Altamaha are bound to their culture, as evidenced by blood relatives present at the festivals by the hundreds. Each festival was like a giant family reunion with even cousins meeting each other for the first time, as happens as large family reunions.

Not far from Lumber City in Dead River Cemetery, rest three Revolutionary War soldiers: Capt. Wilson Conner, Richard Cooper, and William Ryals. After the Revolution, Conner rode some 35,000 miles on horseback, preaching the Gospel and dying in the pulpit, as he had wished. Descendants of these patriots mingled with more than 2,000 Project RAFT enthusiasts who came to the festival at Lumber City. The huge crowd was a model of decorum: reflective, speaking softly, obviously affected by the entire effort.

I missed the second festival on April 10, Easter Weekend, when 3,000 people were at Baxley landing on the Altamaha. On April 17, I was back in South Georgia with 5,000 kinfolk, college professors, students, and other people of the Altamaha who congregated at Jaycee's Landing above Doctortown near Jesup.

"Untie the rope
And let us float
This is the life for an outdoor man!
We're floating down past Doctortown,
We're floating down past Doctortown,
We're floating down to Darien!"

There it was. The Raft. Survivor of a close encounter with a cypress stump in the mighty Altamaha River. Repaired in midstream of the Altamaha using 19th century techniques and 20th century resourcefulness, the 35 x 80 foot raft was afloat and
Project R.A.F.T. (Restoring Altamaha Folklife Traditions) was made possible by Georgia Southern College, the National Endowment for the Humanities, and several corporate and private contributions. Dr. Delma E. Presley of Georgia Southern College served as Project Director. A full treatment of this important look at folkways which are rapidly disappearing is planned for the September issue of SFJ. Project RAFT took place this past April.

**DESIGN OF RAFT**

This design is typical of timber rafts which floated down the mighty Altamaha River of Georgia during the last part of the 19th century and the first part of the 20th. The Altamaha was a main line to one of the world's biggest timber markets in those days, the shipping capital of Darien.

[Diagram of a timber raft with labels for various parts: Bow, Cross Binder, False Binder, Rib Log, Nose Binder, Oar, Oar Bench, Shoot Log, Boom Log, Goats House, Lazy Pin, Aft Section, Oar (Rudder), Walk Board, Timber Dog.]

drawing by Hugh E. Darley
School of Technology
Georgia Southern College
and riding high. The naysayers were silent now. The raft could and did float and it had survived a major catastrophe.

Craftsmen and folksingers were preforming again---black craftsmen from Sapelo, pottery turning, displays of Indian pot shards and arrowheads from Old Pensacola Trading Path nearby, cedar shingles split and shaped with a drawing knife on a 19th century-styled drawing bench, Indian crafts exhibited by a bronze beauty, an antique Ford which ran like the proverbial sewing machine, quilting, raft hand cooking, chaircaning, basket weaving, and more.

Nostalgia was the order of the day at Jesup. What person can listen to the Burch Girls singing "Red River Valley" with a country twang and not feel nostalgia gnawing in the pit of the stomach? It seemed everyone was there: my dentist, my lawyer, my veterinarian all had raft stories to tell. Dr. Dale Lick, president of GSC, was there. Lt. Gov. Zell Miller was there.

The people of the Altamaha were eager to go on the raft itself and examine it as it lay moored at the landing. The wife of the president of GSC found an elderly lady on the raft quietly weeping. The lady's father had ridden the rafts in the long ago and had told her stories of his life on the Altamaha. Now she was on a raft and the emotion of it all was overwhelming for her as it was for many of us.

Rain sent thousands scurrying to their cars only to reassemble later at the water's edge as a Gospel quartet sang, "O they tell me of a place where no storm clouds rise, O they tell me of a home far away, O they tell me of an unclouded day..."

Although there was an amalgam of people present from all walks of life, there were a lot of festival goers who had the same ancestors somewhere in their
background! We encountered dozens of my wife's cousins, some of whom had ridden rafts. In the long ago, her father, two grandfathers, and a great-grandfather had been raft hands. And her brother, Hugh Darley, together with Lew Selvidge, had designed this raft.

It was Darley's ancestors who built the Mayflower and its sister ship, the Seaflower, in their shipyards at Ipswich, England, both commissioned in 1608. It was Ship Captain Thomas Darley who was impressed to fight as a Redcoat in the Battle of Cowpens, S.C., January 17, 1781. Knocked from his horse, he faced the business end of a sword in the hands of American Patriot Samuel Cowles. Darley flashed the Masonic distress signal and Cowles spared his life.

After the Revolutionary War, the two men served as Methodist preachers. Thomas Darley organized the Methodist Church at Washington in Wilkes County, Ga., while Robert Watson Mabry, my great-great-grandfather, was the school master at the Select School for Girls in Washington in the early 1820s. Darley later organized Mulberry Methodist Church, in Macon, considered the mother church of Georgia Methodism, and was instrumental in getting the Grand Masonic Lodge of Georgia chartered by the Legislature.

Six generations later, another Darley had taken to the water but this vessel would not return as had the Mayflower. As the raft hands worked to free the raft from its moorings, a Gospel singer strummed a tune about the river. Then Del Presley, Project RAFT Director, strummed the life strings of us all when he announced "Amazing Grace," representative of the strongest bonds which unites the people of the Altamaha. We all sang:

"When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, We've no less days to sing God's praise, Than when we first begun... Amazing Grace, How sweet the sound..."
With misty eyes I watched the raft poled into the broad Altamaha and I saw the crew struggle to find the channel. Then they found the current and the raft moved out of sight around the bend, "...floating down past Doctortown, Floating down to Darien."

There were some 10,000 people of the Altamaha at the festival in Darien on April 24, reminiscent of the days when Darien was a world class port, when the Bank of Darien was the strongest south of Philadelphia, and when timber was King of the Altamaha basin.

On April 24, the raft was moored to the Darien Bridge, opposite the cotton warehouses used later when cotton replaced timber as King. Bales of cotton were floated down the Oconee River into the Altamaha bound for Darien in "Oconee Boxes." These crude wooden boats were dismantled and the lumber sold after the cotton was unloaded.

The raft was placed on permanent display near the original sawmill site at Fort King George, 1.3 miles downstream from Darien Bridge, as a help in seeing the way we have come.

Shrimping is the principal industry for Darien now. The final RAFT festival was held in conjunction with the Annual Blessing of the Fleet, a yearly event which is a festival in its own right.

I stood in the rain on Sunday, April 25, as each of the shrimp boats approached the bridge for the blessing. I stood beside the Roman Catholic and Episcopal priests as they alternately offered brief prayers and then intoned the blessing, "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Rafthands were all aboard the shrimper Sea-shelly. One boat carried a large sign with this Scripture: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord."3

Then a wreath was thrown into the water in honor of countless men and shrimpers who have gone "down to the sea in ships," and this particular saga was over. Its lessons were not.

"He who will not look to the past, to see the way we have come, Cannot with clarity interpret the present, nor with courage chart the future."4

ENDNOTES

1. Ecclesiastes 1:7
3. Psalms 107:23-24a

REFERENCES

                        "RAFT Runs its Course," Statesboro Herald, May 1, 1982.
N. Kemp Mabry is a full professor of educational psychology and guidance at Georgia Southern College, Statesboro, Georgia.

Dr. Mabry is active in the Bulloch County Historical Society and is vitally interested in genealogy. He also serves on the editorial board of this publication.

Darien artist Joe Durrett is responsible for the artwork accompanying this article.

Hugh E. Darley, one of the raft designers and builders, made the drawing on the following page. Mr. Darley teaches in the School of Technology, Georgia Southern College.

For a larger view of Mr. Darley's drawing, see the previous issue of SFJ, pages 16-17.

John and William Bartram: Early Botanical Explorers in Georgia

by George A. Rogers and R. Frank Saunders, Jr.

John Bartram (1699-1777) and his son, William Bartram (1739-1823), first visited Georgia in 1765-1766. Their mission was to collect plants of possible medicinal or horticultural value for Peter Collinson, British friend and patron of John Bartram. William acted as assistant to his father and drew and painted many of their new finds. The two crossed the Savannah River from Purysburgh, S.C. in a bateau September 3, 1765, landing about ten miles downriver near Abercorn on the Georgia bank. They lodged nearby and reached Savannah the next morning.

After meeting the governor and other prominent Georgians, they set out toward Augusta. Their route took them along the west bank of the Savannah River through the Salzburger settlement of Ebenezer and past Sisters Ferry. They crossed Brier Creek near its mouth, at the place where the battle of Brier Creek would be fought a few years in the future. On north they went to Shell Bluff in Burke County where Bartram described the giant oyster shells which can still be found there. They crossed to South Carolina, continued past George Galphin's trading post, and recrossed the river to Augusta.

They retraced their route to Shell Bluff and then rode southwestward to cross Brier Creek near where Thompson's Bridge is today. Apparently they spent the night at Blue Springs near Beaverdam Creek, about five miles north-northeast of Sylvania.
Soon they rejoined the road through Ebenezer and reached Savannah on September 23, soaked through from incessant rains.4

In his diary, John Bartram referred to the many large sturgeon jumping in the Savannah River, described the land and streams over which they traveled, and recorded the plants which they saw. He took note at Blue Springs of the "evergreen casseena," source of the black drink of the Indians and commented that it "is very wholsom."5 Although no mention is made of it, they could have seen the rare *Elliottia racemosa* where they crossed Brier Creek on their return journey. Stephen Elliott found it not far from there about forty years later and John Lyon found "Mr. Elliott's shrub" near Alexander in Burke County.6 The *Elliottia* was still growing several miles from Waynesboro a century after the Bartrams passed but searches for it in recent years have been fruitless.7

After numbering and packing their specimens and writing some letters, the Bartrams left Savannah for St. Augustine. They crossed the Ogeechee River, passed Midway, and traveled the obscure road toward Fort Barrington on the Altamaha River. As they approached the fort, they lost their way and camped four miles below it. It was during this mishap that they found the beautiful small tree, *Franklinia alatamaha*, which John Bartram named for his good friend, Benjamin Franklin. Among other plants observed near the fort, he described the overcup oak (*Quercus lyrata*) and the Ogeechee lime (*Nyssa ogeche*), the latter "with large red acid fruit... which is used for punch." A half-century later Stephen Elliott remarked that "the pleasant acid of its fruit induced some of the early inhabitants of Georgia to use it as a substitute for the lime... but its last flavour is austere." Both trees are still abundant in the area.8

After crossing the Altamaha, they rode southward towards St. Augustine. Just beyond the Little Satilla River they found a "very odd Catalpa" with round pods, a description that is still puzzling. On October 10 they crossed the Cowford, the site of modern Jacksonville, and spent the winter in Florida. William determined to seek his fortune as a planter of indigo in Florida while John Bartram sailed from St. Augustine in March, 1766.9

William's adventure as an indigo planter brought quick disillusionment and termination; he had probably returned home by early 1768. After another failure in business in Philadelphia in 1770, William moved to North Carolina and sometime in 1772 he sent some of his drawings of natural objects to Dr. John Fothergill in London. He apparently expressed his interest in undertaking another southern trip and Dr. Fothergill agreed to underwrite the expenses. William returned to Philadelphia to make his preparations and sailed for Savannah on March 20, 1773.10

From Savannah he rode south to Sunbury and on nearby Colonel's Island he found the rare plants, *Sapindus marginatus*, *Magnolia pyramidata*, and *Fothergilla gardeni*. Somewhere south of Midway and Woodmanston Plantation, he became lost in the swamps and emerged near Eulonia. He rode on to Darien and thence to Fort Barrington, crossed the Altamaha, visited Brunswick, and retraced his way to Savannah.11

He now rode north toward Augusta and revisited Blue Springs near Beaverdam Creek in Screven County. From Augusta he accompanied the surveying party that was marking the boundaries of the 1773 cession of Indian lands to Georgia. Not far from the intersection of the survey line with the Savannah River, he found "a very beautiful Shrub, bearing long loose spikes of sweet white Flowers...." Since William sent a specimen and a colored drawing to Dr. Fothergill, this can be identified as the rare *Elliottia racemosa*. The site must have been in present-day
Hart County or in eastern Franklin or Madison Counties.12

After hearing disquieting news of Indian disturbances in the back country from Augusta, he turned southward toward Florida by way of Savannah, Darien, and St. Simon's Island. Here he found Lycium carolinianum, commonly known as Christmas berry. Elliott later wrote that it was "found by Mr. Wm. Bartram, in the saline rushy marshes of Carolina" and puzzled future botanists by recording its common name as "Johnny Bartram."13

William sailed for Georgia in November, 1774 and shipped his specimens and a written report to his patron, Dr. Fothergill, from Sunbury. Late in March, 1775, he arrived in Charleston to confer with Dr. Lionel Chalmers, Fothergill's agent for William's explorations, and to plan future trips.14

Late in April, 1775, he crossed into Georgia at Sisters Ferry (near Clyo in Effingham County) and found Dirca palustris.15 He rode through Augusta toward Fort James Dartmouth on the Broad River. Enroute he spent the night near the ford across Little River and found a second colony of Elliottia racemosa.16 Bartram described it each time and drew two separate paintings of twig and flower but he did not name it. His specimen, one description, and his two paintings languished in England unknown to Stephen Elliott. A generation later Elliott found the plant in Burke County, acquiesced in Henry Muhlenberg's use of the name Elliottia, and published the first botanically valid description under that name in 1817.17 Both Muhlenberg and Elliott apparently failed to recognize their new plant as the one described by Bartram at the Little River ford. The site is now submerged under the dammed-up waters of the Savannah River.

Bartram then visited the Cherokee country before heading west across central Georgia, through Alabama to Mobile, and hence to the Mississippi River in Louisiana. He returned by about the same route and arrived back in Augusta in mid-January 1776.18 He then took the familiar route to Savannah with a brief stop at Blue Springs in Screven County. On a visit to Fort Barrington he found the Franklinia alatamaha in bloom and nearby a "new, singular and beautiful shrub," the Pinckneya pubens or Georgia bark.19 It may have been on this occasion that he collected the specimen and made the preliminary drawing on which he based his magnificent color painting of the Franklinia. Sometime in late October or early November of 1776, William Bartram rode northward from Savannah and crossed into South Carolina at Zubly's Ferry. He reached home early in January 1777.20

These two men, John and William Bartram, recorded their observations on plants, animals, fossils, soils, topography, temperature and other weather phenomena, white settlers, and American Indians. For the botanist or plant geographer, their plant records furnish clues as to distribution patterns when Georgia was still little changed by civilization. For specialists in many other disciplines, their records constitute a veritable treasure trove of data. For the historian, their extant specimens, Williams's many paintings and drawings, and their diaries, journals, letters, and other writings provide primary source materials that are invaluable. In short, the Bartrams have enriched for all future generations our knowledge of Georgia and of Georgians of two centuries ago.

1. For general treatments see Ernest Earnest, John and William Bartram, Botanists and Explorers (1699-1777) 1739-1823 (Philadelphia, 1940); N.B. Fagin, William Bartram, Interpreter of the American Landscape (Baltimore, 1933); Joseph


3. Ibid., pp. 24-26.
4. Ibid., pp. 26-29.
5. Ibid., p. 27


7. Field work by John R. Bozeman, Jack R. Brown, and George A. Rogers in 1980 and other years; aerial reconnaissance by John R. Bozeman and George A. Rogers in 1980-1981. John R. Bozeman holds a Ph.D. in botany and is a professional ecologist in the Georgia Department of Natural Resources. Jack R. Brown is a retired soil scientist who served many years with the Soil Conservation Service.


11. Ibid., pp. 134-135; Bartram, Travels, p. 6.
12. Ibid., pp. 28-46; Bartram, Report to Dr. Fother-
THE HEAVY LINE ON THE MAP BELOW SHOWS THE APPROXIMATE LOCATION OF THE BARTRAM VISITS TO GEORGIA...

THE TOWN FOUNDED
BECAUSE OF A CURSE
by Maria Neder Douglas

"And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. Verily I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city." - Matthew 10:14-15

Sylvania, Georgia - population 4,000- is not much different from any other small town, boasting clean, tree-lined streets, old storefronts, and friendly people. The town's main claim to regional fame is that it is the seat of Screven County, 30 miles below the South Carolina line. Sylvania has 25 churches and only two police cars - a ratio that testifies to its good moral character. Farming is the backbone of the economy in Screven County, as it has been for over a century. Saturday is still the big day for everyone to come to town, and the weekend sidewalks are filled with farmers catching up on the week's news, children staring longingly into the windows of Mack's Variety Store, and ladies on their way to shop at Moats IGA or to look for a new Sunday dress at the Minkovitz or Allied Department Store. Church is the most popular activity here, and for excitement there's a high school football game. A visitor to this idyllic south Georgia town would never guess it was founded because of a curse.

Six miles up Highway 301 north past Sylvania is a cluster of historical markers featuring such
bits of history as the fact that nineteenth century entomologist John Abbott once lived in the area, and that even though George Washington never slept there, he did pass through. But the curious are inevitably drawn to the markers that tell about the strange legend of a prosperous town, an eccentric itinerant minister, a fatal curse, and a majestic old house.

Two hundred yards to the west of the markers is the house of the legend, the Seaborn Goodall House. It is a stately and solemn old structure, sitting alone in a grove of oak trees, directly behind a dirt road that used to be the main street of the bustling town of Jacksonborough. The town died away in the mid-1800s, and the house is all that remains of the once busy, growing settlement. The house has been restored by the Brier Creek Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and is now listed on the National Register of Historic Places. But what sets the Goodall House apart from the hundreds of old homes on the Register is the fact that it has simply endured all these years—from 1815 to the present—still bearing silent, eerie testimony to an amazing legend.

That legend concerns Lorenzo Dow, a "Connecticut Yankee" and traveling minister, who made his way up and down the Eastern Seaboard in the 1800's preaching his own brand of Methodist fire and brimstone and speaking out against slavery wherever he went. An intense man with a partial hunchback, Dow was well-known for his eccentric ways and even dubbed himself "Crazy Dow." Reaction to Dow was not always predictable, but it was always strong. He was chased out of rough pioneer towns in Alabama by drunken rowdies, but was welcomed in Georgia and asked to address the state legislature. The Jacksonborough that Dow supposedly visited during his Georgia travels was as rough and rowdy as any frontier settlement in the Alabama territory, with saloons outnumbering any other type of establishment. The Saturday night fights in the town were infamous for their brutal violence and eventually prompted Governor James Jackson, for whom the town was named, to pass an anti-gouging law to stop them. But laws meant little to these lawless men, and the drinking and fighting continued.

In 1821, Lorenzo Dow supposedly rode into this small, wicked town one day like an avenging angel, striding confidently into the saloons to distribute handbills announcing his church meeting for the evening. His handbills acted like a match put to gasoline. When Dow threatened their firewater and condemned their main form of entertainment, the saloon rowdies decided that something had to be done.

That evening, as Dow conducted services in the nearby Methodist Church, the saloon crew, well fortified with whiskey and rum, stormed down to the church on horseback, and began pitching rocks and bricks through the church windows. They fired their guns into the air and howled like banshees, disrupting the services and terrifying the participants.

But the feisty Dow was neither terrorized nor even frightened. He lost no time in following the noisy group back to one of the saloons where he confronted them—one lone minister against a mob of half-crazy drunkards—and was thoroughly beaten for his trouble. Just when it looked as though Dow had preached his last sermon, he was rescued by Seaborn Goodall, a prominent, moral resident of the county who served as the clerk of the Superior Court. Guessing Dow's intent after the attack on the meeting, Goodall followed his eccentric friend Dow back to the saloon and arrived just in time to drag the enraged minister, still preaching reformation, out of the barroom. Good-
all took Dow to his home, where Mrs. Goodall went to work patching up his cuts and bruises. Goodall managed to persuade Dow to leave Jacksonborough, and Dow decided—at least for the time being—to go fight the Devil elsewhere.

But as Dow was on his way out of the town the next day, the drunken crew of the night before caught sight of their favorite target. They could not resist having one last bit of fun. Catching Dow’s horse, they dragged him from it and placed him between two boards and sat on him, hooting loudly that they were going to straighten Dow’s partial hunchback for him. But their cruel joke was to backfire on them in a most frightening way.

After being released by the mob, Dow made his way to nearby Beaver Dam Creek Bridge. The rowdies followed jeering and cursing and laughing, but when Dow raised his hands to the heavens they fell silent. Dow looked down on the group of unrepentant sinners, took off his dusty black shoes, and dramatically knocked the dust of Jacksonborough from them. In a voice as clear as doomsday, Dow cursed the town, asking God to destroy it as thoroughly as He had destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah. He made only one exception to his curse: the home of his friend, Seaborn Goodall. Knowing his reputation for eccentric stunts, the crowd may have cried to laugh off the curse; but a few of them were genuinely frightened, and they had good reason to be.

Within 30 years after Dow’s curse, Jacksonborough was thoroughly destroyed. During those years the town was plagued by mysterious flash floods and fires which consumed everything in their path almost as fast as the townspeople could rebuild. The town began to lose its best citizens, its stores and businesses, and finally fell into such a serious decline that a local Methodist minister directed that the courthouse be taken apart, brick by brick, and moved to a spot further south. Most of the townspeople followed, and Sylvania soon sprang up in this new spot, prospered, and was named the new county seat in 1847. All that remains of Jacksonborough today is what Lorenzo Dow spared in his curse: The home of Seaborn Goodall.

Did the curse really destroy the town of Jacksonborough? Did the wicked people of the town actually bring about their own destruction? Is the story of Lorenzo Dow and his curse merely a folktale, and nothing more?

Ask Norma Howard, a vivacious mother of three who heads up the Screven County Chamber of Commerce. "I believe it," she says in a firm, no-nonsense voice. "I believe it could happen."

Mrs. Howard came to Sylvania 15 years ago and is married to Screven County native Wayne Howard. She is proud of the fact that her husband grew up with a such a unique piece of local history and that another generation of Screven children is learning the story, too.

"You hear it as soon as you get here," she says. "We have three children and they all know it. Even if we hadn’t told them, they would know it. They learn it at school."

Sylvania Elementary teacher Wanda Lee confirms the importance of the legend to her students. "We had a Georgia Day recently where the children dressed up like their ancestors, and we went to the Goodall House for a tour," she explains. "The kids heard the story and were fascinated by it. They asked questions like 'Did that really happen?' and 'Do you believe in the curse?' Their eyes got so wide! They loved it."

She notes that while the kids certainly enjoy a good, scary story, the real value of having such a local legend is that it stimulates in-
terest in history and encourages the children to take pride in their county and their heritage.

With the children learning the story in school, it's no suprise that a visitor to Screven County can approach nearly any citizen and get a full, complete and colorful version of the Lorenzo Dow legend on the spot.

Bonnie Zeigler, 70, works at Lanier's Florist in Sylvania. She grew up in the county, and sums up the reason why the house and legend are so important. "It's a landmark that's in our hearts," she says. "It's a part of us. You have things at home that are mementos of another time. That house is the county's memento."

The people of Sylvania and Screven County are proud of the story that sets their area apart and gives it a historical identity. That pride motivated the ladies of the Brier Creek DAR to work for over ten years to restore the house. According to Dorothy Boyer, a trustee of the Goodall House and public relations person for the local and state DAR's, the house was deeded to the DAR by Cox Woodlands in 1966. The group raised money through bake sales and bazaars, and worked to secure grants to refurbish the house. Today the Goodall House is almost completely restored with a new roof and many other renovations.

Through the years, the Dow Legend has been kept alive through the DAR project, through the schools, and through word-of-mouth stories passed from one generation to the next. Stories about the Goodall House and Lorenzo Dow have also appeared in the local newspaper, The Sylvania Telephone, during the paper's 105 year history. Dixon Hollingsworth, the current editor and publisher, is something of a local expert on the legend.

"I grew up with and heard this legend all my life," Hollingsworth says. "I don't remember when I first heard it. I was always interested in history. My father was, too. I've tried to continue his interest."

The elder Hollingsworth was so proud of the history of the area that he worked to secure the placement of the historical markers near the Goodall House.

Even though Dixon Hollingsworth is fond of the story, his research has led him to evidence that refutes the legend. "There is no historical research to support the legend-no courthouse records, no record in history. But the story has been in existence for more than a hundred years," he explains. "Nobody can tell you when Lorenzo Dow came here. It's not even mentioned in any of Dow's own writings. There are no historical records to support his visit. The only thing you can get in historical records are references to him. There is no mention anywhere of his coming to Screven County."

But, he adds, if you wander through some of the local cemeteries, you will find names like "Lorenzo Dow Jones" or "Lorenzo Dow Smith."

"Someone must have known him or known of him," Hollingsworth conjectures.

Judging by what Dixon Hollingsworth has learned, it would seem easy to explain away the legend. Sylvania is the geographical center of Screven County and is therefore more accessible to all other cities in the county. That fact alone would account for moving the courthouse and county seat to the area that became Sylvania. In an era before electricity, when candles and lamps were the only source of light and fireplaces were used to heat homes, it is little wonder that fires would be so common. Low-lying areas in Georgia
have always been prone to flash floods and the fact that Jacksonborough was built so close to Beaver Dam and Brier Creeks could explain the frequent flooding. All the facts, then, seem to support the idea that the fabulous story of Lorenzo Dow and the Goodall House is just that—-a remarkable legend and nothing more.

But there is one piece of irrefutable evidence—the Goodall House itself. Why of all the buildings in Jacksonborough, is the wooden frame house the only one left standing, unscathed by fire or flood? Why, when the house and surrounding property passed through the hands of 20 owners over the past 169 years, was the house never torn down? Why is the house still there when all odds say that it should have been destroyed or should have rotted away long ago? Perhaps the answer lies in the fierce pride of Sylvanians and Screven Countians in their heritage, a heritage that they have worked hard to preserve and pass along. The Goodall House and the Lorenzo Dow legend are more than just a building and a strange story to those people. They, like Norma Howard, will testify, "I believe it. I believe it."

EDITOR'S POST SCRIPT: The above article first appeared in Augusta SPECTATOR Magazine, Masters Edition 1985, and is reprinted here by permission of both author and publisher.

The circuit-riding Lorenzo Dow apparently covered a lot of the Deep South as his parish. Consider the following brief sketch from Southern Magazine, December 1986, page 48. In an article entitled "Highway 82: An Odyssey," Jack Farris reports upon a conversation held in the town of Reform, Alabama, just 20 miles from the Mississippi state line.

"I asked Mr. Perrigin how the town Reform got its name.

"A long time ago, about 1819, he said, there was a rawhide settlement where Reform now stands, just a few shacks and a reputation for being 'rough and rowdy.' One day a man named Lorenzo Dow, an eccentric Methodist preacher, rode into town and announced that he was going to hold a revival. As you might imagine, the Reverend Dow met with a rude reception. Ridiculed by rowdies and hassled by whores, he closed the revival, mounted his horse, and rode away. As he was leaving town, someone shouted, 'Reverend, we don't have a name for this town, why don't you give us one?'

"The morally outraged Reverend shouted back: 'REFORM!' And the name stuck."

Reform, Alabama and Sylvania, Georgia thus share a similar connection to this colorful frontier preacher (1819 and 1821, respectively). It would be fascinating to locate other such "receptions" in the gospel journeyings of the Reverend Mr. Dow.

Maria Neder Douglas is a free-lance writer living in Atlanta. She is a graduate of Georgia Southern College and has worked as Associate Editor for the magazine Rural Georgia.
SOME NOTES ON
FRANKLINIA ALATAMAHABARTRAM EX MARSHALL
(THEACEA): THE LOST GORDONIA

by John R. Bozeman,
George A. Rogers, and
Betty Rogers

A recently published biography of John Bartram, King's Botanist and plant explorer from Philadelphia, describes anew the discovery of Franklinia alatamaha near Fort Barrington on the banks of the Altamaha River. John and his son, William Bartram, were traveling south from Savannah in late September. As they approached the fort on October 1, 1765 they missed their way but their misadventure on that day led them to this beautiful small tree. It was not in bloom then nor in late April, 1773 when William again visited the site, but it was in full bloom when he was there in the summer of 1776. It was years later (1788) that he painted the flower in the magnificent color portrait now in the British Museum (Natural History).

Dr. Moses Marshall, neighbor and relative of the Bartrams, visited the site in 1790 and collected plants. It was described with an accompanying sketch in the same year by the Italian visitor, Luigi Castiglioni. The English plant hunter, John Lyon, reported seeing it there in 1803 although his journal was unknown to 19th century botanists. In March, 1881 Charles Sprague Sargent requested Henry W. Ravenel of Aiken, S.C., to attempt to "rediscover the long lost tree." Ravenel visited the area in March and November, 1881. In June, July, and September of 1881, Henry's son Harry searched over the same area.

These searches and those of two others mentioned by Ravenel were in vain. Both Ravenel and Sargent regarded the tree as "lost" in the wild. It soon became "lost Gordonia." Professor Edgar T. Wherry of the University of Pennsylvania sought it unsuccessfully in the 1920s. Dr. Francis Harper and Arthur N. Leeds of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia searched in the 1930s. During the 1960s John R. Bozeman began a series of searches. He was joined by George A. Rogers in the 1970s in a systematic coverage of the likely habitat area.

Although repeated searches since 1881 have failed, there is evidence that the site was known, or its existence assumed, in the antebellum period. William Baldwin wrote as if it existed in 1816. Ann LeConte Stevens, daughter of Louis LeConte of the famed Woodmanston Plantation, Liberty County, inferred an abundance of Franklinia when she suggested in 1854 its use as an understock for grafting camellias. Charles Lyell's account in 1849, based on information from James Hamilton Couper of Hopeton Plantation, clearly assumed its current existence, and Stephen Elliott commented that all the trees now in the gardens had their origin in the Fort Barrington site. In antebellum times it was not "lost." That epithet dates from Ravenel and Sargent in the 1880s.

Of special interest was an entry found in September, 1981 in Stephen Elliott's "specimen log book" or "collection journal." On its pages Elliott wrote detailed descriptions in Latin for 273 species of plants. Usually a statement on habitat was included. For 265 of the descriptions a date was entered in the lower right area. These began with July 5, 1810 and ended with October 5, 1814. Most occurred before he began his duties as a bank president in 1812. In the manuscript he described both Gordonia lasianthus and Gordonia pubescens; the latter was Franklinia alatamaha. Under habitat...
for the latter he listed "Fort Barrington: alatamaha" and noted that flowering was in June and July with a question mark after August. The date given was "22 June: 1814." His description contained headings for the seed capsule (Pericarpium) and seeds (Semina) with merely blank spaces for each, suggesting that his specimen had neither. The version subsequently published in the Sketch in 1822 contained a much abbreviated description.

To interpret Elliott's entries for habitat and date, we must reconstruct his collecting and recording procedures. His letters, herbarium, and published writings reveal him as a meticulous student of botany. Habitually, his citation of a precise habitat indicated that the specimen came from that site. Since there was only one known site in the wild, his Franklinia (Gordonia pubescens) came either from the original location or from a cultivated specimen. While the latter is possible, we know that he ranged widely in his collecting expeditions, once going as far as central Alabama. He made at least one botanizing trip to the Altamaha region late in 1818. Thus, his specific reference to the Fort Barrington area infers strongly that his specimen originated there. Typically, he gave credit to other collectors. For example, in his "collection journal" he recorded an unidentified Hibiscus as "found by Mr. Oemler [Georgia]." Subsequently, he published it as Hibiscus carolinianus with the remark that "this plant was raised in my garden from seeds collected by Mr. Oemler on Wilmington Island, Georgia." Unless we assume that Elliott departed from his standard practice, we must conclude that he personally collected the plant, probably from its native site.

Although we have no documentation in Elliott's letters or other records that he knew the precise locality near Fort Barrington, he had ample opportunity to have learned it. On several occasions he and John Lyon were together including four days in 1809 when they botanized along the Ogeechee River. He apparently never met William Bartram when he was in Philadelphia in 1808 and 1812 but he did meet Charles Wilson Peale and Henry Muhlenberg of Lancaster. Through them he may have gleaned something of Bartram's knowledge. Elliott's relations with William Baldwin were very close and he was acquainted with Louis and John Eaton LaConte. It is likely that if any of the planters knew the precise location, Elliott also knew.

(Franklinia here redrawn from Sargent.)

An examination of the other dates in his "collection journal" shows a general correspondence with flowering periods. To have any meaning, the date ought to be either the date of collection or the date of description. If Elliott wrote his description from fresh specimens soon after collection, he probably entered the former but the date of description would be so soon after collection that no significant discrepancy would exist. If Elliott pressed his specimens before writing the description, normal procedure would be to include date of collection and collection site so the data could be retrieved later. Either procedure would provide the same relative date and very nearly the date of collection. An illustration can be found for Gaillardia lanceolata in his "collection journal." He wrote that it was found near Mill Haven on March 19 and "flowers in April." The presumption is that he collected the plant shortly before flowering time and recorded the date of collection.
In summary, Elliott habitually gave credit to other collectors, even when it was a new species given a name by Elliott. As an example, see his treatment of *Penstemon dissectum* in his Sketch.\textsuperscript{24} When a precise site was given, he meant that the specimen came from there. He had opportunities to learn the exact location. He is known to have collected in the Altamaha area. He recorded a date that is probably the collection date on the majority of his specimens. We conclude then that it is highly probable that Elliott collected *Franklinia alatamaha* from its native habitat in the Altamaha River valley and that he did so in June, 1814, twenty-four years after Marshall collected there and eleven years after Lyon visited the site.

ENDNOTES

6. Luigi Castiglioni, *Viaggio negli Stati Uniti dell'America Settentrionale fatto negli anni 1785, 1786, e 1787* (Milano, 1790), II: 242-43, Fig. XII.


19. Elliott's Herbarium is in the Charleston Museum, Charleston, S.C. His unpublished letters are scattered in many libraries.


22. Ewan and Ewan, "John Lyon...journal," 26, 37, 44-5.


John R. Bozeman holds a B.S. from Georgia Southern College, and has an M.A. and Ph.D. in botany from the University of N.C. at Chapel Hill. He has served on the faculty of GSC and the staff at UNC. He is presently resource manager and vegetation ecologist with the Georgia Department of Natural Resources and is headquartered at Brunswick, Georgia.

George A. Rogers is professor of history at GSC and is no stranger to readers of *SFJ*. He holds the A.B. from Illinois College, and an M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of Illinois.

Betty Rogers holds the M.Ed. from GSC, and as part of a husband-wife team, she and George (above) have have been gathering materials for a biography of Stephen Elliott since 1970.
BOOK REVIEW PLUS:

WITH THEIR EARS PRICKED FORWARD:
TALES OF MULES I'VE KNOWN

by Joshua A. Lee
reviewed by Bob Hughes

Now and then a book appeals to a very narrow audience at first, and then gradually picks up a following until it becomes something of an "in" piece, or a "campy" sort of thing. A book about mules would certainly fit the first part of the previous statement but there might be some serious reservations about it meeting the last. Can a book about mules ever attract a large audience? Perhaps not, but this particular book will attract more than just those who have worked with mules directly, and for several reasons.

First, we are presently witnessing a revival of nostalgia in our society, an awakening of avid interest in bygone days. Mules have been largely replaced by gasoline and diesel engines and do belong to yesterday: Tractors and related machinery have forced the mule into the past. For that reason the book will find some audience.

Second, the U.S. is still very much involved with agricultural pursuits. The technology of agricultural business has changed greatly, but many of the values attached to a land-based people have not. Mores tend to change more slowly than pure technology, and thus over greater spans of time. Because the book reflects values with which most of us can feel some identification if not downright comfort, additional readers will be garnered. Mules are inextricably linked with the values of the rural American past.

Third, even readers who believe they belong to a more sophisticated and modern age have their roots in previous eras. Some will read to reacquaint themselves with how grandmothers and grandfathers lived and got their work done.

Fourth, a few readers may join the others out of pure curiosity, trying to deal with the questions of why in the world would anyone want to write a book about "mules I have known"!

Finally, some folk might pick up the book upon recommendation of others who have read it and who felt inclined to share the happy experience of its contents. Those contents are easy to read and are written in the fluid style of pure, down-home, non-inhibition. The book is just plain fun to read.

For whatever reason one picks up the book, it is certain that enjoyment will be the result, and a word of praise passed on to others about it. So, the book has appealed initially to a narrow audience, but one which is growing even now. That audience is not apt to be diminished in the immediate future.

There are some curiosities about the book, however, which bear investigation. There is some mystery about why the author did not use certain real place names, but did use others. For instance, he speaks about the real places of Jenkins County, Savannah, and the Ogeechee River bottoms, but he does not mention Statesboro (the regional center), nor Bulloch County, but instead refers to them as Millerville and Ogeechee County. (Or, since he refers to Dover as the county seat of Ogeechee County, is that Statesboro, the real county seat and Millerville is Rocky Ford? Dover is a railroad siding

-70-

-71-
community where only a handful of folk live and has never been the county seat: Statesboro is, and has been since long before the events of this book took place.) In a book of this nature, local names like Rocky Ford, Portal, and Brooklet would have added a great deal. Of course, it is easier to understand why some characters mentioned in the book might have fictitious names. Some of their blood kin still live in these parts! Who wants the distinction of having the county's leading moonshiner on the family tree, and having that fact noted in print before God and everybody?

Though natives of the area say that they can identify most of the places Joshua Lee talks about, why not just identify them in the first place in a straight-forward manner? Readers not native to the area might like to know where some of these things happened without playing the necessary guessing games to figure it all out.

Some mention was made earlier about the revival of interest in the times which mules most clearly represent. Throughout the South, but especially in Josh Lee's native state of Georgia, there are several regularly scheduled events which revolve around rural beginnings and the mule era. The famous Agrarama at Tifton celebrates such events through the year. At Chatsworth in Whitfield County, there is an annual Mule Frolic held in October each year. Pulling contests and other mule competitions, a mule parade through town, a mule beauty pageant, and mule buying and selling highlight this affair. (You may contact C.W. Bradley, Rte 1, Box 387, Chatsworth, Ga., 30705 for full details.) In Wilkes County near Washington is another annual mule event. It is also held in October and is only in its third year in 1983. Here a plowing contest with very definitive rules is held and a mule show with the following classes: colts, 2 years and under; mules over 2 years but under 5; mules 5 years and older; riding mules; mini mules; best family group (jack, mare, colt or colts). Winners of the first 5 categories compete against each other for Best in Show. (Further details may be had from Dr. J.T. Bryson, Rte 1, Box 55, Washington, Ga., 30673.) Mule festivals such as these which are just coming into their own point up just why the book at hand may gain a larger following in the months ahead.

In summary concerning the book, Lee does readers an extra service when he records not only the habits and "personalities" of the various mules he has known, but faithfully logs their names for us too. Their names are instructive about the way of life these hardy animals were a part of: Kate, Docey, Sam, Cracker, Ellabelle, Old Carrie, Old Lou, Dirty Red, Pender Jane, Ada, Mary, Mutt, Jeff, Rox, Old Rhodie, Belle, Claymore, Alec, Bill, Minnie, Alice, Hattie, Mattie, Ficey Ann, Jayrack, Sooky, Suitie, and Kit. (It is of import to note that any mule might have the prefix "Old" attached to its name. It was commonplace to do so, and bespoke a friendly familiarity to say "Old ____", as one might if lightly referring to a long-time friend or acquaintance in the South. Also, "matched" names such as Hattie and Mattie, or Mutt and Jeff, were apt to belong to a matched pair of working mules, especially if they were broken and trained together from the beginning.)

Perhaps the saddest thing connected with this book is the realization that the mule era is over. Present and future youth will never know those times, unless, happily, someone like Joshua Lee helps us to see them again. Thanks, Josh!

Joshua Lee was born in rural Georgia. He is now professor of crop science at North Carolina State University.